

# THE NEW WELLWYNDER

April 2020

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from the Manse -

Dear Friends,

I'm not long back from doing something that I have done many, many times before and that is conducting a Funeral Service. A very familiar scene in my ministry, drawing alongside a family in need and through remembering the loved one and remembering the promises of God offering some help and support. Except, like everything else I am doing, that we're all doing just now, quite, quite different.

There was no singing - restrictions on travel and numbers attending made that difficult. And, what I found hardest knowing the family as well as I do, no handshakes or hugs as we kept our distance. A hug goes a long way. A hug goes beyond words. A hug expresses so much more than words ever can. And although I hope and trust that the words I shared today offered a comfort I missed and expression of love and support.

I have lost count of how many times recently I've said that we are learning to do familiar things in quite different ways but its true. What I did say to the family today was that although I couldn't shake their hands or embrace them, there is one who still can and still does and always will.

*"The eternal God is your dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms."*  
Deuteronomy 33: 27

His arms are underneath to offer us the support that we need at this time. His arms are around us to hold us in love. His hand is upon us to grant us his peace and his richest of blessings. Underneath us, around us, above us there is no-where we can go where we can be deprived of his presence. There is nothing we can face that will deprive us of his love.

*Be with me' I whispered, as the sun began to rise  
'I am here' He answered, 'I am by your side'.  
'Be with me' I whispered, 'when I have your work to do'  
'I am here' He answered, 'I am here with you.'  
'Be with me' I whispered, 'for I sometimes feel alone'  
'I am here' He answered, 'you are never on your own.'  
'Be with me' I whispered, 'when I have a load to bear'  
'I am here' He answered, 'I am always there.'  
'Be with me' I whispered, 'when I feel I have to grieve'  
'I am here' He answered, 'I will never leave.'  
'Be with me' I whispered, 'may we never part'  
'I am here' He answered, 'I am dwelling in your heart'.*

This comes with love, thoughts and heartfelt prayers.

Your friend and minister.



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## SERVICES

The Friday Service (12 noon) and Sunday Service (11 a.m.) are being live streamed from the Manse for the time being. All you need to do is to log into the church website ([www.newwellwynd.org.uk](http://www.newwellwynd.org.uk)) and follow the instructions to watch live. There is also a facility to watch later.

We are working to see how members of the congregation and others who are not on standing order might make donations towards the worship, witness and work of the church all of which continue even when the doors are shut, from worship provision online through to keeping up with each other via mail and telephone.

It is hoped that there will be a reflective service each evening of Holy Week as well - Monday, 6th April to Friday, 10th April. These will take place at 7 p.m. each evening and you can log onto the website as normal.

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## BIBLE READINGS

### March

- 1 Matthew 4 : 1 - 11;  
Genesis 2 : 15 - 17, 3 : 1 - 7.  
8 John 3 : 1 - 17.  
15 Exodus 17 : 1 - 7; Romans 5 : 1 - 11.

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## THANKS

**Joanne Deas & Family** would like to thank the church and congregation for the beautiful arrangement of peach and cream flowers. They were very much appreciated and admired by many family members and nursing staff. With loving kindness.

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## Implications of Covid-19 on Church Resources

The speed of change in society in response to the need for social distancing and self-isolation has been quite remarkable. At a time when the presence and message of the Church was more needed than ever, the resources needed have come under sudden strain. While the financial impact of the virus is affecting our members, this is also a time when we are asked to do our utmost to maintain the various income streams which allow us to sustain ministry and other activities of the Church, both locally and nationally.

The Church is of course much more than a building, but the absence of access to that building for our regular activities, most particularly worship, already has had an impact on aspects of the income which provide resources for the work we need to maintain. Our monthly outlay on support for local ministry, ministry elsewhere and the wider work of the Church of Scotland is just under £9,000 per

month and this is before our other local costs. This really is a time when those who are strong and able need to support the weak. At this time, the key to continuing this is our regular offerings.

We are grateful that many members already give by bank standing order which means some offerings continue during this lockdown, but the Congregational Board would urge more to give by this means. If you have access to on-line banking, then it is easy to arrange a one-off or preferably regular donation. Please contact either David Watt or David Walker to obtain the necessary bank details. Alternatively, if you get in touch, David, David or the Minister can post out a form with those details which you can complete and send on to your bank. Please also consider whether you are eligible to make your offerings under Gift Aid and we can send you out a form – this allows us to recover from the Government an additional 20% of the value of the offering.

These are extraordinary times; thank you for your financial support at this time which makes it possible for the Church so speak a word of comfort and word of faith into the anxiety and uncertainties around us.

*David Watt, Treasurer*

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### **The Whinha' Bible:**

#### **An Easter Story - Peter and the Resurrection**

Deep sadness along wae terror churned in Peter's stomach an clenched it intae a tight, painful knot. Yes, Jesus hid told his disciples that he wid be killed, even that he wid be crucified. But Peter didnae believe it. When ye see daily miracles an hear teachin fae a boy like Jesus, ye refuse tae acknowledge that anythin could iver change. But overnight, Peter's world collapsed. They hid eaten a meal the gither oan the Thursday night. But only a few oors later, Jesus wis unner arrest. A hasty trial in the high priest's palace condemned Jesus. Then early-mornin shuttles tae Pilate, then Herod, then back again tae Pilate sealed his fate. By 9 am sodjers wir hammerin nails intae his hauns an feet, an staunin him upright oan a cross tae let him hing in the sun -- until the sun itself hid its face an left the onlookers tae watch the Maister die in the eerie chill o' this very black day.

Peter hid fled, shot the craw so tae speak. In fact, nane o' the Twelve remained tae see him buried. Only Mary Magdalene an a couple o' wealthy followers wir left tae tak his body doon, kerry it outside the city, an bury it. If ye hiv ever felt despair at the pit o' yer stomach, then ye know whit Peter felt. When he did go oot, he wid walk in a kind o' daze, utterly disoriented, shattered, the center o' his world noo a black hole, an empty void. How could the Messiah, the heir o' David's throne, be executed? It went against aw logic. It wis impossible — yet it happened, an oh so swiftly!

Peter didnae sleep well oan Saturday night. When he opened his eyes oan Sunday mornin, the doom o' death wis heavy upon him. He pu'd his cloak ower his eyes, hopin he could fa' back tae sleep, but knowin he widnae. Aw o' a sudden somedae wis bangin oan the door. Sodjers! Peter jumped oot his bed. How can a escape? Then he heard Mary

Magdalene's voice, an his terror fell back intae depression. Mary wis breathless, troubled, her face stained wae tears. Peter grumbled, "Why did ye hiv tae wake me sae early?" Mary blurted oot: "They hiv taken the Lord oot o' the tomb!" Peter pu'd his fellow-disciple John tae his feet, slammed the door a'hin them, an began tae run through the narrow streets, oot the city gate, an then on tae the tomb.

The great big stane that hid sealed the tomb hid been moved, an it stood open. As they entered, they could see the tomb wis empty, except fur some folded grave claes. The body wis gone.

That wis strange. Folded grave claes but nae body! Hardly whit ye wid expect fae grave robbers.

John seemed convinced by the grave claes that somehow Jesus hid been resurrected or somethin, but Peter wisnae convinced. He walked slowly back taewards the city ponderin, thinkin, wantin tae believe, but afraid tae hope.

Suddenly, Jesus appeared. Peter, the so-called "rock," hid publically betrayed him. He hid shouted, "A don't know the man!" He wis so unworthy. An yet here wis Jesus before him. Peter fell tae his knees an wept fur joy. Peter never said much tae the ithers about this meeting — whit hid been said, whit hid transpired. But efter that you'd sometimes see Peter deep in thought, pensive. Then he wid nod his heid an traces o' a smile wid begin tae transform his face intae wan written wae thankfulness, joy an peace. Peter hid been rescued fae his pit o' despair an pu'd by Jesus intae peace. Life hid changed fur the good. Since then many ither folk hiv fun this same peace, this same smile o' wunner at Jesus' amazin grace. Maybe you tae? Jesus hid risen — an Peter never doubted him again. Neither should you!

*George Randall*

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### **A calming reminder of God's presence during challenging times!**

Here's how a small moment on the subway is helping one New Yorker, Jim Hinch, trust God during the Covid-19 pandemic.

Jim writes I live in New York City, an epicenter of the Coronavirus outbreak. My family and I have a lot to worry about. We are [sheltering at home](#). School is closed. Businesses are closed. The city's normally unruly streets are eerily quiet. Thousands of miles away, my mother is similarly locked down in an assisted living facility in California. My wife Kate's mother is in the same situation in Seattle. One thing that [helps keep me calm](#) is a memory. It's something that happened just a few weeks ago, back when I still rode the subway to work and Kate and I still held out hope that we'd get to take the kids on a long-planned, long-looked-forward-to trip to London. That feels like another lifetime. I was riding home on the subway, already anxious about the Coronavirus's steady advance toward New York. I was reading, trying to focus on something besides worry. Just before the doors closed at the 14th Street station, a man stepped aboard and said in a loud voice, "Good afternoon, everyone, pardon the interruption." I didn't look up from my book. Homeless or mentally unstable people board the subway all the time and loudly tell their stories

before asking for money. New Yorkers tune it all out. Beautiful chords began playing on a guitar. "I just want to wish everyone a blessed day," the new passenger said before launching into a soaring rendition of Michael W. Smith's praise song "Open the Eyes of My Heart." (Google it! Or look it up on Youtube!)

His voice rang out in the hushed car: "Open the eyes of my heart, Lord. Open the eyes of my heart. I want to see you." And then the chorus, even louder: "To see you high and lifted up, shining in the light of your glory. Pour out your power and love as we sing holy, holy, holy."

The train neared the next stop and the singer lingered on those last words, repeating them over and over: "Holy, holy, holy." I lowered my book, closed my eyes and rested my forehead on my hand clutching the bar in front of me. I wanted to cry. [All of my anxiety evaporated](#) in that song, swept away by those words: "Holy, holy, holy."

The train stopped. "Blessings to you all," the singer called out. "God loves you, have a great day." He stepped off and disappeared into the crowd. Now, at home, when I feel myself starting to freak out, I play that song. I remember that moment of unexpected grace. And I remember something that is true no matter how bad things feel: God is here. God is at work even if we're too anxious to see it. Open the eyes of your heart. Trust me, you'll see. As we move through difficult and challenging times towards another Easter, let us all open the eyes of our hearts. *The Editor*

### Adversity

In the face of adversity you have three choices, you can:

Let it define you;

Let it destroy you;

Or let it strengthen you!

Overcoming adversity doesn't have to be impossible. Tough times don't last, tough people do. We are all more resilient than we think! Remember the Billy Ocean song, "When the going gets tough the tough get going!" Even though life sometimes has a tendency to wipe away a smile, God has a tendency

## Church Mice

But the angel said to the women, 'Do not be afraid; I know that you are looking for Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for he has been raised, as he said.'

~ Matthew 28:5-6



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### Just the Tonic!

Everybody knows the children's song 'head shoulders knees and toes!' As the vast majority of us are now confined to barracks for the foreseeable future we can use this wee song to help brighten up our day!

**Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes!**

**Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes!**

**And eyes and, ears and, mouth and nose**

**Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes!**

Repeat at least five times, three times a day! It is just what the doctor ordered! If you want to improve your fitness you can do the actions as well! If you really want to challenge yourself you can always try and do it in reverse!

**Toes, knees and shoulders, head, shoulders, head!**

**Toes, knees and shoulders, head, shoulders, head!**

**And nose and mouth and ears and eyes**

**Toes, knees and shoulders, head, shoulders, head!**

**Go on try it you know you want too..... It is just the tonic!** *Mo T Vate*

### Useful Contacts

Minister	: Revd Robert A Hamilton	01236 763022.
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Treasurer	: David J. Watt	01698 853921.
Organist	: David J. Stewart	07774 674345.
Roll Keeper	: W. Allister Jack	01236 767898.
Hall Convener	: Robert W. Forrest	01236 767210.
Gift Aid	: David Walker	01236 747075.

to keep you smiling! So to everyone, everywhere  
stay safe and keep smiling!

*The Editor*