

THE NEW WELLWYNDER

June 2020

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from the Manse -

Dear Friends,

I feel that every so often I have to pinch myself to make sure that it is not some awful nightmare. There are moments when I say to myself, "Is this really happening". Something so real, so life changing, so devastating seems unreal at times and I know that I am not the only person feeling like this. It seems like the plot out of some weird sci-fi story when the world is under attack and life is spinning out of control.

When we get beyond the numbers and the statistics, the theories and speculation and see the toll that Covid-19 has taken in the lives of many people, communities and nations, undermining the physical, emotional and spiritual well being of many as well as their confidence. It is real. It is the reality of what many are calling the "new normal".

Yet, as I am working my way through the Psalms during the week and the Gospels on a Sunday, there is another reality, an over-riding reality and that is the reality of God. Psalm 121 is a long way off in my daily devotions but the truth that it highlights is a truth woven through all of the Psalms. It speaks about the reality of God, that God is real. It speaks about where God is, that God is with us. He is by our side to make life more bearable no matter the circumstances. He is there to bring blessing which is a combination of happiness, contentment and a knowledge that, no matter what, we are never alone and that a storm will never last forever.

*I lift up my eyes to the mountains –
where does my help come from?
My help comes from the Lord,
the Maker of heaven and earth.*

The context of this Psalm is that many would look to the mountains, where they believed all deities were to be found, to find help and strength. This was in vain because the one true and living God, the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ is not distant like the hills. He is close by.

*The Lord watches over you –
the Lord is your shade at your right hand;
the sun will not harm you by day,
nor the moon by night.*

He is to be found with the weak and the vulnerable, the sick and the dying, the hungry and the thirsty. He is to be found in the card and the letter of encouragement, in the phone call and text that lift and support, in the errand run and the surprise food

parcel left on the doorstep. He is with you and me in our struggling and our giving, our pain and our sharing.

This pandemic is not out of a book, it is real. This assurance is not just found in a book. It is real and can be experienced in God's word of encouragement and in his living word that Jesus is alive and at work in our lives and in the life around us.

Keep well, keep safe, keep praying and take heart, God is with you, he is holding you fast and will never ever let you go.

Your friend and minister



FUNERALS

14th May	Irene Docherty
18th May	Bill Coubrough
18th May	Percy Lafferty
20th May	Margaret Denholm

Thank you

I would like thank all friends and neighbours for the cards, phone calls and emails following the passing of mum, Irene Docherty. Your thoughts and prayers were much appreciated. To Robbie and Laura, a big thank you for your spiritual comfort and support. In recent months we have faced a very difficult and challenging time. To all my friends, May God's Blessings Surround You Each Day, until we can gather once again under the roof in New Wellwynd.

Gordon Waddell

Whin'ha' Bible – Tongues O' Fire!

Jings that wis some event that happened nearly twa thousand years ago last Sunday when The Holy Spirit appeared! It wis 50 days after Jesus hid risen fae the deid! Although he hid already gone back tae Heaven, his disciples an a load o' his new believers wir waitin tae receive The Holy Spirit, because that's whit Jesus telt them wid happen. Jist afore he wis taken up tae Heaven he telt them that they wid receive power when The Holy Spirit came oan them an they'd be his witnesses tae the hale world. He also telt them that The Holy Spirit wid be sent by God himsel an that He wid teach them aw things. Anyway, gettin back tae the story, the disciples an ither Christians hid aw come the gither tae thank God. Suddenly, oot o' naewhere the sound o' a strong wind filled the place where they were aw sittin. Ye'll never believe whit happened next! They saw tongues o' fire that separated an came tae rest oan each wan o' them! Tae be honest, am no sure if they could see the tongues o' fire or if it wis how they could explain whit they felt happenin. Anyhow, when the tongues o' fire came, they were filled wae

The Holy Spirit an began speakin in different languages. Must hiv felt like a United Nations conference! They aw goat pretty excited an things goat a bit noisy. Apparently there wir people fae many different countries stayin in Jerusalem at the time, many of whom ran over to see whit aw the commotion wis about an wir surprised tae hear their ain languages bein spoken. Some o' the crowd that hid gathered thought the disciples an the ither Christians hid been drinkin too much wine an made fun o'them. But, they wurnae there when The Holy Spirit came to them! When we're ready to try an live a life pleasin tae God, The Holy Spirit comes tae us as well, so we hiv a part o' God with us aw the time!

George Randall

Just the Tonic!

This month, as a way to help brighten up our days and do a wee bit of exercise (as we start to ease out of lockdown), I am suggesting 'This little light of mine!' Stamp your feet, clap your hands and swing your hips to the beat! Maybe do them one at a time or you may do yourself an injury!

This little light of mine I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine!

Everywhere I go I'm gonna let it shine
Everywhere I go I'm gonna let it shine
Everywhere I go I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine!

Even when I'm afraid I'm gonna let shine
Even when I'm afraid I'm gonna let shine
Even when I'm afraid I'm gonna let shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine!

This little light of mine I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine!

Repeat three times at least three times a day!
Remember it is just what the doctor ordered! If you cannot remember the actions just make them up and invent new ones – be creative!

Go on try it you know you want too..... It is just the tonic!

Mo T Vate

Boxes of Blessing

A few months ago the Scottish Bible Society published a unique edition of Mark's Gospel, with the intention of a campaign to distribute these around Scotland. They hoped that churches and individuals would use these Gospels to reach into their communities with the life-transforming message of hope that the stories of Jesus contain. But all plans were put on hold when the COVID-19 pandemic reached the UK, and the country went into lockdown. A minister in the remote rural Church of Scotland parish of Durness & Kinlochbervie, heard

about the Mark's Gospels and reached out to the Bible Society just before lockdown. Rev. Andrea Boyes and her church have been providing practical support to their community during this difficult time through a Foodbank programme called 'Storehouse'. Andrea and a small team from the church have not only been running this essential food supply service in the community, but have also put together 'Boxes of Blessing', containing various essentials for a period of isolation. Andrea said, "When my son and I, who helps me with the food bank, parcel up the boxes, we put in a copy of the Mark's Gospel supplied by the Scottish Bible Society. So far, 280 Mark's Gospels have been distributed in Durness & Kinlochbervie. Sometimes the world can think, how is the church relevant? How is God relevant right now? Actually by his people showing practical love and care, as well as spreading the message of hope found in his Word, as Jesus did, we are showing that the Gospel is relevant right now." As the community at Kinlochbervie has been blessed by this new publication, the Scottish Bible Society, hope once the current lockdown restrictions ease to be able to offer Mark's Gospel for wider distribution by churches in the autumn.

Roving Reporter

Walking Down Memory Lane

During these past few weeks of lockdown I have been lucky enough to get outside and go for a walk as part of my daily exercise. I have managed to cover most of the roads and tracks around Glenmavis, Burnfoot, Whinhal, Thrashbush, Holehills and Rawyards! On my travels I came across many things some of which I never knew even existed, like the Sky Tower Sculpture up beside Airdriehill. However, many of the roads I walked along were old favourites and brought back many fond memories, none more so than my wanderings through my beloved Whinhal! It's now over forty years since I flew the nest in the Keyhole, but walking past the old house where I was born and bred, it felt as if I had never really left. The people who live there have changed, the gardens have all changed even the lampposts where we used to play lampie have changed position! The big shock I got was that Stinson's/Murray's/Iqbal's wee corner shop has been demolished and the foundations for a new building have been laid. Nevertheless, I could still sense being stuck in a sixties/seventies time warp with the people I once new and the sights and sounds of that once glorious time. I would be telling you a lie if I did not say it brought a tear to my eye. A few years back I wrote in the Magazine a wee article called Growing Up in the Parish. I thought I would re-post it, as it sums up nicely, some of those fond memories of yesteryear.

Growing Up in the Parish – Those were the days!

It has been a wee while since I last penned an epistle of Growing Up in the Parish. But that seems nothing compared with the fifty years plus, since I was growing up as a Whinha' boy! Remember, you can take the boy oot of Whinha' but you will never

take Whinha' oot the boy! I remember those times with the fondest of memories along with the many characters who played such an important part in everyone's lives as if it were yesterday. I can still hear Lizzie Morgan's dulcet tones waking up the Keyhole at the start of everyday. I can hear Maggie Devlin shouting "Am tellin' yer Mither", even though I had no idea what I had done! (To be honest I probably jumped the back fence to retrieve a football and ran through her washing!). Don't ask about chap doors run fast! Then there was Jessie McNab who knocked me flat onto my back one night as I ran straight into her after emptying her dustbin looking for an empty tin for a game of 'kick the can!' Yip those were the days. Hide and seek, a game of kirbie, playing peeve and ropes with the lassies, not forgetting twenty a-side games of football and chap doors run fast!

Seldom was there a dull moment and with a little bit of imagination you could turn everything and transpose everyone into an imaginary world. That being said, Lizzie Morgan's voice was for real. When I got my first paper round courtesy of Margaret Bell who had the paper shop next to the old Watson's garage, I received my early wake-up call at 6.15am every morning. Lizzie would rap the letter box and then shout through, "George, George its quarter past six, time to get up son." There was no snooze button with Lizzie, if you did not get up and shout back "right Lizzie" she would repeat the process and needless to say waken up the whole four-in-a-block and half the Keyhole. A few years later when I became a Brown's paper boy the call moved to 6.00am, but the routine remained the same. I'm convinced to this day Lizzie never ever went to bed. Anyway getting back to the imaginary world, this was greatly assisted by having 'The Glen' (Mavisbank Park) on our doorstep. This was an untamed natural world – a jungle teeming with wildlife (wee beasties mainly) and it had a mighty raging torrent of a burn running right through the middle. To the north and Westermavisbank Avenue, you had mighty trees that disappeared high into the sky and to the south and Mavisbank Street, you had cliff like slopes dropping into the burn below with the 'Big Stane' right at the centre. Away back then we knew little of South America and the Amazon or the Great Plains and the Prairies of North America but we had 'The Glen'. When we played there we could have been anywhere, but don't ask about lighting fires. Picture the scene, young boy returning from an expedition doon the glen, two white eyes peering from a blackened face, clothes reeking of smoke and Mother says, "hiv you been lighting fires?" "No me" the boy replies. Skelp – the lug gets it! "I was trying to put them oot honest." From fighting bush fires (not starting them), to taming the wild west as in cowboys and Indians and a bit of Tarzan on the rope swings we had and did it all. Now we live in different times and over the years society has changed beyond belief, but I honestly think that many youngsters today are missing out on so much. However, I'm glad to see that for the boys

and an ever increasing number of girls that twenty a-side football is still as popular as ever!

Today, most households probably have at least two televisions and some will have one in each room. Like most families fifty years ago we had one, a big square box with two dials. The off-on dial doubled up as the channel selector for BBC1 or STV, that was it take it or leave it. The second dial was for the contrast and brightness which simply made the black and white picture brighter or darker and different shades of grey. The television away back then was important as it helped to fire the imagination (no I did not light fires!) and many of the things that you would view you would try and re-create. One thing in particular was the world of sport. Apart from the Airdrie School's Cup and an odd visit to watch the mighty Diamonds, when you would ask some stranger, "Mister, can you lift me over" most of our sport came via the telly. Mick McManus and Jackie Pallo were household names, but donning a pair of swimming trunks and rolling about wrestling each other in the front garden is something we never did quite re-create. One vivid memory is the Grand National of 1967 when the outsider from Ireland, Foinavon, won the race. For weeks after that we set up our own steeplechase course, our own Aintree doon the glen and raced each other all day long using branches cut from bushes for whips to make ourselves run faster. It was good training for chap doors run fast! Everybody wanted to be Lester Piggott despite the fact he never jumped a steeplechase fence in his life! Then you had the tennis from Wimbledon in late June. Everybody would appear with a tennis racquet thinking they were Rod Laver. All the tennis racquets were different but they had one thing in common – made in Pakistan! With racquets at hand we would string up somebody's washing rope (probably Maggie Devlin's) across the road from fence to fence and instantly you had created the centre court at Wimbledon – game, set and match. However, play was often disrupted to allow cars through. Sometimes we would head up to Central Park and play on the real courts. Following the tennis, it was the golf that was next on the telly – The Open Championship. A tennis racquet is one thing but golf clubs are another. Nevertheless, putting became the order of the day with two possible courses to be played the aforementioned Central Park and Centenary Park. Either way a round of putting followed by a shot on the swings was par for the course. Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicholson on the swings now that's different.

When not re-creating or re-enacting these major sporting events we would be building dens doon the glen or in somebody's back garden just like Amazonian Indians but we never knew it. Often we would go off on mighty expeditions to lands much further afield. A firm favourite was out to Hammies (Hamilton's Farm) out beyond Burnfoot or doon the Moss. This usually meant stocking up on provisions as you would be away for most of the day. A few slices of plain bread (preferably the back-ender) with strawberry jam or brown sauce not forgetting

the creamola foam to make up a drink to wash it all down. Nothing was wasted - any leftovers were fed to the coos in the nearest field! I never knew coos liked broon sauce! We also made good use of the natural resources at our disposal especially big docken leaves!

In the blink of an eye summer would be over, it was back to school and the start of the football season with the customary twenty a-side footy games doon at the 'Auld Man's Rest' on Wilson Street!

Yip those were the days.....

Today, in these strange times I think it will be quite a while yet before we see those twenty-a-side footy games doon the park, let alone going back to school. Just as well we now have fancy tellys with more than two channels!

George Randall

World Knitting Day

Did you know that 13th June is World Knitting Day? I know many of you have been busy knitting over the past few months during the lockdown (yes - the guys as well) providing local hospitals and care homes with much needed bits and bobs! Your efforts are to be commended and are no doubt greatly appreciated by the recipients. There are lots of charities, local, national and international that need your help, whether you knit, crochet or sew. Could you could knit a hat for a premature baby, crochet a blanket or even knit a toy teddy? Many of the charities also offer [free knitting patterns](#) that you can use to make your items. Some examples of Charity Knitting in the UK include:

[Royal Navy & Royal Marines Children's Fund](#) are asking people to knit Time Rabbits, who are the characters in a book written to help the children of service personnel cope with the long periods of separation from their parents that happens when serving members of the armed forces are posted abroad.

[Bliss](#) is the charity for babies born sick or premature and they need knitted baby clothes. They have free downloadable patterns on their website of the baby clothes that they need. Items that they need include baby jackets, tiny booties, blankets, teddies and hats. [Knit for Peace](#) are running a campaign called [Keep Britain Warm](#) where they are asking you to knit squares which can be sewn together into some rather funky dressing gowns as an alternative to blankets. It's a super simple idea that still just requires simple squares which can then be sewn together. You can send them either squares or completed dressing gowns. They are also collecting all sorts of knitted items for people in need. Visit Knit for Peace's website to find out what they need most urgently.

[The Donkey Sanctuary](#) based in Sidmouth, Devon, need donations of knitted donkeys to sell in their gift shop to raise funds for the sanctuary. Visit their website to register your interest in donating a knitted donkey.

[Loving Hands](#) is a charity knitting, crocheting and sewing group based in the UK which has over 160 members who work away helping lots of different charities (Feed the Children, Save, the Children, UK Maternities, Boobs for Breastfeeding, Blythswood

Care, Burundi Bears, Baby Pack Project, British and International Sailor's Society and Blankets for Animal Shelters at the moment).

[Bonnie Babies](#) sends premature baby outfits and blankets to special care baby units around the UK and to parents who need support.

[Cuddles UK](#) supports families who have lost a baby to still birth or miscarriage and need clothes and blankets for the tiny babies. There are patterns and information on the website and a running totals of the items donated each month.

So if you enjoy knitting or crocheting and you have the time there are many charities both local and a wee bit further afield that will greatly receive anything you manage to produce. So get those needles clicking for a good cause!

The Editor

Questions to God

- I asked God to take away my pain. God said, no! It is not for me to take away, but for you to give it up.
- I asked God to grant me patience. God said, no! Patience is a by-product of tribulations. It isn't granted, it is earned!
- I asked God to give me happiness. God said, no! I give you blessings. Happiness is up to you.
- I asked God to spare me pain. God said, no! Suffering draws you apart from worldly cares and brings you closer to me.
- I asked God to make my spirit grow. God said, no! You must grow on your own, but I will prune you to make you fruitful.
- I asked God for all things so that I might enjoy life. God said, no! I will give you life so that you may enjoy all things.
- I asked God to help me LOVE others, as much as he LOVES me. God said... Ahhh, finally you have the idea.

Anon

You'll like this – not a Lot!

The Sunday school teacher was describing that when Lot's wife looked back at Sodom she turned into a pillar of salt, when Bobby interrupted. "My mummy looked back once while she was driving," he announced, "and she turned into a telephone pole."

Lot again... A father was reading Bible stories to his young son. He read, "The man named Lot was warned to take his wife and flee out of the city, but his wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt."

His son asked, "What happened to the flea?"

IM Jolly

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