

# Regular Weekly Services & Events

## St Columba's, Bathgate

Sunday 11.15 a.m Sung Eucharist  
(Second Sunday of Month is a Family Service)  
Last Sunday of Month 6.30 p.m Choral Evensong  
Monday 9.00 a.m Morning Prayer  
Second Monday of Month 7.15 p.m Film Night  
Wednesday 10.30 a.m Said Eucharist  
(followed by coffee and natter)  
First Wed. of Month 12 noon Community Lunch  
Thursday 11 a.m 3C's - Cuppa, Chat & Company

## St Peter's, Linlithgow

Sunday 9.30 a.m Sung Eucharist  
First Sunday of Month 6 p.m Choral Evensong  
Tuesday 10.30 a.m Said Eucharist  
Thursday 9 a.m Morning Prayer  
9.30am Sunday Youth Group Meets Monthly at Fenwicks

\* \* \* \* \*

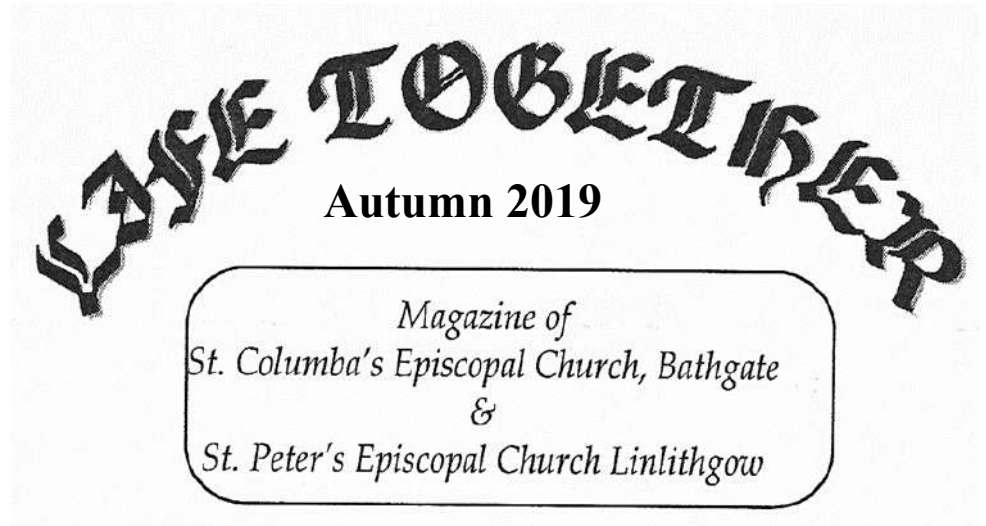
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***Rector  
of  
St Columba's &  
St Peter's***



***Rev'd Christine Barclay***

**Contact Number  
07964 175914**

[www.stpeterslinlithgow.co.uk](http://www.stpeterslinlithgow.co.uk)

[www.stcolumbasbathgate.org.uk](http://www.stcolumbasbathgate.org.uk)

***Curate  
of  
St Columba's &  
St Peter's***



***Rev Peter Woodifield***

**Contact Number  
07747 023108**

**St Peter's Vestry**

<b>Chair</b>	Rev Christine Barclay	01506 846069
<b>Secretary</b>	Catherine Fowler	01506 848144
<b>Treasurer</b>	Paul Hammond	01506 844795
<b>Lay Rep</b>	Stewart Veitch	01506 670718
<b>Rector's Warden</b>	Jane Ramsay	01506 843176

**Ordinary Members**

Andrew Anderson	01506 845649
Judy Barker	01506 844332
Peter Lewis	01506 846051
Katie Peterson	
Sue Rippon	01506 843169

**Alt Lay Rep** Janet Moss 01506 671396

**PVG Co-ordinator** David Szkudlarek 01506 842542

**Pastoral Care Group**

*Contact:* David Szkudlarek 01506 842542 or Rev Christine

Liz Beethan	01506 842398
Sue Rippon	01506 843169
Elma Webster	01506 847347
Helen Wilson	0787 667 8211
David Szkudlarek	01506 842542
Rev Christine	01506 846069
Jane Ramsay	01506 843176



## *Vestry Members & Pastoral Care Groups.*

The lists that follow are the new ones, as elected or appointed at the recent annual congregational meetings, but do remember that in one or two cases there may be a quite extended handover period.

### **St Columba's Vestry**

<b>Chair</b>	Rev Christine Barclay	01506 846069
<b>Secretary</b>	Jim Adamson	07803 134745
<b>Lay Rep</b>	Duncan Sinnett	01506 630700
<b>Rector's Warden</b>	Jackie Jackson	01506 635003

### **Ordinary Members**

Rachel Bell	01506 822643
Sandra Buchanan	01506 635960
Sandra Dobson	01506 871341
Gill Drysdale Wilson	01506 872050
Sandy McAlpin	01506 630152
Elaine Ross	01506 650305
Carola Small	01506 656425

**Treasurer** Ron Buchanan 01506 635960

**Alt Lay Rep** Alastair Small 01506 656425

**PVG Co-ordinator** Penny Lyons 01501 762071

### **Pastoral Care Group**

*For a visit, contact Rev Christine*

Jim Adamson	07803 134745
Sandra Dobson	07594 129788
David Graham-Service	07901 947345
Jackie Jackson	01506 635003
Sandy McAlpin	07523 134821



Dear Friends,

As I write this letter we have turned the calendar to October and with it a marked change in the season, summer has gone: the leaves are turning before our very eyes and gently falling from the trees. I do hope that you have all enjoyed the good days and perhaps a change in the day to day routines. As the nights draw in the weather turns colder we are, the words of Keats in the 'season of mists and mellow fruitfulness'. A wonderful season of colour and conker gathering!

And in these turbulent times in the political life of our nation and its relationship with our European neighbours Millie and I enjoy a good walk appreciating the new season, I find it calming to reflect on the steady rhythm of the natural world and the changing of the season, almost like the beating heart of God's creation. Now of course increasingly conscious of the responsibilities, and the challenges, of climate change and of our role as stewards of God's creation in our time.

Last week a group from our two churches took a day visit to The Bield Retreat Centre at Blackruthven outside Perth. It was glorious early autumn day which afforded meanders around the walled garden, the parkland, a prayerful walk in the labyrinth and perhaps a turn on the swing! As I stopped to collect some conkers I looked up at the majesty of the huge and very old trees in the park. And as I stopped to look closer I noticed, and smiled, that not all of the leaves and the branches were perfect...some were mottled, some had been chewed at but...but all of the leaves made up that tree which stood out, and has stood out for generations. It made me think of the passage in the Gospel of John of the vine and the branches.....and what a mottled, sometimes chewed up part we all play in this parable.....each one of us different, each with unique gifts and skills and often carrying burdens and concerns that can chew us up.....but together living and nourished by the vine in our worship, in the eucharist and in our church lives together we grow be part of the beacon of light that shines in the darkness.

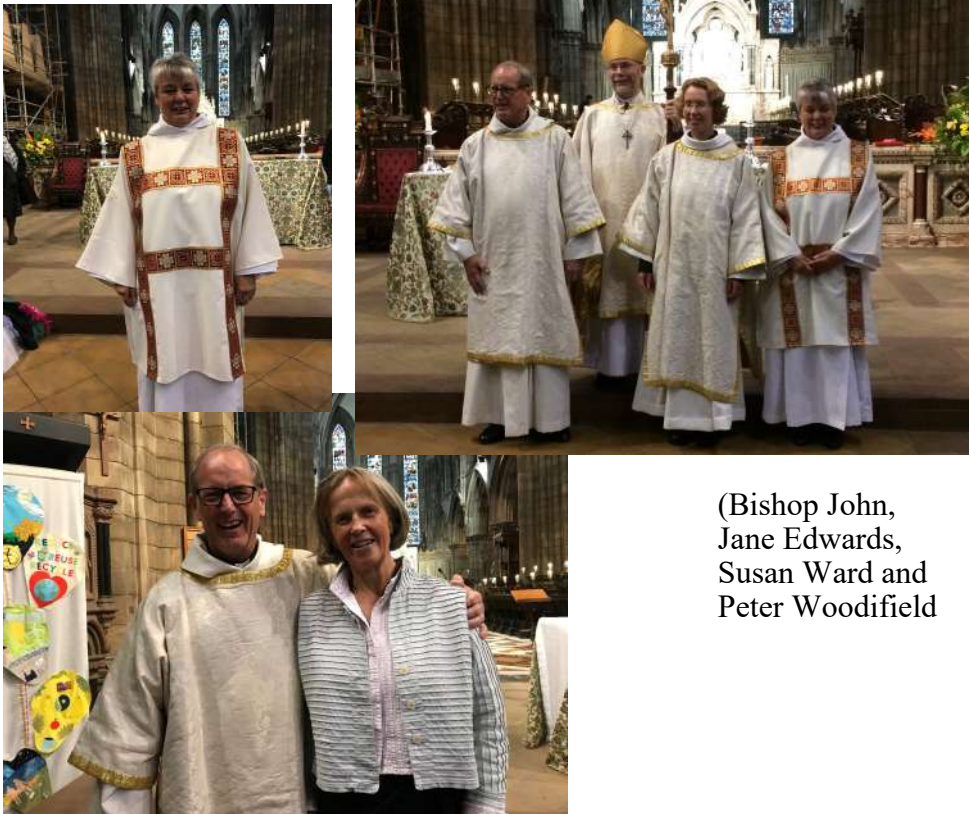
And into our church lives we welcome Rev Peter, our curate. Peter was ordained deacon in a wonderful service on the Feast of Michael and All Angels along with Susan who has been worshipping with us these past few month and also Jane Edwards.

Photos of Susan and of Peter and his wife Markie feature elsewhere in this edition.

I would like to say, on behalf of our two vestries, a huge thank you to everyone who contributed by their presence and/or their contributions to the Congregational Meetings that were held on the two last Sunday's of September. Our vestries will take on board all that was shared and report back in due course. Our church AGM's are being held in November: 17<sup>th</sup> for St Columba's and 24<sup>th</sup> for St Peter's and there will be opportunities for new vestry members for both churches. Please do have a good think about if you could take a turn and help shape and support the life of our churches as we move forward in God's service. Meetings are not onerous, they are held every 6 weeks or so and last no longer that 90 minutes.

And in the meantime, do enjoy this lovely season with the autumn colours and wonderful sunsets....

With love and prayers  
Christine



(Bishop John,  
Jane Edwards,  
Susan Ward and  
Peter Woodifield

Bin men, bakers, potato van  
then of course the old rag man  
give a rag get a balloon  
if you had one you were over the moon.

Jenny fish wife, Kleenezee came  
nowadays its not the same  
so many memories to recall  
and rest assured that's not them all

We went to Sunday School in Murrayburn  
then Broomhouse HUts we had a turn  
the Chuch as now was built at last  
contributing to my religious past

midnight service Christmas great  
collection in a wooden plate  
18, a Sunday School teacher me  
I loved my class and they loved me

We went to Panto's and on the train  
to Aberdour it did not rain  
my outings were a lot of fun  
and so enjoyed by everyone.

My first born child was Christened here  
1968 it was the year  
I then did move to Linlithgow  
and that is all you need to know.

THE END.

Murrayburn, Parkhead and days gone by  
Margot Watson. 20/8/19

I came to Parkhead terrace when I was only three  
,I went to school when I was five, cold day turned out to be  
My mum she nearly fainted, Miss Cook to rescue came  
gave her Sal Volatile and then my Mum went hame.

Miss Cook, Mrs Towner, Mrs Maine too  
they were my teachers whom I knew  
Mr Butcher was the Head  
Miss Gardner Head mistress, has to be said  
we marched in twos piano played some songs we  
changed rude words instead

School dinners YUK not very good  
today they have much better food  
we used to play at knock door run  
and oh that really was such fun  
an angry person looking out  
no one there so they would shout  
stink bombs through the letter box  
staying out to play past nine o'clock

Hide and seek in folk's back green  
hoping we would not be seen  
changing scraps and peeverie beds  
mums looking for beasties in our heads  
Giant steps and skipping too  
never short of things to do.

Saturday morning Picture show  
begging mum Please can I go  
Ratepayers party such a treat  
I went there with half the street  
Sunday School parties in church Hall  
But Bowling green party Best of all.

## To Autumn by John Keats

*Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.  
Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.  
Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,--  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.*

## Sermon for 14<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Pentecost 15<sup>th</sup> September 2019

The most effective teachers and lecturers that I have studied under were not those who shouted to get everyone's attention, rather they had a way of capturing your attention and keeping it, not raising their voices but drawing you in to listen not just hear words. And this is what we encounter Jesus doing in our Gospel reading this morning.

It is no co-incidence that the immediate preceding verses from the previous chapter recount Jesus saying 'let anyone with ears to hear listen', and this morning we hear 'all the tax collectors and sinners were coming near to listen to Jesus and in the crowd were the Pharisees and the scribes who were grumbling 'this fellow welcomes sinners and eats with them', Jesus once again, in their eyes, keeping dubious company!

And Jesus' response, he doesn't defend himself or argue, Jesus does what he often does when challenged for his behaviour – he tells the scandalised religious insiders two parables. In the first, a shepherd leaves his flock of 99 to look for a single lamb that is lost. He searches until he finds it, and when he does, he carries that one lamb home on his shoulders, invites his friends and neighbours in and throws a party to celebrate.

In the second, a woman loses one of her ten silver coins. Immediately, she lights a lamp and sweeps her entire house, looking carefully for the coin until she finds it. Then, like the shepherd, she calls her friends and neighbours and asks them to celebrate the recovery of the coin – another party!

And while we might think that the lost lamb and the lost coin were those 'out there' those beyond the church, beyond the family as it were, we would be wrong, for the lost lamb belongs to the shepherd's flock from the very beginning of the story – it is his lamb.

Likewise, the coin in the second parable belongs to the woman before she loses it; the coin is one of her very own. These parables are not about lost outsiders finding salvation and becoming followers of Jesus, these parables are about us, the insiders, those within God's family – the church goes, those who gather around the table for the bread and the wine.

These parables remind us that lostness isn't the exclusive province of non and not yet Christians. Lostness happens to all God's people. We get lost over and over again and God finds us over and over again. Lostness is part and parcel of the life of faith.

the shining coins – so delighted at having bought something she had long coveted that she even found it in her heart and in her purse to buy a little something for her baby sister.

What a glorious way to end the day, and it was with a much lighter footstep that I turned to help my friends clear away the left over goods and transport them – with the help of Mary-Jane's Walter making his church sale debut – to the charity shops who gladly accepted them.

Hard work yes- but indeed as our Rector says – "it is always more than just about the money" – though over £238.00 was popped into our church coffers.

Jane.

## Holy nettles!

You may wonder why Corinne is showing off a pan of green soup in this photo?

Here is the tale.

As we all know, Bruce was out of the picture for a good length of time after his hip operation, and meanwhile the church garden slowly but surely sank into a sorry state... Warm and wet weather had turned his baby into a jungle of weeds.

Bruce's impassioned plea for something to happen before the West Lothian Open Day did not fall on to deaf ears, and one Sunday after church, after Mel had cleared some of the way, I discovered to my delight that the nettles were at their best picking potential!

So not only is there a much tidier garden, there is also a big pan of healthy and tasty soup in the freezer.

Anyone wishing to sample nettle soup please speak to me (or come along to the Eco Congregation evening on 21st November when nettle soup will be on the menu).

Corinne Anderson



## CHILDREN'S SALE DAY 2019!

As Christine so often reminds us – it is always about more than just the money – but sometimes, no matter how enthusiastic we are, it's difficult to remember this, after the hard work involved in organising and manning a sale, and never more so than when the clearing away has to be undertaken by some very weary souls at the end of a long day.

The toy, book and clothes sale was certainly not an exception to the usual pattern of past sales, but spirits were low on the Friday night with very little to fill the tables – until late donations came pouring in and the tables were soon over-flowing with a wonderful array of children's books, clothes and toys, from congregation members and strangers too.

However, one person who kept a spring in his step not only on the Friday evening as he man-handled the tables out of their cosy resting place under the stairs, helped his mum Sian organise us all into a busy bustling team, and who also stayed during the whole of the next day's sale - handsome, smiling and so very grown up – was our very own Robbie. That Saturday morning, 20<sup>th</sup> September was one of the most brilliant of our late-flowering summer, blue skies, warm sunshine and the High Street bustling with happy visitors, admiring the sparkling Loch and the warm stone of our ancient buildings. Many were tempted into our little church, some peeping in timidly to see what was going on and to admire our beautiful interior or maybe to buy some of the many wonderful books brought along from Cheryl and Isla.

Rosie was a marvel as she helped sell some of the lovely pink baby clothes to very new parents with a beautiful baby girl staring out at our little church through eyes bright with the wonder of life. Rosie's care for the younger children who came in to see and perhaps grab that bargain extended to making and pouring juices for them, always with that happy smile we all know so well.

Isla and Yasmine graced the sale with their teenage presence, Isla bravely eyeing much of the items on sale which had once been part of her younger life. Where have all the years flown to was on many of our minds!

Quite close to the end of the day, as we began packing up, a little girl and her grannie were noticed standing outside the church. The little girl was gazing with wishing, bright in her eyes, at Isla's Barbie Caravan, a thing of great beauty to those who know their Barbies. She was out for the day with her grannie a few pounds to spend in her tightly held purse, a day out and away from a very new baby sister whom she loved but who now held pride of place in the home. On hearing the suggested price of the pink extravaganza the little lady put in her hand into her purse and handed over

What does it mean to be lost? Surely it can mean many things – we can lose our sense of belonging, we can lose our capacity to trust, like Mother Theresa we can lose our sense of God's presence in our lives, we can lose our will to persevere. There is a huge blackboard in the front grounds of a large church on the main street of Cupar, the message, in chalk, changes weekly. The last time I passed it read 'it is ok not to be ok but it is not ok to give up'. In life there are many occasions when we are not ok, when we lose our way. Some of us get lost when illness descends upon us and God's goodness starts to look not so good. Some of us get lost when everything around is like shifting sands and we feel out of control of our lives. We can get lost when death comes too soon to someone we love and care for – we can experience a crisis of faith that leaves us reeling. There are so many different life experiences that can leave us lost. And then bread and the wine that once nourished us can leave us hungry, sad or worse, indifferent.

We can find ourselves so miserably lost that the shepherd has to wander through the wilderness to find us, so lost that the housewife has to light her lamp, pick up her broom, and sweep out every nook and cranny of her house to discover where we are. At such times God the seeker comes looking for us. Isn't it just amazing that God experiences real loss, loss of us? And God searches, persists, lingers and keeps going, God wanders over hills and valleys looking for his lost lamb. God turns the house upside down looking for her lost coin. And when at last God finds what God is looking for, God cannot contain the joy that wells up inside, so God invites the whole neighbourhood over, shares the happy news of recovery and throws a party to end all parties. This reminds us of another parable doesn't it - the parable of the Prodigal Son. These parables reveal the nature of God's unstoppable love and compassion for all people, for all of creation.

God the searcher, God the seeker, God the determined and dogged finder. And God isn't in the fold with the 99 insiders, God isn't curled up on her couch polishing the nine coins she is already sure of. No God is where the lost things are. God is where lostness reigns, in the darkness of the wilderness. If we want to find God we have to leave the safety of the inside and venture out, We should take note of the great risk the shepherd takes in leaving the 99 while he pursues his search for the one who is lost – anyone who knows anything about sheep will tell you that when he gets back they will be as good as gone! Yet he still throws a party for everyone, which no doubt will cost him more than the value of the one sheep he has spent all his energy finding!

But we have to recognise our lostness and consent to be found. We know this isn't easy; for one thing we find it hard to believe that we are worth looking for, that we are loved enough, are precious enough, to warrant a long, hard, diligent search. It can be hard at times to trust that God won't just give up on us, that God will feel so much joy at our recovery and will tell the whole world and, yes, throw a party!

Jesus tells these parables to the religious insiders who can't or won't admit to their own lostness. The theologian Barbara Brown Taylor suggests that lostness makes us stronger at the edges and softer at the centre. Lostness teaches us about vulnerability, about empathy, about humility, about patience. Lostness shows us who we really are, and who God really is.

The 13<sup>th</sup> Century Sufi mystic, Rumi, said 'what you seek is seeking you. This is grace and it may be even truer that what we can't or won't seek is still seeking us. God looks for us when our lostness is so convoluted and so profound. And even in that bleak and seemingly hopeless place, God finds us.

And God finds us through those who respond to be God's hands and feet among us. Those who listen for the still small voice and draw close to hear the message. Those people are us, you and me and we walk with each other for, at some time or other, we likely to find ourselves lost and vulnerable and at other times to be the listening ear, the kindly smile, the welcome and, when needed, the signpost to others who are more experienced. To recognise our lostness and allow others, trusted others, to walk alongside us is not easy but it is grace and it is ours as we are reminded in the famous lines of John Newston's Amazing Grace – 'I once was lost but now am found. Was blind but now I see'. Amen.

Our day in the sunshine of a secluded Perthshire hamlet ended with a simple service in the tiny chapel. A building filled with the smell of wood and burning candles, soft red drapes and the muted light from a stunning stained glass window. Sitting on simple benches, friends old and new, raising our voices in song and in praise of the God who had brought us together.

"As you share your lives together, God shares his life with you. As you grow in awareness of each other, grow in awareness of God".

The day was not quite ended however, as Janet had organised a fish and chip tea in Bridge of Allan, all of us seated together sharing this last meal of our day. The night darkened when we were there, the rain which had kept away returned, making the journey home a wet one with the Sat. Nav. lady once more keen to take us on a bewildering route ignored by we weary three.

Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> September 2019 truly is a day to be remembered.  
Jane.





## FIFTEEN HEAD TO THE BIELD.

The forecast for Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> September was not promising, it would seem that rain, rain and more rain was awaiting us on our long-anticipated day outing to The Bield Perthshire. However the morning dawned bright, the skies were indeed blue and there were very few clouds to spoil the view as we headed off early in the morning, in our various shared cars from opposite ends of the county.

Sylvia, Brenda and I were in good spirits as we headed east through the morning business of Linlithgow High Street, happily ignoring the Sat. Nav. lady's advice to "turn around when possible" and shortly finding ourselves, driving over the silver span of the new road bridge with the grey waters of the River Forth far below.

Soon the beautiful Perthshire countryside opened up before us, the rolling purple hills and the golden stubble of the newly harvested fields stretching on either side of us. Soon though, black clouds came rolling over the hills, the grey curtains of rain heralding their approach becoming a torrent, thundering onto our little red car. However, the rain was quickly gone leaving us once again under a sky washed a sparkling bright blue and with the road ahead gleaming in the bright autumn sun.

The Sat. Nav. lady was obviously still unhappy about our sojourn northwards along the M9 instead of her

chosen route, but she did eventually bring us safely to Blackruthven and The Bield House with only one small missed slip road on the way, nothing major or too time-consuming. It is difficult to describe just how the magic of The Bield enfolds you as soon as you step out of the car, is it the trees, the old buildings, the views, the quietness, all and maybe yet even more, different for each person to take and do with as you need. The warm welcome, the beautiful old house with sagging couches to snuggle into, the simple home-grown and very delicious food, the walks, the gardens, the gentleness of the place seeps into tired bones and minds. It is a place where God waits, in many disguises, waiting just for you, to hold and strengthen you to face the challenges of the coming days.



Thursday 19 September saw the priesting by the Bishop of Edinburgh of Andy Philip (once of St Peter's, now of the Cathedral) and Ollie Clegg (of St Mungo's, Balerno). The picture, taken after the service in the Cathedral, shows (left to right) Canon Malcolm Round (St Mungo's), Ollie, Bishop John, Andy and Canon John Conway (Provost, St Mary's Cathedral).

## Next Magazine

Winter magazine will be published Early December so I need any articles and pictures by late November please. Send to [PeteThePod@Gmail.com](mailto:PeteThePod@Gmail.com)

If anyone wants to help with magazine production or proof reading please let me know .

Thanks  
Peter

## Dates for your Diaries

### St Peter's

#### October

Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> Book Event – Philip Marsden reading from 'The Summer Isles' - afternoon

Friday 25<sup>th</sup> Red Door Event – Lizabett Russo – evening

Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> Bruce Jamieson's Book Launch 'Linlithgow Lives' - evening

#### November

Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> Junior Bake Off - afternoon

Monday 4<sup>th</sup> Book Event – James and Tom Morton reading from 'Shetland: Cooking on the Edge of the World' - afternoon

Thursday 7<sup>th</sup> Red Door Event – Chris Wood - evening

Friday 15<sup>th</sup> Museum Talk by Bruce Jamieson- evening

Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> Burgh Trust AGM - evening

Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> Messy Church (TBC) - afternoon

Saturday 23<sup>th</sup> Red Door Event - Martin & Eliza Carthy – evening

Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> Red Door Event - Chris Stout & Catriona McKay - evening

Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> Advent Fair - morning/afternoon and silver jewellery sale

### St Columba's

November 30<sup>th</sup> St Columba's Community Christmas Lunch

Save the date – December 13<sup>th</sup> Sweet Harmony Singers - evening

### Saints Day being celebrated during October and November

#### October

Luke, Evangelist – Sunday 20<sup>th</sup>

James of Jerusalem – Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup> (St P's) and Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> (St C's)

Simon and Jude, Apostles – Sunday 27<sup>th</sup>

#### November

All Saints and All Souls – Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup>

Remembrance Sunday – Sunday 10<sup>th</sup>

Margaret of Scotland – Sunday 17<sup>th</sup>

Andrew, Apostle – Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup> (St P's) and Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> (St C's)

#### December

Advent Sunday – 1<sup>st</sup> December

We also planted orange and yellow african marigolds to add some colour, a few of David's friends were chosen to hold them while Christine said a few moving words.



And meanwhile all the people who had come along, (David's neighbours, friends of Dorothy from St Michael's R.C., and of course our own St Peter's folk), were looking on from down on the patio.

There is a little twist to this tale. David told me later that he discovered there is already a Choisya planted in his back garden: Choisya 'White Dazzler'. What a coincidence that he chose the same plant for the church garden!

Corinne Anderson



## A plant for Dorothy

When it was announced that St Peter's was organising a day to 'Bring a plant for the garden in memory of a loved one', David (Olwa), who was in Kenya at the time, read all about it in the church notices. David was in shock, he had just lost his dear wife Dorothy, suddenly and unexpectedly, on the 10th of May. He had to cope with burying her, and coming back to Scotland without her.

At Dorothy's funeral in Kenya, a Thika Fern tree was planted by her grave by Bishop Shem Nzioki. So when Paul (Goldfinch) (chauffeur) and I (horticultural adviser) went with David to Rouken Glen Garden Centre to choose a plant in Dorothy's memory, David had a clear idea of what he wanted. Here is David and the shortlist of three plants from which he made his final choice, which is: a mexican orange blossom Choisya 'Aztec Pearl'.



A date was agreed (Tuesday 16th July), the sun shone, and Christine organised and led a beautiful little ceremony in the church back garden. The sweetly scented Choisya was planted close to the path so that its scent could be enjoyed as people go past (though it has a bit of growing to do first!). Here is David carefully watering the little shrub.



ST PETER'S CHURCH  
LINLITHGOW

# JUNIOR BAKE-OFF

Sunday 3rd November  
2-4 pm

AFTERNOON TEA (£4)  
Everyone Welcome

Three Categories:  
NOVELTY CAKES • CUPCAKES  
GLUTEN FREE

Under 12s and 12-16

ISLA

Entry forms available from St Peter's Church,  
Far from the Madding Crowd Bookshop  
or online at [www.stpeterslinlithgow.co.uk](http://www.stpeterslinlithgow.co.uk)  
All entries to be made in advance

## **Pennies in the Jar**

The children had their own fund raising event which was 'guessing the pennies in the jar' This raised over £55. They are hoping to organise other fund raising events in the future. Look out for further information regarding this.

Carol Main

## **Beetle Drive**

We held a Beetle Drive on Friday 16th August in the afternoon. It was a sell out and a great time was had by both adults and children.. We had a few snacks and a raffle and as it was so popular we are intending to hold another one in November. Check your pew sheet for details. Thanks to everyone who helped and donated for this afternoon of fun. We raised £111 for church funds which was due to everyone's generosity. Thank you to all who support our church in any way.

Regards  
Carol Main

## **Teamwork!**

Going up... and up... and up!  
Gordon and Andrew hoist the banner above the front door for Doors Open Day, kindly assisted by our neighbour Llyod.



Mo's

Today we were about to sing suddenly my phone went ping voices drowned it out I hoped in my handbag I then groped tried to turn it off and then but NOOO the thing went off again but Christine with her usual wit was not bothered not one bit "God" calling happily said she I later confessed that it was me!.

.....St. Nicholas 80th Anniversary celebrations.....

Last week I attended part of the 80th Anniversary celebrations for St. Nicholas Church of Scotland, Sighthill Edinburgh. The Church I attended all my life until coming to Linlithgow. I attended Sunday School, was a Sunday School teacher and although married in England my first born was Christened there also. It was known as the Children's church as Sunday schools from all over the UK and even the world contributed their collections in little Church collection boxes and St Nicholas being the Patron saint of children our church was thus named. We started life in wooden huts until the new building could be completed and the advent of the war halted proceedings for a number of years

It was a wonderful praise filled and joyful service attended by many local dignitaries, past ministers and the Moderator of the General Assembly. A splendid buffet was provided and many forgotten rediscovered each other. I even met a member of my Sunday School class who had excitedly been looking for her teacher (the best in the world apparently). Johnny and I used to take them trips to the seaside and always the panto at Christmas. We were only eighteen and nineteen ourselves and even as Adults would not have been allowed to do that today without stringent vetting. How the world has changed. Anyway it was a lovely lovely day. Praise the Lord.

LAST MO  
ABIDE WITH ME

I'VE COMMENTED ON THIS BEFORE BUT THIS MORNING 22/9/19 WE AGAIN SANG THIS WONDERFUL HYMN AND I NEVER CEASE TO BE MOVED SINCE LOOKING UP AT THE STAINED GLASS WINDOW OF THE CHURCH WHERE I WAS ATTENDING THE FUNERAL OF THE YOUNG BROTHER OF A FRIEND AND WATCHING A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT COME THROUGH AS THIS HYMN WAS SUNG. THOUGH I FIND THE WHOLE HYMN VERY MOVING THE LAST VERSE FOR ME IS THE MOST INSPIRING..

HOLD THOU THY CROSS BEFORE MY CLOSING EYES  
SHINE THROUGH THE GLOOM AND POINT ME TO THE SKIES  
HEAVEN'S MORNING BREAKS AND EARTH'S VAIN SHADOWS  
FLEE  
IN LIFE, IN DEATH OH LORD ABIDE WITH ME.

GOD BLESS, MARGOT.



Tuesday morning worshippers enjoying tea, coffee, cake and fellowship in the garden one beautiful July morning

Ceildih

On Friday 20th September, 2019 Columbas held a Ceildih with the Livingston Fiddlers being our entertainers. It was a sell out and a fantastic night. Those who danced were never off the floor while others watched and listened to the fab music and enjoyed refreshments. It was such a success that we hope to make it a regular event which brings in other people from the community. A big thanks to our entertainers and all who helped organise and attended. We raised £341 for church funds which is very much appreciated. Only with all your support can we maintain our church. Watch your news letter for up and coming events in the months to come.

Thanks  
Carol Main



## FUTURE FESTIVITIES

Two events to look forward to in the social calendar of St Peter's.

**A VICTORIAN ADVENT –  
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13<sup>TH</sup>, 2019**



Following on from other successful social evenings held within the welcoming walls of the 180 year old Rivaldsgreen House, is another forthcoming occasion not to be missed. Thanks to the generous hospitality of Ian Wallace, the event will be a Victorian Advent Evening featuring readings, poetry, hymns and sketches from a bygone age. 19<sup>th</sup> century hymns will include: an 1892 arrangement of a much older Basque carol which we now know as “Gabriel’s Message”; Christina Rossetti’s 1885 poem “Love Came Down at Christmas” and John Brownlie’s “The King Shall Come”. The Rev John Brownlie was born in Glasgow in 1857 and became minister of Trinity Free Church in Portpatrick, Wigtonshire.

Readings will come from the pens of Charles Dickens, Hilaire Belloc, George Sims and Queen Victoria - who may even put in an appearance herself! In tribute to her consort, we shall sing, in German, the 16<sup>th</sup> century Marian hymn “Est Ist Ein Ros Entsprungen.”

Victoria and Albert’s one and only visit to Linlithgow in 1842 was unfortunately cut very short, as you shall hear recreated in the beautiful salon at Rivaldsgreen. Numbers are limited, so do put your name down speedily on the list which will shortly be posted on the church noticeboard. Please also indicate what food you will bring along to share. **The unforgettable evening’s entertainment will begin promptly at 7-00pm.**

## THE 2020 BURNS SUPPER



The second event, On **Friday, January 24<sup>th</sup>, 2020**, will be our 7<sup>th</sup> Burns Supper. This will take place on the eve of the 261<sup>st</sup> anniversary of the Bard’s birth. After an unavoidable gap last year, this popular event will again be staged with Rev Christine in the chair. The ‘Illustrated Immortal Memory’ will be delivered by Bruce Jamieson while the Lassies and Reply will be given by two saintly characters! Songs from the Duncans and the Veitches will be matched by a communal singalong; poetry will be provided by some of our young folk – and there is, of course, the legendary Burns Raffle!

The ticket price of £15-00 per person (£10-00 children) includes a haggis supper from the “Golden Chip” and oatcakes and cheese. Bring your own favourite libation along (‘glasses’ are provided). This event is always over-subscribed so, once again, please add your name to the list and pay Dot as soon as possible thereafter. **Another 7-00pm prompt start.**