THE REVIEW
FEBRUARY 2018

Kenrokuen Garden, Japan. (Photo by Doris Jackson)
One of the three best landscaped gardens in Japan
exhibiting the 6 attributes of the perfect landscape of the garden –
spaciousness, tranquillity, artifice, antiquity, water courses and magnificent view.

WADDINGTON STREET UNITED REFORMED CHURCH,
DURHAM CITY DH1 4BG

Church Website: www.durhamurc.org.uk

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY AND CHURCH NEWS

Ministerial Services – Anyone requiring the services of a Minister should contact their own Elder who will make enquiries on their behalf.

WEEKLY NOTICE SHEETS - Please forward details of items and events for the weekly notice sheets to - Peter Galloway –
email **pagalloway@hotmail.com** or mobile phone number **07 763 912 670.**

COPY DATE FOR THE MARCH REVIEW IS – SUNDAY 18TH FEBRUARY 2018.

Socials with Students 2018 – Offers of help to David Thornborrow please.

Date 2018	Theme	Leadership	Catering and/or food theme
Tuesday13th February	Pancakes, Pancakes, Pancakes! The history of Shrove Tuesday & special customs or traditions		Pancakes [Volunteer(s) required to make pancakes]
6th March 2018	The circle of life & Easter		Eggs (to decorate) [Volunteer(s) required to make simnel cake] Chocolate bunny

A very belated Happy 90th Birthday to Margot Waddell from all at Waddington Street.

Margot celebrated her birthday with a group of close friends.

The Christmas lunch at Church raised the excellent sum of **£333.80p** for the **Christian Blind Mission.** Well done to Judy who organised and cooked the lunch and to her band of helpers. As always, Win made the tables look lovely with her floral decorations. We enjoyed an excellent lunch and some good fellowship.

The Christmas card appeal raised **£110.** This means the total raised (once Gift Aid is added) will be approximately **£3,600** – a really satisfying total for a very worthwhile charity.

Thank you to all who helped make those at the **West End Refugee Service** enjoy a better Christmas. They were very pleased to receive our contributions and sent their good wishes to us all for 2018. Can I make a plea that we continue to collect for them this year. The box will be in the Mowbray Street entrance as usual and toiletries, clothes (especially men's), bedding, towels, kitchen items are always needed. Basic biscuits are also a nice bonus. Thank you. ***Kath Ogilvie.***

Unwanted spectacles. I have placed a box in the vestibule to collect unwanted spectacles again. Last time we collected over 50 pairs and they went to help those in developing countries. Many opticians run this scheme but I am happy to encourage you all to sort out your unwanted or no longer needed specs. Some of us have now had successful cataract operations (no names mentioned) and are very thankful for our NHS. ***Kath Ogilvie.***

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY AND CHURCH NEWS

Jessie Goodall enjoyed a "Farewell Party" with her Malton neighbours. She hopes to move to Scotland at the end of January. We wish Jessie much happiness in her new home and we will miss her greatly. The cake was an inspired design!

The Women's World Day of Prayer

is being held at
St. Nicholas Church in
Durham Market Place on
Friday 2nd March
at 10.30 a.m.

I would be most grateful if you would publicise this at Waddington Street.

The service has been written by the women of Suriname and the theme is:
"All God's Creation is Very Good".

Since Freda and Margaret retired I have been hoping to find someone to join the committee - if you have any ideas, please let me know.
With good wishes,

Jane Middleton

Extracts from a letter to Judy and Arthur Banister from Christopher Peskett of Médecin Sans Frontières:

"I am not writing much here as soon will be home. Have extended my end date twice, so will probably be home shortly before Christmas. Really hoping the British weather does not cause any delays for me.

I am supervising three clinics within one of the camps – all made of bamboo, with plastic sheeting rooves. We average about 130-150 patients per day at each clinic. Our main referral clinic –where we transfer by stretcher bearers the more difficult/emergency cases - is seeing some 600 patients a day, not to mention those hospitalized in the inpatient department, or isolation areas. Here it is pertinent to say that I am only talking about the activities of just one of the many MSF interventions throughout the area.

After having big outbreak of measles, the camps are now experiencing diphtheria - I have had to put aside so many things I had planned because of this – it is a very serious illness, with high mortality if not treated and very transmissible, especially with large families crammed in make-shift shelters made of plastic sheeting with very little ventilation.

The days are literally without end - I often have to ask which day it is. Team is massive – over 50 international living in one big house – and this is not to mention the other MSF sections here. Bangladeshi staff and Rohinga volunteers doing great work. My replacement arrived over a week ago but we had only just started handover when she was asked to help in another project dealing with setting up new diphtheria treatment site. Tonight discussing this and maybe I replace her, so that she can continue working and learning in the camp clinics and I will be able to assist her in getting to grips with the clinics by regular telephoning and evening talks. Not ideal but then very often it is not in such situations.

The needs of the population are indisputable and so, of course, one fully accepts the long working hours. Still, with heat and humidity, then in the earlier days the torrential rains that turned everything into a mud bath, just getting to work could be really challenging. Now, apart from a freak couple of days of rain, things are dry – safer for walking but bringing with it its own particular health problems. Also getting much cooler, especially at night, which of course means more pneumonias, especially amongst the children.

To get to work I have to cross various bamboo bridges, which sound very quaint but are in fact very disturbing experiences as the bamboos are laid lengthwise and shift apart when standing on them. Worse, some have no side bamboo to hold on to, so it is all a question of balance and a silent prayer to get across!

I will end here but looking forwards to the opportunity for speaking with you close to Christmas. Please give my regards to your congregation.

Goodbye for now,

Yours,

Chris.

EDITOR'S LETTER

DEAR READERS,

Welcome to the first Review of 2018. Revd Ruth Crofton delivered a very simple and honest service on Christmas day and it was enjoyed immensely by those lucky enough to be there. Ruth and Revd John Durell greatly enhanced our Christmas experience by taking services, so a huge **"thank you"** to both of them. We are immensely lucky to have had such a variety of gifted and enthusiastic preachers during this vacancy and we do appreciate them.

Is it just me, or is life getting more complicated? I recently had to renew my Driving Licence and decided to do it On Line which DVLA said was **easier**. I had to answer some unexpected questions, although they neglected to ask me how many teeth I still had (maybe that will be on the form next time!). It increasingly feels like big brother is watching you but I suppose they are trying to avoid fraudulent requests. There was a section covering Organ Donation and that is a good idea because it will make people decide about this issue who might not have thought about it previously.

The **Durham Caledonian Society Burns' Supper** on 20th January in the Masonic Hall was a happy and colourful event thanks to our Piper, Jim Hall, and singers William Hunter and friends, among others.

Richard Annis (right), from Durham University's Archaeology Department, who is well known for his work on the bones of the Scottish soldiers discovered buried around Durham's Palace Green, was the Guest Speaker and very ably proposed the Immortal Memory. He was accompanied by his wife Kate Wilson to their first ever Burns Supper.

Many Waddington Street Church members attended and Ed and Cliona Kear (current Presidents of Durham Rotary and Durham Inner Wheel) and Pauline Crow (immediate past President of Durham Rotary) joined in the celebration of the life and works of Robert Burns.

Les and I are excited that our grand-daughter, second-year Student Nurse Lauren Thomson, will be going to Tanzania in August, for a 3-week placement with Plan My Gap Year, to do voluntary work in a hospital there. When I was young, many moons ago (!), I thought a day visit to Edinburgh Zoo was a big deal - how times have changed!

If **you** have any items of interest to share with readers of The Review, please let me know.
Lucille Thomson.

The next issue of The Review will be published on **Sunday 4th March 2018.**
Contributions please to Lucille Thomson at church or BY POST or **Tel. 0191-3861052**
or e-mail lesthomson@talktalk.net - no later than NOON on Sunday 18th February 2018.

Kilbrandon, a Wee Church in The West of Scotland

We were staying for a few days on the Island of Seil, in Argyll and after reading an article about some lovely stained glass windows in a local church, we decided to call by and see them.

Kilbrandon Church of Scotland sits on a hillside in quite a remote location, with very few houses anywhere near, although when it was built in 1886 people would think nothing of walking many miles to attend services at their local Kirk.

The main entrance door to the church is central and underneath the largest stained glass window. It is unusual in that the main door is directly behind the pulpit, so you enter in front of the congregation. The church also slopes upwards towards the back, so the pews are tiered like in a theatre and the central aisle is on a slope, with a few steps near the back.

The stained glass windows were designed by a Dr. Douglas Strachan and donated to the church in 1938. They are based on bible scenes around the Sea of Galilee, the largest one depicting Jesus waking in the boat and calming the stormy sea.

For a small church in a fairly remote area it was interesting to see that it is very up-to-date, with sound system, a large monitor and hearing loop equipment. A church very much worthwhile visiting if touring near Oban.

Angus and Jan Robson.

Notes from Elders' Meeting on Wednesday 6 December 2017

1. The Elders discussed the arrangements for The Durham Food Bank to make use of our premises.
2. Doris Jackson reported on a communication she had from the Register Office.
3. The Elders were grateful to receive an offer by Ian Graham of a new lectern bible which will be dedicated to the memory of Rosemond, Ian's wife.
4. The Elders remembered those in our congregation in need of prayer and support.
5. Helen and Yvonne reported on a recent meeting they attended with the group of churches to discuss the vacancy.
6. Janet reported on a meeting to discuss the proposed synod scheme of youth employment. The Elders decided that presently we would take no further action.
7. Yvonne had organised Christmas cards from the Elders for delivery to members of the congregation.
8. The Elders discussed items to be included on the agenda for the next church meeting on the 14th January 2018.
9. Elders were reminded to bring mince pies and milk for the Advent Reflection in the church on the 11th December 2017.
10. The next Elders' Meeting will take place on Wednesday 7th February 2018.

(Janet Thornborrow)

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OUT AND ABOUT with URCHIN

"The Old Year it away has fled, the New Year it is entered. Then let us all our sin downtread and God send us a Happy New Year," so those of yesteryear sang. The words come from a carol first sung by the waits which was not a group but who were watchmen who patrolled the area during the night using a musical instrument to show that they were on duty and to mark the hours for poor sleepers. There are three verses in the Oxford Book of Carols yet there are more which appeal to Jack, Tom, Bessy, Mary and Joan and also to the dame of the house, all pleading for continued good cheer. So, erudition over, your scribe cheerfully wishes you all good wishes for 2018. Mindful of the excesses of yesteryear, your scribe and his dear lady wife watched the Hogmanay show on BBC Scotland and toasted each other at midnight with a drop of something warming. The New Year lies before us like a new page of a new book; unspoiled; and brand new diaries are in use. It is, of course, up to us how we live in this New Year. But we are human beings, frail and fearing of anything new, but always trusting in God the Father. So, as we continue our way along the chill path of winter, if we climb to the top of the hill, we can see Spring in the distance, cheerily awaiting its entrance.

Your scribe has had to hang up his running shoes. 74 years young, your scribe began running on 1st April 1982 and last ran on 25th November 2017 some $35^{1/2}$ years, four marathons, twenty or so half marathons, various other distances while a member of Elvet Striders, are his proud history with finisher's medals as proof, if proof was needed, but now a problem vertebra causing an intermittently troublesome thigh has caused retirement from the famed back lane. He wondered if he would be distraught but was surprised that he wasn't. He had hoped for a ceremonial last run sometime in the future but a probable lengthy healing time was a poor option and the decision had to be set against the oncoming years. But the changing seasons and wild life will still be enjoyed as your scribe will become a back lane walker.

One afternoon on a cold day in late December, it seemed right to look forward to a week of sunshine and warmth so a holiday has been booked and we fly to Lanzarote in April. It seems a long time away but, at the time passes, it will arrive soon enough for sun, food and drink. "Rock on", your scribe cries.

A Reminiscence … by Ian Graham

Growing up in the 1920s was a pleasant experience. The horrors of the Great War were past, although a preponderence of young women were single, denied the opportunity of marriage by the carnage which carried away a generation of young men. But there were clouds looming on the horizon. The growth of extreme right politics in Germany led to the general acclaim which saw Hitler's rise to power and the scourge of Nazism. Thankfully the British Government made contingency plans in case the appeasement efforts of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain were to fail. So in 1939 we were issued with gas masks and trained in their use.

Then on 1st September everything changed. My Dad, a volunteer in the Territorial Army, disappeared to join his Regiment. Mother and we three children were assembled with scores of other folk at the local school and segregated into groups before being escorted to the railway station for evacuation to Carlisle, deemed to be a safer place at that time than industrialised Tyneside. Being 10 years of age I was left in charge of my younger sister Shirley, aged just 5. Our mother and baby sister Vivien were taken with other Mums and young ones to be entrained separately and we lost sight of them. That was an unnerving feeling and we kids held hands and clung together, not knowing what would happen.

Of the journey to Carlisle I remember nothing, but on arrival in our group we stood around with volunteer hosts and were parcelled out in turn as names were called. The name of the family to whom we were sent is forgotten. But the household comprised husband, wife and two teenage boys who were keen to be called up for the RAF and had never shared their home with youngsters, especially one being a little girl. Those boys were bullies and made our lives a misery. Their sorry activities only took place in the absence of their parents and I felt helpless. Schooling was interesting and arranged as a part-time facility, locals in the morning and evacuees in the afternoon. Out of school activities included playing with or fighting the locals, scrumping pears from a nearby well protected (!) orchard or generally "hanging around".

By a strange stroke of fate, after several weeks I suffered a severe attack of tonsillitis and our hostess informed my mother, who had been allowed to visit us once our whereabouts were known, that she was not able to look after a sick child, particularly one with a high fever and a severe delirium tremens delusion. So happily we were able to return home, as were several more evacuee families. Then for 6 months with no schooling I roamed the streets unhindered. Joy! When school reopened since more and more evacuees came home, I found to my horror that FRACTIONS was on the arithmetic menu – to me an enigma. However, I soon "caught up" due to a severe clip around the ears from a Maths teacher deemed unfit for the armed services (pity!).

This was the time of the "phoney war" when the Continental battles seemed to have reached a stalemate and we had suffered no bombing attacks. Of course that all changed with the successful evacuation of thousands of members of the British Expeditionary Force and, closer to home, the bombing which killed two dear neighbours, sisters who made a living by teaching piano. What shocked me as a young lad was to see looters picking in the rubble to find souvenirs, until the Police and ARP personnel came to chase them away and cordon the area. All we lost were our windows, blown out without too much damage as they were protected with lots of masking tape arranged in diamond patterns on each pane.

But the foregoing has called to mind most forcefully the plight nowadays of the thousands of refugees pleading for our help. The small disruption to life in my case is nothing compared to the suffering and exploitation of these poor folks. That is why, when I know that in Durham the followers of Islam have no proper Mosque, and the Jews no Synagogue, I so strongly feel that it would be a blessing to offer part of our premises so that on Friday a Mosque and on Saturday a Synagogue were available, we would thus be demonstrating our open hospitality to people who serve and worship the same God.

This is an ode to an Engineering Feat, or a Statue, or a Strange Monument or a "What's that Thing?" – loved by some, loathed by some. Time itself will give the answer. (From Freda Waller)

There's a greet big rusty Angel on a hill in Gateshead toon, It stands there doing nothing, just blotting oot the moon. There are some who think it's beautiful, and some who disagree – but the seagulls and pigeons knaa exactly what ti dee. The Geordie population have been shaken to the core – we've had Roman waals and Lambton Worms, but nowt like this before.

Noo Angels are God's messengers aa've a'always understood. They sit on clouds and play their harps and tell us to be good. They say Heaven's full of Angels, superior to man, but if this is what they look like, aa divent want to gan. Poets of the future will sing the Angel's praises. Men like Geordie Ridley who gave us Blaydon Races. Just a part of Geordie life like Stotty Cake and Broon and the world will pay homage to canny Gateshead toon.

(No these are not spelling mistakes, they are in the vernacular. Editor)

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Old Italian proverb…

"After the game,
the King and the
pawn go into the
same box."

George Roberts …

The first piece of luggage
on the carousel
never belongs to anyone."
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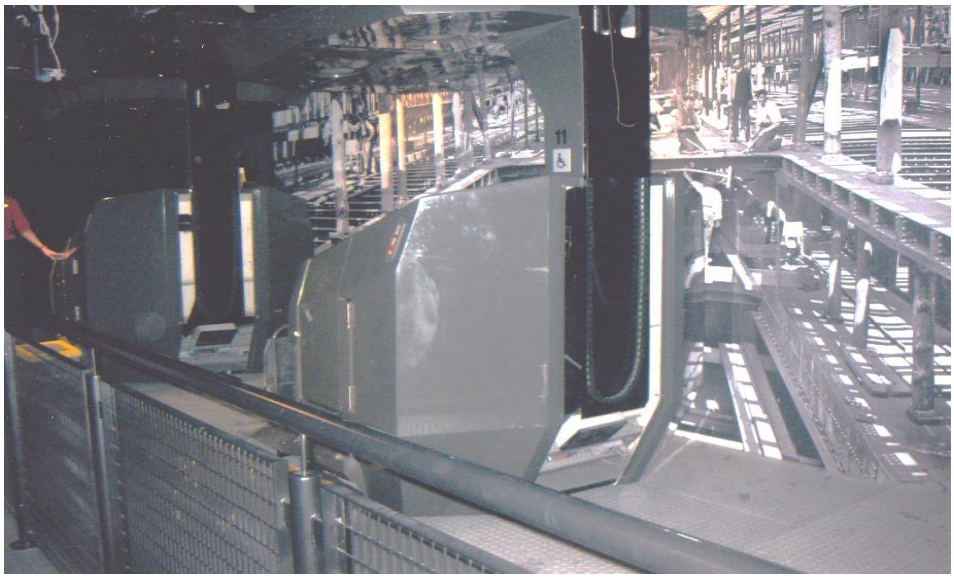
TITANIC …

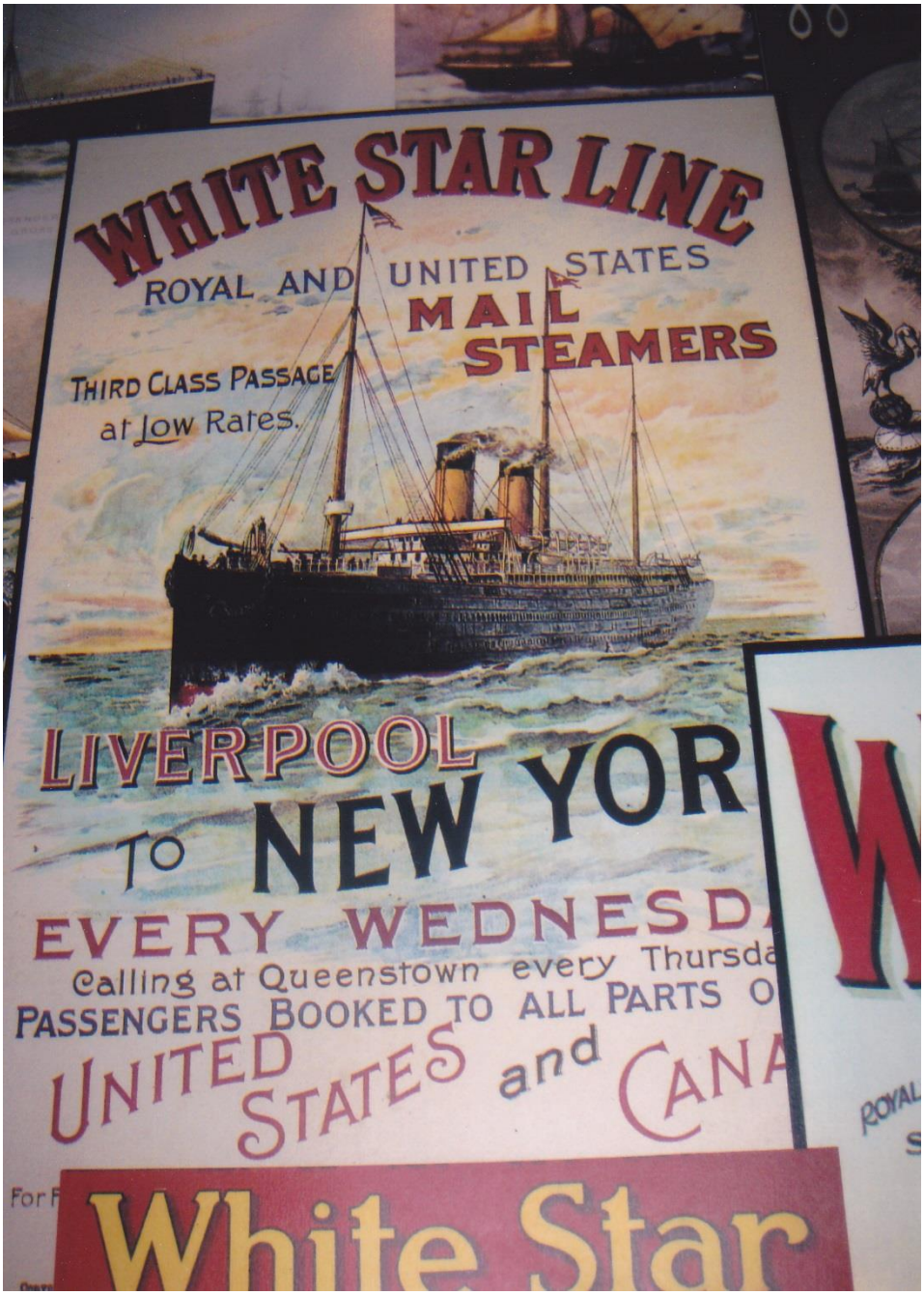
On the morning of 5th June, my daughter Fiona and I flew to Belfast to see the Titanic exhibition. We arrived early and had time to have lunch in a large shopping mall near our hotel before being taken by coach to see the exhibition - which is not so much an exhibition as an experience. The enormous building which houses hundreds of photos and a reconstruction of parts of the ship is quite awe inspiring. Many photos of the ship and parts of the interior showing staterooms, magnificent staircase, dining rooms etc. were taken as the ship sailed to Queenstown, County Cork, to pick up more passengers before heading to New York.

The exhibition starts with the history of Belfast, its liner industry, Rope works and tobacco industry, then describes the plans for building the ship. Between the 3rd and 4th floors there is an interesting item called The Dark Ride. This consists of a series of "cars" seating 4 people which, like cable cars, travel round constantly (Picture next page – rear view of cars). You have a virtual reality experience of men working on the inside of the ship. Titanic was built along with her sister ship Olympic, together in twin slipways which are still present and form part of the Museum. It took 2 years to build the structure before it was launched in 1911. Only after it was launched did the actual fitting of the ship begin. She was ready to sail at the end of March 1912 following her sea trials and her Maiden Voyage began on 10th April 1912.

Titanic's first port of call was at Cherbourg on 10th April to pick up passengers and mail. On the morning of 11th April Titanic called at Queenstown, County Cork, to pick up more passengers and mail. At 1 p.m. on 11th April she set sail for New York. Titanic struck the iceberg on the night of 14th April and within 3 hours had sunk, taking with her 1,570 passengers to a watery grave. The Titanic tragedy continues to haunt and fascinate people, but the amazing exhibition is itself, I think, very profound.

Heather Todd





Exercise for people over 60.

Begin by standing on a comfortable surface, where you have plenty of room at each side. With a 5-lb potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute and then relax

Each day you'll find that you can hold this position for just a little longer.

After a couple of weeks move up to 10-lb potato bags.

Then try 50-lb potato bags and eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100-lb potato bag in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute.
(I'm at this level).

After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each bag!

(Ernie Sarsfield)

God's Plan for Ageing:

Most seniors never get enough exercise. In his wisdom, God decreed that seniors become forgetful so they would have to search for their glasses, keys and other things, thus doing more walking – and **God looked down and saw that it was good.**

Then God saw there was another need. In his wisdom he made seniors lose co-ordination, so that they would drop things, requiring them to bend, reach and stretch –
and **God looked down and saw that it was good.**

Then God considered the function of bladders and decided seniors would have additional calls of nature, requiring more trips to the bathroom, thus providing more exercise.
God looked down and saw that it was good.
So if you find as you age, you are getting up and down more, remember it's God's will. It is all in your best interest, even though you mutter under your breath.

Important Facts to Remember as We Grow Older:
Death is the number 1 killer in the world.
Good health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.
Give a person a fish and you feed them for a day. Teach a person to use the Internet and they won't bother you for weeks, months, maybe years.
Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in the hospital, dying of nothing.
All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.
In the 60's, people took LSD to make the world weird. Now the world is weird, and people take Prozac to make it normal.
Life is like a jar of jalapeno peppers. What you do today may be a burning issue tomorrow.
Please share this wisdom with others while I go to the bathroom!

JUST FOR FUN …

AGE is merely the number of years the world has been enjoying ***YOU.*** (Anon.)

Just when I was getting used to yesterday, along came today.

Sometimes I think I understand everything, and then I regain consciousness.

Amazing! You hang something in your closet, for a while, and it shrinks 2 sizes!

Arguing with a woman is like reading the Software License Agreement. In the end, you ignore everything and click "I agree".

Don't wear headphones while vacuuming. I've just finished the whole house before realising the vacuum wasn't plugged in!

If a woman says, "Do what you want". DO NOT DO WHAT YOU WANT.
Stand still. Do not blink. Don't even breathe. Just play dead.

During labour, the pain is so great that a woman … can almost imagine what a man feels like when he has a cold!

A woman walked into the kitchen to find her husband stalking around with a fly swatter.
"What are you doing?" she asked. "Hunting flies" he responded. "Oh! Killing any?" she asked.
"Yep, 3 males, 2 females" he replied. Intrigued she asked, "How can you tell them apart?"
He responded, "3 were on a beer can, 2 were on the phone."

The following item may explain why many people are becoming paranoid about the amount of information concerning them personally which is held by agencies …

ORDERING A PIZZA IN TODAY'S WORLD

Hello! Is this Pizza Pizza? *No sir, it's Google's Pizza.*
Did I dial the wrong number? *No sir, Google bought the pizza store.*
Oh, alright - then I'd like to place an order please.
Okay sir, do you want the usual? The usual? You know what my usual is?
According to caller ID, the last 9 times you ordered a 12-slice with double-cheese, sausage.
Okay - yes, that's what I want this time too.

May I suggest that this time you order an 8-slice with ricotta, arugula, and tomato instead?
No, I hate vegetables. *But your cholesterol is not good.* How do you know?
Through the subscribers' guide. We have the results of your blood tests for the last 7 years.
Maybe so, but I don't want the pizza you suggest – I already take medicine for high cholesterol.
But you haven't taken the medicine regularly. Four months ago you purchased from Drugsale Network, a box of only 30 tablets. I bought more from another drugstore.
It's not showing on your credit card sir. I paid in cash.
But according to your bank statement you did not withdraw that much cash.
I have another source of cash.
This is not showing on your last tax form, unless you got it from an undeclared income source.

WHAT THE HECK? ENOUGH! I'm sick of Google, Facebook, Twitter, and WhatsApp.
I'm going to an island without internet, where there's no cellphone line, and no one to spy on me.

I understand sir, but you'll need to renew your passport ... it expired 5 weeks ago.

Can you imagine wanting to make sure you drove by a certain gas station every day just to see what the message was on the chalk board? It's true - a gas station has become quite a landmark in Gauteng, South Africa with its daily #PetrolPumpWisdom, which is posting uplifting quotes written on a chalkboard. Some people say they deliberately travel this route just to read the quote which brightens their day. Here are some quotes:
"Be who you needed when you were younger."
"Stop trying to make everybody happy – you're not Tequila."
"Don't do something permanently stupid because you're temporarily upset."
"It's better to walk alone than with a crowd going in the wrong direction."
"If you have to choose between drinking wine or being skinny which would you choose? Red or White?"
"When you forgive you heal. When you let go you grow."
"Forgiveness does not change the past but it does enlarge the future.

The lady behind this wonderful initiative at Hutton Hyde Park is Alison Billett. She said: "We inherited the board from the previous owner, Dick Hutton, when we bought the filling station from him almost 20 years ago. We continued the tradition and it has become a landmark – more so now that it's on social media! Not a day goes by when I don't get a call or a visit from someone to tell me how much they appreciate the message – it seems that every day there's something that just speaks to what is going on in someone's life and that inspires or motivates them. Having people come and tell me their stories and how the quote helped them in some small way is what motivates me to keep writing! We use a variety of quotations – some are topical, some are funny, some are inspirational, some even reflect what is going on in my life that day! Different things appeal to different people."

ROTAS - SUNDAYS - PREACHERS - FEBRUARY and MARCH 2018

February	4th Revd Ruth Crofton	11th Revd Harold Stuteley	18th Mrs. Maranny Jones	25th Helen Cooper	
March	4th Revd Ray Anglesea	11th Revd John Durell COMMUNION	18th Revd Peter Welby	25th Revd Alan Middleton	

ELDERS AND DOOR DUTIES - FEBRUARY AND MARCH 2018

		ELDERS	DOOR DUTIES
February	4th	Mr. D. Shirer	Mrs. H. Cockburn
	11th	Mrs. Y. Melville	Mr. & Mrs. L. Thomson
	18th	Mr. R. Todd	Mrs. H. Todd
	25th	Mrs. K. Ogilvie	Mr. M. Reay
March	4th	Mrs. J. Thornborrow	Mrs. K. Clasper
	11th	Mrs. K. Clasper	Mrs. W. Surtees
	18th	Mrs. H. Cockburn	Dr. M. Munro
	25th	Mrs. D. Jackson	Mr. & Mrs. L. Thomson

If in doubt about your duties any Sunday, please check the list on the Vestibule notice board.

Please remember – You are responsible for arranging your own replacement.

ELDERS' MEETINGS (1st Wednesday of month) at 7 p.m.
WEDNESDAY 7th FEBRUARY and WEDNESDAY 7th MARCH 2018

PROPERTY COMMITTEE (usually 3rd MONDAY of month) at 2 p.m.
But meet as arranged between the Committee Members

Girlie Wisdom!

1. One of life's mysteries is how a 2-pound box of chocolates can make a woman gain 5 lbs.
2. The best way to forget your troubles is to wear tight shoes.
3. The nice part about living in a small town is that when you don't know what you are doing, someone else does.

FLOWER ROTA – FEBRUARY and MARCH 2018

February – Supervisor Mrs. J. Graham		March – Supervisor Mrs. J. Graham	
4th	Mrs. F. Waller	4th	**VACANCY**
11th	Mrs. K. Clasper	11th	**VACANCY**
18th	**VACANCY**	18th	Mrs. L. Thomson
25th	Mrs. D. Jackson	25th	Mrs. M. Waddle

To provide flowers where there is a Vacancy or join the Flower Rota or donate to the Flower Fund, please contact Mrs. Jean Graham.

COFFEE ROTA – FEBRUARY AND MARCH 2018

February		March	
4th	Kathleen Clasper, Barbara Tinsley	4th	Fiona Bowater, Malcolm Reay
11th	Win Surtees, Kath Ogilvie	11th	Janet Thornborrow, Judy Banister
18th	Helen Cockburn, Lucille Thomson	18th	Heather Todd, Christiane Mitchell
25th	Fred Robinson, Margaret Munro	25th	Yvonne Melville, Jean Graham

Please decide and agree on who is responsible for bringing the milk.
You are responsible for arranging your own replacement.

CHURCH CLEANING ROTA – FEBRUARY AND MARCH 2018

February 3rd Melanie Eve, Fiona Bowater

March 3rd Kathleen Clasper, Kath Ogilvie

God's Valentine Gift

God's Valentine gift of love to us
Was not a bunch of flowers;
It wasn't candy, or a book
To while away the hours.

His gift was to become a man,
So He could freely give
His sacrificial love for us,
So you and I could live.

He gave us sweet salvation, and
Instruction, good and true -
To love our friends and enemies
And love our Saviour, too.

So as we give our Valentines,
Let's thank our Lord and King;
The reason we have love to give
Is that He gave everything.

By Joanna Fuchs