GOOD NEWS!



The magazine of

ALE & TEVIOT UNITED CHURCH

Christmas 2013



Glory to God in the highest



Going through Edinburgh, on a bus, on the first Saturday of November, I couldn't help but notice that Christmas was a-coming! Every head on the top deck of the Number 10 bus turned toward The Dome building on George Street. On a dull damp morning, it sparkled and twinkled with thousands upon thousands of coloured lights, bringing a smile to every face, young and old. The mood on the bus perceptibly lifted.

That moment on the No. 10 bus to Western Harbour, a moment of light suddenly bursting through the autumnal gloom to lift the human heart, is an appetising foretaste of what Christmas really means.

John writes: The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it. The true light that gives light to everyone was coming into the world. John was speaking of the birth of Jesus, a moment of real wonder and mystery with which, in some ways, we are so familiar.

Since childhood, we've known and loved the Christmas story, with its cast of stars and angels; shepherds and wise men; oxen, asses and lambs. There is even the statutory pantomime villain, in the shape and form of King Herod [hiss!] You'd need to be fairly hard-boiled not to be moved as the children present their nativity play each year, and take us into the wonderful drama of the stable in Bethlehem.

Yet perhaps the very familiarity of the story rather cushions its impact upon us. Something truly radical and ground-breaking happened at Bethlehem, something that sent shock-waves throughout the whole of creation ... and sent the devil in search of headache pills!

What happened that first Christmas was nothing less than an armistice from Heaven, a declaration that God was determined not to hold our human faults and failings against us. It was time to start all over again!

With the birth of Jesus, God unilaterally ended the hostilities between Himself and His people, hostilities caused entirely by the unfortunate human tendency to self-centredness, and offered peace to humanity – with freedom from guilt and condemnation, fear and despair.

And all this as a free and unconditional gift from a loving, but grieving, Father who longed to be reconciled to His wayward children! As Jesus came into the world, He became the first of a "new creation" ... or, as one translation of 2 Corinthians 5.17 puts it, "a new species of being"!

This "new creation" would be able to walk each day in close fellowship with God just as Jesus Himself did. This "new creation" would be free from the negative consequences of human selfishness – the "curse of the Law", as we read in Galatians 3.13 – and would be able to enjoy each day the fullness of the Father's goodness and blessing.

This "new creation" would be able to do all the things that Jesus did, in the same power and authority that Jesus had. Indeed, as 1 John 4.17 boldly states, as this "new creation", in this world we are like Jesus, and our standing in the world is identical with Christ's. Wow!!

The Christmas lights that we all enjoy remind us of a gospel truth that we are called, and equipped, to be – just like Jesus, whose body on this earth we now are – lights in a dark world; beacons of hope amid the cynicism and selfishness that surrounds us; living proof that there is a purpose to life greater and nobler than the conventional wisdom of look-after-number-1. You and I are blessed to be a blessing to others!

This Christmas season, we trust that you have a great time, celebrating with family and friends. There's nothing wrong with that — *God richly provides us with everything for our enjoyment* [1 Timothy 6.17]. But in the midst of all the festivities, make time to appreciate what it all means — forgiveness from, and reconciliation to, Father God; and His call to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, to be a blessing to others wherever you go as we pass on the love and generosity we receive from Him.

With love in the precious Name of Jesus, this Christmas and forever,

Frank & Alexis

Not just on Sunday mornings ...

In all our churches, there is a **Prayer Box** near the door, and Prayer Cards are provided for prayer requests, anonymously if you prefer.

A **Devotional Diary** is produced monthly, available at the church door, with a prayer point for every day, accompanied by three suggested Bible readings. You can also download this on-line

Prayer & Bible Study: This group meets in the manse on alternate Mondays at 7.pm as we study the book of 2 Corinthians. After the Christmas break, our meetings will resume in late January.

Tuesday Girls: The Girls meet on alternate Tuesdays at 7.pm in the manse, as we continue to study the lives of the apostles. After the Christmas break, our meetings will resume in late January.

The Church of Scotland's magazine "Life and Work" is available in each of our church buildings for anyone to take away for a leisurely read at home, and then to pass on to anyone else.

Also available, **free of charge,** are regular newsletters from various anointed ministries worldwide including Joyce Meyer, Creflo Dollar, Kenneth Copeland, Andrew Wommack and Joseph Prince. Enjoy!

On-line Sermons: You can download and print Sunday sermons from the website. Go to the "news" page and browse "sermons".

CD recordings of our morning services can be supplied on request. Please contact the minister or any member of the Kirk Session.

Healing: Alexis and Frank will gladly make ourselves available to offer healing ministry – please e-mail or phone.

Transport Co-ordinators: The Session considered the challenge of enabling members who live outwith walking distance of the church and who have no car, to attend Sunday services. Transport Co-ordinators have now been appointed for each of the three places of worship, and so, if you need a lift to church, contact your local Co-ordinator, giving a day or two's notice if possible: Ancrum – Margaret Smith, 864378; Crailing – Joe Hannaford, 850779; Lilliesleaf – Mary Jones, 870306.

Easter in Nepal

Chris Tracey, from Lilliesleaf, spent Easter 2013 on an expedition to Nepal with Tear Fund. In this, the first of 2 articles for Good News, Chris shares her impressions of this fascinating country.

Namaste!

Greetings from the Himalayan Country of Nepal, a country of some 25 million people between China, Tibet and India, best known perhaps for being the home of the world's highest mountain, Mount Everest, and the mountaineering skills of the Sherpa, but there is so much more to this amazing country.

I was there for 2 weeks with Tearfund, a Christian international relief and aid organisation, to see first hand some of the projects they are involved with. I have supported Tearfund for many years through giving and prayer support so when this opportunity came to see some of their work first hand, I was keen to take it. Our group was 7 ladies from England, Scotland, Switzerland and Holland, lead by Jude Collins, the wife of Steve, the Tearfund representative in Nepal.

Our first full day was spent in Kathmandu for orientation and meeting some of the partner organisations Tearfund works with. Steve and Jude are the only expat Tearfund workers in Nepal. All the support Tearfund brings is channelled through local partner organisations, principally United Mission to Nepal (UMN) and Nepal International Fellowship (INF). This is tremendously important because it means that local people who understand the culture and the needs are determining and leading the projects.

One of the people we met on that first day was Dr Romgong, a gentle and quiet spoken Nepali gentleman well into his eighties who had made the effort to come and talk to us despite not being in the best of health. Nepal was a closed country until 1952 with no western influence and no Christianity. It was the only Hindu kingdom in the world and, although it is no longer a monarchy, Hinduism, along with Tibetan Buddhism, remain the dominant religions.

For years Nepalis and others with a concern for Nepal had waited and prayed in neighbouring India for the borders to open. They eventually did, and Dr Rongong was among the first group of Christian missionaries and doctors to enter the country.

The growth of the Christian church has been slow with persecution and obstruction a regular occurrence. Even today in the secular state of Nepal, where there is officially religious tolerance, there is still local discrimination. The official figure for Christians is around 300,000 but the actual number is thought to be nearer 1 million, still not a high percentage in a country of 25 million.

Dr Rongong was held in high regard by his fellow Christians, and his quiet manner and his passion for the work of God in Nepal were a real inspiration for us as we began our short journey through his country. He is truly an elder in the Nepali church and in him we caught a glimpse of what it meant to be a father of the church.



It is quite impossible to cover all we saw and experienced in the 2 weeks in this short article but maybe I can give a taste by writing about one visit we made.

Our land-rovers took us to the foothills as they rise out of the Ganges plain where we picked up a pastor and his wife and some of the local UMN workers. On the dirt tracks we climbed up, past clusters of thatched wooden houses with yards of packed earth, and chickens doing what chickens do the world over ... cross the road, then change their minds and cross back again. The fields small and terraced with the occasional heavily pollarded tree – most of the branches removed for fodder for animals, goats and buffalo in particular.

We were going to see some of the work the church was involved in. No power point presentations – in fact no presentations at all – but meeting people, some amazing people. The pastor was a very quiet spoken man with a goatee beard, who did not say a great deal but from whom a warmth and compassion radiated. He had a real heart for the communities round about him.

By his church we stopped to talk to women and girls undertaking a 12 week course in tailoring. In their colourful clothes, they were cutting and stitching garments under the watchful eye of their teachers in a classroom about the size of a single garage with an open front and outside steps on to which the cutting part of the class had spilled.

From these courses many just went back to their villages and produced clothes for their families and neighbours, but some went on to open up small businesses – small businesses are the order of the day in most of Nepal – and others to set up a training school in other areas.

We wondered how this could be sustainable but we were looking at the economics through western eyes. In Nepal everything, apart from the mountains, was at a smaller scale. The shops and workshops we saw in the towns and villages were mostly in the same type of premise - about the size of a single garage and open fronted although the road side was often also commandeered for activity.

Chris's uplifting story continues in the next edition of GOOD NEWS

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News Round-up

Guild: The Guild is in full swing, with the annual Coffee Evening due to be held in Ancrum Village Hall on Friday 22 November, followed swiftly by the Christmas Party in Ancrum Kirk on Monday 2 December at 2.pm and the Presbyterial Council Carol Service in Jedburgh Old & Trinity on Sunday 8 December at 6.30.pm.

Already this session, the ladies have enjoyed a wide variety of talks: from Winnie Robson on her trip to the Holy Land, Alexis Campbell on Food Safety, and George Miller on the Royal British Legion. Into the New Year, a DVD of the 2013 National Guild Rally will be shown on Monday 6 January, Mrs Pam Wells will speak on Help for Heroes on Monday 3 February, then it's the AGM on Monday 3 March, all at 2.pm.

Be assured of a warm welcome, interesting speakers, good company, and of course a cuppa ... gentlemen welcome too! The Guild meets on the first Monday of the month in Ancrum Kirk Meeting Room at 2.pm.

Friday Club: The Friday Club continues to be popular among the P.1 to P.5 age group, with attendances usually well into double figures as, led by Elaine and John, the children enjoy a teaching and activity programme based on the *Friends and Heroes* material.

After a short break in November, it will be a busy time putting together a nativity play, *Mice in the Manger*, which we'll all have the opportunity to enjoy at the all-age service in Ancrum on Sunday 15 December.

It's also much appreciated that there have been offers of help from a number of parents. Keeping a dozen or more children safely occupied for an hour on a Friday evening needs a few pairs of eyes, as you can imagine. If you would like to help, please contact Elaine or John, or Fiona Lackenby, so that we can get the necessary PVG check in place.

Safeguarding: We welcome Mrs Fiona Lackenby as congregational Safeguarding Co-ordinator. Fiona, a Road Safety Officer and mother of two young girls, is happy to advise on all matters relative to protecting young people and other vulnerable persons within church life. You can contact Fiona on 01835-830440 or fiona.lackenby@btinternet.com

Visit from US film-maker: We recently had a visit from Sarah Bliss, an American film-maker and graduate of Harvard Divinity School, who has been spending time in the Borders on a new project, Covenant, dealing with the Scottish Reformation. There is a strong local connection in that Sarah also happens to be a direct descendant of Rev John Livingstone, Ancrum's most famous ex-minister.

Sarah would be interested to hear from anyone in the parish who might like to be interviewed about their faith and spiritual life for the project. She may be e-mailed at **bliss@sarahblissart.com**. Further details may be obtained online: **http://www.SarahBlissArt.com**

Food Bank: Local churches, led by the Salvation Army in Hawick, have responded to the ever-increasing challenge of families in poverty – especially as changes to the state benefit system take effect – by setting up a network of Food Banks. At our all-age service at Ancrum on Sunday 15 December, there is an opportunity to support this work by bringing donations of non-perishable foods to help those in need.

During 2014 we shall be carrying out a Stewardship Campaign, *Giving for Growth*. This will focus on celebrations in each of our three places of worship coinciding with the Communion services in May, as we give thanks for the life and witness of our church in our communities and think how we can better honour Jesus and serve His people.

Anyone willing to share with us in this exciting mission opportunity, or with ideas as to how the church can better engage with the people around us, is warmly welcomed to contact the minister or any elder.

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Will the real Frank please stand up?



On the day of Ancrum Flower Show, your editor had quite a surprise to be informed by his young neighbours in the Glebe that there was another Frank Campbell sitting on the church step!

The creation of this scarily lifelike doppelganger was masterminded by Friday Club member Jodi Darling. "Frank the Second" was paraded to church the following Sunday. Disturbingly, many parishioners said they preferred the scarecrow version – apparently his sermons were shorter and he was less expensive to keep! Well!! Thanks a lot, you guys!!

Have you looked at our church website lately?

Keep in touch with what's going on:

www.aleandteviot.org.uk

AND ... you can follow us on Twitter: @AleTeviotChurch

Our Historical Heritage

The present Ancrum Kirk was opened in 1890. Lately we came across copies of fascinating correspondence involving Rev James Patterson, who was minister of the parish at the time the new church opened. Born at Torthorwald, near Dumfries, in 1840, Mr Patterson studied at Edinburgh University and, after a probationary period at Newcastleton, spent his entire ministry [1870-1906] at "Ancrum and Langnewton".

The correspondence may be well over a century old, but it follows a very familiar theme – finding money for building works, in this case the construction of a fine new church building for a growing parish!

The characters in this plot are: [1] Rev James Patterson, Minister; [2] James Brunton Esq, Broomlands, Convener of the Committee of Heritors [the property owners within the parish who, until 1929, were financially responsible for the provision and upkeep of the parish kirk]; [3] Rev Dr Archibald Scott, trustee of the Baird Trust [which still operates and in fact supported the most recent redevelopment of Ancrum Kirk under Bill Anderson's supervision]. Dr Scott, the minister of St George's, Edinburgh, became Moderator of the Church of Scotland General Assembly in 1896.

From Rev Patterson to Mr Brunton, 10 December 1887

My dear Sir, I wrote to the Rev Dr Scott, Edinburgh, one of the Trustees [and a very influential one] of the Baird Trust after our meeting on Tuesday and, from the way in which he writes, I have good hope that they may give us a grant. But I had better send you the letter.

I wonder if plans could be ready before the 28th, if the Heritors think of deciding on a new church? Hardie & Wight's new church with the old belfry instead of the steeple might be something like what might be agreed upon and might be accepted by the Baird Trust. If we could have a large vestry or small hall in the new church, where classes could be taught, I think the Baird Trust would be more likely to be generous, as this would be a great benefit to the parish.

I am, yours very truly, [signed] Jas. Patterson

From Mr Brunton to Rev Patterson, 9 December 1887.

I said to Dr Scott that the congregation had raised £500 and would raise £300 more, without doubt, and that I hope the Heritors would contribute as assessment £550 if a new church were decided on.

But I have no doubt that some of the Heritors, anxious for a new church, would give a little more than what they might be assessed for. I shall certainly do my best to induce them to do so, and indeed to get from all quarters as much money as I possibly can.

From Dr Scott to Rev Patterson, undated

Dear Mr Patterson,

Your letter indicates that a new church is most desirable, if not absolutely necessary, and I would encourage you to do your utmost to secure it for the parish. Only I can say nothing for the Baird Trust save that a definite proposal must be laid before them embracing such matters as increase of accommodation, total cost, amount locally raised or to be depended upon. The plans should also be sent.

You seem to have £500 + £300 from the congregation and £550 from the Heritors which you can reckon upon. Well, this is good, but it will not build a proper church. If you have any plans or estimates ready, you should send them at once to Wm Laird Esq, 168 West George St, Glasgow, with a statement of your case.

We will have a meeting about the 28th or 29th, and they ought to be laid before us not later than that date.

Yours very truly, [signed] Archd. Scott

Ed's note: History relates that the present red sandstone building was opened on 18 May 1890, with a capacity of 466 seats, but without the small hall so desired by Rev Patterson. We suspect my late colleague would fully approve of the creation of the Meeting Room, which has been so well used, and perhaps amazed at how the replacement of half the pews by seats enables such flexible space for the Friday Club!

The Falklands Connection

Mrs Margaret Heard, Ormiston Mains, has been doing some research into her family history, and came up with this fascinating link between her grandmother's family and the Falkland Islands.

On 18 November 1892, my grandmother, Christina McLeod, married my grandfather, Andrew Wallace Davidson. Her bridesmaid was Mrs Norman McLeod, whose wedding present was a chiming French clock, which is still in the family. Mr & Mrs Norman McLeod emigrated to the Falkland Islands to farm sheep.

Neither could read or write, so Granny used to send them self-addressed postcards, which were returned with xxxx's conveying their welfare! In time, their children went to school and their mother learned to read and write and had close connections, via christenings etc, with Rev Forrest McWhan, who ministered to all denominations from his church, The Tabernacle Free Church, in Port Stanley.

Again via Granny, Mr McWhan came to Glasgow for a year to further his ministry and finished up staying with my Aunt Sarah who, when he left, gave him an illustrated Bible to take back with him. Rev Forrest McWhan had a brother, Dr Andrew McWhan, who was medical officer of health and school medical officer for Berwickshire. Another brother stayed with Dr McWhan but, alas, was later murdered.

In those years, the Falklanders were often dependent on the Argentinians for supplies of medicine both for humans and animals, as boats from Britain were infrequent and never certain of coming with the islanders' requirements.

by Margaret Heard, nee Davidson



An unusual kirk ... Built in 1891 as a kit building imported from the UK, Rev McWhan's church, The Tabernacle, is a corrugated iron chapel and is now one of the few remaining examples of Victorian mail-order architecture.

Photography for every occasion

Chris Morrison

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Membership fee: £175 per year

Visitors: £10.00 per person per round; £15 each per person per day

Visitors (evenings after 5pm): £5.00 per person

Guests of members: £5 per person per round

Juniors (under 16 on 1st May): half the above prices

What is this "sin" stuff anyway? : based on Hebrews 3 : 7-19

Sermon preached at Ancrum & Lilliesleaf, 8 September 2013

Sin ... ah yes, one of these religious buzz-words that bounces around inside church walls without ever being explained properly! So, prepare to be enlightened. I am told that it's a term drawn from the world of archery, and in its original context, it means not hitting the bullseye.

I don't know if any of you are handy with a bow and arrow. If you are, let me know and I think I'll stay well out of your road!! But I have played darts, a kind of watered-down version of archery. To be more precise, I have played darts **badly**. The holes in my office door aren't caused by woodworm but by my woeful attempts to ping the winning double 1. In terms of darts, I am a miserable sinner. I serially fail to hit the target.

And here's the thing. If I'm looking for a double 1 to win the game, nothing but a double 1 will do. Whether the dart hits the treble 20, the door handle or the photocopier [and I've done all three] it is a failure. Translate that into everyday life and you see that sin, really, is anything short of absolute perfection. Anything less is failure.





Imagine you were in a jungle. You've escaped from Ant & Dec, which admittedly is good, only to be get chased by a hungry tiger, with very sharp teeth, which is bad. This ferocious feline is closing in on you, steadily. Suddenly, you emerge into a clearing and find yourself on the edge of a ravine.

The ravine is very, very deep, the sides are very, very steep, with jagged rocks all the way down to a river below where you can see crocodiles grinning at you and licking their lips. Stay where you are, you're done for. Tiger tucker. Go over the edge of the ravine, you're done for. Crocodile chow.



It's not looking good. So you look ahead, and you see the opposite bank of the ravine is free from hungry wildlife. Cool. Just one problem. The opposite bank is 40 feet away. And you need to jump that.



You get one chance. Greg Rutherford won the Olympic Long Jump gold medal in 2012 with a jump of just about 27 feet 3 inches. Mike Powell holds the long jump world record at a fraction under 30 feet. Even if you instantly become world record holder with a superhuman leap of 31 feet, 32 feet, 33 feet, 34 feet, your record will be posthumous. There is no way you'll make it to safety by your own outstanding athleticism.

That's the problem with sin. It covers everything short of perfection. Escaping its cold clammy clutches demands the impossible. Not for nothing does Paul refer to "the curse of the law", because to achieve perfection off our own bat is totally impossible for us.

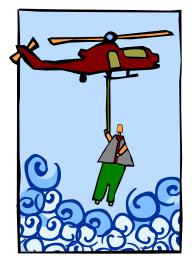
Camels will zumba their way through the eyes of needles, Accrington Stanley will win the European Champions League and I will referee the Final, all far easier than any mere human being can overcome sin and achieve absolute perfection.

So, there you are, on the edge of the ravine, contemplating your situation, and it isn't pretty. Your best efforts, however spectacular, cannot save you. Even if you jump better and further than any other human being in history, it cannot save you. You need someone else, better qualified and better equipped, to step in and deliver you, and all the credit for that must go to the one who saves you, and not to you.

Your only hope is that ladder dangling in front of you and leading up to a helicopter. Get the picture? That's exactly what God has done for us :

Romans 5: 8-11: God demonstrates his own love for us in this: while we were still sinners, Christ died for us. Since we have now been justified by his blood, how much more shall we be saved from God's wrath through him!

For if, while we were God's enemies, we were reconciled to him through the death of his Son, how much more, having been reconciled, shall we be saved through his life! Not only is this so, but we also boast in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received reconciliation.



Those of us of a certain age may remember the big power ballad by the American rock band Foreigner: *I want to know what love is.* Paul's just given us the answer in Romans 5. Does the Bible also tell us what sin is? Yes. Hebrews 3.12 says: See to it, brothers, that none of you has a sinful, unbelieving heart that turns away from the living God.

The Bible is clear and consistent in its message that the root cause of all sin is the failure of human beings, whether by ignorance or wilful choice, to acknowledge [a] that there is a God who calls for our loyalty and our obedience, and [b] that it's not His face we see when we look in the mirror in the morning. Now, if part [b] of that statement comes as a hammer blow to your ego, I apologise profusely, but, hey, there it is!!

Now, this raises a couple of serious, intelligent questions. One, how can it be that not believing in God lies behind everything that we get wrong or that goes wrong? Because if you don't believe in the God at the controls of the spiritual helicopter to rescue you and give you life, you've got no choice but to trust in your own efforts, and they will fail.



Let me spell this out. No-one has ever missed eternal life in Heaven because of murder, robbery, or any other obvious "sin". How can I say that? Because the Bible says that at the cross, Jesus made ONE sacrifice that cancelled ALL sin of ALL people for ALL time – Hebrews 10.10-12: We have been made holy through the sacrifice of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. When Jesus had offered for all time one sacrifice for sins, he sat down at the right hand of God.

There is no sin, however heinous, greater than the sacrifice Jesus made to wipe it out. That's grace. And this offer of grace, I'm delighted to say, isn't just open to church members. 1 John 2.2 tells us: When Jesus served as a sacrifice for our sins, he solved the sin problem for good; not only ours, but the whole world's.

But if people refuse to believe and receive God and His free grace in Jesus Christ, refuse to believe and receive the blood of Jesus poured out to pay the full price for their forgiveness, they have to rely on their own efforts. They're back at the edge of that cliff again, tigers behind, crocodiles below, refusing the helicopter. It's like the man who has fallen on hard times. The fridge is empty, the bank's about to repossess the house, the debt collectors are at the door to take away the furniture, the children are crying, the situation is hopeless. Then a kind friend appears with a huge big wad of £20 notes that will pay off every debt and leave enough to live in for years. But the man's pride and stubbornness makes him refuse. How daft is that?



Just about as daft as the person who refuses to receive the free gift of forgiveness and reconciliation to God and the assurance of eternal life that Jesus has brought, and paid for, and offers freely right now. Unbelief leaves us under the power of sin, needlessly and foolishly. We can't overcome it by our own efforts – and we don't need to.

But now the second big question. You may say, I don't know about this God. How can I believe in a God who causes road accidents and cancers and allows all sorts of evil things to go on? Well, I sincerely hope you don't believe in such a "god", because that's not the God we find in scripture. I'm all too aware there's been some appallingly wrong things taught over the years in the name of religion, even so-called Christian religion, but the truth is that God is good. Consistently good.

If you want to see what God's really like, look at Jesus. God said this about Jesus: This is my Son, whom I love, with whom I am well pleased. Listen to Him. Jesus Himself stated: I do only what I see my Father doing, because whatever the Father does, the Son also does.



Paul writes: Christ is the visible image of the invisible God. God in all his fullness was pleased to live in Christ, and through him God reconciled everything to himself. He made peace with everything in heaven and on earth by means of Christ's blood on the cross.

See Jesus, you see God. God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with ower, who went about doing good and healing all who were oppressed by the devil, for God was with Him. [Acts 10.38]. God doesn't send cancers. He heals them!

And to say that God allows chemical weapons attacks is dishonest. Human beings were created in the likeness of God, with a spark of the creative genius of God within us, but we were not made as robots. We have the choice. We can use our God-given talents and resources God's way, for God's purposes, to do good and to heal as Jesus did; or we can use them for the devil's purposes to steal, kill and destroy, which, alas, is the tendency of the selfish human nature.

There's no use blaming God for the stupidity or worse of human beings who choose not to believe in, listen to, or obey God. God cannot and will not act in violation of His true nature, which is unconditional love, but nor will God act in violation of our freedom to make choices, for good or ill. God wanted children, not computers.

Parents ... what if you could swop your child, who – let's face it – sometimes doesn't act as you'd prefer, for an electrical gadget that will always do as it's programmed, every single time? Deal or no deal? You're prepared, for the sake of love and fellowship, to accept the risk of disappointment from time to time because that child is worth the risk, and you will love that child even through that disappointment.

You will be on that child's side even when that child is in rebellion. Jesus told the story of the young lad who blew his share of the family fortune on wine, woman and song, but the father never stopped loving him. The father never cut him out of his will. Every time the bus from the city passed outside the window, dad would peek out expecting that, one day, the prodigal would return. And he did, and all was forgiven.

That is a picture of our God, the one true God, who gave His very best, His own flesh and blood for you, to rescue you, to give you life, with no questions asked. If for any reason you feel you've become a stranger to God, and you're not sure whether He'll want you back, get that fear out of your mind right now. He never stopped loving you. Even when thoughts of God never crossed your mind, you were always on His.

Today is a good today to let Him welcome you home, with a Father's loving embrace, and restore you to your rightful place as his precious son, his precious daughter, and to restore you to your inheritance, as a joint-heir with Jesus of all blessings on earth and in Heaven. Don't let fear or pride cheat you out of one more day of His perfect peace

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SOLOMON AND THE SNOWBALLERS: by C A Graham

"Brr", said Dennis as he purred into the garage late one winter's night. "It's cold! I think we might see some snow in the morning". And, sure enough, as the buses slept warm and snug in the garage, little white snowflakes trickled gently down from the night sky. In the morning, the buses woke up to a white carpet all over town.

Mr Merryweather, in a big woolly overcoat with a fur collar, and a tartan bobble hat, stood in the yard, cheerful as ever, rubbing his gloved hands together as he spoke. "Right, everybody! Let's get moving! A little bit of snow has never kept Merryweather's Buses off the road!"

Quickly, the snow was swept clear of the yard, and the buses went out, right on time, to collect their passengers. All except Big Alex, that is, who had "a long lie" because the snow meant the schools were closed!

Solomon, as usual, was on the Milltown route, but a nasty surprise was waiting for him. As Solomon headed along Green Lane, he spotted three boys at the side of the road. Solomon normally took these boys to school, so he peeped his horn and flashed his lights to say hello.

But, to his horror, the boys pelted Solomon with giant snowballs, rattling his windows and startling his passengers.



Steve, Solomon's driver, was not amused. "Oh dear! Silly, silly boys! They could cause an accident doing that! I hope they don't do it again!"

Sad to say, the boys were still standing there when Solomon came back from Milltown and, once again, they battered the bus with huge snowballs. By the time he took his lunch break, even as easygoing a bus as Solomon was rather fed up. Big Alex, who was enjoying a rare day off from the school run, listened as Solomon told his tale of woe.



Big Alex had an idea. "Solomon, there's someone I think you should go and see" When Big Alex shared his clever idea, Solomon's cheery grin was back.

Slowly, Solomon inched his way along a quiet leafy – but very icy – lane to a pretty old cottage. Steve got out of his cab, trudged through the snow to the cottage, and rang the door bell.

Soon, a gentleman with a bald head and half-moon glasses answered. He listened carefully to Steve's story, frowned for a moment, but then his face broke into a huge smirk. This would be fun. The gentleman put on a heavy overcoat and a big furry hat, took his seat on board as Solomon headed back to Milltown to pick up the rest of his passengers.

As Solomon reached Green Lane, he was greeted by a hail of huge snowballs thudding noisily off his windows. Solomon stopped and opened his door to let the gentleman from the pretty old cottage step off.



Six snowballs hit him, one knocking off his glasses, another sending his hat almost into the nearby manse garden. The boys chortled with glee at their silly little game, until the gentleman called out each of their names in a very firm, no-nonsense manner. Their laughter turned to gasps of horror as the boys, right away, recognised the voice. They realised that they had just made a big mistake. They had just pelted their school headmaster, Mr Frost, with snowballs! Oh dear!



As they trudged over toward Mr Frost, shamefaced, the boys had visions of being marched home, and their mums and dads told exactly what they had been up to, and how dangerous it could have been.

With Christmas just round the corner, this could have had serious consequences on the contents of their Christmas stockings!!

But Mr Frost had a better idea. He climbed back on board Solomon, and, from behind the front seat, produced four big snow shovels. "Right gentlemen", said Mr Frost. "You obviously enjoy playing in the snow. Let's see how you enjoy doing something useful. Follow me". Solomon peeped his horn, and drove off, as his passengers all smiled.

The boys, with their shovels, followed Mr Frost to the sheltered housing complex, where lots of people who were older and quite frail lived.

"The paths need cleared, boys", said Mr Frost, "and you are going to help me do it. It's their Christmas party this afternoon, and unless we clear the snow, they won't be able to bring the food in. That wouldn't do, would it?"





The boys shook their heads, silently. What could they say? Mr Frost and the three boys got busy and for over an hour the snow fairly flew off their snow shovels. Finally, the path to the sheltered housing complex was clear.

"Well done, boys", said Mr Frost, wiping sweat from his brow. "Just in time. Look. Here's the lorry bringing the food. Let's go inside and meet the ladies and gentlemen". And so they did.

In fact, Mr Frost and the boys were invited to stay for the party.

They enjoyed mince pies, hot chocolate and playing games with people older than themselves, and it was one of their best afternoons ever.

When the party was over, Mr Frost said to the boys: "Now I'm going to make sure you get home safely".

The boys were worried what Mr Frost would say to their mums and dads.



Would he tell them the sad tale of the snowballs? No, he didn't. Instead, Mr Frost told their parents how helpful and obliging the boys had been, what a great job they had done, how proud he, as their head teacher, was of such fine young men. Of the snowballs, not a word.

Mr Frost had taught a lesson the boys would never forget, but he'd done it with great kindness. Mr Frost, of course, knew and loved Jesus. When Jesus talks to Father God about us, as He does all the time, He's not on about the things we've done wrong, the mistakes we've made, the faults we have. He only talks about the things we've done *right*, our *good* points. Isn't it wonderful to have Jesus as our friend?

The Adventures of Big Alex & Friends : by CA Graham

Children's picture book by ... ahem, a local author, who may just have something to do with producing this magazine!



A great stocking-filler for the kids ... order your personally autographed copy for a donation to the Kirk of £5 or more. Speak to Frank or contact info@aleandteviot.org.uk

Hospital Visits – the minister needs your help!

For upwards of 20 years, it was my practice to visit the local hospital on a more-or-less weekly basis and to take advantage of the "chaplains' lists" provided, giving the names and addresses of all those who had been admitted. The Borders General Hospital was one of the last hospitals in Scotland still to provide that courtesy to ministers.

Data protection legislation now means that the hospital can no longer supply that information. Now, I can no longer find out who is in hospital UNLESS a patient, on admission, requests a visit; or someone tells me. Please let me know if you, or someone known to you, is going into the BGH – or indeed any hospital – otherwise, sadly, you probably won't receive a visit. Many thanks for your help and co-operation.

Blythswood Care: Uplift of good used clothes etc

Blythswood Care have a monthly uplift of clothing, non-perishable foodstuffs, bric-a-brac and small items of furniture for needy people in Eastern Europe. Larger items of furniture may also be accepted, by arrangement – please call 0141-882-0585 or 07947-617047. Listed below are provisional collection dates for early 2014:

MONDAYS: 6 January, 3 February, 3 March, 7 April

Galashiels	Asda Car Park	1.30-2.00.pm
Melrose	Rugby Club	2.20-2.50.pm
Selkirk	West Port Car Park	3.20-4.00.pm

TUESDAYS: 7 January, 4 February, 4 March, 8 April

Hawick	Morrisons Car Park	9.00-9.45.am
Jedburgh	Bus Station Car Park	10.15-10.45.am
Kelso	Knowes Car Park	11.15-11.45.am

Many thanks for, once again, rising to the challenge of human need. The **Harvest Appeal** for victims of the Syrian crisis raised over £800, divided between **Medecins Sans Frontieres** and **Home for Hope**. Thanks also to all who organised and supported **Blythswood Care's Shoebox Appeal.** We sent 57 boxes plus £150 for transport costs.

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1 August – 11 November 2013

Baptisms

4 August Harris Elliot Sandilands, son of

Ancrum Neil & Lorraine [Gotterson], Ruecastle

11 August Blair Roberts Amos, son of

Ancrum Jamie & Aimee [Roberts], 16 Allerley Crescent

11 August William George Green, son of Lilliesleaf John & Emma [Hogg], Craggs

6 October Lochlan Alastair John Weatherston, son of

Lilliesleaf Paul & Laura [Cranston], New Zealand & Netherraw

13 October Grace Lily Margaret Broadhead, *daughter of Lilliesleaf* Dan & Anne [Stewart], Manse Lane, Galashiels

20 October Rory Brown, son of

Lilliesleaf David & Deborah [Craig], 90 Howden Road, Jedburgh

Weddings

17 August Davies Easton & Diane Hope

Langhope now living at: 10 Muselie Drive

24 August Tom Laing & Gabriel O'Rorke

Lilliesleaf now living in Chile

31 August George Peto & Frederieke Hakker

Lilliesleaf now living at : Jordan Lane, Edinburgh

21 September Dean Brown & Lyn Gregg

The Woll now living at : Aleview, Ancrum

26 October David Atkinson & Katy Clay

Lilliesleaf now living in Cardiff

Blessing of Infant

12 October Rory Hunter, son of

Ancrum Tommy & Sara [Moir], Blaydon

Rory was baptised that day in St Mary's, Jedburgh

Funerals

8 August Mrs Colina Harris-Burland

Crematorium 7 Waldie Griffiths Drive, Kelso

Service conducted by Mr Morris Manson

13 August Miss Jenny Huggan

Crematorium 21 Milfield Gardens; formerly Bongate

15 August Mrs Gertie Gane

Ancrum Oaklea, Bonjedward

29 August Mr Kenneth Renton

Lilliesleaf Kingsknowes Cottages, Galashiels

7 October Mr Jim MackieJedburgh 7 Grieve Avenue

11 October Mr Murray Slorance

Jedburgh 50 High Street

18 October Mrs Rosie Hall

Jedburgh St Margaret's, Hawick; formerly Bongate

11 November Mr Charles Lowrie

Jedburgh Bonchester Care Home; formerly Queens Court

Roxburghshire Landward Benevolent Trust & Miss Frances Sprot Trust

Through local Trust Funds, it may be possible to offer some modest help toward winter heating bills – more than ever, a major item in the household budget, especially for those living on low or fixed incomes. If you would like to apply for help, or to recommend someone for help, contact Frank Campbell *in writing* – either by e-mail or by "snail-mail".

Rev Jim Watson

Rev Jim Watson, who died in August, was minister of Lilliesleaf with Bowden from 1988 until his early retirement due to ill-health in 1994. Rev Pat Lang has very kindly provided the following tribute from Jim's memorial service, which Pat conducted in Dunoon.

The Psalmist wrote 'One thing I ask of the Lord, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to gaze on the beauty of the Lord and to seek him in his temple.' And this could have been Jim's wish as serving his Lord was his aim in life, beginning in Sunday School at the age of two and continuing till the day he died.

Jim left at school and started work with Kilmarnock Burgh Council, in the Sanitary Department. In 1950, he was invited to become a Reader of the Presbytery of Irvine and Kilmarnock, and a preacher was born. On leaving the local authority on 1963, Jim began training for Ministry at Glasgow University, where he played football, sang in Trinity College Choir and became President of the Divinity College Council

By this time Jim was a husband and father with family responsibilities, and he was eternally grateful to Betty for holding the home together as, despite taking holiday jobs as a grave digger and in the post office, in Betty's words, there was too much month left at the end of the money!

In 1968 Jim's life as a parish minister began at Greenbank Church, Edinburgh – and, being Jim, he went at it full tilt, with great enthusiasm and commitment. In 1986, Jim became minister of Wick Old but left two years later upon a call to Bowden and Lilliesleaf, where he served faithfully till he retired in 1994 due to ill health, and went to Dunoon.

But, again being Jim, he couldn't be idle. He became Chaplain to Dunoon General Hospital and acted as Locum in various charges in Dunoon Presbytery; and to the delight and relief of many a minister, he was always ready to do pulpit supply. Jim just couldn't stop working. He said to Pat Lang once: *I would rather burn out than rust away*.

Jim was very strong and decisive and, in his own words, didn't suffer fools gladly. But on the other hand, he was always ready to give help and advice – something for which his colleagues in the Presbytery of Dunoon were very grateful, especially in their early days of ministry.

He was a stickler for correctness and in discussions, especially when new ideas were being proposed, Jim was not afraid to speak his mind. Pat Lang, his minister in Dunoon, joked that when Jim joined the choir and sat behind the pulpit, she was relieved, as she could no longer could see his face responding to her preaching!

Jim was quite a thespian, often performing at church concerts, but with a wife like Betty, how could he refuse to go on the stage! Betty and Jim enjoyed many wonderful holidays – Australia for Douglas' wedding, to South Africa, the Holy Land and Rome with the BBC choir of which Betty was a member. They also embarked on several cruises.

Throughout his life, Jim was determined to work to the best of his ability in all that he did. He was thought highly of wherever he went, as a caring and thoughtful pastor. Despite his dedication to work, he never forgot his family: his wife Betty, his children James, Douglas, Elizabeth and Yvonne, and his seven grandchildren, of whom he was very proud. All of us at Ale & Teviot extend our prayerful best wishes to Jim's widow, Mrs Betty Watson, and to all the family, at this sad time.

Armistice Events

Grateful thanks to all involved in the recent Armistice commemorations. At Ancrum, Dan Spratt carried the colours, Tony Rae conducted the War Memorial service, and Steven Munro laid the wreath. At Lilliesleaf, John Rogerson conducted the service at the War Memorial, where Harold Inglis laid the wreath, with Bill Anderson laying the wreath in church. John Shields led worship at Crailing Kirk and War Memorial, with Jeremy Moon laying the wreath. Over £200 was raised in offerings in church for the Earl Haig Fund. Many thanks, everyone.

Borders Voluntary Old People's Services

BVOPS provides a range of low-cost services for older people in the Borders, including: volunteer transport for shopping, appointments or social activities; shopping services for those in need; befriending; lunch and social clubs; events, outings and dances. If you, or anyone you know, might benefit from these services [or might be able to assist in providing them], please contact BVOPS at 5 High Street, Jedburgh TD8 6AQ; 01835-862565; info@bvops.org.

Mrs Gertie Gane, 1925-2013

Gertie Gane, a faithful elder and former Clerk to the Congregational Board at Ancrum, died at home on 10 August 2013. Born in Aberdeen in 1925, Gertie Smith spent her early years in the Oldmeldrum area, where her dad was manager of the local Co-op.

At school, Gertie was particularly gifted in English, whilst her close friend Lydia was equally talented at maths. As the two had similar hand-writing, a co-operative academic enterprise, shall we say, was soon established, which proved effective in classwork, though not, alas, in the white heat of the exam room! A combination of the war and family commitments meant that Gertie had to leave school and start work early, but she did attend secretarial college.

She obtained a post as a shorthand typist in the Royal Engineers' Office in Aberdeen, where she encountered a young serviceman, Harry Gane, by extraction half-Welsh and half-Jethart, but by no means half-hearted in pursuit of his Gertie. In December 1945, Gertie and Harry were married in the former church at Oldmeldrum which, to Gertie's immense amusement, found a new function as a hen-house after its subsequent closure. The happy couple settled back in the Borders, where Harry became clerk of works on Lothian Estates.

Gertie refined her home-making skills at Ancrum Bridgend, a house of fond memories but decidedly short on mod cons such as electricity. Cooking, initially, was done on a primitive paraffin stove, before a Rayburn was installed. Bridgend proved a happy home, where Jeff, Chris, Trudi and Laura enjoyed childhood to the full.

It has to be said that Gertie adapted well to the culture shock of moving from city to country, though she did find herself the victim of a few wind-ups from some of her neighbours on the Estate, especially the tale of the ghost of Bridgend.

Having laughed off this preposterous notion, Gertie was shocked to see a ghostly white apparition making its eerie way through the trees behind Bridgend one day. The explanation was, however, firmly within the realms of the rational – it was just one of the White Fathers, a Catholic order based locally, making his way on foot down the A68.

Another shock to the system was the arrival of the gamekeeper with a brace of rabbits, dead but otherwise far from oven-ready, fur and all. In those days of rationing, the gift was welcome, but the practicalities were daunting. The inestimable Ethel Simpson saved the day by showing Gertie how to clean and skin the beasts.

For Gertie, being a home-maker was a life-satisfying calling, though the family recall that she was a disciplinarian who was not slow to apply the rod of correction to the seat of learning as required, although the infamous withering look remained a still more terrifying prospect.

Later, Gertie became manageress of the filling station at Bonjedward, and through the Open University fulfilled her academic potential with an honours degree in English and History, drawing on a visit with Harry to Florence and other centres of art and culture in Italy, and on her early experiences of Borders life at Bridgend.

Sadly, Harry's untimely death left Gertie a widow at a relatively early age, but she was immensely supported and encouraged by her family: Geoff, Chris, Trudy & Laura.

Gertie had a wide range of interests throughout her life – including swimming, and the Rural – and she enjoyed her involvement with the social life of Lothian Estates, as well as the practical organising of various open days at Monteviot House. She relished holidays, initially back in Aberdeenshire in a railway carriage, owned by a relative, at Tarland, but in later years in more exotic destinations such as Cuba and the Caribbean.

She was also deeply involved with the Kirk, Sunday by Sunday, as well as through the Guild, the Bible Study and Prayer Group, as Clerk to the Congregational Board, and as a faithful district elder where she liked to take good care of her "old people", some of whom were distinctly her juniors. In latter years, as her health declined, Gertie enjoyed the support of her family, good friends and good carers, battling on gamely in the face of various setbacks. Typical of her spirit, on one occasion she observed, memorably and triumphantly: *I'm indestructible!*

Our thoughts and prayers are with Geoff & Pat; Chris & Christine; Trudy & Andrew; Laura; Scott, Marion & Connor; Daniel & Tom; Kenny, Roy & Sheila; and all Gertie's loved ones.

Ale & Teviot United Church Special Events over Christmas

All dependent on weather!! If in doubt, check the Website : www.aleandteviot.org.uk



Sunday 1 December : Morning Services

Ancrum: 10.am; Lilliesleaf: 11.30.am. No service at Crailing

Monday 2 December : Guild Christmas Party : Ancrum : 2.pm

Come and enjoy a warm welcome, some entertainment, and a lovely afternoon tea. Bring a party piece if you have one!

Sunday 8 December : Morning Services

Ancrum: 10.am; Crailing: 10.30.am; Lilliesleaf: 11.30.am.

Sunday 8 December: Guild Carol Service

Jedburgh Old & Trinity: 6.30.pm.

Sunday 15 December: United Service: Ancrum: 10.am

ALL-AGE SERVICE, featuring a Nativity by the Friday Club. Donations of non-perishable food items for the local churches' Food Bank would be very welcome. NO SERVICES at Crailing or Lilliesleaf.

Wednesday 18 December: Ancrum School Concert: 6.30.pm

In Ancrum Church, followed by mince pies in the Village Hall.

Friday 20 December: School End-of-term Services

In church – all welcome: Ancrum: 9.30.am; Lilliesleaf: 1.pm.

Friday 20 December : Carol Service : Eckford : 6.30.pm

Fun event in Eckford Village Hall, followed by coffee, mulled wine and mince pies. For more details, please contact Annette Fraser [850213].

Sunday 22 December: Lessons & Carols: Lilliesleaf: 11.30.am

Listen to the Christmas story, and sing along with well-loved carols, old and new. There will be NO SERVICES that day at Ancrum or Crailing.

Sunday 22 December : Riddell Fiddles : Lilliesleaf : 6.30.pm

A happy celebration for the holiday season, led by this locally based, and internationally renowned, group of musicians.

Christmas Eve: Family Service: Ancrum: 6.30.pm

If you have young children to get safely tucked up in bed in good time for Santa, or if you are keen to get safely home before the weather turns too cold, come to our United Family Service.

Christmas Eve : Carol Singing : Lilliesleaf : 6.30.pm

Meeting at the Village Hall, singing around the village and collecting for the War Blinded ... then coffee and mince pies in The Plough!

Christmas Eve: Watchnight Services Crailing & Lilliesleaf: 11.30.pm

Come and greet the new-born King as the Christmas bells ring out! Bruce McNicol presides at Crailing, Frank Campbell is at Lilliesleaf.

Christmas Day: Family Service: Ancrum: 10.am

A happy half-hour to give thanks for the Saviour's birth. Kids of all ages are welcome to bring along a new toy that Santa has brought.

All offerings in church on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day will be "sown" into the typhoon relief effort in the Philippines.

Sunday 29 December : Communion : Crailing : 10.30.am

We end 2013 together around the Lord's table. All welcome, of all ages or denominations. NO SERVICES that day at Ancrum or Lilliesleaf.

Sundays 5, 12 & 19 January 2014 : United Services led by Elders

5th: Ancrum, 10.am; 12th: Crailing, 10.30; 19th: Lilliesleaf, 11.30



ALE & TEVIOT UNITED CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

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TIMES OF SERVICES: January to March 2013

ANCRUM Every Sunday at 10.am EXCEPT 12 & 19 Jan, 30 Mar

LILLIESLEAF Every Sunday at 11.30.am EXCEPT 5 & 12 Jan, 30 Mar

16 Mar: Communion, 11.30.am [no evening service]

CRAILING 12 & 26 Jan; 9 & 23 Feb; 9 & 23 Mar; all 10.30.am

NO Songs of Praise evenings during this period

ECKFORD 30 March: Annual Meeting, Village Hall, 10.30.am

Any changes will be notified in the weekly Church News

