

St Peter's Scottish Episcopal Church Galashiels

Scottish Charity SC006210

Useful Numbers and e-mail addresses

Interim Pastor

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Vestry Secretary

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Treasurer

Mike Reynolds: 01896 757114 templestowe@talk21.com

People's Warden

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Organist

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Sunday Squad

Rhona McCleman: 01896 751484

Hall Bookings

Elizabeth Watret: 0175023207 mob 07780 009355 elizabeth.watret@gmail.com

Verger

Phil Todd: 07787 729639

Facebook page - St Peters Sunday Squad Church web site www.stpetersgala.co.uk

Church Blog <http://stpetersgala.blogspot.com>

Services

Sunday mornings

9.30am Sunday Squad followed by tea & toast

10.30am Sung Eucharist followed by tea/coffee

1st Sunday of the month

6.30pm Choral Evensong @ Holy Trinity, Melrose

2nd Sunday of the month

6.00pm Healing/anointing service

3rd Sunday of the month

8.30am Communion service, 3rd Sunday only

10.30am Family Eucharist (no 9.30 service)

2nd Monday of the month

11.00am Communion service at Oakwood Park

3rd Monday of the month April – October CPR card delivery

3rd Tuesday April to September

3.00pm Afternoon Tea Service

3rd Wednesday of the month April – October CPR collection

4th Tuesday of the month during school terms

5.30 – 7.00pm Messy Church

Thursdays

10.00am Holy Communion service takes place in the hall

Last Friday of the month

5.00pm Choir practice

St. Peter's Church Magazine



Charlotte and James 22nd July 2017

August 2017

£1 Recommended donation per issue

Shared Leadership Team

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Church Diary August

Thurs 3 rd	10.00am Communion Service
Sun 6 th	10.30am Sung Eucharist Rev Ursula Shone
Thurs 6 th	10.00am Communion Service
Sat 12 th	12.30 Soup 'n' Pud lunch
Sun 13 th	9.30am Sunday Squad followed by juice & toast 10.30 Sung Eucharist Rev David Dalglish 6.00pm Healing service Father Philip Blackledge
Mon 14 th	11.00am Oakwood Park Communion service
Tues 15 th	3.00pm Afternoon Tea Service Rev Bob King
Thurs 17 th	10.00am Communion Service
Sun 20 th	8.30am Holy Communion Rev Duncan McCosh 9.45am Family breakfast 10.30 Family Eucharist Rev Duncan McCosh
Mon 21 st	7.00pm Bottle top sort
Thurs 24 th	10.00am Communion Service
Fri 25 th	5.00pm choir practice
Sun 27 th	9.30am Sunday Squad followed by juice and toast 10.30 Sung Eucharist
Thurs 31 st	10am Communion Service
Sun 3 rd Sept	9.30am Sunday Squad followed by juice and toast 10.30 Sung Eucharist Rt Rev Dr Bishop John Armes commissioning new SLT 12.30 Celebration Buffet lunch



Church Family Lunch
Sunday 3rd September 2017
To celebrate with Bishop John
The Commissioning of the New SLT

Buffet catering by T-4-2

£4.00 Please sign up at the back of church



Emergency Prayer Circle

This is a group in the church which prays for people at times of special need. If you know of a member of your family or a friend facing crisis or difficulty who would be grateful of such confidential support

Ring Muriel on 01896 831418 or Rhona on 01896 751484



Roslynn, Aimee, Rosemarie, Darrin, Fiona, Ivy, Karina, James, Jaci, William, Bethany, Katie & John, Jim, Ruth, Kris, Rebecca, Ian and Oliver, Steph, Emily and Holly, Sadie, Tony, Gina, Billy, Fred, Joan, Jane, Robin, Charles, Sarah, Lynn, Nigel, Darcy, Muhamid, Jennifer, Helen, Kevin, Claire, Joyce, Alex, Gordon. Lesley, Ian, Rachel



The Braw Lads' Gathering

Dear All,

I am writing on behalf of the Principals, Braw Lads' Executive Council and Guests to thank you all very much for allowing the Kirkin' of our Braw Lad Greg Robertson

and Braw Lass Amy Thomson to take place in St Peter's Church.

The hospitality shown to all who attended was very much appreciated as was the refreshments provided after the service.

Lastly many thanks for the bibles presented to Greg and Amy, I' always remember the generosity shown to them by the members of St Peter's Church.

Yours sincerely, Hazel Newlands, Clerk to the Gathering.



Thank you to the loving Family of St. Peter's for your prayers and get well messages through cards, telephone calls and e-mails for Gordon after his operation on 10th July.

It is such a blessing to have had your prayers and kind good wishes and to have received such expert and caring medical care, and of course the nursing at home – it's the putting on of the white socks that is the tricky part! 'Praise the Lord' for all of this, we are so thankful.

It is early days yet but he is doing well after such a relatively short time and keeping to a strict regime will be in the long term beneficial to him – surgeon's orders!

In these circumstances time seems to move very slowly but it is not so long really in the scheme of things. I am sure before he knows it he will be back in top gear.

Thank you again from us both. Muriel Lounsbach.



Saint Ebbe the Elder (c. 615 – 683) founded a monastery at St Abb's Head near Coldingham in Scotland. With her brothers on the throne of Northumbria, and with their support she established a monastery at *urbs Coludi*, now known as Kirk Hill at St Abb's Head, latterly evolving into Coldingham Priory. Ebbe was a great teacher and politician, bringing Christianity to the then pagan Angles who had been settling along the east coast of Britain since the 5th century. Shortly after her death in 683, and as foretold in prophesy by the monk Adamnan, the monastery burned down. The monastic site was abandoned, and by the first half of the 8th century, as Bede confirms, the site was deserted. In 1098 King Edgar asked the Benedictines at Durham to establish what became Coldingham Priory, Ebbe's work in establishing the Christian religion in south east Scotland was not forgotten, and in a book by the monks of Coldingham, they tell of many pilgrims visiting the Kirk Hill and the spring at Well Mouth, located at the top of the beach now called Horse Castle Bay.



St. Ebbe's feast day is celebrated on 25 August.



A Very Happy Day



Coldingham Priory

The Parable of the Sower

Matthew 13:3-8 (NIV)

“A farmer went out to sow his seed. As he was scattering the seed, some fell along the path, and the birds came and ate it up. Some fell on rocky places, where it did not have much soil. It sprang up quickly, because the soil was shallow. But when the sun came up, the plants were scorched, and they withered because they had no root. Other seed fell among thorns, which grew up and choked the plants. Still other seed fell on good soil, where it produced a crop—a hundred, sixty or thirty times what was sown.

A modern take – even more modern than The Message:-

Listen! A sower went out to sow, having first conducted a full risk assessment listing the regulation safety equipment required, full face glasses, dust mask and C22 spreader scoop to guard against repetitive strain injury. The sower also completed an ERT45 for the Soil Society so that they could check for any possible contaminants with the seed.

Anyway the sower was thinking of going out to sow but referred it to the mission committee who debated the merits of sowing and balanced that against those who might possibly be offended by such activity and think it an affront to their human rights.

The sower even attended one meeting of the committee where there was much discussion of targeting and who should receive the seed gift that was to be offered so that it would not be wasted or disregarded and that proper demographic targeting should be put in place.

The committee after many meetings and the commissioning of a report based on sound market research placed into the hands of the sower duly approved seeds. (Serving our communities, Engaging all generations, Enabling ministry, Developing disciples and Sharing faith) but by this time the sower was fed up and had lost all enthusiasm for sowing.

There are two aspects of the parable to note.

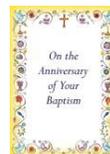
The parable is not so much about a 'technique' for sowing the word but rather it is about constancy, a willingness to keep going no matter what and the sowing was completely indiscriminate, it was scattered everywhere, on good, bad and indifferent ground.

Our job is not so much to bring in the 40 or 60 or 100 fold harvest but to continue sowing the seed, it's God who makes it flourish, makes it successful.

We should pray about mission but not that we are good at it but rather that we are blessed with an inexhaustible supply of seed.



THEY DID IT AGAIN!! FIRST PRIZE



August

7th Freya Wilson
24th Harris Moffat
30th Ayden Hewitson

8th Taylor Cassidy
27th Ailsa McLeman



Can you hear me?

Modern technology has given this phrase new impetus as we rush from the kitchen to the garden to get a signal on our mobile phones. It is very frustrating and frequently leads to misunderstandings when messages seem garbled and incomprehensible.

We have become accustomed to blaming the technology for our loss of hearing too – we say that the sound system in church must be faulty. Perhaps it is actually the fact that there is something impairing our ability to hear. When my husband was a small boy his loss of hearing in one ear was discovered to be a bus ticket lodged in the ear!! Maybe you just have a problem with wax but unless you go to your doctor you may never know what is causing the silence.

Not hearing what is going on round us is very isolating and constantly having to ask others to repeat themselves is frustrating and irritating (to both parties). You can get your hearing checked in high street shops these days you don't have to wait for an NHS appointment. Wearing a hearing aid can be liberating – why have you let yourself miss so much for so long?



Admittedly those of us who speak in public have a responsibility to make sure folk can hear what we are saying. We don't need to shout, but we do need to

remember to project our voices, enunciate clearly and speak slightly slower than normal conversation even though there is a microphone in front of us. We also need to remember that people using the loop system rely on us using the mics so that they can hear.

This holds true when we are round a table at meetings when there are no mics, we still have to make sure everyone can hear us, especially those sitting where they can't see our faces properly – it is astonishing how many people lip-read most of the time.



Did you know that you can even get spectacles with hearing aids attached? Gone are the days of large visible aids.



How well do you understand the supermarket food labelling system? How much food do you throw away because it has reached the date on the label?

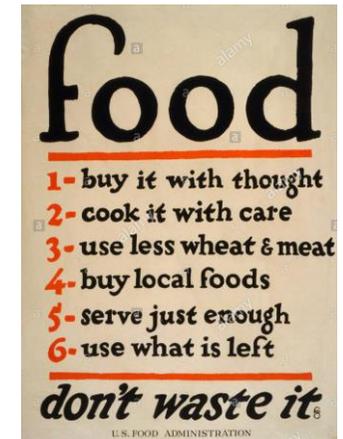
What is the difference between “use by”, “best before” and “sell by”? According to Tesco the “use by” means that as long as the item is stored correctly or frozen at any point up to that date it is safe to eat until that date.

“best before” refers to food quality not safety. It is quite safe to eat fruit and veg that looks a bit tired especially if it is going to be cooked and doesn't need to look “perfect”. Did you know you can now buy “perfect imperfect” fruit and veg!! This just means the strawberries are smaller or the carrots and tatties odd shapes. The “sell by” dates are just for stock taking purposes and are nothing to do with the safety of the food.



HOW LONG FOOD REALLY LASTS		
 BUTTER 1-2 months refrigerated	 CANNED FRUIT Unopened 1-2 years	 FROZEN CHICKEN Up to 1 year in freezer
 BREAKFAST CEREAL 6-12 months at room temp.	 CHOCOLATE up to 18 months at room temp	 MUSHROOM Up to 1 week once refrigerated
 HONEY Can remain edible indefinitely	 FRESH EGGS 3-4 weeks refrigerated	 KETCHUP Up to 6 months refrigerated

This chart that I found on line is rather interesting. We really are rather paranoid about our food these days. We used to just rely on our noses, and sight to tell if something was “off”. I am sure there was a true tale of WW1 tins of bully beef that turned up in a dig in the ‘60’s that was found to be perfectly preserved and edible. This 1917 poster is still quite pertinent today.





This letter, this poem, this ramble is for the firefighters of London.

Black as night, dark as coal,
A darkness that can forever change your soul.
Heat so strong, jewellery you dare not wear
Or it will forever leave its burn.
A raging beast, the devil's horns

One false step and it's a crown of thorns.

Too many stairs to climb with one tank of air.
So you forget the book and grabbing your hose,
Stick it down your sweat filled clothes.
Breathing shallow, your unfiltered air to the point of passing out.
Heart racing too fast to count, at least two hundred.
God it hurts.

But they call you the hell fighters, smoke eaters, firefighters.
You rush in while they run out.
A mental physical endurance test,
Try to prove with no rest.
A job to do, sometimes and impossible task,
To walk into the gates of hell and ask if you're open.

Now you've arrived it's time to search.
You can't see beyond your face, you draw on some air,
As low as you can safely go
Back of your hand you start to feel your way through
Someone's burn our house, praying for sound,
Touch something that moves or hear a scream for help.

There's only two of you, should be four,
But some suit in Whitehall says no more.
All about modernisation with today's technology
We can close some fire halls,
I'm sure you'll cope.

So you extend your search as far as you can reach,
Lock each other's arms to try and reach the centre of the room.
With each foot you hope and pray that you'll not lose your way.
Keep that hand in touch with the wall
Or you'll be lost and in need of rescue yourself.
The gauge on your air is running low.
You're breathing as shallow as you can go
But your heart is racing, fire is chasing,

Thermal lines, you act to check.
You leave your hand until it hurts,
Then decide whether to go on or back off.
Too low you'll flash over from ceiling to floor,
An explosion of hot gas, your biggest enemy,
Except that of heat exhaustion.
Do you hear some that are still able to scream out,
The ones who will lie still,
It's the choice these men and women must make.
It breaks some, haunts others, some can hug that wall,
That place outside your helmet and mask.

Still you continue with your task,
Help as many as you can,
You'll try to come back.
My God it's hot.
The sweat on your shim turns into steam,
It hurts so much you would normally scream.
Up and down you go, handing off victims,
Like loafs of bread from the baking oven.

You have to rest, but there are just too few
For you to stop. There are no extra men to help.
It's been an hour, you know that means
Eight hours of labour by normal account.

Balance sheets, statistics,
Modern equipment that will never arrive
You wish you could put some bastard in his silk tie
In place of you, when it's fifty fifty whether you live or die.
We're spread too thin, you ask too much
Of those men and women who place themselves in harm's way.
Westminster not so far away.
You can probably smell the smoke in the jaguar or range rover
That you drive past the shell of a building,
That should never have happened.
Dear Mr. Minister, don't close us down.
London's burning, can't you tell.

Written from the heart of Darrin Pope, former
firefighter

