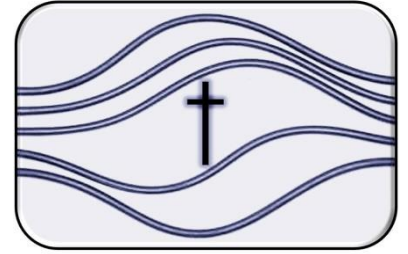




Wick St Fergus Church of Scotland



August 2016

A very warm welcome to a very warm August (I am writing this in May and so I hope that this isn't a false prophecy). I may or may not still be bald and so I ask again, please give generously so that I can grow my hair back before winter comes.

We are moving towards autumn. This is genuinely my favourite time of the year. The world begins to turn a shade of brown and earth tones are everywhere. Birds begin to gather before their long migratory journeys, and the noises along the river bank begin to change. In the summer the calls of the animals sound like a busy Saturday afternoon on Sauchiehall Street in Glasgow, but as we move towards autumn the noise level drops to that of a quiet conversation between friends, and when winter arrives it becomes a gentle whisper. The quality of the light begins to change. A certain gentleness attends the closing of the day. The ancient Celts used to speak of this as the time-between-times, neither day nor quite night. This was a special time for the ancient peoples of Scotland. It was a time when it was believed that the veil between this world and the next was as thin as gossamer. It was a time of deep mystical significance. It was a time of reflection on the past.

When people like St Patrick, St Columba and St Fergus himself came along they saw this as a time of great promise, a time of looking forward so that when the winds and storms of winter struck in all their furious anger they knew that they would not be destroyed. They knew that when Winter had spent all its anger that the Spring would once again come. So they looked back in order to look forward. They drew strength from the past in order to live in and for the future.

One of Israel's ancient prophets wrote to his readers that they should stand in the ancient paths where the good way lay. Now this doesn't mean that at Wick St Fergus that we live in the past, looking at the past through rose tinted spectacles. We are not ignorant of the fact that just because something is old that it is necessarily good. I remember my Gran once going to her old folks' club in Port Glasgow. The old folks sat around talking about the old days. One of her old pals said, "I wish I was living back then. I miss the old days," To this my Granny replied, "What is it about the old days that you miss? Is it the grinding poverty or the rickets or the TB?" What we do is we learn from the past. History is permitted to become our teacher rather than our master. That is why we tell old stories and sing old songs. One of my favourite old stories speaks of Merlin of Arthurian fame. In one legend he has become a Christian and he introduces his friend, David, to his old druid friends. David notices that when Merlin spoke to them he simply sang songs and told tales and stories. When he asked Merlin why Merlin responded by saying, "Truth reaches the mind best through the heart and songs and stories are the language of the heart." In his letter to the Church in Rome, St Paul spoke of how it is possible to know about God from what can be seen from the world around us.

The ancient Celts spoke of how God had so much to say about the world that he spoke in three books. The first book was the life of Christ. The second was the wee book of the Bible and the third book was the big book of the world. The changing of the seasons teaches us from God's own book of tales that this world is precious and is the store of a tremendous amount of

important old lore and that if we but read we can learn about hope and worth and faith. So, as we move towards winter I do not despair. I look forward to it because I know that Spring will be following on soon after. Of course this means that we have to care for our world. My favourite definition of the word “myth” states that a myth is a way of telling a truth that is so important that only a story or song is good enough to communicate it.

Jesus understood this and so he told some brilliant stories to which we have given the name of “parables”. At the end of the day they are strikingly good stories. We at Wick St Fergus want to hear your stories so come and tell them to us. You know where we are.

Revd John Nugent BD (hons)

Church Register

DEATHS: *We are sorry that due to the early printing of the newsletter this month, all deaths from July will be reported in the next newsletter. Thank you for your patience and understanding.*

Diary

Choir Wednesdays
 4th August Stewardship – 7pm
 26th August Street Stall

Flowers for Sunday

DATE	DONOR	ARRANGER
7 th Aug	Mrs Durrand, Ackergill	Donor
14 th Aug	Farquhar & Durrand Families	Mrs Simpson
21 st Aug	Mrs Liz Nicolson, Sibster	Donor
28 th Aug	Mrs M Bremner, George Street	Mrs Harper
4 th Sept	Mrs K Robertson, Broadhaven	Donor
11 th Sept	vacant	

There are a couple of vacant dates for the Flower rota. If you are willing to take one, please contact Mrs Gates.

Church Duty Rota

Date	BUS	STAIRS	DOOR	DOOR	USHER
7 th Aug	W Robertson	G Ramsay	A Rosie	G Watt	A Sinclair
14 th Aug	M Duffy	H Gray	I Banks	J Cormack	R Mappin
21 st Aug	A Duffy	J Coghill	J MacIannan	E Henderson	J Houston
28 th Aug	G Macdonald	J Mackay	B Campbell	M Thomson	M Foubister
4 th Sept	G Ramsay	A Rosie	W Robertson	A Sinclair	G Watt
11 th Sept	H Gray	J Cormack	M Duffy	R Mappin	I Banks



GUILD NEWS

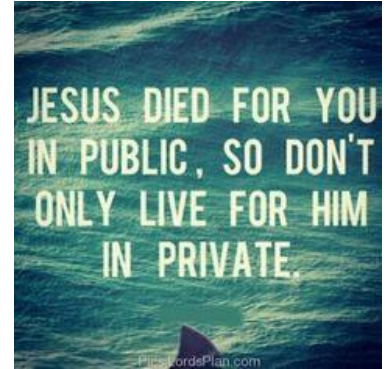
The first meeting of the new session will be Monday 29th August at 7.30pm. All are welcome.

Advance notice of our Guild Strawberry Teas - Saturday afternoon 17th September at 3pm. The admission is to be confirmed. We look forward to seeing you there.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Street stall – Friday 26th August

Our summer street stall will be held on Friday 26th August at the usual spot outside MacAllans shop. As always, all donations will be gratefully received. We look forward to seeing you all; there will be plenty baking and other fine treats to tempt you with.



Hushers!! Sssh!!

Six-year-old Angie and her four-year-old brother Joel were sitting together during church services. Joel giggled, sang, and talked out loud. Finally, his big sister had enough. "You're not supposed to talk out loud in church."

"Why? Who's going to stop me?" Joel asked.

Angie pointed to the back of the church and said,

"See those two men standing by the door? They're hushers. SSShhhh!!"

Bible Q & A

Q. What excuse did Adam give to his children as to why he no longer lived in Eden?

A. Your mother ate us out of house and home.

Q. What do they call pastors in Germany?

A. German Shepherds.



The café church continues to bring a variety of different people into church and has proven to be a great success. All future dates will be announced in church and in the press. Please come along if you would like to try a new way of worship, and tell anyone who might be interested. All are welcome. If you are unsure of church, or how to worship, then this is the place for you. Come along, give it a try and see for yourself.

A CORRECT ASSUMPTION

A man was being tailgated by a stressed out woman on a busy road. Suddenly, the light turned amber just in front of him. He did the right thing, and stopped at the junction, even though he could have beaten the red light and accelerating through.

The tailgating woman was furious and honked her horn, screaming in frustration as she missed her chance to get through the lights, dropping her mobile phone and makeup.

As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a very serious police officer. The officer ordered her to exit her car with her hands up. He took her to the police station where she was searched, finger printed, photographed, and placed in a holding cell. After a couple of hours, a policeman approached the cell and opened the door. She was escorted back to the booking desk where the arresting officer was waiting with her personal effects.

He said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, making rude finger gestures to the guy in front of you, and cursing a blue streak at him. I noticed the 'What Would Jesus Do' bumper sticker, the 'Choose Life' license plate holder, the 'Follow Me to Sunday-School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk, naturally..... I assumed you had stolen the car."

Poetry corner

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit---
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things go wrong that you mustn't quit.

Author Unknown

Website: Find us at www.wickstferguschurch.org.uk

Please can all items for September's newsletter be with Michelle by Wednesday 24th August – Thank you

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