



Cornerstone



Some recent research by Dr James Broadway, of the Department of Psychological and Brain Science at the University of California, has provided some intriguing answers to the question, "Why does time seem to speed up with age?" It certainly seems to me, as I get older, that time is passing much more quickly than it used to. The past year has just flown by.

Of the many changes in Cadzow over the year, the new church roof has held centre stage and on **P2** our minister reminds us that this alteration is part of God's plan for us. On **Ps 5-6** Alistair Macrae deals with the changes that are taking place throughout the church of Scotland. I was delighted when I was reminded by Alistair's lucid description of the "Good old Days" and greatly saddened by their passing. However, like John, Alistair reminds us that we are working to God's plan and like John his message is one of hope.

On **P3** Harry Webster continues his outstanding news from the Archives. There is a letter from our treasurer on **p8** where you can also read of the great work being undertaken with the BB junior Section. I am sure our Elders will recognise the situation I describe on **p4**.

Do not miss the moving poem on **p11** sent in by Elizabeth Batty and finally, thanks to all the Snippet providers. Your contributions are greatly appreciated

Editor

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A Message from our Minister



When Life Gives You Pink Stones

In late October I had the pleasure of attending a progress meeting with our builders and architects to discuss the ongoing works. Part of the project involves replacing worn stone work with fresh stones taken from a local quarry, but the builder surprised us when he said things were a bit behind schedule because the stones were coming up pink. The architect then explained to us what should have been obvious, that stone isn't always uniform in its appearance, but can vary considerably in colour and texture and vein, even when cut from the same quarry. To progress the stone work, the builder must pause until "buff" stones that match our colour scheme are pulled from the earth. It seems that, somewhere along the line, our God, in his infinite capacity for variety, chose to fashion pink stones instead of buff stones in that part of the quarry. How can you argue about that?

But, we do, don't we? When things don't go according to plan, our plan that is, it's easy to lose our cool and get frustrated, worried, anxious, angry and depressed. How easily we forget that our times and our plans, no matter how carefully worked out, are in God's hands. Solomon wrote in Proverbs 16:9 "The human mind plans the way, but the Lord directs the steps." That is, despite our careful planning God's way is going to prevail. This is not an excuse to skip the planning stage, but it does suggest that faithfulness involves a measure of give and take and that the more rigidly we hold to our plans, insisting on our own way, the more painful it can be when God gives us pink stones instead of buff stones.

Jesus' life did not go according to plan, at least not the plan that his followers imagined. He wasn't regally born, he wasn't part of an important family, he wasn't militarily inclined, he wasn't bothered by religious convention or Roman oppression. Instead, he embraced the outcast, healed the sick and the forgotten, loved what was unlovely and cared about things everyone else had dismissed as irrelevant. Then he died, horribly and all seemed lost. Who was making plans? Who was directing steps? Who was at work "behind the scenes"?

You might ask the same question about your own life and our life together as Christians. Is there a measure of give and take in your own faith practice? Are we flexible in carrying out our mission as God's church, God's people? As we enter the Christmas season take time to reflect on your life and ask yourself, "Why am I stressing when things don't go my way? Who's really in charge here and how can I follow *that* plan more closely?" I wonder if pink stones wouldn't look nice around our rose window

John

From the Archives

Supplied by Harry Webster



This year's Remembrance Service in November was of great significance since it marked the centenary of the end of World War 1. I thought it would be appropriate to extract from the Cadzow Magazine of December 1918 the description of the events in Hamilton of the days following.

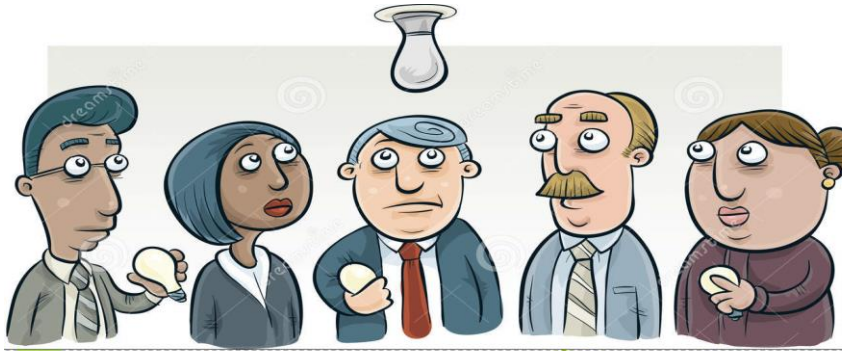
"The Month. – The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918 will live in memory. At that moment the last shot was fired, and the weary guns at last were to have a rest. The silence must have been almost as eerie as the occasional silence of No Man's Land when one was out on patrol there at night. My very first thought was a strange one, for it was of the birds that I have so often watched between the opposing lines, nesting, feeding, flying about, and singing as lustily as ever they sang in the days of peace. Did they hold council that day and decide that something had gone wrong with the world? The jubilation in the line must have frightened them more than shells and bullets ever seemed to do.

Many readers of this magazine are far from home just now, and chiefly for their sakes I give a short account of what happened in Hamilton. On Tuesday the 12th a United Service was held in the Parish Church, and many had to be content to listen to the service from the graveyard. On Wednesday the 12th * the schools of Hamilton met in different churches. In Cadzow Parish Church, Woodside and St. John's schools were accommodated, and every seat and every step was occupied. Our own Services of Thanksgiving were held on Sunday 17th, when Mr. Robertson preached in the morning and Mr. Bruce at night. Large congregations were present at both services. The pulpit and Communion table were draped with the Union Jack, and at the evening service the Te Deum was sung and the Hallelujah Chorus rendered on the organ".

**This should be the 13th.*

I think this article was written by someone other than the Rev. Douglas Bruce, who was recuperating from his wounds in Hamilton Barracks but able to take the evening service referred to in the account. Whoever it was, he had experienced, in the past, combat in the trenches.

How many Presbyterians does it take to change a lightbulb ?



Manny of our long suffering Elders will appreciate this article which I have copied from a recent issue of Coldingham Priory's quarterly magazine.

Editor

Answer

One to screw it in. Another to challenge the action of the first based on the doctrine of predestination. A third to hear both sides and advise them to take it to the Session. The Session splits over it and brings it up to the Presbytery. The Presbytery splits over it and decides to take it to the Assembly. The Assembly appoints a committee and two subcommittees to do a study. Over the course of the next two years, they come up with several position papers (with minority reports) and finally a draft resolution.

The resolution is brought before the Assembly and it passes. After which the disgruntled minority breaks off and forms "The Old Lightbulb Presbyterian Church",

Sunday School Charities

For many years now, the pennies that you leave in the jar by the front door and also the ones faithfully given to the children of the Sunday School over the years, have been used for many of our local Charities. In particular they have also supported a young girl from Niger through school until working age. This was a project undertaken through World Vision and I am sure that many of you remember us doing this.

However like most things in life there is a time when things must end and Jean and I have decided to finish with the project. We would like to thank everyone who has supported us in bringing their pennies over the years.

Looking to the future the table at the front door will still be available for your pennies each week and Jean and I will continue to collect and count them. The proceeds will then be shared between the Fabric Fund and the Roof fund.

We hope you will continue to support this new project as you have in the past,

Many thanks to all.

Evelyn Henwood and Jean Armstrong



Everything has its Time

Alastair Macrae



*To everything there is a season,
A time for every purpose
under heaven.*

Ecclesiastes 3:1

growing4life.net

These words from Ecclesiastes are among the best known from the Bible, not least because they formed the basis of a song written by Pete Seeger in the 1950s, and became an international hit for the folk/rock band, The Byrds, in the 1960s. The passage was incorporated into the song almost word for word. It reached No. 1 in the pop charts in the United States and no. 26 in the British charts. The Bible passage itself is attributed to King Solomon, and this means it took him nearly 3,000 years to get into the hit parade. I cannot think of any pop group today prepared to wait so long for chart success. It is certainly testimony to the endurance of the appeal of this biblical passage.

But what does this passage mean? It tells us that everything has its time. Everything we do is time-limited; it lasts for a season pre-ordained by God. Nothing has permanence, but that is God's plan. He is in control and we can only go with the ebb and flow of the changes as they occur in the confidence that it is God who determines the times and the seasons and their duration.

Let me give you some examples of the impermanence of things from my own experience.

As a child, and for many years after we spent our two week annual holiday in the coastal resort of North Berwick in East Lothian. As soon as we passed the road sign "Welcome to North Berwick", a holiday feeling took hold of us, engulfing us, and even visiting the resort today, although a very different North Berwick, for me that feeling returns even if only for a fleeting moment. We shared the resort with many hundreds of other families, its streets and beaches positively heaving with happy holidaymakers, and walking around the town we were swept along by a tide of humanity exuding a gaiety and vibrancy of which we became a part. There was a buzz about the place which contributed to the holiday feeling. But as the writer of Ecclesiastes tells us, everything has its season, and North Berwick today is a very different resort. Gone are the days when holidaymakers effectively took over the town during the summer season. They no longer come in their hundreds and thousands, and the atmosphere of those times cannot be replicated. Nowadays, the ice cream parlour is a lifeboat station, the fish restaurant has closed, the open air swimming pool has been concreted over, its former cafes formerly overflowing with holidaymakers now turned into ethnic restaurants, and the cinema which changed its films every two nights (and yes, I watched every one!) has been demolished to be replaced by a supermarket and flats. The buzz has gone, and I am all too aware of

it, and that is very sad. For health and safety reasons, no longer can you sail to Fidra, and get off to explore the island with its lighthouse, the island which inspired Robert Louis Stevenson to write “Treasure Island”. The bustling resort of North Berwick I knew was beautiful in its time, but lives on only in one’s memories, and a new North Berwick has taken its place, albeit still a prosperous one. It too will have its season and then will pass away, to be replaced by something else.

I recall too my schooldays, but on revisiting my primary and secondary schools, they are places I no longer recognise nor with which I can feel an affinity. The teachers I knew are no longer there, and the pupils I knew, quite naturally are long gone. Both of them contributed to the Zeitgeist, to the spirit of these places at a given time. The buildings have been demolished and rebuilt, one in a different location, and the schools I knew live on only in their names. The past is indeed another country and so it is with Cadzow. Many of us remember when we had over 1,000 members, the pews filled to capacity both up and downstairs on Communion Sundays, and similarly at the Watchnight Service on Christmas Eve, and we recall too our Sunday Schools catering for 100 children, my own included. Yes, the Cadzow we knew was beautiful in its time, but nothing has permanence, just like the former crowded streets and beaches of North Berwick. We are entering a new beginning, but every new beginning is preceded by an ending. What new Cadzow emerges we cannot yet fully know. Only God knows but we have the assurance that he is in control. And so we are looking at new ways of doing Church, what the National Church refers to as Fresh Expressions. We have been introducing new styles of worship, our Rock and Roll service being a prime example. We are creating a Music and Arts Centre, as a means of outreach to the local community. As a missionary Church we have been visiting new builds in Ferniegair household by household, not only extending an invitation, but giving each a gift of wildflower seeds, planting a seed both literally and figuratively. And so a new Cadzow is beginning to take form.

Such change can be unsettling, but need not be so for our congregation. We have to remember that there is a time to plant and a time to pluck up what is planted, a time to break down, and a time to build up. These changes may be challenging for many, but let’s remember that they are pre-ordained by God, and with that assurance let us see them not as sign of failure, but as a time for new opportunities, as a gift from God who makes everything suitable in its time. So let us seize the moment while it lasts.

The Universal Church, which includes our own congregation, is subject to beginnings and endings at times of God’s choosing, and so at particular times it will flourish, and at other times will be in decline, to ensure the Church fulfils His purpose for it. Change and impermanence then are necessary parts of God’s plan. All time is in God’s hands, both the beginnings and the endings, so let us as a congregation go forward with that assurance.

Man has freewill, but I suggest that in one sense the notion of freewill is illusory, for when it comes down to it, our freewill is limited to choosing what God wishes us to do on the one hand, or choosing to go our own way which is the way of the world, but if we act contrary to God’s plan for us, our plans will not succeed.

We are told in the Letter of James, that we are a mist which appears for a little time and then vanishes, and our rule of life should be that we live according to God’s will and not our own. As Christians this we should do gladly for through Jesus, God has shown himself to be a loving God who cares for us.

Friends, let us end by remembering the words in the passage from Ecclesiastes, and learn to put our future in God’s hands, a future He alone has planned for us, and which is known only to Him.

“He has made everything suitable for its time; moreover, he has put a sense of past and future into their minds, yet they cannot find out what God has done from the beginning to the end.”

ALISTAIR MACRAE



Notice Board



Christmas Fayre!

The church Christmas Fayre will be held on **Saturday 24th November** 2018 and, as always, we look forward to seeing you all then. Tickets will be available shortly and we hope you will come and support us as you always do. Thank You

Evelyn Henwood and team

Linda Frame

*Thanks all her friends in Cadzow who have sent cards, gifts and good wishes on the birth of her Grandson **Jack**. Your kindness is very much appreciated*



Delivery of Flowers

We appreciate and say thank you to all the ladies who deliver church flowers each Sunday throughout the year.

Margie Topping

Welcome to our Thursday Coffee Mornings!

Why sit at home on Thursday mornings between 10 and 12 o'clock? Come along and join us for friendship, scintillating chat and plenty of laughter. Meet up with old friends and make some new ones.

All are welcome including gentlemen. The tea, coffee and cakes are excellent too !

All money raised goes to the upkeep of the church

Eleanor Rae



BB Junior Cross Country

The 5th Hamilton BB Company would like to congratulate the boys who ran in the Junior Cross Country Competition on 6th October. **Jack Thom** came a close second in the P4/5 race while **Alexander Murray**, **Euan Morrison** and **Lewis Kerr** came second, third and fourth respectively to retain the **P6** trophy. Pictures are available on the board in the downstairs corridor.

A Message from our Treasurer



Dear Friends,

We are now in the period of Advent; a time when we reflect on the coming birth of our Saviour. It is also the time of the year when we look forward to a new year.

At this time I would ask you to give consideration to your giving to the Church. Much of our running costs are fixed and cannot be changed. The others, under our control are being actively scrutinised and monitored. You can play your part, in the spirit of Stewardship, by reviewing your offerings and if possible increase them. This will go a long way in enabling us to meet our mission here in Cadzow.

Also, if you are a tax payer, you can increase your giving, at no cost to you, by signing a Gift Aid mandate. This enables us to get a further 20% of your giving's from HMRC (Her Majesty's Revenue & Customs). If you require a mandate, please contact me or Tom Provan, our Gift Aid Convenor. Contact details are on the back page of the magazine.

May you and your family have a Merry and Peaceful Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Hamilton Smillie

Junior Section of 5th Hamilton Boys' Brigade

The Junior Section is in full swing after the summer and October breaks. One of our earliest meetings was an urban ramble through our home town of Hamilton. We split into two teams, the younger boys taking the direct route to the palace Grounds and the older boys were sent the long way. Their longer legs should have meant we all reached our destination roughly together. We didn't!



During their walks the boys were trying to find and identify some pieces of local history on the buildings they passed. This required them to look upwards, something some of us don't do often enough for there are some attractive pieces of stonework around our town

Do you know when the buildings , Dominos.Pizzas and Campbell & Campbell, were built? Where was Hamilton Co-operative Baking Society located? How many VC winners are remembered on the memorial in the town square?Also did you know that the people of South Beveland and Walchern in Holland presented a memorial stone to the 52nd Lowland Division in thanks for their liberation. It is on display in Hamilton?

The boys successfully read their maps to navigate their routes and found answers to the questions, so they earned their reward – a small refreshment at McDonalds! Subsequent Fridays have seen the boys complete various challenges and tasks to earn sections of a crane which when completed was used to winch packets of sweets onto the table – again a popular end to the evening.

Carolyn Nicolson

Editor's Snippets

This Section is reserved for items sent by members of our congregation. I am very grateful for their input. On this page are contributions from our Minister who is clearly a Snoopy fan and below Snoopy are two quotes from Rena Gemmell.

Well Done Ann and Robin European Champs!

Patricia Steel sent me the clip shown below. It shows our own Ann and Robin Laird doing their volunteering bit and winning an accolade at the European championships in Glasgow in August. Patricia also helped out at the championships but since she wanted to remain anonymous I promised not to mention her.

Editor

Volunteer of the day

Usually we have a volunteer of the day but today we have two volunteers of the day, married couple, Annie and Robert Laird. This lovely pair are from Hamilton and are part of the Spectator Services Workstream. Super helpful and knowledgeable about the area. They are always happy and cheerful, raring to go about their duties.



Chinese Proverb

If there is light in the soul there will be beauty in the person.

If there is beauty in the person there will be harmony in the house.

If there is harmony in the house there will be order in the nation

If yjere is order in the nation there will be peace in the world

Family

Perhaps the greatest social service that can be rendered by anybody to the country and to mankind is to bring up a family.

George Bernard Shaw

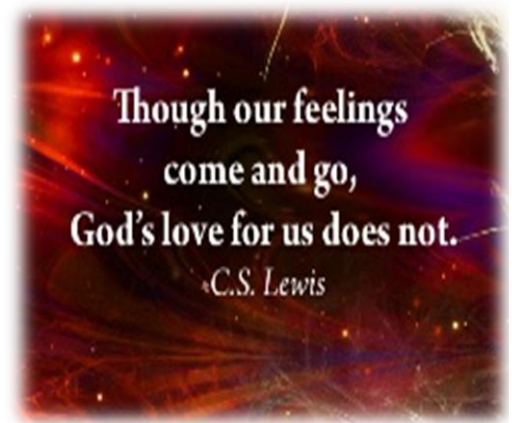


Poets' Corner

Many thanks to Evelyn Henwood and Greta Gilbert for sending in these poems.
Ed.

The Lord's Prayer

You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and even once say "I"
You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and even once say "my"
You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and not pray for one another,
For when you ask for daily bread you can't miss out your brother
Though others are included in each and every plea
From the beginning to the end of it it does not once say "ME"



The Human touch



It's the human touch in this world that counts.

The human touch in your hand and mine.

That means far more to the fainting heart, than shelter or bread and wine.

For shelter is done when the night is over and bread lasts only a day.

But the touch of your hand, the sound of your voice,

Lives in the soul always.

The Busy Housewife

The list on the wall says, "Things to do"

I can't do them all but I'll do a few.

I feel enthusiastic and I'll do my best.

I'll tick off one or two and then have a rest.

A cup of tea nearly always does the trick.

Then I'll carry on jobbing as the clock goes "Tick."

I am enjoying the challenge as the lists starts to shrink

But the day is flying past and I am starting to think

I must have a Gremlin timing my clock

Moving fast forward as it goes "Tick Tock."



The poem below was sent in by Elizabeth Batty who tells me:- "I found this in an Inner Wheel magazine and it was written by a visitor to a dementia patient. It is really touching when someone is in the throes of not being quite there but knowing what is ahead of her."

Thanks to Elizabeth for sending this in. It really is a lovely and moving poem.

Editor

Let me Be

I don't know where I'm going to
I don't know where I've been
I don't know who I've spoken to
Or even what I've seen.

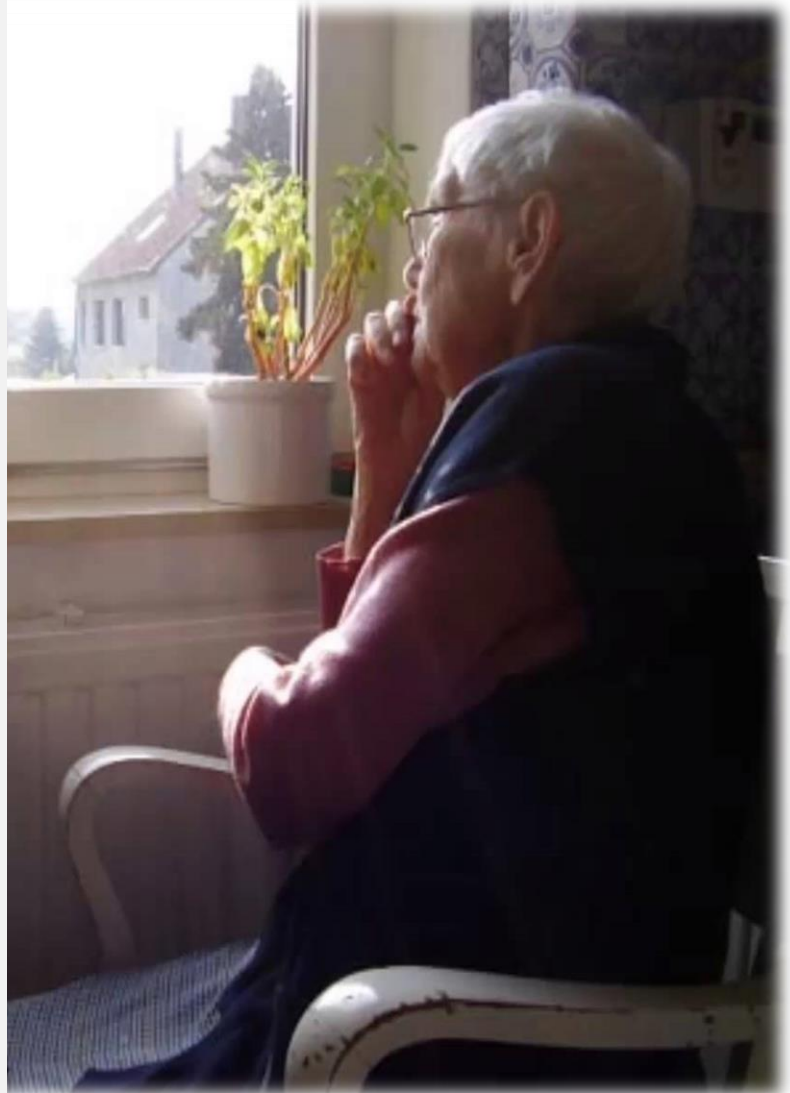
I'm not sure if my socks still match
Or where my coat has gone,
I'm not sure if I've had my lunch
Or if the dentist was at one.

I've often thought I'd like to
Change the way my life is going,
But that's a bit like pulling up
A flower when its growing.

It's time to treasure all those times
I'd laughed and had a chatter.
It's time to treasure love and friends
And pausing for a natter.

I look around and love my life
And all the people in it.
It made me what I am today
And I wouldn't change a minute.

I'll battle on at steady pace
And each moment more I'll treasure.
Just be my friend, and hold my hand
And make my steps a pleasure.



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Church Diary

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<u>Roll Clerk</u> Mrs Patricia Steel	<u>Property Convenor</u> Malcolm Young	
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Church Services

The timing of Church services had not been agreed at the time of issue of this magazine. Details will be given in the December Church Intimations

Funerals

Ian Brown—13 September

132 Neilsland Road

Christine MacDonald—25 September

Avonbridge Care Home



Church Flowers



We are grateful to the following people for their gift of flowers to beautify the sanctuary

January

6 – Mrs D Craig

13 – Mrs E McClusky

20 – Mrs J Brain

27 – Mrs I Bence

February

3 – Mrs M Sinclair

10 – Mrs E Rae

17 – Miss J Pollock

24 – Mrs S Campbell

March

3 – Mrs M Richardson

10 – Mrs A Speirs

17 – Mr F Naismith

24 – Mrs B Wilkie

31 – Mrs A Thomson

Cadzow Parish Church of Scotland, Hamilton (SC006611)