



The Proclaimer

The Magazine of Uddingston Burnhead Parish Church

Easter 2015

Message from the Manse – Rev. Les Brunger

Dear friends, at our recent AGM our Session Clerk, Stewart Grady, reported on the activities of the past year and it was great to listen to the successes the Lord has blessed us with.

One of the highlights for me was the success of our first spiritual retreat in October. The theme of the weekend was experiencing God through our senses and it was rewarding to see the group who attended grow in their faith as they widened their awareness of God acting in their lives. During the final session of the weekend, many people found the courage to share with the group part of their personal testimony.

At the AGM I told everyone present that I have sensed God calling me to prioritise my time and to focus more on the Great Commission that Jesus gave to his disciples before he ascended into Heaven. That commission contained in Mark 16: 15 and Matthew 28: 18-20 is to go out into the world and spread the Good News of Jesus Christ.

I believe that there are many in our community who have never really heard the truth about Jesus Christ. They have yet to know or experience his eternal love for them and his ultimate sacrifice to redeem them

I believe there are many people in our community who have broken hearts, who have been derailed by the circumstances of life, misunderstood, overlooked and marginalized.

I believe that there are people who are under the radar; always present with us but never seemingly visible. People who long to be noticed and accepted through eyes of true love and compassion.

I believe there are people who live with memories from the past, of innocence stolen and buried truths. People whose lives are empty of any sacred trust, with tear-stained hearts and eluded peace.

I believe there are people of fragile faith with misplaced beliefs and leaking grace. People whose cries echo in the stillness of silence.

I believe there are people who live with deeply fatigued bodies. Pain-filled days. Empty conversations filled with empty words.

I believe there are people who know betrayed confidence and tainted vows. People who know cruel words, injured hearts and apologies that never come.

I believe there are people with scars filled with chaos. People with habits to anaesthetize the pain, a crippled relief that brings tragedy not remedy.

Broken bodies. Broken souls. Broken spirits.

I believe we all have times in our lives when we are perfectly broken people. We feel perfectly wrecked, overlooked, misunderstood, burdened, forgotten, unheard, discarded. We wear perfectly fitted masks to masquerade who we are. And we are ever looking for a perfectly good reason to go on.

I believe that reason is Jesus Christ

He was perfectly battered for our suffering bodies. He was perfectly denied for our languished souls. He was perfectly wounded for our wrongdoing.

Jesus was perfectly broken for us.

I believe there are people in our community who need to know that because of Jesus: - darkness gives way to light. Despair gives way to hope. Lies give way to truth. Sorrow gives way to joy. Fear gives way to peace. Bondage gives way to freedom. Sickness gives way to health. Hate gives way to love. Judgement gives way to mercy. Death gives way to life.

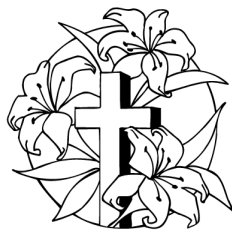
I believe that it is our mission as followers of Jesus to bring his message of love and hope to the community around us. I believe that it is our mission to let those who suffer behind closed doors know that there is someone who perceives, who sees, who knows, who cares, who hears, who understands, who stays faithful, who believes, who weeps and who can help.

I believe that person is Jesus Christ and it is our mission to tell the world about him.

Rev. Les Brunger

Uddingston Burnhead Parish Church

Church of Scotland



For God so loved
the world that he gave
his one and only Son.

John 3:16

Sonhouse Report



At present we have 25 children on the Sonhouse register, with between 18 & 23 attending every week. This includes 5 of secondary school age, who also attend Bible Class and /or Youth Fellowship. They assist the 5 (slightly older) leaders in their group work.

We are pleased to have had some new faces join us during this session, but as always, we would love to have some more. Do you have family, friends or neighbours, who are 3 years of age or older? Why not invite them to join us in the Sonhouse?

Recently we have been looking at Jesus' life and work, from his baptism to the gathering of his followers. As Easter approaches, we will be looking at events leading to Jesus' death and resurrection.

Presently, we are raising funds for our annual trip to Ayr, which this year will take place on Saturday 6th June. By the time you read this article, I am sure you will all have purchased your 'Sweets & Chocolates' quiz sheet and the lucky winner will have been announced. Good luck to you all.

Prize giving this year will be on Sunday the 14th of June. I hope that you will be there to help celebrate the dedication of our young people. Week in, week out, they enter fully into learning about and praising our Lord Jesus. We are very lucky here in Burnhead, many churches do not have a Sunday School. Children are not the church of tomorrow; they are an intrinsic part of our church of today. Please prayerfully consider what you can do to promote the youth in our congregation. Could you volunteer as a Sonhouse leader or a crèche mother? Could you offer the children a word of encouragement in their quest to learn more of our Lord? Lastly, I ask that YOU keep each and every one of them in your prayers.

Thank You

Carol Brunger

BACK TO NATURE

Leave Bees Alone

A family recently thought there was a wasp nest in their roof. When the council Pest Officer arrived he explained it was in fact a bumblebee nest and they should not be killed for the reasons below...

- They do no harm
- Occupy a small area of the roof space and
- In lieu of rent will pollinate your crops all summer
- The bees will die in the Autumn and the Queen Bee will hibernate over winter
- You will not incur a charge by the Council (saving yourself money)



RSPB recommend bees should be allowed to see through their life cycle.
Mary Gibson.

Scarves Fundraiser

It's hard to believe that what started off as an idea to raise a few pounds has turned into such a success.

Since the end of 2012 we've raised £5000 for Church funds but it's not just about the money. It's also about lots of people pulling together, from the dedicated band of knitters who keep the stock supplied, the folk who sell them to workmates, family, friends & of course the people who continue to buy them... thanks to Hazel Beaton for selling them in the shop.

I was planning on stopping at the end of 2014 but a few folk have asked me to keep going for another year. To do this I need some new outlets so later on in the year if you or your family can help by taking them further afield to work places, clubs you go to etc. then please let me know.

There are about 14 different colours to choose from and are still priced at only £6.00 each.

Thanks again,

Anne Morton.

The Cross

Easter is here once again when we celebrate Christ dying for us upon a cross at Calvary. Every time I go to Church and when I see the large highly polished cross on the wall behind the Altar I am reminded of the time my daughter came home from the Girls' Brigade and said: "Dad, we have to write something about Church; can you help me?"

Putting pen to paper, I wrote about the large cross behind the Altar.

- What did the cross mean to the Romans?

To the Romans, the Cross was an instrument of torture and death. Anyone who spoke against Caesar or Roman Law was either put in prison or nailed to a cross and left to die. So, to the Romans, the Cross was an instrument of death.

- What did the cross mean to Jesus?

To Jesus, the Cross was not only his place of death, but a pulpit from which he preached forgiveness and the promise of everlasting life. Remember, on the Cross he said: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Praying for forgiveness for those who put him on the cross. And remember, the two who were crucified with him. One of the thieves wanted Jesus to save himself and them with him, but the other thief rebuked him saying it was they who deserved to die, but not Jesus. He said to Jesus: "Remember me when you enter into your Kingdom." Jesus replied: "Today you will be with me in Paradise." The promise of eternal life.

- What does the cross mean to us?

To us, the cross is our Passport or Visa into the Kingdom of Heaven. Jesus said let a man take up his cross and follow me. When we go abroad to another country we need a passport. So, the cross to us is our passport to Heaven. Let us cherish that old rugged cross and exchange it one day for a crown.

So when we survey that wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died, remember what it means to us. Amen.

Bill Peattie

Last year the following article was written by Zoe Martin, age 12.

Zoe entered the competition through her creative writing group which she and her twin sister Jenni attend one lunchtime a week at Uddingston Grammar. She received an award from Respect-Me, Scotland as part of their national anti bullying awards 2014. This is an annual competition for all schools in Scotland. She was the winner in the creative writing section. Her award was presented to her by Marco Biagi MSP at a special ceremony within the Scottish Parliament building.

After School

After school I know its coming.

I walk down the avenue silently praying today could be different.

It isn't. He's waiting for me, like always.

I see a flash of teeth, a glint of an eye.

I know what is coming.

Why does he do this to me? Does he take delight in this?

All these questions, yet I will never have an answer.

He taunts me, pulls my hair, calls me geek, fool and much more.

A tear wells up inside, I try to hold it in.

No matter my efforts the tear comes anyway.

I am bullied, kicked and taunted.

I head home.

Mum will ask how my day was,

I will reply ...fine

Always the same, I cannot speak.

I am alone in a dark, cold, unforgiving world.

Zoe is the daughter of Allison Martin & granddaughter of Grace McGihon, both members of our church. Her Great Grandmother is our very dear & much loved Mrs Molly Russell.

Well done Zoe, your family must be so proud of you.

(For the record Zoe has not been the victim of bullying)

The Guild Report



The session from October to the end of March has now drawn to a close. When we look back, we can see a mixture of fun, entertainment, learning, fellowship, friendship with a little disappointment and sadness.

We have enjoyed listening and learning from fine speakers like Ann Clements, Rev. Kyle, Eleanor Hall, Rhetta McLean. We have worked together supervised by Stewart Grady to pot plants. We also worked together to fill 62 shoe boxes and raise £200 for Blythswood Care. We enjoyed musical nights with Beverley Willis singing and Shona Lyall encouraging us to sing along.

We enjoyed visiting our neighbouring groups of Viewpark Guild, Bellshill West Guild and Uddingston Old Guild as well as Park Church Ladies Group. It was lovely to enjoy a night of fellowship with other ladies. There were disappointments too when two Speakers couldn't attend at the last minute. But we improvised with a quiz and discussion. For the first time ever we were disappointed at the lack of support, particularly from our own Church at our own Guest Night. This gives us a lot to think about.

Sadly our longest serving member Jean Corson died on March 7th. Jean had given over 50 years of service to the Guild. She held positions of leadership as the President and was Treasurer for many years faithfully keeping our accounts. Jean organised our outings. Usually we went for a day trip twice a year. We are very grateful for all her service as she was willing to use her time, talents and money

in the work of the Guild. We are sad at her passing but are glad that for her there is no more pain or sadness. We give thanks to the Lord for Jean.

The future for the Guild seems uncertain. There are a small band of faithful ladies who meet in the Extension on Monday evenings from 7:30pm to 9:00pm. Any lady or man is welcome to join us. My personal thanks to each of the ladies who come along and do whatever is needed. You are a grand bunch! May the Lord bless you all. May God show us His plan for the future of our Guild.

S Roy

Prayer Focus - March 2015

Please pray for the following in need...

Spirit of the Living God, present with me now enter into the life of:-

Sylvia Allan, Sheila Andrechuk, Sophia Ashton, Katie Bell, Bolton Family, Ann Crawford, Ken Cullen, Jan Cuthbertson, Lynette Docherty, Eric Hargreaves, Nancy Hill, Janie & Richard, John & Joy, Hugh Kennedy and family, Isobel & Robert Kennedy, Yvonne Lloyd, Rose Logan, Bill Lyle, Archie Martin, Betty Marshall, K. McCluskey, Emma MacFarlane, Marie McLeish, Alison Mills, Moira, Mags Peat, Eleanor Reid, George Robertson, Rhea Sangster, Muir Smith, May Thomson, Abby Tombs, Wilda Wood, Ada & John Young

Spirit of the Living God, in body mind and spirit, heal them of all that harms them. In Jesus name, Amen.

The Empty Egg

Author Unknown

Jeremy was born with a twisted body and a slow mind. At the age of 12 he was still in second grade, seemingly unable to learn. His teacher, Doris Miller, often became exasperated with him. He would squirm in his seat, drool, and make grunting noises. At other times, he spoke clearly and distinctly, as if a spot of light had penetrated the darkness of his brain. Most of the time, however, Jeremy just irritated his teacher.

One day she called his parents and asked them to come in for a consultation. As the Forresters entered the empty classroom, Doris said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems. Why, there is a five year gap between his age and that of the other students."

Mrs Forrester cried softly into a tissue, while her husband spoke. "Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be a terrible shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here." Doris sat for a long time after they had left, staring at the snow outside the window. Its coldness seemed to seep into her soul. She wanted to sympathize with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terminal illness. But it wasn't fair to keep him in her class. She had 18 other youngsters to teach, and Jeremy was a distraction. Furthermore, he would never learn to read and write. Why waste any more time trying?

As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. Here I am complaining when my problems are nothing compared to that poor family, she thought. Lord, please help me to be more

patient with Jeremy. From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares. Then one day, he limped to her desk, dragging his bad leg behind him.

"I love you, Miss Miller," he exclaimed, loud enough for the whole class to hear. The other students snickered, and Doris' face burned red. She stammered, "Wh-why that's very nice, Jeremy. N-now please take your seat."

Spring came, and the children talked excitedly about the coming of Easter. Doris told them the story of Jesus, and then to emphasize the idea of new life springing forth, she gave each of the children a large plastic egg. "Now," she said to them, "I want you to take this home and bring it back tomorrow with something inside that shows new life. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Miller," the children responded enthusiastically-all except for Jeremy. He listened intently. His eyes never left her face. He did not even make his usual noises. Had he understood what she had said about Jesus' death and resurrection? Did he understand the assignment? Perhaps she should call his parents and explain the project to them.

That evening, Doris' kitchen sink stopped up. She called the landlord and waited an hour for him to come by and unclog it. After that, she still had to shop for groceries, iron a blouse, and prepare a vocabulary test for the next day. She completely forgot about phoning Jeremy's parents.

The next morning, 19 children came to school, laughing and talking as they placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller's desk. After they completed their math lesson, it was time to open the eggs. In the first egg, Doris found a flower. "Oh yes, a flower is certainly a sign of new life," she

said. "When plants peek through the ground, we know that spring is here." A small girl in the first row waved her arm. "That's my egg, Miss Miller," she called out. The next egg contained a plastic butterfly, which looked very real. Doris held it up. "We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly. Yes, that's new life, too." Little Judy smiled proudly and said, "Miss Miller, that one is mine." Next, Doris found a rock with moss on it. She explained that moss, too, showed life. Billy spoke up from the back of the classroom, "My daddy helped me," he beamed.

Then Doris opened the fourth egg. She gasped. The egg was empty. Surely it must be Jeremy's she thought, and of course, he did not understand her instructions. If only she had not forgotten to phone his parents. Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached for another. Suddenly, Jeremy spoke up. "Miss Miller, aren't you going to talk about my egg?" Flustered, Doris replied, "But Jeremy, your egg is empty." He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty, too."

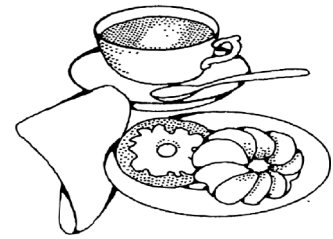
Time stopped. When she could speak again, Doris asked him, "Do you know why the tomb was empty?" "Oh, yes," Jeremy said, "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then His Father raised Him up."

The recess bell rang. While the children excitedly ran out to the schoolyard, Doris cried. The cold inside her melted completely away.

Three months later, Jeremy died. Those who paid their respects at the mortuary were surprised to see 19 eggs on top of his casket..... all of them empty.

Rock Café

Betty Copeland would like to thank all who contribute to the café over the year and thanks to all who attend and have their lunches. The money goes towards the Church and any new people that would like to come along and have a meal would be made most welcome. The Café is open between 11am and 2pm every Thursday in the Church Hall where a good selection of food and drinks are available.



Gift Aid Report 2014

Tax recovered on offerings received through the Gift Aid Scheme during 2014 with comparisons to 2013 are as follows...

<u>Total Amount of Gift Aid Contributions:</u>	
2013 - £31,558	2014 - £35,374
<u>Tax Recovered:</u>	
2013 - £ 7,889	2014 - £ 8,843

Please note that the amount of tax to be reclaimed must not exceed taxes paid by you.

Anyone wishing to reclaim tax on offerings to the church should contact H McKellar.



THE WOODEN BOWL



A frail old man went to live with his son, daughter-in-law and four year old Grandson. The old man's hands trembled, his eyesight was blurred, and his step faltered. The family ate together at the table. But the elderly grandfather's shaky hands and failing sight made eating difficult. Peas rolled off his spoon onto the floor. When he grasped the glass, milk spilled on the tablecloth.

The son and daughter-in-law became irritated with the mess. "We must do something about father," said the son. "I've had enough of his spilled milk, noisy eating, and food on the floor." So the husband and wife set a small table in the corner. There, Grandfather ate alone while the rest of the family enjoyed dinner. Since Grandfather had broken a dish or two, his food was served in a wooden bowl. When the family glanced in Grandfather's direction, sometimes he would have a tear in his eye as he ate alone. Still, the only words the couple had for him were sharp admonitions when he dropped a fork or spilled food. The four year old watched in silence.

One evening before supper, the father noticed his son playing with wood scraps on the floor. He asked the child sweetly, "What are you making?" Just as sweetly, the boy responded, "Oh, I am making a little bowl for you and Mama to eat your food in when I grow up." The four-year-old smiled and went back to work.

The words struck the parents so that they were speechless. Then tears started to stream down their cheeks. Though no word was spoken, both knew what had to be done. That evening the husband took the Grandfather's hand and gently led him back to the family table. For the remainder of his days he ate every meal with the family. And for some

reason, neither husband nor wife seemed to care any longer when a fork was dropped, milk spilled, or the tablecloth soiled.

Children are remarkably perceptive. Their eyes ever observe, their ears ever listen, and their minds ever process the messages they absorb. If they see us patiently provide a happy home atmosphere for family members, they will imitate that attitude for the rest of their lives. The wise parent realizes that every day that building blocks are being laid for the child's future.

»»-----□-----««

I dreamed I died the other night
And heavens gate stood wide
An angel of the Lord appeared
And ushered me inside
And there I saw to my surprise
Some folk I'd known on earth
Some were of low degree
And some of little worth
Indignant words rose to my lips
But never were set free
For every face held stunned surprise
No one expected me

»»»-----□-----«««

I used to think that growing old
Was reckoned just in years
But who can name the very date
That weariness appears
I find no stated time when man
Obedient to a law
Must settle in an easy chair
And from the world withdraw
Old age is rather curious
Or so it seems to me
I know old men at forty
And young men at seventy three

»»-----□-----««

Church Bulletins

They're Back! Those wonderful Church Bulletins!

These sentences, with all the bloopers actually appeared in church bulletins or were announced in church services...



The Fasting & Prayer Conference includes meals.

The sermon this morning: "Jesus Walks on the Water."

The sermon tonight: "Searching for Jesus."

Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands.

Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our community. Smile at someone who is hard to love. Say "Hell" to someone who doesn't care much about you.

Don't let worry kill you off - let the Church help.

Miss Charlene Mason sang "I will not pass this way again," giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

Next Thursday there will be try-outs for the choir.
They need all the help they can get.

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.

A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall.
Music will follow.

At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be "What Is Hell?" Come early and listen to our choir practice.

Pot-luck Supper Sunday at 5pm - prayer and medication to follow.

Eight new choir robes are currently needed due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.

Scouts are saving aluminium cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.

Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered.

The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.

The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

This evening at 7pm there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

Ladies Bible Study will be held Thursday morning at 10am. All ladies are invited to lunch in the Fellowship Hall after the B.S. is done.

The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the Congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.

Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7pm. Please use the back door.

The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7pm.

The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

Weight Watchers will meet at 7pm at the First Presbyterian Church. Please use large double door at the side entrance.

The Associate Minister unveiled the church's new campaign slogan last Sunday: "I Upped My Pledge - Up Yours."

Take My Son

A wealthy man and his son loved to collect rare works of art. They had everything in their collection from Picasso to Raphael. They would often sit together and admire great works of art.

When the Afghanistan conflict broke out the son went to war. He was very courageous and died in battle while rescuing another soldier. The father was notified and grieved deeply for his only son.

About a month later just before Christmas there was a knock at the door. A young man stood at the door with a large package in his hands. He said, "Sir, you do not know me. I am the soldier for whom your son gave his life. He saved many lives that day and he was carrying me to safety when a bullet struck him in the heart and he died instantly. He often spoke about you and your love for art." The young man held out this package. "I know this isn't much, I'm not a great artist but I think your son would have wanted you to have this." The father opened the package; it was a portrait of his son painted by the young man. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured the personality of his son in the painting. The father was so drawn to the eyes that his own eyes welled up with tears. He thanked the young man and offered to pay him for the picture. "Oh no Sir, I could never repay what your son did for me, it's a gift."

The father hung the portrait over his mantle. Every time visitors came to his home he took them to see the portrait of his son before he showed them any of the other great works he had collected. The man died a few months later. There was to be a great auction of his paintings. Many influential people gathered excited overseeing the great paintings and having the opportunity to purchase one for their collection.

On the platform sat the painting of his son. The auctioneer pounded his gavel. "We will start the bidding with this picture of the son. Who will bid for this picture?" There was silence until a voice in the back of the room shouted "We want to see the famous paintings, skip this one." But the

auctioneer persisted. "Will somebody bid for this painting? Who will start the bidding? £200? £100?"

Another voice called angrily. "We didn't come to see this painting, we came to see the Van Goghs, the Rembrandts. Get on with the real bids!" But still the auctioneer continued. "The son! The son! Who'll take the son?"

Finally, a voice came from the very back of the room. It was the long-time gardener of the man and his son. "I'll give £10 for the painting." Being a poor man, that was all he could afford. "We have £10, who will bid £20?" "Give it to him for £10. Let's see the masters!" The crowd was becoming angry. They didn't want the picture of the son, they wanted the more worthy investments for their collections. The auctioneer pounded the gavel "Going once, twice, SOLD for £10!"

A man sitting on the second row shouted, "Now let's get on with the collection!" The auctioneer laid down his gavel. "I'm sorry, the auction is over." "What about the paintings?" "I am sorry. When I was called to conduct this auction I was told a secret stipulation in the will... I was not allowed to reveal that stipulation until this time. Only the painting of the son would be auctioned. Whoever bought that painting would inherit the entire estate, including the paintings. The man who took the son gets everything!"

God gave His Son over 2,000 years ago to die on the cross. Much like the auctioneer, His message today is:-

The Son, the Son, who'll take the Son?

Because you see, whoever takes the Son gets everything.

"For God loved the world so much that he gave his one and only Son, so that everyone who believes in him will not perish but have eternal life."

John 3:16 (NLT)



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