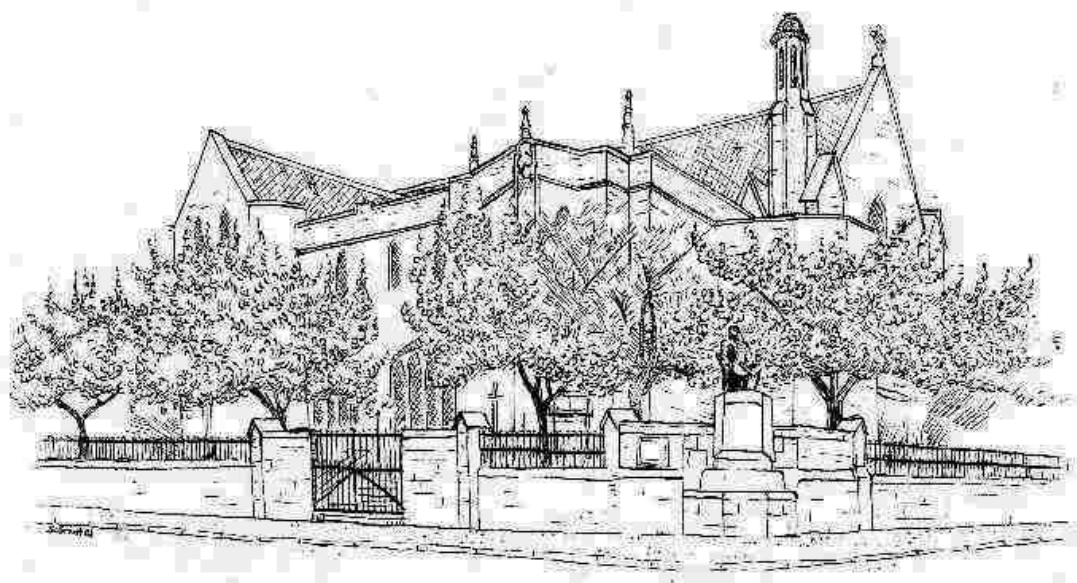


# The Church of Scotland



## Rutherglen Old Parish



## Church Newsletter

August 2025

Registered Scottish Charity

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ISSUE 3/25



## Living and growing in Christ

It's a shame that so many people feel that church is JUST SO BORING. That sitting in the pew is like standing in a checkout line. A process that must be endured to obtain what we want. And that's the question I want to ask you. What do you expect to get from going to church? At one time, I thought that attending church and sitting in a building with other believers would automatically make the rest of my week go better. We come to church to get our hearts focused on Jesus Christ. Our goal is God Himself, neither joy nor peace, nor even blessing, but Himself, our God. The only way any of us could be here in this church is because God has given us the power and ability. Apart from God, we can't live, breathe, work, or play; we don't exist apart from God. Therefore, God is always busy forming us in His image to produce more fruit. Like a grapevine, we always need pruning. In Hampton Court near London, there is a grapevine under glass; it is about 1,000 years old and has but one root, which is at least two feet thick. Some of the branches are 200 feet long. Because of skilful cutting and pruning, the vine produces several tons of grapes each year. Even though some of the smaller branches are 200 feet from the main stem, they bear much fruit because they are joined to the vine and allow the life of the vine to flow through them. He is the vine, and we are the branches. And when we need pruning, the goal is always more fruit. God prunes and cuts off every part of my life that draws out my spiritual energy, preventing growth. Physical exercise will eventually exhaust a person, but spiritual exercise will instantly make us stronger. The pruning process is a painful ordeal for God to remove things from my life that draw away my energy and focus from spiritual matters. When a grape vine begins to produce fruit, it will have several small shoots pop out of the branch that will only serve to suck the nutrients from the vine, serving only to hinder the production of fruit. By pruning every branch with care, we can produce more through the power of the Holy Spirit. When we do work apart from the Holy Spirit, as far as eternity is concerned, when we do things in our power regardless of how good or helpful they may be to other people, it's empty and nonproductive. When we get complacent in our spiritual lives, we don't see any need for God; we think we're self-sufficient, thereby cutting off the flow of the Holy Spirit.

Conclusion: A lot of green branches does not necessarily mean a lot of fruit. There are fruit trees that are green and sappy, covered with leaves, but no fruit. Just because we are active in the church, doing things for God, doesn't necessarily mean we are producing fruit. In some churches, when activity slows down, they just grind out another activity in hopes of rejuvenating participation. Don't get me wrong, participation in the church is important, but not as important as our relationship with the Lord. God has created you to be a fruit-bearing branch. Are you allowing the power of the Holy Spirit to flow through your life and produce fruit? If you look back over your spiritual life, are you withering or flourishing? Our number one goal must be our relationship with Christ, obeying His commands and living in His love. If we do this, then we will know true joy and purpose.

Jean de Villiers

## Congregational Roll

### New Members:

	Name	Method	District Elder
13/7/25	Abimbola Oriola	Confirmation	10 A Bennet
13/7/25	Deborah Oriola	Confirmation	10 A Bennet

We welcome Abimbola and Deborah to Rutherglen Old and are glad to see them join in the life and work of our congregation.

### The following member has died:

Name	District Elder
Helen Cameron	2 G Callaghan

### Funeral:

21/5/25 Helen Cameron

### The following members have been removed from the roll:

Name	Reason	District Elder
Linda Guy	transferred to Cambuslang Parish	17 M Greig
William Guy	transferred to Cambuslang Parish	17 M Greig
Ruth Bleakley	has moved to unknown address	15 H Millar
Nina Kelly	has moved to unknown address	2 G Callaghan
Ruby Townsley	has moved to unknown address	formerly 7 E Paton

## FORTHCOMING COMMUNION SERVICES



The main quarterly celebration of the sacrament of communion will take place during our service on Sunday, 7<sup>th</sup> Sep.

While all are welcome to attend any of our services, a special invitation is extended to anyone wishing to attend our communion services.

## Moses

George W. Bush, in an airport lobby, noticed a man in a long flowing white robe with a long white beard and flowing white hair. The man had a staff in one hand and some stone tablets under the other arm.

George W. approached the man and inquired, "Aren't you Moses?" The man ignored George W. and stared at the ceiling.

George W. positioned himself more directly in the man's view and asked again, "Aren't you Moses?" The man continued to peruse the ceiling.

George W. tugged at the man's sleeve and asked once again, "Aren't you Moses?" The man finally responded in an irritated voice, "Yes I am."

George W. asked why he was so uppity, and the man replied, "The last time I spoke to a Bush I had to spend forty years in the desert."

## NEW BEGINNINGS

*"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home..."*

The schoolchildren were 'giving it laldy' as Moira's late mother would have said. She counted twenty pupils in the choir, all with their eyes fastened on their conductor's face.

Forcing herself to walk in here hadn't been easy. She'd heard the singing as she came through the supermarket check-out. It had taken all her courage to wheel the shopping trolley into a locker and join the queue at the café's service counter.

Moira buttered her scone, hearing a plop as she released the suction on the top of her jar of jam. She looked around the nearby tables, determined not to allow the togetherness of the couples seated at them to reinforce her sense of loneliness.

*"Oh when the saints go marching in,"* the choir now began, and under the table Moira's feet kept time to the beat.

When the choir stopped for a refreshment break, a pupil came round with a donation box. As Moira dropped in a £2 coin, the stones on her engagement ring sparkled in the electric light. Her memory rolled back to the night she met Tom at a Scout dance.

It was the era of the twist, with Chubby Checker at the top of the hit parade.

"Can I have this dance?" he asked, as the band played *Let's Twist Again*.

She looked up at the tall chap standing in front of her. Struck by his blue eyes and black wavy hair, she followed him on to the floor.

"Will we dance this next one?" he asked, when the music changed.

Moira nodded, taking a second to rub her sweaty palms down her skirt.

"I'm Tom."

"Moira," she said, as the strains of *Moon River* struck up. He pulled her closer and they drifted into a waltz.

By the end of the evening Moira had decided Tom was the man for her. He made sure she got safely on to her bus home, by which time they'd arranged to go to the cinema the following weekend.

Thereafter the romance moved swiftly and soon they became engaged, with their wedding a year later. Very much in love, they gradually dropped their friends, content to spend time in a world of their own.

"Don't put all your eggs into one basket, Moira. You and Tom should go out separately with your friends from time to time," Mum often warned her.

At the time Moira ignored the advice; her mum was fond of quoting proverbs. But now, seated here alone, she could see that Mum had been right. When Tom died, she badly needed company, and regretted the loss of the friends she'd discarded.

The applause when the choir trooped back interrupted Moira's memories. The tea in the pot was growing colder but she re-filled her cup, enjoying the performance.

*"When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high..."*

Moira recognised the song as an anthem for a football club, although she couldn't remember which one.

"Excuse me, but there aren't any empty tables, do you mind if I join you?" a woman asked, keeping her voice low.

Moira nodded, pulling her cup closer to make room on the table.

The woman unloaded her tray and pushed it into the slot under the table.

"Liverpool."

Seeing her table companion look at her, she realised she'd spoken out loud.

Moira blushed. "I've just remembered that song is the anthem of Liverpool football club."

The woman smiled. "It's amazing how these things suddenly strike you, isn't it? Usually in the middle of the night and then you can't get back to sleep."

"Tell me about it." Moira returned the woman's smile.

The choir ended their song. "They're really good, aren't they?" her companion said, during the applause.

"Yes, they've certainly cheered me up. I was widowed six months ago." Moira couldn't believe she'd said this to a complete stranger.

"It's difficult, isn't it? I lost my husband two years ago. I make an effort for the family of course but it's never the same again." The woman looked more closely at Moira. "I feel as though I recognise you from somewhere."

"Yes, now you mention it, your face seems familiar to me too. Wonder where from?"

Both ladies became thoughtful, then Moira's table mate snapped her fingers. "Did you attend Stonefield primary?"

"I did."

"I think we were in the same class. Are you Moira Taylor?"

"Moira Duncan but my maiden name was Taylor?"

"That's the answer. I'm now Sandra Wood but back then I was Sandra Chisholm."

"Yes, Sandra, I remember you now. You wore your hair in plaits. Fancy you recognising me after all these years."

"You haven't really changed, Moira. Don't think I have either although I dye my hair blonde these days. I'm sorry to hear about your husband, was it sudden?"

"A heart attack. Can't believe it's only six months ago; to me it seems much longer."

Sandra leaned her elbows on the table and propped her chin up with her folded hands. "Jack died after a long illness. I nursed him myself and if it hadn't been for my son and daughter-in-law I don't know how I'd have kept going. They were such a support to me. And then, of course, there's my granddaughter, Paula, she's a wee tonic."

Sandra opened her purse and took out a picture, which she handed to Moira. "That's Paula, my only grandchild and the light of my life. There's never a dull moment when she's around."

"What a pretty child, I love her curls. How old is she?"

"She's six, started in Primary 2 back in August. Of course, like most of the kids these days, she's six going on sixty. She can operate a computer better than many adults, myself included. What about you, Moira, do you have grandchildren?"

"No."

Noticing Moira's short answer, Sandra changed the subject. "Do you stay locally?"

"Yes, in Park Crescent. I've been there for over forty years."

"I'm just round the corner from you, in Wells Avenue. Strange to think that we've been living so close without knowing it."

When the choir finished, the two ladies continued to chat about their lives after leaving school. Once Sandra's coffee mug was empty, she got to her feet. "Moira, why don't we meet up again, maybe next month? We could go to a proper teashop in town."

"I'd like that. Will I give you my phone number?"

Sandra rummaged in her handbag for a scrap of paper and a pen.

"Be in touch soon," she promised, as she left.

Moira sat on for a moment, feeling happy for the first time in months. She was glad that the choir had lured her into the café.

On her way home, she sat at the front of the bus, with only a couple of other passengers seated at the back of the vehicle.

Darkness had descended by now and, glancing out of the bus window, Moira imagined she saw her mother's face on the glass. "Mum, you were right, I should have listened. But I'm going to follow your advice from here on," she whispered.

A few seconds later the image disappeared but not before Moira saw her mother winking

### **The Lord is my shepherd**

The Lord is my shepherd  
he says I lack nothing  
but honestly some days it feels like I lack everything  
time, energy, patience, hope  
then he makes me lie down  
I don't go willingly  
I've got too much to prove  
too many plates spinning  
but he knows me better than I know myself  
he knows I'll run till I drop so sometimes he just says stop lie down right here  
on this patch of soft grass let the sun warm your face let your shoulders loosen  
he leads me beside quiet waters  
not to the roaring sea of my to-do list  
not the swirling current of guilt and comparison  
but to quiet waters where my reflection isn't a stranger  
where I can see how tired I am and know that's okay  
he refreshes my soul  
not just my body  
not just my mind  
but the deep-down places I keep locked up  
the parts that forgot what laughter feels like  
and the tender bits that bruise so easily  
he says rest isn't lazy  
rest isn't selfish  
it's sacred  
it's the way he tends to me  
brushes the dust off my skin  
puts balm on my cracked heart  
whispers you're allowed to pause  
you're allowed to breathe  
you're allowed to be cared for  
so let him shepherd you  
let him slow your frantic pace  
let him take your hand and lead you to stillness  
where your soul can be restored  
and you can remember  
you were never meant to do it all on your own.  
-- E. Hamilton.

## Woman's Guild

While our members are hopefully enjoying the summer Marjory, our secretary, has been busy arranging the syllabus for the next session of the Guild which begins on Thursday 2nd October at 2.30pm. We have a selection of speakers, quizzes, games and chats to look forward to. We are a friendly group and we hope more people will join us for some or all of our meetings. All are welcome.

Margaret Alexander (president)

## Monthly Coffee Morning

We were delighted to welcome lots of new faces into our Landemer Tearoom on 14<sup>th</sup> June. We were open till 2pm, serving rolls with steak sausages, as well as our usual cakes etc. Some people came back twice, so it must have been good.

As we move into Autumn, we anticipate seeing our usual friends, back from their holidays, whether near or far, and really appreciate all their support. After all, without our customers, we would have to eat all the cakes ourselves.  
Best Wishes

The Coffee Crew  
ALISON, CAROLINE, MARJORY & SANDRA

## SCOTTISH BIBLE SOCIETY



SBS continues to work in Scotland to develop projects, products, and events to raise the profile of the Bible. The members partner with Global Bible Societies so that all people can have the Bible in a language they understand, a form they can access, and at an affordable price, to aid genuine encounters with God.  
SBS Contact

*Marjory Greig*

## World Mission New



We have all seen the devastating photographs and videos of the starvation in Gaza, and our prayers go out for their salvation. Politicians strut and pontificate, meanwhile the ordinary folk are suffering. Our Mission Partner, Rev Muriel Pearson, is living in Israel, in daily fear of bombing and explosions. Our prayers also go out to all who, like Muriel are carrying out the Lord's work around the world, in extremely harrowing circumstances.  
MAY GOD BLESS THEM ALL.

**Marjory Greig**  
WM CONTACT



## SCRABBLE



We intend commencing our Scrabble Group in October and would welcome along anyone who likes to play. Our games are light hearted and include tea and a biscuit, plus fun. Please consider joining us, even on an occasional basis. We meet on Wednesday afternoons at 2pm in the Session House.

The Scrabblers

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## Thursday Cafe

The Church is open to the public from noon till 2pm each Thursday come along and join us for a coffee, all welcome! Tea, coffee and biscuits are available for a small donation. Feel free to bring your own packed lunch.

The church will also be open at this time for a quiet visit or meditation.

We are operating a rota of volunteers, looking ahead we need a few more volunteers to join the rota. This is a very simple duty of making tea, coffee and washing up afterwards. (No qualifications required !!) Generally, no more than once per month depending on the number of volunteers.

If you are able to help, please contact Alison Bennet 647 4415.

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## Christian Aid



Christian Aid Week in May, raised £833,751 nationally, which will go to help those in most need around the world.

CA helps folks start up little businesses and so go on to help their own families and then the wider community, as well as feeding and clothing those in distressing circumstances. We can only imagine the dire straits others may find themselves in.

Our Annual Coffee Morning will be held this year on 25<sup>th</sup> October in Stonelaw Parish Church from 10am till Noon and everyone is welcome. Tickets will be on sale nearer the date.

Thank you all, for your continued support of Christian Aid. We do appreciate your encouragement.

CA Committee  
Jean & Marjory

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## Flower Fund Donor List August to November

Thanks to the small team of ladies who take time to arrange the flowers each week. We would benefit from a few extra pairs of hands. It is not difficult, I am sure there are many of you who arrange your vases of flowers at home. If you can help please speak to any of the ladies Margaret Alexander, Marjory Greig or Jan Keenan.

We are grateful to Jean Caldwell who arranges the distribution of the flowers which have been displayed in the Sanctuary. Thanks also to those who will deliver the flowers.

If you know of anyone who would benefit receiving the church flowers then please speak with Jean.

If you wish to make a donation to the Flower Fund this can be placed in the "Flower Boxes" located at the entrance to the church on a Sunday.

There are a number of people who contribute to the fund to commemorate a special date.

If you require further information, please contact Alison Bennet 647-4415

### November 2024 – February 2025 Flower Donor & Delivery List

		Donor	
August	03/08/2025	Mrs A Louden	Mrs J Caldwell
	10/08/2025	Mr G Callaghan	Miss M&M Dobbin
	17/08/2025	The Hamilton Family	Miss A Bennet Mrs M Robinson
	24/08/2025	Mrs A Louden	Mrs A Brown
	31/08/2025	Miss A Millar	Mrs J Caldwell
September	07/09/2025	Mr I Lindsay	Mrs J Keenan
	14/09/2025		Mrs I Campbell Mrs P Cumming
	21/09/2025	Mrs M Greig	Miss I Kay
	28/09/2025	The Neilson Family	Mrs J Caldwell
October	05/10/2025	Mrs G Dunn	Miss M&M Dobbin
	12/05/2025	Mrs M Robinson	Miss A Bennet Mrs M Robinson
	19/10/2025		Mrs A Brown
	26/10/2025		Mrs J Keenan
November	02/11/2025	Miss I Kay	Mrs I Campbell Mrs P Cumming
	09/11/2025		Miss I Kay
	16/11/2025	Miss E Paton	Mrs J Caldwell
	23/09/2025	Ms M&M Dobbin	Miss M&M Dobbin
	30/09/2025		Miss A Bennet Mrs M Robinson

## May Quiz Answers

MISSING LETTERS

JOSHUA      TIMOTHY      RUTH      SAMSON

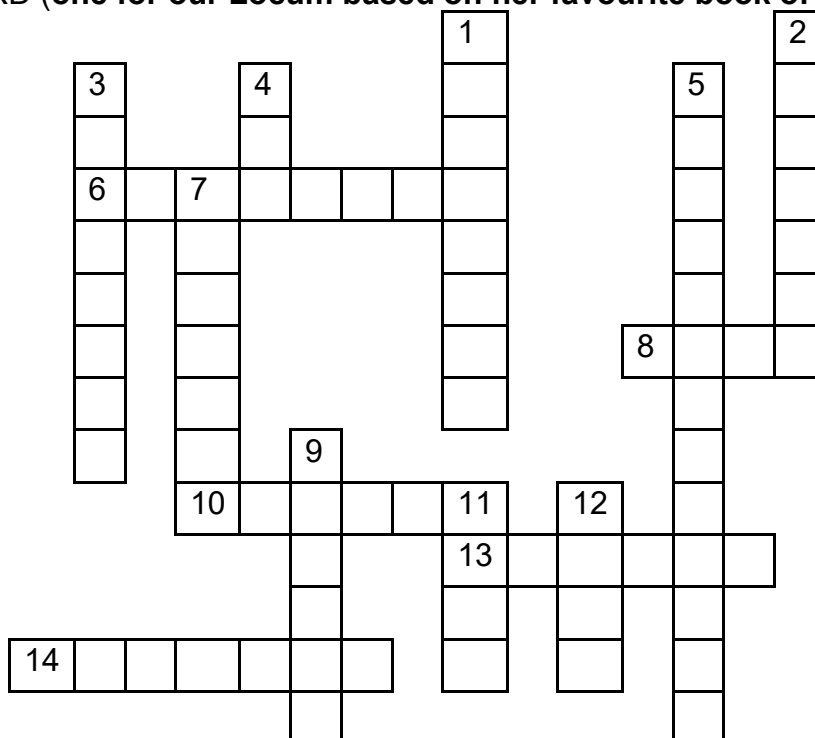
TABITHA      DANIEL      ISAAC      JAMES

JOHN      SIMON      REBECCA      MATTHEW

MARY      JESUS      JOB      ELIJAH



## CROSSWORD (one for our Locum based on her favourite book of the bible)



### ACROSS

- 6 The Lord is my \_\_\_\_\_  
 8 I will \_\_\_\_\_ no evil for you are with me  
 10 Even though I walk through the valley of the \_\_\_\_\_ of death  
 13 You \_\_\_\_\_ my head with oil  
 14 Your rod and your staff, they \_\_\_\_\_ me

### DOWN

- 1 Surely \_\_\_\_\_ and mercy will follow me all the days of my life  
 2 And I will dwell in the house of the Lord \_\_\_\_\_  
 3 He makes me lie down in green \_\_\_\_\_  
 4 My \_\_\_\_\_ overflows  
 5 He guides me on paths of \_\_\_\_\_ for his name's sake  
 7 You prepare a table before me in the presence of my \_\_\_\_\_  
 9 He leads me beside quiet \_\_\_\_\_  
 11 I shall not \_\_\_\_\_  
 12 He restores my \_\_\_\_\_

Good Luck, Gordon Spence

Congregational Giving					
	W F O	Open Plate	Other Income	Fabric	Total
B/f	£10,727.21	£356.48	£4,414.94		£15,498.63
Apr 6	£265.00	£31.90			£296.90
13	£249.00	£1.00	£500.00	£300.00	£1,050.00
20	£171.00	£46.00			£217.00
27	£2,640.00	£14.00	£3,737.05		£6,391.05
May 4	£116.00	£25.50			£141.50
11	£270.00	£75.10			£345.10
18	£287.00	£68.53			£355.53
25	£2,573.00	£46.00	£1,507.25		£4,126.25
Jun 1	£217.00	£41.00	£20.00		£278.00
8	£235.00	£14.70	£200.00		£449.70
15	£222.00	£33.00			£255.00
22	£135.00	£17.20	£30.00		£182.20
29	£2,850.00	£51.00	£384.13	*£9023.88	£3,285.13
	£20,957.21	£821.41	£10,793.37	£9,323.88	£29,586.86

Income for period ending 30/6/25 (excluding Fabric) = £32,571.99  
 Budgetted income requirement per week = £1,296.53  
 Budgetted income requirement to 30/6/25 = £33,709.78

\* Insurance settlement

### GIFT AID

#### Are you a Taxpayer?

If so your offerings and any other donations you make to the Old Parish could have 25p per pound added to them.

For further information please contact. Irene Kay

## Do you shop online?

Did you know by registering with [easyfundraising.org.uk](http://easyfundraising.org.uk) you could help raise funds for Rutherglen Old!

It's easy to register will cost you nothing and you can help raise funds when you shop at more than 3,300 retailers by just going through the [easyfundraising](http://easyfundraising) website.

Pick up a leaflet in church or ask Irene Kay for more details.





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**EDITOR:** 6 Highburgh Drive, Rutherglen, G73 3RZ Tel: 07894719953

**PLEASE NOTE:** Anyone wishing to consult the Minister may do so after the Morning Service any Sunday.

Website: <https://rutherglenoldparish.org/>



Our services are streamed live every week. Follow the link on our website  
[www.rutherglenoldparishchurch.org](http://www.rutherglenoldparishchurch.org) or subscribe to our YouTube channel search Rutherglen Old Parish and subscribe.



Follow us on Facebook, search 'Rutherglen Old Parish Church' to make sure you don't miss out on events taking place including our monthly coffee mornings.

Intimation of change of address should be given to the Roll Keeper as soon as possible.

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

To enable the Congregational Roll to be kept up to date would members who have recently, or are about to change their address please either email the roll keeper (hughmillar49@googlemail.com) or complete the form below and forward it to Hugh Millar.

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### **RUTHERGLEN OLD PARISH CHURCH**

Name ..... Date .....

is moving from      Address .....

.....

Postcode .....

Tel. No. ....

to      Address .....

.....

Postcode .....

Tel. No. ....

**Please forward the completed form to**

Hugh Millar  
137 Blairbeth Road  
Rutherglen  
G73 5BU