



St Peter's Church  
Townsend Place  
Kirkcaldy

**Rector: The Revd. Canon Christine Fraser**

**St. Peter's Rectory**

**1 Longbraes Gardens**

**Kirkcaldy. KY2 5YJ**

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Registered Charity Numbers:

**St. Peter's**                      SC010443

**Ss. Mary & Leonard**        SC009524

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**The Contact Magazine of St. Peter's with Ss. Mary & Leonard**

**Rector: The Revd. Canon Christine Fraser**

**December 2020**



**Santa  
Bubbles ?**



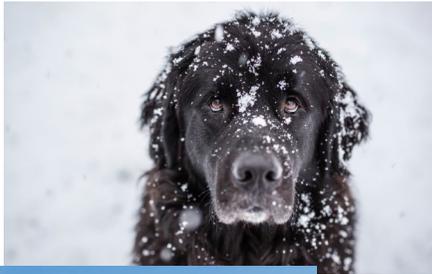
Hiya—yes, it’s me Bubbles and it’s my photo on the front cover (I made the front page at last!).

My friend Kuma and I are seen here comparing the length of our tongues.

I’m sometimes known as the ‘Assistant Rector’. Just ‘cos she takes me for walks, she thinks she’s my boss but I know differently!

Thank you for buying my calendar which has actually sold out very quickly. My Assistant says she can order a re-run, given sufficient interest, so please contact her if you would like a copy or copies, just £5 each toward church funds.

As we haven’t had much snow in recent years, I thought you may like some photo’s of my distant cousins enjoying a romp in the snow in other countries:

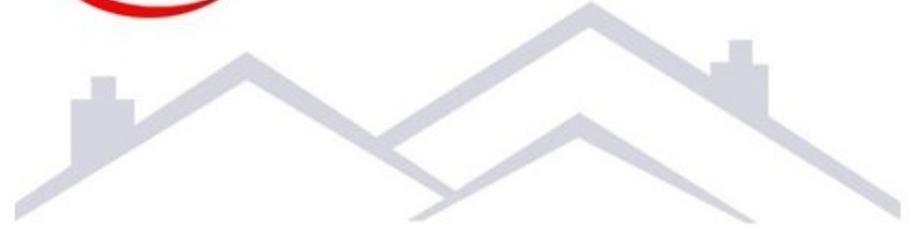


Happy Christmas to all my friends



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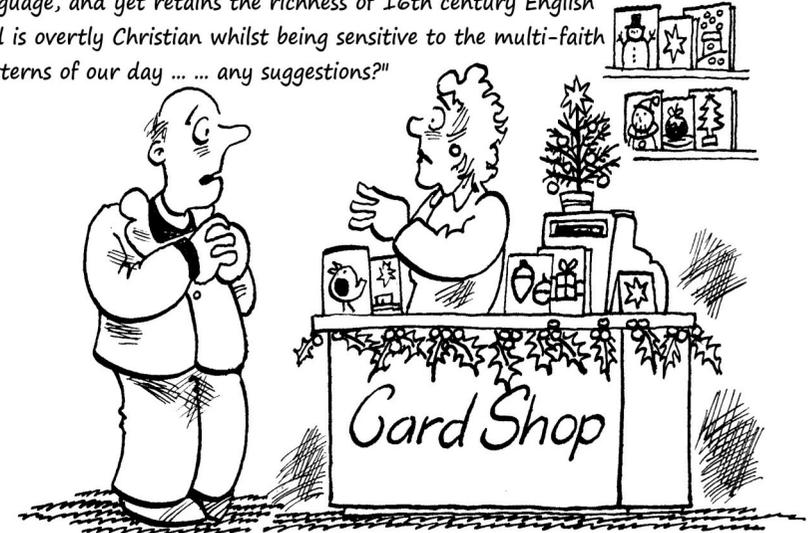
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## Tailpiece

"I am looking for a Christmas Card that contains inclusive language, and yet retains the richness of 16th century English and is overtly Christian whilst being sensitive to the multi-faith patterns of our day ... any suggestions?"



the organist on his toes while the choir hovers on the point of a collective nervous breakdown. At the Christmas supper, my introductory welcome speech and extensive grace make those in the kitchen wonder if the vegetables being boiled should better be served as thick soup.

I offer the helpful suggestion that the tree, having been installed and decorated in the chancel, may perhaps look better in the sanctuary and I turn all the heating off throughout the season, explaining that it will help the flowers to last. All Services will start five minutes early (was my watch rather fast?) so I can look disapprovingly at those still coming in while we are singing the first carol and making it clear that I think they had spent too long in the pub next door.

And so we all reach Christmas morning, with 12 months of planning having gone yet again slightly awry, with parishioners exhausted and I exhilarated at the chaos that has been created with such ease. Mr Cromwell, your spirit lives on.

Your loving uncle,

*Eustace*

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The solution to this  
month's puzzle



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## Letter from The Rector

*Dear Friends*

I love Snoopy and Charlie Brown. In 1965 an animated cartoon “A Charlie Brown Christmas”, was shown for the first time. It’s odd that something seemingly frivolous as a cartoon can plumb the depths of Christmas. In the special, Charlie Brown is frustrated because his friends are putting on a Christmas pageant that perpetuates the modern consumerism that has absorbed the holiday. When he finally shouts for someone to give him the true meaning of Christmas, the diminutive Linus takes the stage. In his quiet, soft voice, Linus quotes the story of Jesus’s birth from Luke 2:8-14 (Linus likes the King James translation, and so do I!):

“And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, And on earth peace, Good will toward men.”

Linus then walks over to his beleaguered friend and says, “That’s what Christmas is all about, Charlie Brown.”

Why bring up a child’s cartoon? Because it is, dare I say, a profound piece of art—charmingly drawn, wonderfully written, and subtly powerful. There’s something artistically subtle in that scene that makes me appreciate it even more. Just as Linus utters the words “fear not” from Luke 2, he drops his security blanket. Linus is never without his trusty blue blanket, clinging to it to feel secure and safe. And yet as he recounts the story of Jesus’ birth and the courage it inspires, he let’s go of his security blanket, needing nothing more than the Christmas story to give him the hope of security.

The Rectory

St. James the Least of All



My dear Nephew Darren

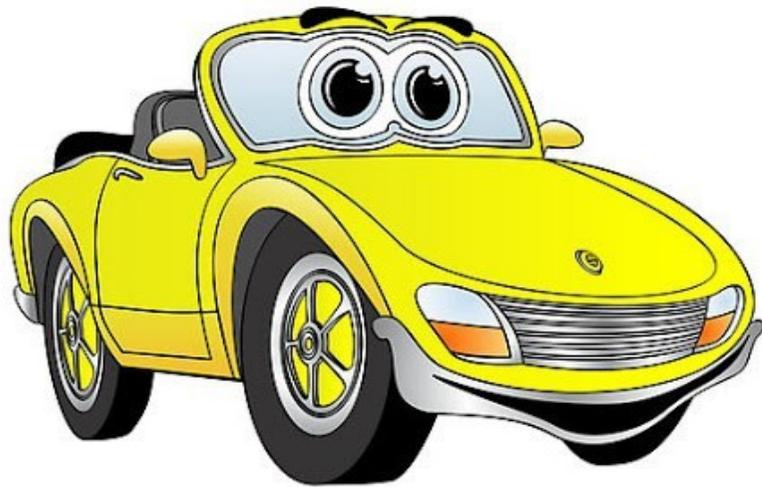
I am sorry I was not alive during that wonderful four-year period when Oliver Cromwell abolished Christmas; no Christmas parties, no carol services, no cards to send and no frantic last-minute shopping. That man was a hero.

Planning for Christmas at St James’ normally starts on 2<sup>nd</sup> January. By Easter, the flowers for church have been carefully chosen to be colour coordinated, and the seating plans and table decorations for the Christmas party have been allocated (with nominated reserves in case someone should inconveniently die in the intervening eight months). Long before Summer is over, the tree lights have been tested, music for the 9 Lessons and Carols Service has been chosen and the service sheets printed. Way before the dark nights set in, car parking attendants will have been found, those who are to light all the candles will have been rehearsed to perfection, and the brass lectern has had its annual polish.

We do not do spontaneity at St James the Least of All. If ever there was a service when time for something unexpected had to be allowed, its place would be announced in the order of service, how long the unexpected thing would happen for would have been decided by a committee, and who was to be spontaneous would have been allocated on a rota.

But the one person none of these well-meaning, efficient, committed organisers can control is the Rector. You could call it a staff perk.

Carols will (accidentally, of course) be announced in the wrong order; if verse 3 was to be omitted, I announce it will be verse 4. This keeps



## Looking for a Parking Space ?

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e-mail Maria Page - [billmariap@virginmedia.com](mailto:billmariap@virginmedia.com)

In Luke 2, when the angelic host announced “peace on Earth,” to the frightened shepherds that night, they announced the birth of joy and hope. Luke used Peace to communicate the heavenly host’s announcement of Jesus’ birth and the Apostle John used Peace to communicate the peace that Jesus offered to his disciples. The angelic host was announcing the advent of the One through whom reconciliation would be achieved. And Jesus offered his disciples the kind of peace that is manifest in being “set at one” again with God. Perhaps we might miss the profundity here just easily as we miss the fact that Linus dropped his security blanket when he said “Fear not.” The words for peace in Hebrew, Arabic, and Greek—the languages from three cultures that have been historically at odds with each other—mean reconciliation. God is indeed a poet in any language, sometimes in every language at the same time.

The birth of reconciliation’s hope at Christmas does more than inspire art and language. It inspires action. Perhaps that’s why Christmas does more than just punctuate winter’s dreariness with a cup of cheer. To be sure, we celebrate birthdays of other people who have done great things for humanity. And while we observe those important births, we don’t dedicate an entire season to them like we do for Jesus. If Jesus’s birth was just the birth of another important historical figure, we might enjoy a three-day weekend and reflect on his example, but that would be it. Why is Christmas so much more than that?

Because Jesus’s birth is indeed hope’s birth, which blossoms at Easter. We hint at the interaction between Christmas and Easter in the song O Holy Night:

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining  
It is the night of our dear Saviour’s birth.  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,  
Till he appeared and the souls felt its worth.  
The thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

Jesus didn’t come into the world to give us only good words and profound examples of moral living. He came specifically to provide a

rescue for every human heart. In Jesus's own words, he came into the world as God incarnate to offer himself as a ransom so that we can be saved (Mark 10:45). And because of Jesus's payment and resurrection, our souls can feel their worth. Christmas is not just the birth of someone whose example helped humanity. It's the birth of the One who saves humanity from itself. In a paradox of time, Easter's hope gives rise to Christmas's joy.

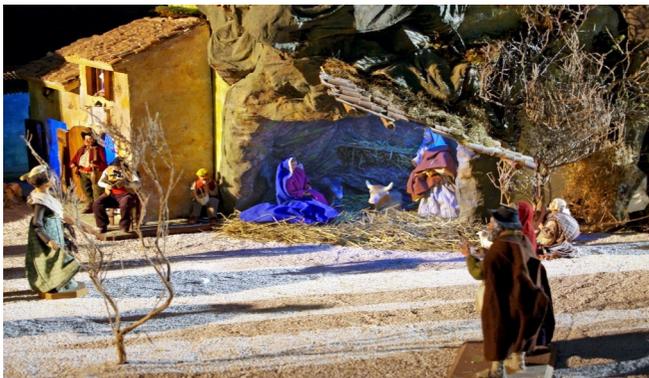
From inspiring art to inspiring peace, we come to Christmas's ability to inspire our individual lives. Christmas is the story of the "Word made flesh," God dwelling among us, full of grace and truth. That truth can penetrate us individually in surprising, miraculous ways.

But a weary world, still exists despite Christmas's joy that anticipates Easter's hope. The world wasn't suddenly made perfect 2000 years ago and it certainly isn't perfect now. Indeed, the Bible doesn't paint such a shallow picture for us even as it recounts Jesus's birth. God offers us anticipated hope through the joy of his Son's birth. Sometimes kids' cartoons can surprise us. But all of that, the pain and the joy, the beauty and the ugliness, are but echoes emerging from a manger where the wordless infant carried within himself the message that God so loves the world. All of our human expressions of joy, hope, and peace are footnotes to the embodied message of the Christ-child.

*Blessings*

*Christine*

A Nativity scene  
from the Cathedral  
of Notre Dame



## **A strange year – It's Synod - but not as you know it !!**

Nobody can deny that 2020 has been a different kind of year. A year when, for everyone, life changed. No longer able to roam freely, we've had to obey the FACTS in our daily lives and our church was closed. Now 6 months on, with so much goodwill, we're back in church without singing or refreshments and a natter but with plenty of hand sanitiser, and face masks.

The Scottish Episcopal Church has also had to change many of its practices and it was with some surprise I was invited to attend the annual meeting of the Church, known as the Synod. I was a member of Synod from 2001 to 2018 so I knew the usual form of this meeting that usually takes place in St Paul & St Georges, Edinburgh at the beginning of June and lasts from Thursday to Saturday lunchtime. Although a formal meeting there were always opportunities to socialise between sessions. Indeed it was a wonderful way to meet people from all over Scotland who only come together once a year.

There was always a dinner provided one evening at an upmarket city hotel which was a great way to meet delegates away from the floor of the conference.

I got more information and was intrigued. The meeting was to be held virtually on the Zoom platform and I was given instructions on how to log in for a training session. This I did to discover I was one of 54 participants. Training was good, very comprehensive and I think (I hope) I understood how it all will work on the day.

Currently I'm reading through the massive amount of reading material (2 volumes of Finance and Reports) that were sent to me and I'm looking forward to Saturday 5 December when the Synod meeting takes place. So, wish me luck and I'll report back in the next magazine.

Shame I won't get the lovely meal in Edinburgh though!

*Shirley Mann*

## A Note of Thanks from Fife Cluster YF

Fife Cluster Youth Fellowship is a group of young people from St Peter's Kirkcaldy and Holy Trinity Dunfermline who normally meet on Sunday evenings at 6.15pm in either Kirkcaldy or Dunfermline for fun, activities and reflections.

Since March however, it has not been possible to meet in person and the delegates have been meeting on Zoom each Sunday for a couple of sessions led by a team of dedicated and committed leaders. The first session titled YF aims to be a fun time and the delegates have enjoyed a virtual beach party, online quizzes, collaborative art, origami, scavenger hunts, and fancy dress parties to name a few activities. The second session titled YF+ tends to be a more reflective time, looking at the Gospel appointed for the day and discussion and reflecting on it. It goes without saying that both sessions tend to be lively.

Sadly the proposed Fish & Quiz night that was planned for 20<sup>th</sup> March had to be cancelled and, maybe someday, it can be rescheduled. However, Fife Cluster YF would like to thank all those from St Peter's who were coming to the event and instead asked that their ticket money be donated to YF funds in any case.

Once, things get a bit more normal, the leaders hope to be able to take the delegates on an Away Day or a really fun activity and with the delegates, wish to add their thanks for making this possible.

*Christine*

**Easy Fundraising** St Peter's is now registered on the easyfundraising website. If you wish to contribute, the instructions are as follows:

1. Open easyfundraising website: [www.easyfundraising.org.uk](http://www.easyfundraising.org.uk)
2. Click on 'Create an account' box
3. Click on 'I want to support a good cause' box
4. Enter cause name in box - St Peter's, Kirkcaldy
5. Click on 'Support this cause'
6. Complete form with own personal details.

## *Worship at St Peter's*

**Sunday** 9.00 am Said Eucharist (Scottish Prayer Book)  
11.00am Said Eucharist (1982 Liturgy) with music

**Wednesday** The Wednesday service will NOT take place for the time being

*Christmas Services—No Midnight Mass this year*  
*Please see special arrangements on next page*

### **A First for St Peter's**

from **Christine**

On 24th December, the Rector will host a Zoom Christmas Eve Service at 7pm. This will be a first for both myself and the congregation since services have been mostly conducted by service sheet and closed doors services until St Peter's was able to re-open on Oct 4th.

Due to the current hygiene restrictions it is not possible to conduct both a Midnight Mass and Christmas morning service and manage to clean down the church in between and I know that a number of people appreciate the Midnight Mass and its special atmosphere.

The Zoom Service will last about 45 mins or so and apart from not being able to celebrate the Eucharist, the familiar readings will be used and carols will be sung - Yes we can sing from the comfort of our own homes and technology means that we can see the words and hear the music through me enabling screen sharing. A homily has been prepared that will be distributed with the service sheets in good time (and may be preached on the night, or may not!). Requests for an invite will open on 14th December and close on 22nd December. The service is not restricted to those with internet access as a telephone number can be provided for dialling in and joining by telephone. Friends and family are more than welcome to join, I would just need details of those requiring an invitation. I am also happy to stay on after the service to give folks a chance to chat.

I can set up practice sessions for those not familiar with using the system and can talk everyone through Zoom Etiquette if necessary. Hope to see you there on 24th December.

## Christmas Services Booking Arrangements

### Bookings will open for all these on 14th December

**Thursday 24th Dec. — ZOOM service 7pm— email or phone for invite by 22nd Dec.**

**Friday 25th Dec. 10am - limited to first 24 people—deadline for booking 17th Dec.**

Sunday 20th Dec. both services— deadline for booking 17th Dec.

Sunday 27th Dec. both services— deadline for booking 24th Dec.\*

Sunday 3rd Jan. both services —deadline for booking 24th Dec.\*

Sunday 10th Jan. both services— deadline for booking 24th Dec.\*

Sunday 17th Jan. both services— deadline for booking 14th Jan.

\* Emails and telephone messages will be monitored between 27th Dec. and 10th Jan. but will not be acknowledged unless a service is fully booked.



### **From The Editor**

Thank you to all who have contributed to Contact over the last 12 months. Enjoy reading this edition, have a very Happy Christmas and stay safe.

## **Two Grandmothers**

from **Maria Page**

When I read this story, I decided to share it with you through the magazine.

John had two grandmothers. About the only thing they had in common was that they both had a big thing about getting ready for Christmas. Grandmother got her Christmas cake and puddings sent each year from a top class shop. Granny, on the other hand, managed to convince her grandchildren that chopping nuts and cutting up candied fruit was great fun. Granny's Christmas cake smelled very different from Grandmother's one. Believing that the Christmas season is "the season to be jolly", she poured a secret ingredient over her cake (hic) to keep it moist.



Both homes had manger scenes, but again so different. In Grandmother's palatial lounge there was the most magnificent manger scene. All the figures were made of china. The grandchildren were allowed to look at the scene but not to touch! Granny's manger scene had been made by their grandad in his shed. Beside the stable, in a shoe box, was a wonderful assortment of hand crafted wooden figures. The grandchildren and their friends had great fun arranging and rearranging the figures. As they did so, they became part of the story of that remarkable birth in Bethlehem.



If only more peoples of the world were like these children and engaged in the true meaning of the Christmas story, life would be so enriched. May the joy of the Christmas child be with you and your family.

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## Who's Who at St. Peter's

*Rector:* Rev'd. Canon Christine Fraser

*Car Park Rentals:* Maria Page

*Child/vulnerable adult Protection:*

Kerry Briers

*Christian Aid:* Judy Webster

Rosemary Potter

*Church Treasurer, Gift*

*Aid & 100 Club:*

Judy Webster

*Contact Magazine Editor:*

Richard Ouston

*Email*

richard.16@hotmail.co.uk

*CTN Administrator:*

Shirley Mann

*Duty and Tea Rotas:*

Judy Webster

Shirley Mann

*Fabric Convenor:*

George Legge

*Flower Convenor:*

Jane Legge

*Hall Hire:*

Contact Vestry Secr'y

*Lay Representative:*

Shirley Mann

*Lay Worship Leaders:*

Richard Fawcett

Maria Page

Shirley Mann

Rudi Limebury

Rev. Christine Fraser

*Prayer Group:*

*Social & Fund Raising*

*Committee Chair:*

Shirley Mann

*Vestry Chairman:*

Bill Page

*Vestry Secretary:*

Maria Page

*Website:*

Norman Ward

\*\*\*\*\*

### Halls For Hire And Rooms For Rent At St. Peter's

When allowed, we will welcome people/groups to hire our church, halls and rooms. Ask **Maria** for a leaflet, details of charges and equipment available.

## Walking for Health

from **Andrea Ladyka**

Earlier on this year, I trained as a Walk Leader with Walking for Health, a Government initiative designed to encourage people of all ages and abilities to 'GET **OFF YOUR SEAT AND ON YOUR FEET!**'

It is a well-documented fact that walking is an amazing form of exercise:

It is free;

You don't need expensive gym equipment or special shoes to take part;

You can wear everyday clothes so you won't feel you stand out on the street;

You are unlikely to get injured;

It's fun to get together with others and go for a walk;

You can do it almost anywhere and at any time;

You can start off slowly and build up gradually as you grow more confident.

I take part in the walks in West Fife and I can honestly say, I have been introduced to some amazing walks and amazing people! All walks start/finish close to a bus stop and free parking. Needless to say, there has been a lot of shared laughter along the way (all within Covid 19 guidelines!).

The physical/emotional/mental benefits of walking with others, especially those who may be isolated, is immeasurable. Everybody has a smile on their face and a spring in their step.

Please feel free to have a chat with me if you would be interested in finding out more about walks across the whole of Fife, or contact:

[Vivienne.McNiven@fife.gov.uk](mailto:Vivienne.McNiven@fife.gov.uk)



**BUMS OFF SEATS** Fife Walking Initiative

As the weeks went by we got used tae the folk an' their baby an' me an' ma brithers used tae clim' up the side o' the manger tae hae a wee lookie o' the wee lad. He wis a gran' strappin' loon an he only grat fan he wis hungry but nivver really bothert us. The toon wis still an afa steer o' folk but we thocht oor life wis fine an' peaceful.

Weel, ae nicht we wis waakent - nae wi' a soun but wi' a bricht licht! Fit's this a aboot, noo? It's the middle o' the nicht but there wis a licht ower the stable as brichit as day! An' there wis mair folk outside the door but this time nae just shepherds wi' a lammie but rael fancy men wi' posh claes. The licht wis a muckle star richt abeen oor stable. They didnae hae donkeys but the queerest muckle beasts wi' great lang legs, lang necks and muckle plates o' feet. The Inn moose tellt's they wis ca'd camels. Weel I nivver!

The men cam in an knelt doon in front o' the baby bosied in his mith-er's airms. Like I said, they didnae bring a lammie but they set doon wunnerfu' rich gifts. Fit eese that wad be tae a bairnie - weel, a moosie wadnae ken.

hey wis spikkin' about a King again an' a star leaden' them frae far awa richt tae the stable. Efter a while they went awa an' we wis left tae wunner about things. Fan a' wis quaet again we went tae hae anither good look at the laddie. Ma granfaither wis richt sweir tae clim' up the manger but fan he saa the lad he said we wis lookin' at a special bairnie an' that we hid tae tell aabody fa wid listen about the cairry - ons at oor stable. Mebbe oor lad wis special efter a' - like I said, a moosie widnea ken.

Hiv Ye ony idea fa wis?



## Wordsearch for December 2020

### Silent Night

This much-loved carol comes from Austria, where it was first sung as *Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht* on Christmas Eve, 1818. It was written by Father Joseph Mohr, a young priest at St Nicholas parish church, in the village of Oberndorf bei Salzburg. As Christmas 1818 approached, he asked the local schoolmaster, Franz Xaver Gruber, to compose a melody for his carol. Gruber was organist in the nearby village of Arnsdorf, and so was happy to oblige. On Christmas Eve they presented the carol to the church during the midnight mass. The carol went on to become loved world-wide; and the version sung by Bing Crosby is the third best-selling single of all time.

Silent Night Loved Carol Austria

First  
Sung  
Stille  
Nacht  
Heilige  
Christmas  
Eve  
Father  
Joseph  
Mohr  
Young  
Priest  
Organist  
Midnight  
Mass  
Melody  
Single  
Bing  
Version  
Third



## Prayer Group

from **Maria Page**

When the pandemic reared its ugly head it was decided that the Prayer Group could not gather on a weekly basis, as we have done for a few years now. The power of technology meant we could still keep meeting virtually. Christine set us a topic, a passage of scripture or a hymn as our inspiration for study and prayer. We shared ideas with each other.

Each Wednesday, at the usual time of our meetings, we lit a candle, said a common prayer then set about our individual study. This was a discipline which we needed in our lives, especially during lockdown. Each member of the group was allocated a group of congregational members to include in our prayers. We concluded with a common prayer.

One week, our focus was our “St Peter’s Hymn”. One member of our group told us that this is when she is feeling her “go to” prayer, low. Another week, we shared in the even- ing devotion of Com- pline.



cus was our “St Peter’s member of our group her “go to” prayer, low. Another week, we ing devotion of Com- pline.

Christine’s weekly congregational letter reminded the readers that prayers could be requested, which would be passed on to the Prayer Group for inclusion in the study time. We had many requests which were all offered up to our Lord. Prayer blankets were given to those in need of comfort.

During this period, we sadly lost one of our original members – Jean Boland. In recent years, she was unable to come to the group but she welcomed us into her home so we could still be together. She was a strong member of the group who enriched our lives. She is sadly missed.

The power of prayer is so strong and we are so blessed.

**The Moosie’s Tale....** A fresh look at the wonderful Christmas Story through the eyes of a wee moosie. From **Margaret McDowall**

Fit’s a body supposed tae dee tae get a bit o’ peacearoon here? Fan the wither got a bit caal me an ma hale family cam intae toon - bit michity me, there wis hunners o’ folk a’ ower the place! We’ve nivver seen the toon sae thrang wi folk afore. Ye hid tae jink about so’s nae tae get tramlpt on!

Weel, we throttle’d fun a rare wee place - a stable ahint an Inn wi’ plenty strae tae sleep in an enuch tae eat for’s. There wis twa three donkeys bidin’ there at a time an they wis nae bother ava till’s.

A’thin wis gaein’ along fine until ae nicht we wis waakent wi a man an his wife rustlin’ about. The moose frae the Inn tellt’s there wis nae room for them l’ the Inn so they hid tae sleep wi’ the donkeys l’ the stable. Peer lass - she wis ca’ad deen - ye cuid tell by her een - an’ she laid doon l’ the strae richt awa. Her man sortit their donkey an then they settled doon for a gweed nicht’s sleep.

A’ wis quaet for a wee whilie then we heard a bairnie greetin’! A bairnie? l’ the stable? Fit ivver next? The lass hid gien birth l’ the nicht an’ she wis haudin’ her baby in her airms. Baith her man an’ her wis as prood as onythin’ o’ the bairnie.

She made a wee beddie for him l’ the donkey’s feedin’ troch an a’thin wis fine an’ dandy.

We went tae sleep again until there wis mair rustlin’ makkin’ us waaken up. Wid ye believe’t - a young shepherd laddie cam in wi’ a wee lammie in his oxter an’ he set it doon by the manger! He gied doon on his knees an’ afore lang mair shepherds cam in an’ a’ an’ they knelt doon as weel! Folk dae some rael queer things! The lass an her man wis pleased tae see the shepherds an we heard somethin’ about a King - but we moosies didna unnerstan’ fit it wis a about. The shepherds went awa efter a wee whilie an we settled doon tae a happy life wi’ oor new freen, the lammie.

# Chapel Level

Set in the outskirts of Kirkcaldy, Chapel Level is a welcoming, purpose-built care home offering nursing and nursing dementia for older people.

At HC-One, kindness is at the heart of everything we do. Our Residents are guaranteed a warm and comfortable stay in a home-from-home environment.

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To find out more information on the care that Chapel Level can offer you, or your loved one, please visit our website or contact our Home Manager, Sarah Fowler.



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## Christmas tales from the Rev James A. Simpson in

### 'Laughter Lines'.

From **Norman Ward**

An English teacher took her little son to see Santa for the first time. 'If this is Santa Claus', he asked bewildered, 'who are all the other men with white beards on the street?' Quickly drawing on her classroom experience, she explained, 'Oh, these are subordinate clauses.'

A Primary School teacher was discussing the Nativity with her class. They talked about which animals might have been in the stable. One child suggested cows, another a donkey, another oxen, a fourth a 'stable bear'.

A primary teacher had informed her class that the following day the Chaplain was coming to conduct the Christmas service, At the appointed time, she led her pupils along the corridor to the school hall. The collection plate, which was at the door of the hall, was causing quite a hold-up. The chaplain, who was standing with the headmaster watching the children file past, spoke to some of the boys who had stopped beside him. He began asking them if they knew his name. He expected them to say Mr R.. but instead, one wee lad said, 'you are the chaplain.' 'That's right', he said, 'but do you know my other name?' 'Please sir'. said one, 'is it Charlie?'

Every year in his church in Port Glasgow, Father Simon Keane set up a Nativity scene with life-sized figures, In the manger was a lovely doll representing the baby Jesus. One night as he went into the church to switch on the lights, he heard a baby crying. The cry seemed to be coming from the manger. Tiptoeing forward, he discovered that there was real baby in the manger. As he lifted the child he caught sight of a little girl cradling the doll-like figure of the baby Jesus. There was a look of infinite tenderness on her face. As the priest approached her she said apologetically, 'I just wanted to hold the baby Jesus, so I laid my wee brother in the manger so that it wouldn't be empty.'

Surprisingly muesli was readily available, it was called cattle feed. Pineapples came in chunks in a tin; we had only ever seen a picture of a real one.

Water came out of the tap, if someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than petrol for it they would have become a laughing stock.

The one thing that we never ever had on our table in the fifties .. was elbows!

\*\*\*\*\*

Like i was saying, the circus is just one of my careers. The real money comes from frosted flakes



**Eating in the 50's.**From **Norman Ward**

For those of you who are old enough to remember, enjoy.  
 For the rest, treat this as a history lesson!  
 Very surprising how time and memory has taken its toll.  
 Have things really changed this much in our time?

Consider the following:

Pasta had not been invented.

Curry was a surname.

A takeaway was a mathematical problem.

A pizza was something to do with a leaning tower.

Bananas and oranges only appeared at Christmas time.

Crisps were plain; the only choice we had was whether to put the salt on or not.

A Chinese chippy was a foreign carpenter.

Rice was a milk pudding, and never ever part of our dinner.

A Big Mac was what we wore when it was raining.

Brown bread was something only poor people ate.

Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.

Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and never green.

Coffee was Camp, and came in a bottle.

Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.

Only Heinz made beans.

Fish didn't have fingers in those days.

Eating raw fish was called poverty, not sushi.

None of us had ever heard of yoghurt.

Healthy food consisted of anything edible.

People who didn't peel potatoes were regarded as lazy.

Indian restaurants were only found in India.

Cooking outside was called camping.

Seaweed was not a recognised food.

"Kebab" was not even a word never mind a food.

Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold.

Prunes were medicinal.

**A Humble Start.**From **Marjorie Ward**

You came to this world to a lonely bed, Not in a palace, but a cattle shed,  
 Gifts wise men brought you, But where to store?  
 You had no cupboard, Just a hay strewn floor.  
 You had no quilt, or mattress firm, Only cattle fodder to keep you warm.  
 Mary, Your mother travailed in pain, No medicine for her comfort came.  
 Did she know her labour was not in vain? You Lord Jesus, would one day reign,  
 Did Mary realise it had to be, A humble start to set man free?

The shepherd's saw You in this plight, As they left their sheep, in the dead of night.  
 Not one of these visitors welcomed You home, Though they knew a King had come,  
 The Wise Men came, guided by star, With gifts of gold, frankincense and Myrrh,  
 They laid their gifts at Your Divine feet, Then journeyed on, their task complete,  
 Leaving You in the stable bare, They travelled on without a care,  
 Until God warned them to depart, Away from Herod's treacherous heart.  
 Did Mary know it had to be, A humble start to set man free?

Even then with motherly wisdom rare, Did she know a crown of thorns You'd wear?  
 As Mary watched You, run and play, With little Nazarenes, day by day,  
 Surely, her heart would ache within, For she knew that You were free from sin.  
 Did Mary accept it had to be, A humble start to set man free?

Sent from Your Father's throne on high, You were to heal the sick,  
then to die.

When cruel men cried crucify, There was not one, who could testify,  
To any crime You had committed, Pilate failed to have You acquitted,  
Cruelly mocked and beaten sore, Silently the suffering and pain You  
bore.

"Forgive them Father," was Your only cry. Oh, such love, man cannot  
deny,

Let us now turn our thoughts to Him, Whose humble start took away  
our sin.

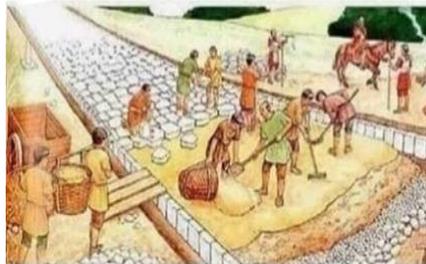
*G J Urquhart*



FOR THOSE THAT HAVE  
NEVER SEEN A  
CATFISH !!



WITHOUT A SINGLE DEGREE, THEY BUILT US  
ROADS THAT HAVE LASTED AN ETERNITY..



AND THEN, THE ENGINEERS ARRIVED!!!



## An Old Lady

from **Marjorie Ward**

When I'm an old lady, I'll live with each kid, And bring so much happi-  
ness just as they did.

I want to pay back all the joy they've provided. Returning each deed!  
Oh, they'll be so excited!

When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.

I'll write on the walls with reds, whites and blues, I'll bounce on the  
sofa wearing my shoes.

I'll drink from the carton and then leave it out. I'll stuff all the toilets  
and oh, how they'll shout!

When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.

When they're on the phone and just out of reach, I'll get into things  
like sugar and bleach.

Oh, they'll snap their fingers and then shake their head, And when  
that is done, I'll hide under the bed

When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.

When they cook dinner and call me to eat, I'll not eat my green beans  
or salad or meat,

I'll gag on my okra, spill milk on the table, And when they get angry  
I'll run if I'm able!

When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.

I'll sit close to the TV, through channels I'll click, I'll cross both eyes  
just to see if they stick.

I'll take off my socks and throw one away, And play in the mud 'til the  
end of the day!

When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.

And later in bed, I'll lay back and sigh, I'll thank God in prayer and  
then close my eyes. My kids will look down with a smile slowly creep-  
ing, And say with a groan,

"She's so sweet when she's sleeping!"

*written by Barbara Hall*