



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

Rector: The Revd. Canon Christine Fraser





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Six Stories With Meanings from **Norman Ward**

1. Once all villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of prayer, all the people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella. That is faith.
2. When you throw babies in the air, they laugh because they know you will catch them. That is trust.
3. Every night we go to bed without any assurance of being alive the next morning, but still we set alarms to wake up. That is hope.
4. We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future. That is confidence.
5. We see the world suffering, but still, we get married and have children. That is love.
6. On an old man's shirt was written a sentence "I am not 80 years old; I am sweet 16 with 64 years of experience." That is attitude.

Have a happy day and live your life like these six stories. Remember - Good friends are the rare jewels of life, difficult to find and impossible to replace!!

Mirror Mirrorfrom **Margaret McDowall**

Mirror, mirror on the wall, what a woeful tale it told.

Pride has taken quite a fall, told me truly I am old.

Long years I've lived and loved. Joy I've known and hard times too.

Sons I have, strong men and true. Much I've learned and more to do.

What years have done I cannot alter. Joints a' creak and steps a falter.

Brain and hands don't always link and teeth adorn the bathroom sink.

Now alone I've time to dream of what has come and what has been

But hold it girl, let me get real. How ripe old age now makes you feel.

Not dead yet, I am not done, watch this space there's more to come.

Still a pain to one and all, I'll turn the mirror to the wall!!!

Jean Grant

Food Locations—solution

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Bakewell Tart - 10 | Eccles Cake - 9 |
| Banbury Cake - 5 | Eton Mess - 16 |
| Bath Bun - 17 | Everton Mint - 25 |
| Branston Pickle - 1 | Kendal Mint Cake - 18 |
| Brighton Blue Cheese - 12 | Lincoln Biscuit - 4 |
| Brown Windsor Soup - 2 | Melton Mowbray Pork Pie - 20 |
| Buxton Blue Cheese - 7 | Oxford Marmalade - 6 |
| Cheddar Cheese - 27 | Pontefract Cake - 21 |
| Chelsea Bun - 15 | Red Leicester Cheese - 8 |
| Chorley Cake - 22 | Sandwich - 28 |
| Coventry God Cakes - 3 | Sturmer Pippin Apple - 13 |
| Devizes Pie - 2 | Tewkesbury Mustard - 24 |
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Letter from The Rector

Dear Friends

At this time of year, we think of the Easter story that Christians retell after the 40 days of Lent. The story is about Jesus, a man who challenged the status quo, turned the values of society upside down, offered a way to bridge the natural and the supernatural world and on Good Friday was close to death, hanging on a cross for criminals. Watching him die were the men and women who followed him, supported him and learned from him. All the possibilities he seemed to offer came to an end, when Jesus on the cross cried out the words, 'It is finished!', bowed his head and gave up the spirit.

So, was it the end? Did the Friday that we call Good Friday mark the end of the Jesus story? Did his followers slink off home, defeated and dispirited? Maybe so, for a couple of days. Then, as the Bible relates, Jesus was raised again to life on the Sunday morning, a new life that somehow broke through all human understanding of what it meant to die.

For Christians, the death and resurrection of Jesus lie at the heart of what it means to be truly human. Why? Because Christians believe that every barrier that might be placed between turning evil to good, between lies and truth, between slavery and freedom, and ultimately, between God and humanity, was broken down on that first Easter Sunday morning. For Christians, the Easter story represents hope of a new start, a new direction, a new future and the opportunity to be truly fulfilled humans.

We may share a belief in that Christian message of hope. Others may follow another faith or believe that human resources alone are enough. Yet there is something for all of us in the Easter story. Every one of us has experienced times when we felt so discouraged, so let down that we felt there was no way out, just like those followers of Jesus on that first Good Friday.

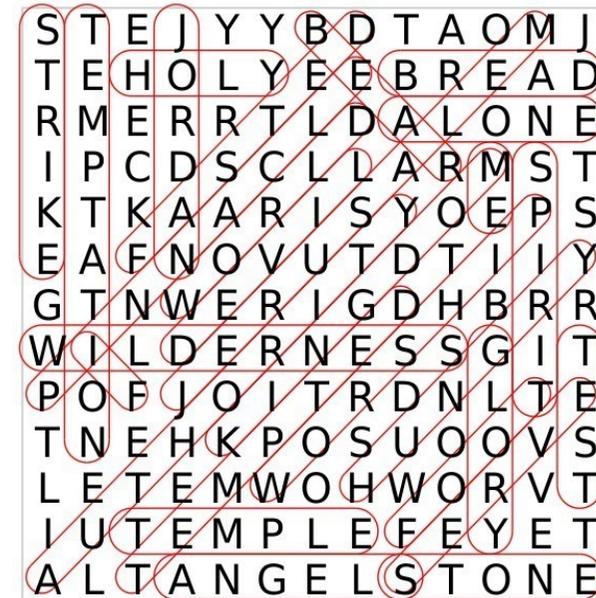
the world seems uncertain and dangerous. We are asked to isolate ourselves and pull back from society, while the news constantly elevates our concerns, creating a picture of a world we can no longer really understand.

look really rather attractive when the sun catches them. The sapling growing out of the spire is certainly an issue – although it looks so attractive in Spring when in blossom. As for our fire extinguishers, they were serviced when my predecessor-but-two was in office, and I have the certificate to prove it.

So, do thank your health and safety officer for all his work and tell him we will bear his recommendations in mind. Also tell him I was so sorry he slipped and broke his leg in our choir stalls while he was with us. But that bit of floor has been out of alignment since 1748, and it seems a shame to disturb it now. If only he had arrived encased in bubble wrap, it would never have happened. Perhaps you could put that on the agenda of your next health and safety meeting.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace



The Rectory

St. James the Least of All



On Health and Safety Matters

My dear Nephew Darren

I appreciated your recent concern when you heard one of our parishioners had slipped on a gravestone. Your desire to help was entirely commendable, and I do know that sending your own church's health and safety officer to give us some advice was kindly meant. But the 200-page report was not welcome. If we implemented even half of your officer's suggestions, life would become unbearably safe.

St James the Least of All has survived perfectly well for the last 600 years without gutter cleaning inspections, path degreasing and electrical safety certificates, so I think we may survive a little longer without them. As far as I am aware, the only disaster to hit us was when Cromwell's soldiers stabled their horses in the nave – which I suspect a few of our oldest members still clearly remember.

The shock the sidesmen sometimes get when switching on the lights occurs only occasionally, is relatively mild and soon over – and if it happens when preparing for the 8am Service, helps to wake them up. The weight of the Duke of Clumber's marble sarcophagus is slowly detaching the south aisle from the rest of the church, but it is very slow – and the pews in that area are used only once a year when his relations visit from America to commemorate his death at Agincourt – which is probably just beyond remembrance of the oldest of our congregation.

Leaks from the ceiling in the north aisle are solved with a row of buckets – and even you must concede that the fungi on the oak beams

Easter, however, is a story of hope. Easter tells us that, however bad our situation might appear to be, there is a way forward, even if we can't see it right now. So, where might our hope come from?

Let's start with people. It's easy to feel like we are on our own. But what about others? Why not be the person who brings their loneliness to an end? If we can bring hope to them, maybe the hope will rub off on us. We start by making ourselves look outwards rather than inwards, even in these difficult times – reaching out through social media, phone, text – even Zoom - to those who we know might be feeling alone.

Let's use this time we have to take a real look at our lives and what matters. Let's start with today. Let's think of three sights, words and experiences that have brought us a measure of satisfaction or pleasure, or stimulated us to think. They're worth sharing and pointing out to others who may take pleasure in them. We all have something to offer. Think of all of those amazing individuals volunteering to help the NHS and other services. Think of those helping the most vulnerable in their communities. Think of those doctors, nurses and scientists around the world risking their own health to help so many others.

Now let's think about the week that's gone by. What did we achieve, however slight the achievement might appear? What did we learn? Whose life is a little different because we helped them in some way? Let's try to look away from the negatives that are dragging us down and deliberately search for the positives – this is especially important at this time.

Finally, there is always prayer. It may be prayer to the God you believe in. It may be prayer to the God you don't know. It may even be prayer that has no known destination. Many people, of all ages, have found that praying can have remarkable results.

Sometimes, it may feel as though we are forever stuck in Good Friday but we must remember that Easter Sunday always follows. And in time when we can gather to worship together, the joy will be even more apparent.

I wish you the peace and joy of Easter - today and always.

Christine

London in 1910

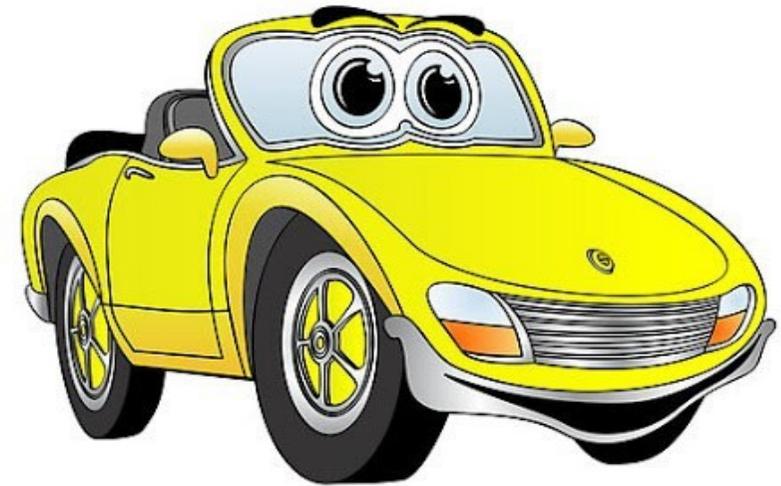
This must be a safe place to get off the omnibus, it's a "zebra" crossing, said the elegant lady.



A Zebra harnessed to a pony chaise. The zebra belongs to the music hall artist Mr Gustav Grais. Having survived a fire, it was stabled at Brixton and is seen here on its daily exercise route in South London.

London Evening Standard August 13, 1912

Newton in 2020



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Easter in Uzbekistan

from **Jill Harris**

Having arrived in Tashkent a few days earlier, we woke very early on Easter morning to catch a flight to Orgench to start our journey along the Silk Road, back to Tashkent. Our first stopover was in the ancient walled city of Khiva where we stayed in an old Madrasah.



The Sunday market was full of interesting stalls with such objects as hand made shoes, hats, puppets and amazing fruit and vegetables. I

bought my lovely astrakan hat here—sometimes I wear it to church on winter mornings.

In the afternoon, we were taken to see many of the old buildings and we passed some singing and dancing in the streets. Originally a 12th century fortress with still existent huge clay walls, Khiva is a Muslim town, conquered by the Persians in 1740. Then both Britain and Russia vied for sovereignty and it became part of the Soviet Union; it is now a self-governed police state—very safe as evidenced by the number of police around.

We visited the Kukhuna Ark with its magnificent entrance archway and wonderfully tiled walls and ceilings. By comparison, the Juma Mosque was amazing although at first sight plainer, it had 218 finely carved wooden pillars.

From there, we moved on to the palace harem, again amazing tiling and hand painted ceilings. We saw the Khodja minaret and, nearer to our Madrasah, the Kalta Minor minaret.

Despite the hot and very dusty, dried mud streets, people were out in their best clothes—even a lady sweeping the street wore a brightly coloured gown. Maybe the reason for the best clothes was a colourful wedding party which, for us, provided a lovely ending to our Easter Day in Khiva.



Worship at St Peter's (Via ZOOM unless advised otherwise)

Sunday 10.30am Said Eucharist (1982 Liturgy) with music

Easter Services

Sunday 28th March 2021 10.30am – Palm Sunday Service with blessing of Palms (please use any crosses that you have already)

Thursday 1st April 2021 7pm – Maundy Thursday Service and Watch

Friday 2nd April 2021 12noon – Good Friday Service - Stations of the Cross

Sunday 4th April 2021 10.30am – Easter Day Service with renewal of baptism vows

Friendship

from **Maria Page**

Having been through a difficult time recently, my friend has been very glad of the support of some wonderful friends. “I just wish there was some way to repay them,” she confided. “But at the moment, I just have to go by the words of Frank D. Sherman in his poem ‘Friends’: “Since I have no gold to give, and love alone must make amends, my only prayer while I live, God make me worthy of my friends.” An excellent sentiment! With such awareness, I have no doubt that Sherman, and indeed my friend, are entirely worthy. After all, true friendship has never been about material rewards, but those intangible qualities that are worth far more than money.

How true are these words. We can all think of friends we have known over the years, many of whom may have left us to be with our Lord, but their friendship is everlasting, just like God's love for us. Friendship cannot be bought – it needs to be earned through kindness, loyalty, support and, on many occasions, by just being there.

Thank you, God, for our friends.



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Sadly, because of the restrictions with the pandemic, the Hall's programme of events has had to be limited in scope since last year, but the frieze on the outside of the building remains to inspire. There we see a celebration of the rich variety of arts and sciences that include music, sculpture, painting, astronomy and navigation, and the words *Thine O Lord is the greatness and the power and the glory and the majesty* - a reminder that all our creative work here is a reflection of the wonder of God the Creator.

'He will never forget at all The day he played at Albert Hall'. That line from the Kinks' song *Session Man* invites us all to celebrate and give thanks for the richness of the life and work of the Royal Albert Hall as we look back over its 150 years and as we look ahead with hope and faith to a richer future.



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
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.

150 years of the Royal Albert Hall

Joyce Grenfell wrote a wonderful song, *Joyful Noise*, about three lady choristers: Miss Clissold, Miss Truss and Ivy Trembley. Their greatest delight was to sing in an oratorio at the Royal Albert Hall. 'It may be like a gas-works with a green-house roof above it, and it may lack convenience, but all the same we love it.' That love has marked the life of the Royal Albert Hall over 150 years as last month we celebrated its opening on 29th March 1871.



After the success of the Great Exhibition, Prince Albert dreamed of creating a more permanent cultural area in London to promote and popularise the arts and sciences. On his death in 1861 at just 42 years, it was decided to erect a memorial and a 'Central Hall.' And so the Royal Albert Hall was built. At heart it is an impressive concert hall promoting classical music with an annual performance of Handel's *Messiah* from 1876, and from 1941 the BBC Proms: 8 weeks of concerts in the summer welcoming musicians from all over the world and culminating in the memorable *Last Night*. Composers from Wagner and Verdi to Bernstein and Britten have conducted and had works performed there.

But the Royal Albert Hall has also hosted an amazingly wide variety of events through its life: the Beatles in 1963, Ella Fitzgerald in 1990, poetry evenings, sport (boxing, tennis and basketball), the *Cirque de Soleil*, Teenage Cancer Trust concerts, and the 25th anniversary performance of *The Phantom of the Opera* in 2011. It has provided a platform for Winston Churchill, Einstein and the Dalai Lama. Many of us will have poignant memories of the annual RBL Festival of Remembrance held every November since 1923: a moving occasion that culminates with the shower of poppy petals.

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.

Wordsearch

Life is full of ups and downs: after blessings, hard times often follow. They are not meant to destroy us but to help us grow spiritually by deepening our faith and dependence on God. The Holy Spirit led Jesus into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil – to give Him the opportunity to stand fast against the enemy. The devil’s temptations were based on half-truths, which Jesus rejected by standing firm on the whole truth of Scripture. The truth sets us free!

Holy Spirit Jordan Wilderness Tempted Devil

- Fasted
- Hungry
- If
- Bread
- Alone
- Kingdom
- World
- Authority
- Glory
- Worship
- Me
- Serve
- Jerusalem
- Pinnacle
- Temple
- Stone
- Foot
- Angels
- Bear
- Strike
- Test
- Temptation



How Sunday became a Christian day of Rest

It was 1700 years ago, on 7th March 321, that the Roman Emperor Constantine 1 (Constantine the Great), who had converted to Christianity, decreed that Sunday should be a day of rest throughout the Empire.



Metropolitan Museum of Art, CCO, via Wikimedia Commons

This was a change from normal Roman Empire practice, which was to regard Sunday as just another work-day – something the UK seems to be reverting to. But Constantine’s civil decree made Sunday a day of rest from labour. It said: “All judges and city people and craftsmen shall rest upon the venerable day of the sun.”

This was not intended to replace the Jewish Sabbath, which starts at sunset on Friday and continues to sunset on Saturday. Such Jewish observance was regarded by most Christians as being bound to the old law instead of the Spirit, and so was resisted. Christians backed the Sunday rest because it was the day on which Jesus had risen from the dead and the Holy Spirit had come – despite possible doubts about the phrase “day of the sun”.

Christians meeting for worship on Sunday in fact dates back to the Acts of the Apostles, and it is mentioned historically about 115AD. Actual practice varies across the world and through the years.



If we're not meant to have midnight snacks, why is there a light in the fridge ???

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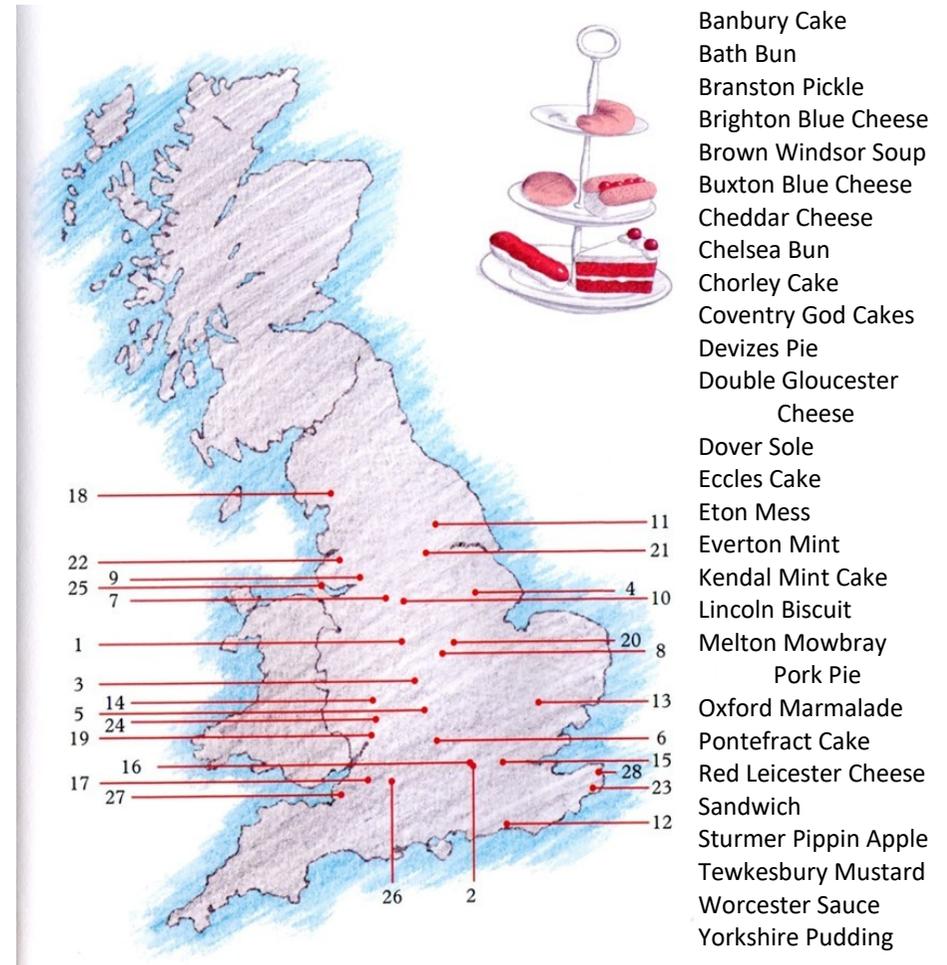
Food Locations

from **Norman Ward**

This sceptred isle is a foodie paradise, made even more enticing by the plethora of famous comestibles named after their place of origin.

As comedian Stewart Lee once remarked, 'And what I say to the people in the North Of England is not every town has to have a cake named after it.'

Here are 28 yummy foods from around the UK. Can you match to their birthplace on this map? (Answers on p.30)



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Smile Lines

Bishop

A little girl told her mother, "We went to a confirmation service at the cathedral and I saw the bishop. Now I know what a crook looks like!"

Definitions from church life

AMEN: The only part of a prayer that everyone knows.

PEWSHEET: Your receipt for attending Mattins.

HYMN: A song of praise usually sung in a key two octaves higher than that of the congregation's range.

RECESSIONAL HYMN: The last song at Sunday morning worship, often sung a little more quietly, since most of the people have already left.

JONAH: The original 'Jaws' story

PEW: A medieval torture device still found in some churches.

PROCESSION: The ceremonial formation at the beginning of a formal Sung Eucharist, consisting of altar servers, the celebrant, and late parishioners looking for seats'.

Bend

I got a package envelope in the mail the other day that had written on the front, 'Photographs: Do Not Bend.

Underneath the postman had written: "*Oh yes they do.*"

Cats & dogs

Behind every cat that crosses the street, there is a dog saying, "Go ahead, you can make it."

Dogs believe they are human. Cats believe they are God.

The only domestic animal not mentioned in the Bible is the cat.

From a parish newsletter:

'Children are normally collected during the Offertory Hymn'

Chapel Level

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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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Just in Case You Think You're Old!

Jeanne Louise Calment had the longest confirmed human lifespan on record: 122 years and 164 days. It seems that fate strongly approved of the way Madame Calment lived her life. She was born in Arles, France, on February 21, 1875. When the Eiffel Tower was built, she was 14 year old. It was at this time that she met Vincent van Gogh. "He was dirty, badly dressed and disagreeable," she recalled in an interview given in 1988.



When she was 85, she took up fencing, and she was still riding on her bike when she reached 100. At the age of 114, she starred in a film about her life; at age 115 she had an operation on her hip, and at age 117 she gave up smoking, having started at the age of 21 in 1896. Apparently, she didn't give it up for health reasons, but because she didn't like having to ask someone to help her light a cigarette, since she was nearly blind.

In 1965, Jeanne was 90 years old and had no heirs. She signed a deal to sell her apartment to a 47-year-old lawyer called André-François Raffray. He agreed to pay her a monthly sum of 2,500 francs on the condition that he would inherit her apartment after she died.

However, Raffray not only ended up paying Jeanne for 30 years, but died before she did at the age of 77. His widow was legally obliged to continue paying Madam Calment until the end of her days.

Jeanne retained sharp mental faculties. When she was asked on her 120th birthday what kind of future she expected to have, she replied, "A very short one."

Quotes and Rules of Life from Jeanne Louise Calment:

"I'm in love with wine."

"All babies are beautiful."

"I think I will die of laughter."
 "I've been forgotten by our Good Lord."
 "I've only got one wrinkle, and I'm sitting on it."
 "I never wear mascara; I laugh until I cry too often."
 "If you can't change something, don't worry about it."
 "Always keep your smile. That's how I explain my long life."
 "I see badly, I hear badly, and I feel bad, but everything's fine."
 "I have a huge desire to live and a big appetite, especially for sweets."
 "I have legs of iron, but to tell you the truth, they're starting to rust and buckle a bit."
 "I took pleasure when I could. I acted clearly and morally and without regret. I'm very lucky."
 "Being young is a state of mind, it doesn't depend on one's body, I'm actually still a young girl; it's just that I haven't looked so good for the past 70 years."

At the end of one interview, in response to a journalist who said, "I hope we will meet again sometime next year." She replied, "Why not? You're not that old; you'll still be here."

An advert appeared in a student newspaper of a university: "Sweet little old lady wishes to correspond with good-looking university student – especially a six-footer with brown eyes, answering to initials J.A.D." It was signed: "his mother."

How Smart's Your Right Foot? From Marjorie Ward

It's true - there are some things the brain just can't handle!

1. Sit in a chair, lift your right foot and make clockwise circles with it.
2. While doing this, draw a number 6 in the air with your right hand. Your foot will change direction—and there's nothing you can do about it! *Daft isn't it but I bet you try it again before the day is out!*

Easter in High Places

from **Jill Harris**

In the year 2000 I spent Easter in Tibet—the roof of the world. On Easter Day itself, we visited the oldest monastery in Tibet which meant a drive from Tsedang and a ferry ride in a very old wooden boat, driven by a tractor engine. We made a very zig-zag crossing to avoid the many sand bars in the river.

After crossing, we were loaded into a blue lorry and driven to Samye Monastery, built in 779 A.D. We travelled along a rough track and, standing in the back of a lorry, clinging onto the sides for grim death, proved quite a hairy experience. On arrival, we found it difficult to move our hands due to the onset of 'pins and needles' caused by the altitude of 3,680 mtrs.



It was all worthwhile though as the spectacular building had a beautiful golden roof and many, many frescos.

We were taken into a rather plain room where the Monks believe their spirits go to after death, awaiting re-incarnation

Some monks accompanied us on our return journey across the Yarlung river and I decided to open the Easter eggs (it was Easter Sunday after all!) I had a large bag of mini-eggs brought from England—I didn't live in Scotland then! We passed them around the boat's passengers and the monks took some, indicated that they knew what they were.

All too soon our adventure was over and we were driven in comfort back to Tsedang.

We later spent several days in Lhasa, visited the Everest Base Camp, and then on to Kathmandu, seeing many wonders en-route including a wolf and having a meeting with a family who lived and worked on a farm miles from anywhere!

daughter Mary's first child. Chatting about old times, Mum was holding the wool in her hand letting it slide through her arthritic fingers.

On my third Sunday with Mum, rather than go to Church, I decided to go for a walk. It was very hot and I went to collect my sun hat from Mum's room, when I realised that she had finally passed away. Rather than tell anyone, I went to get my violin, sneaked back to her room and played 'Amazing Grace'. It was so incredibly special for me to be able to do that. It was only afterwards that I notified the nurse in charge and my family that Mum had slipped away so peacefully.

The following day, dressed in one of Mum's 'Dirndl' dresses, I went for a walk not quite knowing how I felt. I could hear Mum saying, "Be happy". Her dying then seemed so natural and still now I feel her near me.

My three older brothers wanted me to say a few words at Mum's funeral, when I decided to play again "Amazing Grace". .

What a difference it made that I had this very special time with my Mum, and I felt so privileged that, though living so many miles apart, I was able to be with her at the end of her life on earth and entwine it with music. Music that Mum had given to me as a gift.

In 2002, the year my Mum died, the seven planets displayed themselves lined up like precious stones next to each other. A beautiful sight.

Is there some truth in that Mathematics, Music and the Creation of the Universe have a common DNA. Is it right?

Observations on modern life

Common sense is not a gift. It's a punishment because you have to deal with everyone who doesn't have it.

Save the earth. It's the only planet with chocolate.

A bus station is where a bus stops. A train station is where a train stops. On my desk I have a workstation ????

A journey of a thousand miles begins with a cash advance.

The journey of a thousand miles begins with a broken fan belt and a flat tyre.

The darkest hour is just before dawn. So, if you're going to steal your neighbour's milk, that's the time to do it.

Don't be irreplaceable. If you can't be replaced, you can't be promoted.

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.

A filing cabinet is a place where you can lose things systematically.

If you think the problem is bad now, just wait until we have solved it. (Arthur Kasppe)

Two choir members recently got married. They met by chants.

The most welcome guest is the one who knows when to go home.

Being popular on Facebook is like sitting at the pool table in the cafeteria of a mental hospital.

Why do they lock petrol station bathrooms? Afraid that someone will clean them?



Personal Musical Highlights from Hedi Limebury

My Mum, a piano teacher, taught me the piano until the age of ten. We lived in the country in a Missionary Establishment my parents oversaw. With no suitable schools nearby, I went to an all-girls' boarding School in Vienna. I joined the School Choir and learned to play the violin, eventually joining the School Orchestra. On the top floor of the boarding house was a penthouse where I could scratch away on my violin to my heart's desire without being heard by anyone else.

Previously in 1945, when our area was occupied by the Russians, my Mum was told to vacate our large flat within a few hours. She organised a cart and horse to transport essentials to a new temporary place: one room in the basement for seven of us. We were told to leave most of our furniture including Mum's grand piano in the flat.

One day, just aged five, I saw Mum's grand piano taken to the local pub. I ran as fast as I could on my two little legs to tell Mum. We went to the pub and Mum played on the piano with Russian soldiers listening, one of them was even lying on top of the piano with his gun. Then Mum locked the piano, taking the key with her.

Another time I saw our beautiful dining room table, part of our nice rustic dining room furniture, taken to the station, put on a wagon never to be seen again. Eventually, we did get our furniture back, the piano is now with one of our nieces in Vienna and some of the furniture now with us here in Scotland.

I love Chamber Music thanks to my Mum. Whilst at Boarding School in Vienna, Mum got me Season tickets for some eight concerts in the Vienna Musik Verein (yes that's where every year the New Year Concert takes place!). I could then forget the high walled surround and restrictions of the School and fly away with my emotions into this beautiful, colourful, indescribable world of music: Dvorak, Schubert, Beethoven and others. Also that's when one of my three older brothers would pick me up to get me to the Concert Hall and deliver me back to the 'walled' restrictions of the School, with the music still alive inside me.

When home in Salzerbad during the holidays, I loved sitting next to Mum as she played the small organ on Sundays in the 'Emmanuel Chapel', turning the pages for her and reminding her when it was the last verse of each hymn.

Also we played together Bach's Violin Concerto in A Minor and Mozart's 'Eine Kleine Nacht Musik'. Another one we especially liked was Anton Dvorak's 'Sonata in G Major' with its' delightful folk tunes. We both got carried away with the last movement when my Mum exclaimed - "That was brilliant!!". It felt great.

Mum still played the organ for her 90th birthday celebrations with her now quite arthritic fingers, saying: 'The fingers just know what to do!'

Seven years later in 2002, I stayed with Mum in Austria for three weeks. Now aged 97, she had been widowed for nine years. For some two years she was lovingly looked after in a home for retired nuns. I sat at her bedside crocheting a blanket in gold colour for our