UDDINGSTON OLD PARISH CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

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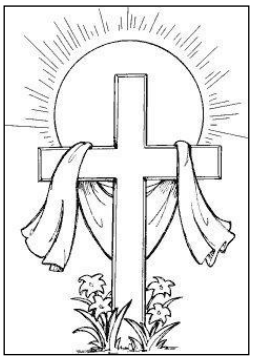
MAGAZINE

April 2021



Pastoral Letter

Dear Friends,

We have just witnessed the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. This is a time of jubilation, of praising God as well as asking ourselves what is the next step in our journey of faith. It Is not easy reflecting upon our own faith and relationship with Christ yet we are called to do so. To help me with my own thinking and reflecting I've been journeying with the words that have been written by Rev Liz Crumlish, so let me share these thoughts from **Mark 16: 8**

So, they went out and fled from the tomb, for terror and amazement had seized them; and they said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid.

This is the account that speaks most piercingly today, not the tender moment in the garden or the women's "idle tales"— but the flight and the silence.
Our usual "The Lord is Risen He is Risen indeed Alleluia!" Still rings true.
Of course, it does.
But the terror and amazement are the emotions that linger in this year of pandemic, when it seems for us there may be a kind of emerging into a changed future.
For who are we — the ones called to witness and proclaim Resurrection today?
When so much has been lost and lives have been forever changed?
When it seems insensitive to speak of new discoveries, of joy in things found in our forced isolation.
Who are we called to be as we face the uncertainty of life beyond pandemic?
In the midst of grief and trauma, of austerity and oppression, of loneliness or lingering illness, of growing awareness of systemic global injustice to which we have contributed.
How are we being called to bring Resurrection light?
With trumpet fanfares or subdued whispers of love in action?

I believe that living in Resurrection today demands more of us than ever before. It's easier to loudly proclaim our faith than it is to quietly live with the anxiety and the uncertainty of emergence to which we are called today. When we can no longer rely on all that we've known. When there's no going back to the tried and tested but are called to follow the Risen Christ into a new dawn of dismantling empires and institutions designed to control and oppress and into a new era of release for the captives, freedom for the oppressed, healing and wholeness for all of creation. Emerging with the risen Christ with wounds still fresh, to transform the world in love, witnesses to Resurrection for these days.

If we believe that we are the Resurrection Light, I would hope that over time people would look at us and say … so that's what Jesus looks like. To be a church that looks like that, requires us to look at ourselves … the way we treat each other, the way we speak to each other, the way we interact with each other.

Easter is the time to reflect upon who we truly are.

Blessings

Rev Fiona,

Reverend Fiona McKibbin

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Next Issue

Articles for the April magazine to the editors by **Thursday 22nd April 2021**

Available **Sunday 2nd May 2021**

We are alway happy to receive articles for inclusion in your magazine. Submissions can be sent direct to the editors or by e-mail to magazine@uddingstonold.org or on paper.

Church Garden

Spring has sprung and new things are happening in our church grounds. The ongoing project of turning a small part of the garden into a wildlife area is still underway.

The newly planted and existing bulbs are springing into life with a friendship circle of daffodils around the old tree.

Repurposing of old bins one of which is now a water butt which will enable us to use water without chemicals. Reinstating the compost bin disposing of the plastic bags that were found in it.

The purpose of these things is to try and create a space where wildlife can flourish. We have already been lucky enough to see a hedgehog, tree bumblebee, buff tailed bumblebee, a peacock and small tortoiseshell butterflies. The garden is also rich in bird life including Britain's smallest bird the Gold Crest.

Providing an environment rich in wildlife is a gift. Over the next few months we will strive to keep improving this wildlife area so please don't be upset if you see the hedge not cut, some of the grass left longer and some lovely wild flowers left to flower these are all so important for wildlife as habitats are disappearing fast .

We will hopefully be able to have a regular corner in the church magazine with updates of what's happening and possibly some eco tips . So enjoy the spring and the new life it brings with it.

Stay connected with the

Uddingston Old Parish Church

and

Rev Fiona McKibbin

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Church Website: www.uddingstonold.org

Facebook: uddingston old parish church

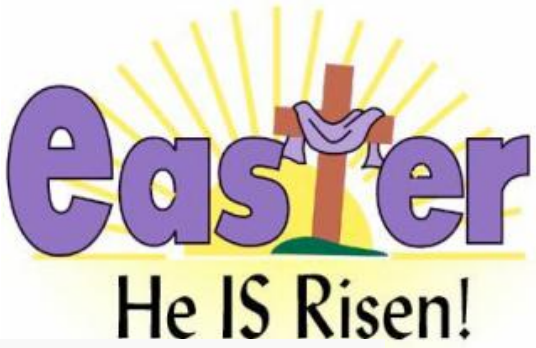
Uddingston old parish kidz

To all Chocolate Lovers!
Did you solve the Pictorial Quiz
Answers

1. Roses
2. Caramel
3. Mint Crisp
4. Fruit & Nut
5. Curly Wurly
6. Crunchie
7. Picnic
8. Twirl
9. Turkish Delight
10. Dairy Milk
11. Whole Nut
12. Milk Tray
13. Double Decker
14. Flake
15. Time out
16. Heroes

Thank You

Pamela Aitken and family thank Fiona for her support and for conducting the Funeral Service for Ian. Thanks also to all our friends within the Church family for your kindness in sending cards, letters and flowers. We very much appreciate your thoughtful words and praise when referring to Ian's musical skills. He did enjoy being part of the Church Music Group many years ago and also for his recent short spell of playing for the Church Services.



Jeremy's Egg

Inspirational Easter Story

Jeremy was born with a twisted body, a slow mind and a chronic, terminal illness that had been slowly killing him all his young life. Still, his parents had tried to give him as normal a life as possible and had sent him to St. Theresa's Elementary School.

At the age of 12, Jeremy was only in second grade, seemingly unable to learn. His teacher, Doris Miller, often became exasperated with him. He would squirm in his seat, drool and make grunting noises. At other times, he spoke clearly and distinctly, as if a spot of light had penetrated the darkness of his brain. Most of the time, however, Jeremy irritated his teacher. One day, she called his parents and asked them to come to St. Teresa's for a consultation.

As the Forresters sat quietly in the empty classroom, Doris said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems. Why, there is a five-year gap between his age and that of the other students!"

Mrs. Forrester cried softly into a tissue while her husband spoke. "Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be a terrible shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here."

Doris sat for a long time after they left, staring at the snow outside the window. Its coldness seemed to seep into her soul. She wanted to sympathise with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terminal illness. But it wasn't fair to keep him in her class. She had 18 other youngsters to teach and Jeremy was a distraction. Furthermore, he would never learn to read or write. Why waste any more time trying?

As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. "Oh God," she said aloud, "here I am complaining when my problems are nothing compared with that poor family! Please help me to be more patient with Jeremy."

From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares. Then one day he limped to her desk, dragging his bad leg behind him. "I love you, Miss Miller," he exclaimed, loudly enough for the whole class to hear. The other children snickered, and Doris' face turned red. She stammered, "Wh-Why, that's very nice, Jeremy. Now please take your seat."

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

Yes, Miss Miller!" the children responded enthusiastically - all except for Jeremy. He just listened intently, his eyes never left her face. He did not even make his usual noises. Had he understood what she had said about Jesus' death and resurrection? Did he understand the assignment? Perhaps she should call his parents and explain the project to them. That evening, Doris' kitchen sink stopped up. She called the landlord and waited an hour for him to come by and unclog it. After that, she still had to shop for groceries, iron a blouse and prepare a vocabulary test for the next day. She completely forgot about phoning Jeremy's parents.

The next morning, 19 children came to school, laughing and talking as they placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller's desk. After they completed their Math lesson, it was time to open the eggs. In the first egg, Doris found a flower. "Oh yes, a flower is certainly a sign of new life," she said. "When plants peek through the ground we know that spring is here." A small girl in the first row waved her arms. "That's my egg, Miss Miller," she called out.

The next egg contained a plastic butterfly, which looked very real. Doris held it up. "We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly. Yes, that is new life, too" Little Judy smiled proudly and said, "Miss Miller, that one is mine."

Next Doris found a rock with moss on it. She explained that the moss, too, showed life. Billy spoke up from the back of the classroom. "My Daddy helped me!" he beamed.

Then Doris opened the fourth egg. She gasped. The egg was empty! Surely it must be Jeremy's, she thought, and, of course, he did not understand her instructions. If only she had not forgotten to phone his parents. Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached for another.

Suddenly Jeremy spoke up. "Miss Miller, aren't you going to talk about my egg?" Flustered, Doris replied, "but Jeremy - your egg is empty!" He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty too!"

Time stopped. When she could speak again. Doris asked him, " Do you know why the tomb was empty?"

"Oh yes!" Jeremy exclaimed. "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then his Father raised him up!"

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

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

Written by Ida Mae Kempel