

# MEADOWBANK

Church of Scotland

## weekly message

**UPDATE**  
29th October  
2020



[www.meadowbank.church](http://www.meadowbank.church)

### Sunday 1st November 11am celebration of 'All Saints'

All Saints is marked by Christians round the world as a time to remember all those who have been important to us in our lives thinking of the 'big saints' like St Peter or St Margaret, or St Columba or St Ebbe but also of all the 'little saints' - ordinary people who are all loved of God

There are only 24 places in the church each Sunday so you **MUST** text/phone/email Russell if you want to attend.



Round the world people celebrate All Saints Day in different ways. In Guatemala locals display huge circular kites called barriletes & fly smaller ones each year in the cemetery to honour the dead. In Poland families fill cemeteries with candle-light and chrysanthemums.

Folks

This Sunday, being 'All Saints' is specially meaningful to me where my Dad passed away last Monday evening. As a family we are preparing to celebrate his life next Friday at a service with just 15 folk in the Cloister Chapel at Warriston.

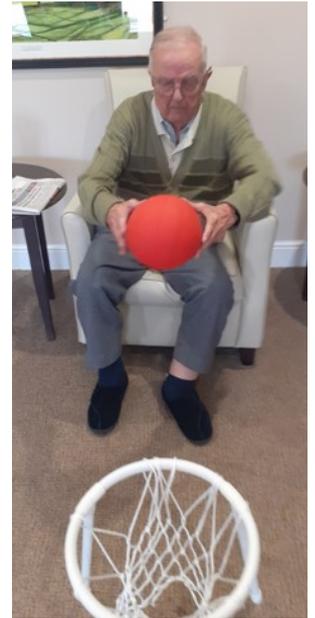
We have so many good things to be thankful for and through his 91 years he travelled the world with Mum—from New Zealand to China, India to Canada, South Africa to South America—though he never forgot his roots as an 'honest man' from his beloved Ayr. Dad loved music and we will hear a medley of his favourite tunes by talented grandchildren.

Dad was amazingly well cared for over the past nine months in Northcare Home on Telford Road by staff who really appreciated his character—the photograph showing him enjoying a bit of sport in the lounge with his Scotsman at his side

**Thanks to all who have remembered my parents over the months and sent messages of support to us this week.**

You will each have people you remember every day — not just at this time of year— people who remain part of your life even though they may be long departed. Where many cultures — like the ancient Celtic or Aboriginal peoples — are noted for remembering their predecessors this is extremely important too in 21st century life and in faith as Christians we hold strongly to the idea of the 'communion of saints'.

**Blessing to each  
and to all**



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# Poems and prayers for All Saint Day

## Psalm 34 verses 8-10 & 22

O taste and see that the Lord is good;  
happy are those who take refuge in him.  
O fear the Lord, you his holy ones,  
for those who fear him have no want.  
The young lions suffer want and hunger,  
but those who seek the Lord lack no good  
thing.  
The Lord redeems the life of his servants;  
none of those who take refuge in him will be  
condemned'



## a hymn remembering the ordinary saints

For all the saints who've shown your love  
in how they live and where they move,  
for mindful women, caring men,  
accept our gratitude again.

For all the saints who've loved your name,  
whose faith increased the Saviour's fame,  
who sang your songs and shared your word,  
accept our gratitude, Good Lord.

For all the saints who named your will,  
and showed the Kingdom coming still  
through selfless protest, prayer and praise,  
accept the gratitude we raise.

Bless all whose will or name or love  
reflects the grace of heaven above.  
Though unacclaimed by earthly powers  
your life through theirs has hallowed ours

Words by John L Bell — tune O Waly Waly

## Watching the geese

go south I find  
that  
even in silence  
and even in stillness  
and  
even in my home  
alone  
without a thought  
or a movement  
I am part  
of a great migration  
that will take me to another place.

And though all the things I love  
may pass away and  
the great family of things and people  
I have made around me  
will see me go,  
I feel them living in me  
like a great gathering  
ready to reach a greater home.

When one thing dies all things  
die together, and must live again  
in a different way,  
when one thing  
is missing everything is missing,  
and must be found again  
in a new whole  
and everything wants to be complete,  
everything wants to go home  
and the geese traveling south  
are like the shadow of my breath  
flying into the darkness  
on great heart-beats  
to an unknown land where I belong.

This morning they have  
found me,  
full of faith,  
like a blind child,  
nestled in their feathers,  
following a great coast  
to the home I cannot see.

from a poem by David Whyte  
'What I must tell myself'

