



Remembrance Sunday—8 November 2020

WORSHIP LEADER Rev Dr George Whyte

SCRIPTURE READER Heather Merrimen

God is our refuge and our stronghold,
a timely help in trouble. *Psalm 46: 1*

Let us in honesty of heart seek the Lord's renewing grace,
to deepen our wisdom and our peace,
and to equip us as instruments of his kindness.

Let us pray.

Eternal God,
you are the shepherd of our souls,
the giver of life everlasting.
On this day
when we commemorate and commend to you
those who lived and died
in the service of others,
we are glad to remember
that your purposes for us are good,
that you gave Jesus Christ
for the life of the world,
and that you lead us by his Holy Spirit
into the paths of righteousness and peace.
Merciful and faithful God,
your purpose is to fold both earth and heaven
in a single peace.
With sorrow we confess
that in our hearts we keep alive
the passions and pride
that lead to hatred and to war.
We are not worthy of your love,
nor of the sacrifice made by others on our behalf.
Lord, have mercy.

Almighty God,
pardon and deliver us from all our sins,
confirm and strengthen us in all goodness,
and keep us in life eternal;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**



It is with great sadness that
we have to intimate the death
of

Alan Wilkie
10 Thomson Road

Please pray for the family

God of unbounded grace,
you declared your reconciling love and power
in the death and resurrection
of our Saviour Jesus Christ.
Teach us, who live only in your forgiveness,
to forgive one another.
Heal our divisions,
cast out our fears,
renew our faith in your unchanging purpose
of goodwill and peace on earth;
through Jesus Christ our Lord,
who lives and reigns
with you and the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

Hymn 161 O God, our help in ages past

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting thou art God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.

Bible Readings from Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-14—Hymn in Honour of Our Ancestors; and Romans 8: 31-39—More than Conquerors

Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-14—Hymn in Honour of Our Ancestors

Let us now sing the praises of famous men,
our ancestors in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
and made a name for themselves by their valour;
those who gave counsel because they were intelligent;
those who spoke in prophetic oracles;
those who led the people by their counsels
and by their knowledge of the people's lore;
they were wise in their words of instruction;
those who composed musical tunes,
or put verses in writing;

rich men endowed with resources,
living peacefully in their homes—
all these were honoured in their generations,
and were the pride of their times.
Some of them have left behind a name,
so that others declare their praise.
But of others there is no memory;
they have perished as though they had never existed;
they have become as though they had never been born,
they and their children after them.
But these also were godly men,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their wealth will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance with their children's children.
Their descendants stand by the covenants;
their children also, for their sake.
Their offspring will continue for ever,
and their glory will never be blotted out.
Their bodies are buried in peace,
but their name lives on generation after generation.
The assembly declares* their wisdom,
and the congregation proclaims their praise.

Romans 8:31-39—More than Conquerors

What then are we to say about these things? If God is for us, who is against us? He who did not withhold his own Son, but gave him up for all of us, will he not with him also give us everything else? Who will bring any charge against God's elect? It is God who justifies. Who is to condemn? It is Christ Jesus, who died, yes, who was raised, who is at the right hand of God, who indeed intercedes for us. Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will hardship, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written,

*'For your sake we are being killed all day long;
we are accounted as sheep to be slaughtered.'*

No, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.



The Menin Gate, Ypres, Belgium

Sermon—Their Name Liveth for Evermore

In the little Belgian town of Ypres, the Menin Gate spans the cobbled road leading out of the old centre.

Every evening at eight pm, the police close the road. The clock in the town square will strike eight and the local firemen will parade out and sound the Last Post as they have done every night for over ninety years. All of us gathered then keep the silence and commit ourselves to remember those that will not grow old.

Around us on the arches and on the walls outside there are carved the names of fifty five thousand young men from all over the world whose remains were never found. Fifty five thousand names. Name after name carved on every surface of the white stone. At the end of the list there are carved the simple words from the Apocrypha: *Their name liveth for ever more.*

And yet does it? Their children are now mostly gone. Their grandchildren are north of middle age. Increasingly for those who gather there is no family tie. Others are connected by old photographs and dusty books.

As the years pass the First World War when it is spoken of now is in terms of its statistics. Horrendous numbers of dead and injured. Maybe if we were creating a fresh war memorial in Ypres it would simply have a number carved on it.

But what a lot we would lose if that were to happen. War memorials need names even if none of us who read them can recall the particular people. Recalling numbers is not the same as remembering the dead and how they came to lose their lives among the poppies.

These are the names that parents gave to their babies. They would be put proudly in the newspaper. They were the stuff of baptisms and naming ceremonies. Ministers and priests used these names as they led the prayer of those who wished them well. These were the names toasted by cheery faced uncles at the celebrations which followed. Their choice would have said much about the parents' ambitions for their child. For many it represented continuity as the father or grandfather's name was passed on or another generation was also burdened with that peculiar middle name which no-one was allowed to hear. Names put these young men in the families which gave them birth and reared them in early years.

These are the names which the teacher called day by day in school as time and talent was invested in these boys.

These are the names that friends called out signalling warmth and familiarity. They have been uttered with greetings and banter. These were the names which were called when the ball was to be passed out to the wing. These were the names which were once attached to "help me with my homework." These were the names on the list for the summer camp. These were the names on the draw for the Saturday medal at the golf club.

These were the names on apprentice forms. That is the name on a tradesman's tools. This is the name on a clerk's desk. That is the name on a bus driver's badge. For the most part these are not the names of professional soldiers. These are the names of young people who had begun to make their way in the world. These are the names of some who were already making a mess of life in the world.

These are the names that have been whispered with a sweetheart's tenderness. These are names cried with a lover's passion. These names have been signed on a marriage register. These are the names of sons who had until then stayed at home to be the bread winner, tending the family farm, keeping the shop, growing up too quickly to replace the dad that had been lost. These are the names which have been

hurled in anger as relationships dissolved, as families feuded, as opportunities were spurned, as inheritance was wasted, as shame was brought on respectable homes. Some are names that the police would recognise, the debt collector knew. Names which were always on the doctor's list with bad backs.

These are the names of the sons, brothers, husbands, friends, cousins, uncles, nephews, neighbours, colleagues, who left with marching bands but who never marched back. They are the names of people who in life were an integral part of the lives of so many others but in death they had no grave to call their own.

On a stone arch in Belgium there is just a list of names—a long, long list of names.

And when Remembrance Sunday comes round and we no longer read the names on our memorials but recall only the cold statistics then true remembrance will have ceased. Remembrance needs the names because what we remember are individual people. It is their loss we remember.

We need the names on our war memorials. It is the list of names which tell us of the sacrifice and the cost of war.

In Genesis the ancient myth of creation common to Jews and Christians tells that God made individuals and gave them names and gave them the authority to name others.

We remember that when Jesus talked of being the good shepherd he also said that he stands at the gate of life and calls us by name into his fold.

Names matter—their use changes the way we see the other, it puts them in the context of life.

And so at the Menin Gate they carved the names with the promise that “their name liveth forever”. It will be true for us as long as people read the names and use their imagination to get behind the statistics which can make war more palatable.

May we always remember by name. Then we will be a living memorial to those who gave so much. And when war clouds gather again instead of relying on graphs and charts to form our decisions we will consider with the utmost care if the death of named, innocent people is a price worth the paying.

Call to Remembrance

Let us remember the kindness of God,
and his favour to us in our time of need.

Let us remember the courage, devotion to duty,
and the self-sacrifice of the men and women in our armed forces;
the toil, endurance, and suffering of those who were not in uniform;
the support of those who sent us help from afar, or came and stood by our side.

Let us remember those who were our enemies,
whose homes and hearts are as bereft as ours.

Let us remember those who came back;
those whose lives still bear the scars of war;
those who lost sight or limbs or reason;
those who lost faith in God and hope for humanity.

The Tryst

'They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning,
We will remember them.'

The Silence

Prayers

God of power and love, bless our country and commonwealth. Give wisdom and strength to the Queen, govern those who make the laws, guide those who direct our common life, and grant that together we may fulfil our service for the welfare of the whole people and for your praise and glory.

Bless all members of the armed forces. Defend them in danger. Give them courage to meet all occasions with discipline and loyalty. So may they serve the cause of justice and peace, to the honour of your name.

Bless our young people. May they never see the flames of war, or know the depths of cruelty to which men and women can sink. Grant that in their generation they may be faithful soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ.

Comfort all who mourn the death of loved ones, and all who this day miss the comradeship of friends.

Bless those who are homeless, those who are refugees, those who are hungry, those who have lost their livelihood or security.

Bless those in authority in every land, and give them wisdom to know and courage to do what is right.

Encourage those who work for peace, who strive to improve international relations, who seek new ways of reconciling people of different race, colour, and creed.

Bless your Church throughout the world.
and make us a sign of hope to our divided world.

And now, rejoicing in the communion of saints, we remember those whom you have gathered into the peace of your presence, and give you thanks for those whom we have known, whose memory we treasure.

May the example of their devotion inspire us.

And at the last, grant that we, being faithful till death, may receive with them the crown of life that never fades;

through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Lord's Prayer

*Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts,
as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power, and the glory,
for ever. Amen.*

Hymn 318—Mine eyes have seen the glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord:
he is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible
swift sword:
his truth is marching on.
*Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
glory, glory, Hallelujah,
glory, glory, Hallelujah,
his truth is marching on.*

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
he is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment-seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.
*Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
glory, glory, Hallelujah,
glory, glory, Hallelujah,
our God is marching on.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
with a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me:
as he died to make us holy, let us live to make all
free,
while God is marching on.
*Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
glory, glory, Hallelujah,
glory, glory, Hallelujah,
while God is marching on.*

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the
wave;
he is wisdom to the mighty; he is succour to the
brave;
so the world shall be his footstool, and the soul
of time his slave:
our God is marching on.
*Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
glory, glory, Hallelujah,
glory, glory, Hallelujah,
our God is marching on.*

Benediction

God grant to the living, grace;
to the departed, rest;
to the Church, the Queen, the Commonwealth,
and all people,
peace and concord;
and to us and all his servants
life everlasting.
And the blessing of God almighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
be with you all. **Amen.**

Kirk News Update

Remembrance Sunday

I am grateful to Rev Dr George Whyte, Principal Clerk of the General Assembly for conducting today's Remembrance Service and to Heather for readings and selecting the music. It's a very moving Service.

With the new Tier 3 Guidelines being imposed, it will not be possible to have our usual outside service at the Kirk but, under the guidelines, it will be possible to lay a wreath, with numbers restricted to two households.

Accordingly, I have asked Magnus Polson, retired Merchant Navy Captain, to lay the wreath at 11.00 am this Sunday at the War Memorial outside the Kirk and I will accompany him—thus satisfying the two household rule.

Councillor Susan Webber will also lay a wreath on behalf of Edinburgh District Council later at 11.30 am.

Please feel free to visit the War Memorial outwith those times.

With Easter hopefully returning within the next two weeks, John Sawkins and members of the Worship Team have kindly agreed to do the Service on Sunday 15 November and I am grateful to them for doing this.

COVID-19 Update as of 2 November

Further to the Scottish Government's introduction of the new Tier levels of Covid Guidelines, which took effect on 2 November, we received a new set of guidelines from the Church of Scotland, via the Principal Clerk, Rev Dr George Whyte, which impacts Currie Kirk.

Currie comes under Tier 3 guidelines

This means that the Church Office will **NOT** open on Tuesday mornings, likewise the Gibson Craig Hall too and Nina will continue to work from home. However, should you wish anything picked up and stored in the Hall for future attention, please contact either Nina on 0131 451 5141 or Gordon on 0131 449 2313 and we'll do our best to arrange uplift.

Sorry for any inconvenience this is going to cause. Hopefully, it will be short lived.

Best regards,

Gordon
Session Clerk
449 2313



A Letter from Easter's Father



Dear Dear Friends,

More than ever have I appreciated the friendship and support from our church families, and not least the power and energy of prayer. Truly, Rosemary's very sudden death in an automobile accident has left us all so stunned.

Many hundreds of cards and phone-calls have come in, even from around the world—Easter's church family in Edinburgh, Nicola's Church in Severna Park, and not least from yourselves as good and caring friends. Prayer and power go together.

This past year has been especially rough on so many families through bereavement and illness. When death suddenly strikes as many of you can appreciate, we have nowhere else to lean except to God our Father who created every one of us for Himself.

Over many years of ministry I have been able to bring some of God's comfort and hope to so many in times of crisis. Every day, I seek God's love, goodness and wisdom to meet the challenges before us.

Nicola, Easter and I and the five grandchildren are still in deep shock. Rosemary was the pillar of our family and we have hundreds of photos from the past, sharing her joyful, creative and supportive personality.

Naturally, we commend her to God's care and keeping. But we will continue to miss her conversation, her enthusiasm, her love and sense of fun for a very long time.

You will know, I am sure, that last Sunday was *All Saints Day* in our Church calendar. In a deep and personal way, we want to thank God for all the Christian Saints of the past who are still cheering us on. We are so grateful for the countless blessings that have come to us all through Rosemary.

May God accept our gratitude and may Jesus lead us through this next chapter of life.

Thank you from the depth of our hearts,

Ernest

A Letter from Easter

Hello from me to all our friends in Currie! I wanted to share Dad's letter. His note expresses better than I can, our gratitude for your prayers and kindness.

Darren and the kids are back in Edinburgh, although required to isolate. With your forbearance, I have opted to stay on for a couple of weeks to help with practical matters, as well as to be alongside Dad and Nicola.

Were I already home, I suspect that Lockdown would keep me from being able to see you in person—and whilst I am thinking of Currie a lot, and miss everyone, I will just try from here try to keep in touch and up to date through email, letter, Zoom, you-tube (the tools we have had to learn to use since Covid!).

I wish also to thank Professors David Fergusson and John Sawkins, Grant Gordon, Heather Merriman, George Whyte, Nina, Isobel, Gordon and all the Session for your help and support to keep things going when I needed to step away at such a difficult family time.

This Remembrance Sunday I will accompany Dad to the **Lorraine Cemetery Garden of Honour** in Baltimore to honour American and British service personnel buried there. We will meet with members of the St Andrew's Society and the St George's Society for a service of Remembrance, albeit in a very socially distanced way. The Lorraine Cemetery here has a sister burial ground (also the Lorraine Cemetery) near Moselle in France where 10,489 American Soldiers who died in the Second World War are buried.

Between All Saints and Remembrance, November is always a month to remember and give thanks for those we have lost. Last Monday, 2nd November was particularly poignant as it was to be Mum's 80th Birthday. We had lunch here at the house with her best friends and we made shortbread and tried to share stories, even if with a fair few tears. I so appreciate you keeping us all in your prayers.

Thanks again and much love to you,

Easter



Lorraine Cemetery Garden of Honour in Baltimore

Currie Kirk Guild



We had another successful meeting on Tuesday morning with an attendance of 22 members which is the most so far.

Colin Chess gave us an extremely interesting talk on “The Old Trades of Edinburgh” so we now know all about Caddies, Link Boys and Chairmen. Unfortunately the museums are closed at present—I think—so we cannot go and see any of the items he told us about.



Our next meeting is on Tuesday 17 November at 2 pm when Derek Blyth will be talking about “Edith Piaf” complete with music.

Due to the closure of the church office, it is no longer possible to leave Advent Calendars and Selection Boxes there. For the present email me at elf.lamont@blueyonder.co.uk and I will collect them. Watch this space for further details.

Louise Lamont
Guild President



Remembrance

These resources are designed to help you explore the Bible as a family together at home while we can't go to church. Be as creative as you want to be and enjoy spending time with each other and with God.

Prepare yourself...

God of comfort,
in all the stories of our lives, you are with us.
As we turn to each other, and turn to you,
may we give and find all the comfort that we
need,
knowing that it is in such shelter
that we hear the echoes of your great kindness.
Amen.

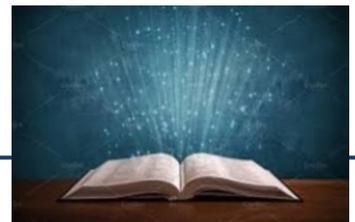


Play together...

Play "*I went to the supermarket and I bought...*"
If you're not sure how to play then the instructions can be found here: https://www.goodplayguide.com/play_idea/supermarket-game/

Question...

What kind of things do you use as reminders?
Either as a reminder of a person, or an event, or of
something you need to do/buy?



Read the Bible...

Today's verses are found in 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18 . You can read them in a Bible or find them here: <https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=1+Thess+4%3A13-18&version=NLT>
You could try reading the verses in different versions to see if it adds to your understanding of the passage.
If you want to make this more active you could come up with different actions for key words such as died, grieve, hope/encourage, Jesus, rose again.



Talk together...

In today's verses Paul reminds the people that when sad things happen, Jesus gives us hope.

Have you ever felt happy and sad at the same time?

Have you ever felt sad about something but still had hope?

What do you think hope is or means?

How can we have hope in times of sadness?

Why does Paul say that we can have hope when people die?

What does the poppy symbol mean to you?

What is your hope for the future?

God has given us family and friends who help us when we're sad. Paul calls this "encouragement".

How might you help others who are sad or grieving?

Pray together...

Hope blooms: You'll need shallow water in a tray/sink/paddling pool, paper squares, pens/pencils.

What do you hope for in the future? What do you hope the world will be like? Write your hopes and dreams on a piece of paper. Fold the 4 corners of your paper so they meet in the middle. Carefully place your paper on top of the water (folds upwards!) Now wait as your paper slowly unfolds. How do you feel as your hope prayer blooms?

Praise together...

Living Hope by Phil Wickham: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9f2FXxDVO6w>

Play something...

Play "*Fortunately, unfortunately...*" Here's instructions if you're not sure how to play: <https://www.bbbpress.com/2014/10/drama-game-fortunately-unfortunately/>



Make something...

Hope cards: you'll need A piece of A4 card each, glue, cotton wool, pens, yellow card, scissors.

Fold the card using the [step-by-step instructions](#). On the front of the card make a cloud by sticking on cotton wool and writing the words "Behind the clouds...".

For the inside, cut out a circle from the yellow card and stick it on the raised edge inside the card, as shown on the instructions. This creates a sun that pops up when the card is opened. Write the words "the sun still shines".

Decide who your card is for and write a personal message inside. Work out the safest and best way to deliver your card, then do it!

Blythswood Shoe Box Appeal

A big thank you to everyone who filled a shoebox or shoebag for Eastern Europe.

Blythswood came to collect 62 boxes and 20 bags on Tuesday!!

A selection of the very colourful and filled bags and boxes are shown opposite.

Fiona Pigott,
MOF Committee.



EDA Hat Update Stop Press:

Approximately another 130 hats received. Our hat total for this year is 1,448—Amazing!

I will take them to the depot. So glad to have an appointment in my diary.

Kind regards

Meg.



Fresh Start Cookers for Christmas Appeal

Once again, this very worthy appeal has been launched to raise funds to help buy white goods.

Anyone wishing to make a donation can do so on line at freshstartweb.org.uk which allows you to donate on their Just Giving site **OR** by cheque payable to Fresh Start, 22-24 Ferry Road Drive Edinburgh EH4 4BR. Please state that your donation is towards the Appeal.

As the Kirk Office is now closed (under Tier 3 Covid restrictions) should you have household items to donate to Fresh Start, please phone Christine Wilson 538 2567.

Items required are mugs and plates, cutlery, household cleaning materials, personal toiletries, pots, pans and utensils, good condition bed linen and towels, small household electrical items.

Please no Bric a Brac. Due to Covid, only starter packs are being issued to those in need.

Fresh Start Pantry now has a volunteer collections driver who is willing to come and collect any food donations that may have been collecting for Fresh Start Pantry.

A reminder of the items we need for the Pantry:

Cereals such as Rice Krispies, Cheerios, Weetabix, Variety packs (children and families like these) Children friendly cereals such as Coco Pops, honey loops etc

Cuppa soups

Pot noodles and cup noodles and super noodles

Cook in sauces such as bolognaise, pasta sauces, curry sauces

Cartons of fruit juices such as apple, orange

Diluting juices such as blackcurrant, orange, lemon, Vimto

Tins of puddings such as rice pudding and custard

Tins of meats such as hot dogs, spam, corned beef

Tins of chilli, curry, mince & peas etc.

Fray Bentos pies

Tins of fruit such as peaches, grapefruit, apricots

Tins of soup – all varieties

Tins of vegetables such as potatoes, carrots, green beans or mixed vegetables

Tins of fish such as Tuna, sardines, mackerel

Ketchup

Brown sauce

Cooking oil

Bisto gravy granules

Dehydrated pasta packets such as 'Kraft macaroni cheese'

Biscuits such as hob nobs, chocolate digestives

Tea

Instant coffee

Please get in touch if you are able to help with items for the Pantry. Thank you for all the donations received at this very difficult time.

Christine Wilson
538 2567

Remembrance Day Poems

In Flanders Fields by John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
**WE SHALL NOT SLEEP,
THOUGH POPPIES GROW
IN FLANDERS FIELDS.**



We Shall Keep the Faith by Moira Michael

Oh! you who sleep in Flanders Fields,
Sleep sweet - to rise anew!
We caught the torch you threw
And holding high, we keep the Faith
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red
That grows on fields where valour led;
It seems to signal to the skies
That blood of heroes never dies,
But lends a lustre to the red
Of the flower that blooms above the dead
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy Red
We wear in honour of our dead.
Fear not that ye have died for naught;
We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought
In Flanders Fields.



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