J U L Y 2 0 2 6

WALKING TOGETHER

News from Sherbrooke Mosspark & Ibrox

Last Saturday, I had the privilege of travelling to London to preach at the service in which the Rev Tara Granados was inducted into her new charge at Crown Court Church. It was a joyful and significant occasion, filled with warmth, hope and excitement as Tara began a new chapter in her ministry.

For those of us connected to Ibrox Parish Church, however, the occasion carried mixed emotions. While we are delighted for Tara and all that lies ahead for her, we are also conscious that her induction marks the beginning of a new season for Ibrox. Whenever a minister leaves a congregation after years of faithful service, there is inevitably a sense of loss. Relationships built over many years cannot simply be switched off, nor should they be. Tara was deeply loved within the congregation and community, and it is entirely natural that many people continue to feel sadness at her departure.

In the life of the Church, however, endings and beginnings are often intertwined. Scripture repeatedly reminds us that God is always leading his people onward. There are moments when we look back with gratitude for what has been, and moments when we are called to look forward with faith to what might yet be.

I believe we find ourselves in such a moment.

As Sherbrooke Mosspark Parish Church and Ibrox Parish Church continue our journey towards union, it would be easy to focus primarily on what has changed, what has been lost, or what is uncertain. Yet I am increasingly convinced that God is inviting us to focus on something different: not on what separates us, but on what unites us.

We share the same faith in Jesus Christ. We share the same calling to worship God, serve our communities and proclaim the good news of the Gospel. We share a desire to see our congregations flourish and to offer a welcoming Christian presence within the communities we serve. Rather than asking what we are giving up, perhaps we might begin asking what new possibilities are opening before us.

Both congregations bring gifts to this partnership. Both have rich histories, faithful members, cherished traditions and distinct strengths. Neither church needs to become the other. Instead, we have the opportunity to learn from one another and to build something stronger together than either could achieve alone.

We are blessed with two buildings, each with its own character, opportunities and resources. Rather than seeing this as a challenge to be managed, we can view it as a gift to be embraced. Together we can ask how each space might best serve God's mission. What can we offer our communities from Sherbrooke Mosspark that we do particularly well? What opportunities exist at Ibrox that allow ministry to flourish in different ways? How can the strengths of both churches complement one another? These are exciting questions because they are questions about the future.
The Church has never been called simply to preserve what was. We are called to discern what God is doing now and where God is leading us next. That does not mean forgetting our history. Indeed, our history provides the foundation upon which we build. But our eyes must ultimately be fixed not only on yesterday but on tomorrow.

As I stood in Crown Court Church and watched Tara begin her new ministry, I was reminded that God's work continues. New chapters begin. New opportunities emerge. New relationships are formed. The same God who guided Tara to London is the God who is guiding us here in Glasgow.

So let us give thanks for Tara's ministry among the people of Ibrox. Let us pray for her as she settles into her new charge. Let us also pray for ourselves as we continue our own journey together. Most importantly, let us move forward with confidence, generosity and hope. The future of the Church is never secured by buildings, structures or traditions alone. It is secured by the faithfulness of God and by God's people responding courageously to his call. May we continue to do exactly that, together.

Rev. Adam Dillon

and from Ibrox:

On Friday 19th June a group of us travelled down to London to attend Tara's induction at Crown Court Church of Scotland. The church is hidden down a lane in the middle of Covent Garden and is beautiful inside with wood panelling all round and colourful stained glass windows. The members were very welcoming and we met lots of fellow Scots. The service was led by the Moderator of the Presbytery, Rev Justin Taylor, who is a great friend of Tara's and a fellow American, so it was a very personal and emotional service. It was lovely too to have Adam there to preach the sermon and it really felt as if we were all handing her over to her new congregation. Tara has also recently completed her PhD so is now Rev Dr Tara Porr Granados.

We all wish her and Ramon well in their new life in London.

Morag Fleming

Dumbreck

Dumbreck is part of the parish of Sherbrooke Mosspark Church. It is of great antiquity, first being mentioned in 1557. It comes from Gaelic, *Dùn* meaning hill and *Breac* meaning speckled. Where is the hill? It is thought to be in the current Bellahouston Park and speckled with daisies. It seems that Dumbreck extended into the park and old maps list many buildings called Dumbreck on that side of the road, e.g. Dumbreck Priory; Villa; House etc. Modern Dumbreck is by usage and wont bounded by the M8 motorway to the north, Paisley Canal railway line to the east and Dumbreck Road to the south and west. The area north of the back garden walls of Dalkeith Avenue is still officially designated Bellahouston. All rather confusing.

The earliest house and only 'A' Listed in Dumbreck was Craigie Hall, built in 1873 for Joseph MacLean. It was designed by John Honeyman. His father, William had lived in Plantation House (formerly called Craigiehall). Joseph, as third son, did not inherit any property and built the house giving it the name of his childhood home. Joseph MacLean died in 1891. Soon after his widow sold the house to Sir Thomas Mason who extended it to contain a library, music room and organ. By now the architects were Honeyman & Keppie and had taken on a new apprentice in Charles Rennie Mackintosh who is credited with much of the design of the extended features.

In the 1970s the house became empty and deteriorated due to weather and vandalism. Graham Roxburgh bought it and lovingly restored it. His fascination with Mackintosh triggered him to get the unbuilt House for an Art Lover built in Bellahouston Park. Thus Mackintosh's 'first and last' works are in close proximity. Sadly, Craigie Hall fell into disrepair again. It has now been split into three houses and some of Mackintosh's structures removed.

Sir Thomas Mason was a charismatic, if rather enigmatic figure. He had a hugely successful building company. He teamed up with John Morrison who built Sherbrooke Castle (formerly *Ruadh Sgeir* - Red Skerry{Gaelic}). Mason was a pillar of the Free Church but had racehorses, music room and a billiard room. He built the new Liberal Club (later the Atheneum) and entertained the PM - Lord Asquith when he came to open it. The ladies arranged the lunch but stayed behind when the men went to the opening ceremony. Women were forbidden to enter the building! Not a recommendation for current political parties!

Dumbreck became a Conservation Area in 1973. The submission highlighted the tree-lined winding roads and wealth of architecture. George Hamilton built many of the houses and lived locally. He was proud of his stone carving especially ropework. He had nine children. Two of the girls were stone deaf. Around 1912 he moved to Hazelwood House and built the 'electric' houses, two had vibrating floors to help the deaf daughters sense the presence of others.

Other notable residents included Bill Struth, Rangers' Manager who insisted players wore a tie, even when training. Another got the highest Japanese honour for ship design in WW1. He also designed the sewage disposal boats (in Glasgow - *Cludgie Boats*) There wasa long waiting list to book a trip on these. There were dances on the deck and even weddings!

John Thompson

Gone Missing

My Unexpected Journey

Where was I? What happened? Where had I been? Well…I had a fall - and it floored me. Let me explain. Things happened, were missed, I saw life in different ways. This is my story. I'm looking back, but I'll be back properly soon. To those I know well, and those I know only a little - I bring good wishes. On the afternoon of 26th December '25, I walked, slipped, twisted, and fell. One leg flat, the other upright. I shouted for help, unable to move. A First Aider appeared. Hour or so, I was examined at QEH. Home again, with not one crutch but two. "*We'll do a scan,*" they said - but "*Noone available; go home and wait.*" (and so began 2026). On 1 January, the news burst across WhatsApp: "*Brian's had a nasty accident - smashed his knee. Hospital says come in right away. Operation today*." 8.30am, phone rang. No scan needed - emergency slot was available. "*You need operated on. Come in today*." And so the performance began. Between 1-3pm, surgeons repaired damaged distal quadriceps tendon. I woke wrapped, strapped, and in pain like a rushing train. The future was unknown. Boxing Day had become a fall day.

Winter in Hospital

Future unknown-cards, calls, and visits arrived - workmates, friends, Everyone asked, "*What did you do*?" Medication arrived too - one pill, two pills… not exactly a thrill. I watched sunrises, heard of snow, also that Storm Goretti had blown through on 7th January. That was Winter outside; recovery inside! The Major Trauma ward became my unexpected winter break — not quite what I'd planned. What for the future - now in Spring! Time passed. Lay awaiting healing. Knee, and all up in the air, now flat on the bed. All reminding me: "*Yes, this is serious.*" Physios helped me walk, climb a few stairs. OT explained that nothing would be A–B–C for a while. And in my usual fashion, I made a joke for WhatsApp: "*What's a tablet that gets a wee seat in the middle?*" A para-seat-a-mal! What I missed; Walking. Chatting. Seeing Spring - flowers, trees, church displays. I kept a diary of sorts through Whatsapp messages: "*new look '26*" People from work, church were smiling, chatty, full of life… yet I was left in the lurch. Cards at home, friends, even local shop, brought sunshine, they said I looked rough, that I did!

Returning Home

Day 15, home prep, waited, noticed Art Displays - taken by ambulance, giving thanks as wheeled out, seeing bright light, red sky, and fresh air. First evening home - and no phone tone; no contact. A light-hearted tip for you: a sudden thought, a pin! One of mother's broaches, pop out SIM card, gave it a wipe and a blow, and away we went. Signal.

Life in Recovery

Days filled with food deliveries, online services, checking who was where, a Ukrainian night in March, William McC's induction, and the Flower Team starting '26 great with colour! Doorstep photographs, went to physio, cooked differently. My birthday blew past in the wind — enjoyed fresh free-range eggs a few chocolate ones too, even getting get well wishes. Short walks helped my wellbeing. Hospital reviews were good, as stood, well... Still recuperating, now into the second half of '26 with hope. Perhaps I'll travel. Plans will grow. The camera will record...

Looking Ahead

Thanks to all who asked after me — maybe you, was quite a few! I'll soon be returning, sharing news, offering ideas, and joining groups. Will it be gradual? Just wait, look and see!

Brian W Innes

Childhood Senses

The warm smell of Granpi's tomatoes
Lined up like soldiers in their greenhouse rows.
Vinegary wafts from pokes of chips
Heralding their salty taste on lips.

Round the next bend see the sparkling sea
Pebbles, stretching sands which are calling to me
Blazers with rugby colours catch the eye
Please oh please - don't let them pass by

The soft sounds of board dusters shiver my spine
As they sweep across the forgotten line.
On Sunday, the pipers are skirling, on Market Square
Townsfolk, visitors - all are there.

Touches on velvet bring instant recoil
Mind the prickly brambles - worth the toil
The kettle's boiling! - don't touch - voices raised
The softness of four paws as beside you he lazed.

Yes - I can remember, I say
But what day is it today?

Anonymous

Memorandum

Operational Report: The Cumbrae Expedition

I am pleased to report that on the 16th of June, the Sherbrooke Yarn Stormers launched a combined tactical assault on the Island of Cumbrae. The mission was executed with precision, high morale, and the sort of enthusiasm usually reserved for dinner at Gleneagles.

Our forces deployed via a two-pronged strategy - some by rail, others by motorcar. Arriving at Largs, we were greeted by five Fife yachts sailing the Clyde. We had narrowly missed the official regatta (held 4th–12th June), but we admired the stragglers with appropriate reverence. One of our party proudly announced she held her seamanship certificate, adding immense naval gravitas to the moment.

We rendezvoused at The Barracks stronghold for the vital business of lunch. During this strategic refuelling, we held a lively discussion on top tips for embracing octogenarian life. The winning suggestion? Always wear eye goggles when operating a power saw. This was immediately adopted as official policy.

Under excellent sunny skies, we proceeded to our next objective: a formal inspection of Millport's brand-new sea front barrier. We walked its length, concluding that the steps are ideal for a picnic - though keeping with our top tips, a cushion is essential.

Furthermore, we determined the barrier stands as a magnificent defence against global warming. Cumbrae will no doubt be the new Capri by the year 3026, as everywhere else will be boiling. Noting the island's affordable house prices, we marked this as a strategically advantageous location for future campaigns.

During reconnaissance we made contact with the new owner of the former wool shop - now an art shop, following her daring acquisition from Mary who retired after being outnumbered by a battalion of grandchildren. The new proprietor delivered a highly tactical, unexpectedly lengthy briefing on Millport's escalating art scene. This intelligence has been logged under "*Cultural Developments*". Agents are advised to enter with caution; we were held hostage by the chatter for ages.

Further along our patrol, we discovered a letter box adorned with a knitted topper depicting the Scottish World Cup football team. Our division saluted this local yarn-based morale booster with deep admiration. The day was an unqualified victory. If you have not yet inspected the new waterfront, I highly recommend a visit.

Future Orders and Mobilisation: There will be no summer truce; we shall keep knitting throughout the warmer months. Our next formal muster will take place on Tuesday 7th July in the Kirk's reception room.

All future campaign dates and photographic evidence of our manoeuvres have been uploaded to our secure intelligence network at **www.yarnstormers.weebly.com**. New recruits remain welcome. Our thanks to the strategic masterminds who organised this grand day out.

With wool and willpower,

Major Mags

After the Plant Sale

Ever wondered why we have a big plant sale every May, and why it's so popular? After all, the gardens in Pollokshields, Dumbreck and Mosspark probably look their best in late May and early June, with rhododendrons, azaleas, magnolias etc in full bloom. Therein lies our dilemma, we have acidic soils which those plants love, but by the end of June much of the colour fades from our gardens, hence why I think we love bright bedding plants like pelargoniums, begonias and lobelia. However, here's a few suggestions for keeping up colour in your garden without depending on lots of summer bedding.

Have a **Clematis** wall. Clematis can be bought very cheaply at many supermarkets, and usually grow and climb vigorously in well drained soil. You can buy early, normal and late varieties in numerous shades to provide colour all season long.

Hydrangeas do well in the west of Scotland, but you have to winter prune them at the right time, and in the right way to get the best results; (lots of good videos online). They'll flower throughout July and August and can easily be propagated in water for extra plants next spring.

Hardy Fuchsias tend to be at their best in August, and can make beautiful hedging. They will also stand severe pruning, and come back vigorously the following spring.

Crocosmia (Montbretia) loves the Scottish climate, and flowers a vivid red or orange in late August and September. Watch out though... it's colourful but invasive, so maybe try confining it to a pot initially. It's easy to divide at a later date.

Happy gardening

Stuart Hislop

Women's Group

Summer Social 2026

On Thursday 4th June, the Women's Group gathered at the Prince & Princess of Wales Hospice to celebrate the end of another year of meetings and activities. Fifty five women from our church and wider community met at the Hospice where we were treated to a harp recital by our own Alice Guse while we had the drinks reception. We were then led through to the Livingwell Hub where a superb meal was served by the very able catering team at the Hospice.

On the menu was a salmon roulade, chicken casserole (with pancetta, wild mushrooms, pearl onions with a tarragon and red wine sauce) and risotto primavera. Desserts followed with a selection of Belgian chocolate and raspberry torte, Basque cheesecake and fruit salad. Tea and coffee were served along with tablet to conclude our amazing celebratory meal. A surprise for the evening was a 'spur of the moment' duet by Alice and one of our choral scholars, Jodie Wiggins – a real treat for our summer social. Clare shared some memories from our Women's group year along with our plans for 2026-27 session. Many thanks to everyone, especially Jan, who made the evening such an enjoyable and convivial event.

Claire Williams

Fiona's Retiral

At the morning service on 31st May, Ibrox Church celebrated the service given to the church by Fiona Salkeld who retired as organist. Elisabeth Spence, who was a former minister gave a heartfelt tribute to Fiona, and a lovely letter from Tara Granados was also read. It also thanked Fiona, and her late husband Jim, for all their help to her ministry. Fiona was presented with a small watercolour of Robin Hood's Bay, a special place to Fiona and Jim, a cheque from the congregation and a plaque was put on to the organ in thanks for the many years of service. Fiona surprised us all by playing the last hymn *Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory*, and the closing music *Gaudiamus Igitur*. We then all gathered together in the cafe for lunch. A great celebration of Fiona's talents and dedication to her church.

Linda Tainsh

Meet My Houseguests

You will not be surprised to hear I was rather concerned when I saw a large group of insects flying back and forward at the corner of the house. I did the logical thing and contacted a pest control company; the lady I spoke to looked at the video I had managed to take, but they were all moving so fast it was difficult to identify any features – they just looked black against the blue sky. She said they might be bees, in which case a pest control company could do nothing as they are a protected species, but the visitors would probably go away in a few weeks. This went some way to allaying my fears, but I was still concerned about what might happen in the meantime.

A couple of days later I found one of the 'visitors' dying on the bathroom windowsill. I took a photograph, and with the wonders of modern technology the 'information' button not only tells you where and when the photograph was taken and the camera settings but also identifies any creature or plant. This immediately recognised it as *Bombus Hypnorum*, which Mr Google told me was a 'tree bumblebee', a species from Europe and parts of Asia which first appeared naturally in the UK in 2003 and has since spread through most of the country. It explained it was black but had very distinctive ginger coloured hair round the thorax and a distinctive white tail. They are harmless to humans and do not damage property. The queen builds her nest in a dark, dry place, and the bees I was seeing were the males 'dancing' in the hope of being able to mate with any newly emerged queen. After a few weeks, all the males die off and the guests are gone.

I left the bee on the windowsill expecting it to die, but when I returned it wasn't there; I found him climbing up the curtain and was able to get the much better photograph that is shown with this article. While the photograph does not show the white tail I can confirm there was a small white patch on this insect – Mr Google says it can be smaller, as in this case.

Some internet articles say you should feel honoured if they select your house, and that their hosts often become supportive and interested in them; indeed, that has happened to me. As I write this in mid-June, the numbers are dwindling, and I suspect they will all be gone soon and I'll miss them. So, if you see some insects dancing around the corner of your house, they may be Bombus Hypnorum; make them welcome and enjoy them!

Tom Ferguson