



Glasgow Unitarians News & Views July 2026

Visible, invisible,
A fluctuating charm,
An amber-colored
amethyst
Inhabits it; your arm
Approaches, and
It opens and
It closes;
You have meant
To catch it,
And it shrivels;
You abandon
Your intent—
It opens, and it
Closes and you
Reach for it—
The blue
Surrounding it
Grows cloudy, and
It floats away
From you.

Jellyfish by Marianne Moore



Image by:eglantineshala on pixabay

Glasgow Unitarian Church (sc016472)
UNITARIAN HOUSE, 72 BERKELEY STREET GLASGOW G3 7D

Programme

We look forward to seeing you!

July 2026

Sunday 5 July - 11.00 Live streaming in Church and on Zoom.
From Edinburgh Unitarians.

7pm no service

Sunday 12 July - 11.00 in Church and on Zoom. The annual Flower Communion. Remember to bring a flower for the display and communion.

Sunday 19 July - 11.00 in Church and on Zoom. Jim Millar

Sunday 26 July - 11.00 in Church and on Zoom. Ruth Gregory
Pre-Christian beliefs in Ireland and the Hebrides; Celebrating Lammas

August 2026:

Glasgow Unitarian Church will be closed for services in August.

WHY ENGLISH IS HARD TO LEARN

We'll begin with *box*; the plural is *boxes*,
But the plural of *ox* is *oxen*, not *oxes*.
One fowl is a *goose*, and two are called *geese*,
Yet the plural of *moose* is never called *meese*.

You may find a lone *mouse* or a house full of *mice*;
But the plural of *house* is *houses*, not *hice*.
The plural of *man* is always *men*,
But the plural of *pan* is never *pen*.

If I speak of a *foot*, and you show me two *feet*,
And I give you a *book*, would a pair be a *beek*?
If one is a *tooth* and a whole set are *teeth*,
Why shouldn't two *booths* be called *beeth*?

If the singular's *this* and the plural is *these*,
Should the plural of *kiss* be ever called *keese*?

We speak of a *brother* and also of *brethren*,
But though we say *mother*, we never say *methren*.
Then the masculine pronouns are *he*, *his*, and *him*;
But imagine the feminine . . . *she*, *shis*, and *shim*!

- ANONYMOUS

Wednesday Discussion 10 June 2026

The Wednesday Group has been revived! Each twice monthly zoom session is scheduled for an hour although it may vary slightly.

Contact: **Linda Haggerstone** Email: violetaravenmoon@gmail.com

At the first meeting attendees were asked to bring something meaningful to them:

- A lovely water lily candle holder representing a joyful spiritual connection to Findhorn and participation in the online Findhorn Unitarian Network meditations
- The highly-recommended book Spiritual Revolution, by Heelas and Woodhead, which helped someone find their spiritual path and set them on the road to Unitarianism
- A beloved Bunty Bear, which came from Berlin, where they attended the UU European Conference, sang in the Music Society's morning choir, and met David Dawson and Barbara and John Clifford for the first time
- A special face covering (mask from COVID pandemic days) bearing an image of the Unicorn Pursuivant, perhaps created by John Fraser in 1426, and of great interest for its connection to ancestral heraldry and the Court of the Lord Lyon, as well as it being the national beast of Scotland
- A new iPad with pencil or stylus, containing the Apple logo, which has a bite missing from it in the way of someone biting into the apple of knowledge and acts as a respectful reminder of Steve Jobs' contribution to the company
- Two engraved golden wedding rings on a delicate chain worn around the neck, what they mean and their importance, and the customs for wearing them in different cultures
- An Awen pendant, a symbol of Druidry, bearing three rays of light (for both Equinox and Solstice) in a wreath of oak leaves, representing a spiritual path and the flow of Bardic inspiration

Blessings and best wishes,
Linda Haggerstone

Gratitude

At the start of June, Donald's service about Gratitude had me thinking. First many thanks to Donald for the service and for singing the hymns himself, so that we could sing along. Well done Donald!

I also realised we don't talk enough about the things we are thankful for.

Gratitude has somehow become the emotional exercise equivalent of getting your 10,000 steps in each day.

- What are you thankful for today?
- Have you displayed an attitude of gratitude this morning?

Like the voice of the teacher who used to wag their finger at us and tell you to eat the food on your plate, and be grateful 'because there are children dying in Africa'.



But there's a good reason to think and talk about gratitude and why there's a lot of reading on the subject.

Taking the time to acknowledge the good and positive things in your life potentially has numerous health benefits.

Gratitude dials down stress, offering an improved psychological outlook. Planned gratitude exercises can complement anxiety and depression treatment.

Gratitude promotes stronger interpersonal and romantic relationships.

There are physiological effects of gratitude, whether it can reduce chronic inflammation, we don't know, but it certainly seems to contribute to positive cardiovascular outcomes. Gratitude is heart healthy.

That being the case, we should foster gratitude



where we can.

Rather than look at the petty niggles and annoyances we all love to focus on, have a look at the bigger picture.



Forget what ever it is you think you want, consider instead what others might need. Show gratitude for what you have. Understand that what you have is probably enough, and:

Pay it forward. Share the bounty.

We Unitarians in Glasgow are fortunate.

I was going to say lucky, but its not luck, it's the product of who we are; our enquiring minds, our work ethic, our collective desire to leave this world and this Church better than we found it, our appreciation of things both tangible and not.

We come from different walks of life, different backgrounds and yet, we find common purpose.

We are very fortunate that in a small congregation, almost half of us are willing, and to varying degrees, able to lead services. When you think about it, it's quite remarkable.

Our interests are many and varied, and our services reflect this variation, which makes them interesting.

You can hear our differences in the music we choose, we have enjoyed classical, pop, rock, ragtime, you name it, we've probably listened to it at some point. Although, I'm not sure if we've ever listed to rap music. But there's still time.

Each tune holds a special meaning, or feeling, for the person who chooses to use it. Sometimes the messages are subtle, sometimes, right up in your grill.



May we practice having empathy for others, those we don't know, and those we do. May we continue to feel love, a love for our community, our friends, our families and for everything around us.

The Month in Pictures



Donald 01 June 2026 Zoom Service



Margaret 01 June 2026



Jim 01 June 2026



Manchester College Oxford



Manchester College Oxford - stained glass depicting aspects of virtue with close up of generosity & courage



14 June 2026 Margaret Julian and Robert



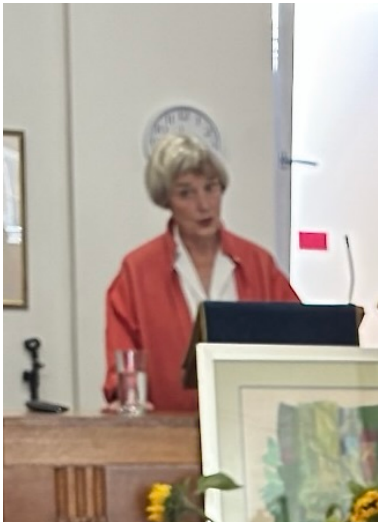
Lighting the chalice with Lyanne



Our newest member, John Wright



21 June 2026 - Litha with Ali



Alison reading the poems



Tuesday Morning Coffee Time - with Barry

Memories of Summer

A memory of a holiday enjoyed by George and Margaret Paxton as told during the Wheel of the Year Service at Litha

Amsterdam

In 1981 George and I went on a holiday with the family to Rome. Ruth our daughter has reminded me that we were the only people in Rome not watching the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer! But it is the holiday in Amsterdam the following year, in 1982, our first without the children, then in their teens, that is memorable for me.

I'm not sure how we reached Amsterdam but the ferry journey to wherever it went was great. We arrived in the city on a festival day held in the Vondel park. Lots of happy people around. Our apartment was fairly close by in the old part of the city. George had been to Amsterdam before with his parents and wanted me to experience what he had there especially the stalls in the open air selling these gigantic pancakes filled with cream and strawberries and other tasty bites.

During the few days we were in Amsterdam we visited the Rijksmuseum, Rembrandt's House and Van Gogh Museum, and Anne Frank's House - who could fail to go there !

We went on a tour to Delft stopping briefly at Rotterdam, a large port which was a bit busy for me. But Delft was peaceful and quiet when we were there and such a neat, lovely town, famous for its blue and white pottery and for the painter/artist Vermeer. Back in Amsterdam I remember there was a bridge over the Amstel canal river near where we lived. I recall being puzzled by the lines of people with cycles always standing on either side of that bridge. They were apparently at leisure. We visited the large building of OUDE KERK (Auld Kirk) and loved that Sunday morning afterwards, opening the Dutch



window of our room and standing there listening to the loud , musical chimes of the church bells.



Oude Kerk <https://www.nationalgallery.org.uk/artists/emanuel-de-witte>

The church is unusual. In the interior it is enormous. And plain. It stands in a square surrounded by small houses and, I do not think much will have changed, when I say, day and night the windows of these dwellings shone out with little pink and red lights. In fact we learned that our apartment was in a district of Amsterdam called after the little bright lights !! (Rossebuurt)

What a great holiday that was and an education! The weather was perfect. The museums showed us the real paintings of famous artists and not just pictures in books. As for Anne

Frank's House - oh! the thought of what went on there and must never ever be allowed again.

Margaret Paxton

Summer holidays

When I very young the family used to go to the gatehouse cottage

outside Tayvallich, in Argyll.

Because of this cottage, and how it made everyone feel, with its outside toilet, oil lamps and attic bedrooms, when I was about 6 my parents bought an old forester's bothy in Ford, Argyll, a tin hut in a tiny village, at the bottom of Loch Awe.

We went there, - a lot.



Members of the Briggs & Bennett clans (circa 1968)

The only other place we went regularly was Yorkshire, to stay with Nana, and visit a host of other old ladies.

This was our summer.

In my memory, summers were long and always sunny, although in reality not that long and often, not all that sunny. By the time 1976 rolled around I was nearly 12, I think that summer and sun became synonymous to me at that time. Though 2026 has been a bit disappointing, so far

We did a lot of the same things year after year.

When I think back some of them stand out, the excitement, the familiarity, the way they made me feel, joy and fun.

And yes they shaped my spirituality, the way I consider faith, and the things I appreciate in life.

I've always enjoyed my own company and we could wander off for hours with no one worrying about where we were, or what we were doing.

We had freedom. A freedom which children today often don't seem to experience and enjoy.



Brimham Rocks

Each summer holiday started in Yorkshire, we went to the local market, we visited Brimham Rocks, with its wild bilberries, York, with its walls and the castle museum, Grandma in Hull, the old aunties, Nora and Muriel, in Sheffield. We picked strawberries for tea,

potatoes for lunch, played in the fields. Straw, looks soft, smells nice and is very scratchy, and later on, those scratches, very itchy.

Back in Glasgow, for a brief visit, we picked raspberries from the garden. Did you know it's impossible to have too many raspberries?

Then we headed off to Argyll, where we went to the beach, explored rock pools, swam in the lochs, canoed, ate sausages and beans cooked on the beach over an open fire.

We celebrated dad's birthday, always with trifle instead of cake. We went for walks and bike rides and ate wild berries, we picked unripe hazelnuts and cooked them with salt.



Nursery Bungalow, Ford

Our lives weren't structured around organised activities, after school clubs and forced exercise (except for the overly long walks). Our parents didn't take us everywhere we went.



Ford (Solheimer) Circa 1973

We didn't have phones or computers, we had bikes and rope swings and hot air balloons made of tissue paper.

One of the things that I remember best were the smells. Nature. In Yorkshire, manure, straw and roses. In Argyll, the smell after the rain, pine forests and sea air. In Livingston, a sulphurous smell after the rain, courtesy of the giant shale oil bings. For all of these memories I am thankful.

Summer should be warm (ish). I was brought up in Glasgow so 13 degrees will suffice, if necessary.

This summer, 13 degrees was about the heady heights of the temperature. Mostly of the summer it was less. Until one day, in the height of summer, it was 9 degrees, absolutely unacceptable. I at least expect double figures.

And the rain, I remember sitting in traffic with the rain on the car roof deafening me. Unable to see out because the windscreen wipers couldn't keep up with the sheer volume of water. And to add insult to injury, it doesn't even get the car clean.

2012, you are never forgotten and never forgiven.

Ali Briggs



The summer of 2012 - water water everywhere

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Website: <https://glasgowunitarians-scio.org.uk/>

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Please contact the Church Officer if you require additional personal email addresses or telephone numbers. We can also be contacted on Facebook Messenger or our Website.

Any errors on this page are unintentional. Corrections should be sent to the he Church Officer.

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