

MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTER

"... and he said, "This is what the LORD says: 'Dig this valley full of ditches.'
2 Kings 3.16

SONA CÀISG DHUIBH UILE – HAPPY EASTER EVERYONE!



And congratulations to Lesley for pulling together another issue of the church magazine, offering a glimpse of what God is doing in our fellowship. I never cease to be amazed by relevance of God's influence and the faithfulness of God's people. Of course, we long for a full-scale revival, we are painfully conscious of our personal shortcomings and the vulnerability of our activities, yet God is at work and it is in his nature to demonstrate his strength through weakness, his wisdom through vulnerability.

I am not making excuses but I am making a plea not to despise the good things that are happening, just because they do not always measure up to worldly standards. If our adventure in Revelation has taught us anything it is this: things are not what they seem; indeed, things are more than they seem. And, to drive the point home as you turn the pages, look forward to a meditation in verse by the scholar/ minister/ piper Jock Stein...

Also, in this issue you will find profound reflections on either end of our earthly pilgrimage: baptism and bereavement. And from the frontline of mission and ministry, we have an account of how the Kyleakin Young Church is gifting the next generation with knowledge of the grand sweep of Scripture and of a fresh initiative which is setting up Broadford Church to become a wellspring (An Tobar) of resourcefulness for the whole Presbytery of Lochcarron Skye, while the Creation Care group is ensuring that the outside of the building is as engaging and relevant to God's agenda as the inside.

There are two areas which I would like to see developing in future editions. Firstly, we need to hear from those who have yet to feature in this newsletter – whether it comes in the form of a letter of complaint, a hymn of praise, or the sharing of an experience or an idea. The main thing is that you make the editor's life easier by volunteering rather than being chased up! Personally, I would make a similar plea for Gaelic material, from the range of learners and native speakers, young and old, with whom we are blessed.

The scripture verse at the head of this letter reminds us that God is at work so, if we wish to please him and get involved, we need to "dig our ditches" in preparation. It begins with focusing on God and his goodness. It continues in our being willing to receive the grace and the gifts with which he longs to lavish us. And it finds fulfilment in our generous sharing of those gifts and our witness to the Giver. The time for hiding in the soil of winter is past; it's time to feel for the light and grow...

In confidence and affection,

Rory

Need prayer or someone to pray with you?

Email Mary Fennell: prayercoordinator1995@gmail.com

Need to talk? Questions about the Christian faith

Contact the minister, who will find the right person to speak to you. Details are on the last page.

Website: www.sschurch.co.uk

Notices: lesleyinskye@yahoo.co.uk

Strath & Sleat Church:
Isle of Skye is a Charity
registered in Scotland
No SC001285



CONTENTS...

Minister's message.....	page 1
Kyleakin Sunday school	page 2
Sent from Patmos	page 3
An Tobar mission and ministry hub	page 4
Memories of a Baptism	pages 5 & 6
A Reflection on Loss	pages 7 & 8
A Winding Path to the Garden	page 8 & 9
Sleat Community Choir	page 9
A Tour Around The 3 Sites Of Broadford Church	page 10
Puzzle our Youngest Members of Church	page 11
Church Life	Page 12
Church Contact details	page 13



KYLEAKIN SUNDAY SCHOOL

In Kyleakin we have returned to our Bible timeline where we left it at the end of the Old Testament just before lockdown. It's been so good to get back to meeting in the church hall! We've been looking at Jesus as God, teacher, miracle maker, healer' and some of the main events of his life. We have just reached Palm Sunday but as it's the holidays and Jesus's last week is so important, we will be looking at these events at the beginning of the summer term so that we can give them the time they deserve!



< The miraculous catch of fish and the calling of the first disciples.

Jesus's baptism >



SCENT FROM PATMOS

1.

Patmos: island cabin of my present past,
memory-scented, full of windows
opening one by one upon the life of Christ:
a mystery which wafts like incense to
and from my mind, and joins
each praying friend who knows my fate
and keeps me minded; gentle warriors
who blow back the smoke of Caesar
smothering me with lies, to kill my senses
and my prophecy. Scent of sea, my prison,
every tide a jailer teasing me upon the ebb
with invitation false, and telling me again
upon the flow that Caesar rules. I see
the shore, I smell the wind that moves so free
across that sea, while I must stop and swing
a censor with my prayers: so dream I will.

2.

Scent of time, as by the Word God brought to be
all things, and set a stage for human history:
until God scented time was right for logic
to reshape itself within a womb, one womb for all.

3.

Scent of wine, and wonder: thirty gallon jars
poured out their secret, and the wedding feast
resumed its course: a sign of joy restored,
a sign of glory and of God. We trusted him.

4.

Scent of mystery: Nicodemus came with troubled
mindset to the Lord by night; he heard the word
of water and of Spirit, only way to clean the hearts
and nostrils that we use to sniff the cosmos.

5.

Scent of earth: as Jesus took the clay and mixed it
into mud, and packed blind eyes which peered
and peered again, until they saw the one true light
which shines, and shines until full day has come.

6.

Scent of power: this prophet healed the paralysed
and lame, testing Roman strength and Jewish wisdom;
breaking human limits, leaving one or two deep hints
of God's own fragrant secret – kingdom life.

7.

Scent of death in Martha's worried nose which turned
to life when brother Lazarus came from darkness.
and we knew that cemeteries could hold us down
no longer. Resurrection rules, and death is dead.

8.

Scent of oil which Mary poured on Jesus' feet
and stroked them with her hair for love. And
scent of dung when Judas whinged about its price
and shut the glorious window on the world of grace.

9.

Scent of blood as Roman scourges tore his flesh,
and flies and dirt devoured the fragrant gift of
God
and followed him to death; while I could smell
the weight of sin that lay on him who carried it for
all.

10.

Scent of fish, cooking now upon a beach-
laid fire
and blending with the voice of one alive
who called, 'My children, come for
breakfast!'
Fish, and bread, and all of us transformed.

11.

Scent of holy motherhood, as Mary lived
with me,
remembered, shared her heart and
memories
in Ephesus; the place where God
commanded me
to pitch my tent and serve his revelation.

12.

Now I write my vision, shape my scents,
unfold
my ears on purpose for this message to the
seven:
Letters crafted from the furnishings of
heaven –
stars, and sword, and waterfalls – pictures
ploughed into the soil of pagan cities,
to bear harvest in my time, and times to
come.
Seven lampstands and their oil lit up for God.
What smoke? The pure, sweet incense of a
faithful
company? The acrid stench of
compromise?
The half-rich, tired scent of love gone cool?
My nose, my ear, my eye lie dead before
you.
Lift me, give me life in every sense
that I may breathe and smell the air of
heaven,
cross the sea that pounds me into exile,
taste the word that reconnects me to
my future; post these letters to your people.

By Jock Stein

AN TOBAR MISSION AND MINISTRY HUB

Over the last number of months, we have been working to develop a mission project for the newly renovated Broadford church. The brief was to develop something that would support Broadford Church and the wider presbytery, to fit with both Jackie's parish role and Anne's presbytery role. Both of us are employed to equip and empower, and for Anne this sits within the context of national church crisis and reform at every level.

We began the work at the end of November full of faith and vision, but not knowing where that would lead. One key observation was declining numbers, leading to fragile congregations causing capacity problems for mission and ministry, ultimately impacting the hurting, the needy and perhaps most, the lost in our communities.

Our vision is to provide something that would tackle this and, as we began to develop it, three priorities emerged. Firstly, what we do can be likened to a relay race where a smooth handover of the baton is essential. In our churches people are dying and what they have - their skills, gifts, talents, knowledge, wisdom and understanding - is not being passed on; secondly, in the church there needs to be a constant flow of people coming in, as people die or move on, but this isn't happening; thirdly, some neighbouring parishes are more impoverished than others and we need to help them, to share what we have.

After many months working out the detail (which we will spare you!) the result is a Mission and Ministry Hub aptly named An Tobar (The Well), which will be open every Tuesday from 2-4pm and Thursday, 10.30 – 12.30pm, commencing Tuesday, 26th April. It will be available for everyone in the Presbytery area and will be open to the general public.

The hub will provide information, advice, guidance, equipping and empowering services, including:

- Information for enquirers about Christian faith
- Information, advice and support for practicing Christians:
 - o Personal development
 - o Advice and guidance on finding your unique gifting and calling
 - o Volunteer opportunities
 - o Prayer ministry
 - o Mentoring
- Capacity Building for Churches
 - o Problem solving
 - o Support to set up and develop contemporary ministries
 - o Training
 - o Discipleship
 - o Courses & workshops
 - o Events

We will continue to develop in response to need so, if you are looking for information or support and we do not have the answer, our commitment to you is that we will do all we can to help find what you need whether you are a church or an individual.

We are looking for volunteers to train as Christian advisors to provide information, to develop these ministries and to expand our opening hours so we can provide a better service to the Christian community and the general public.

We are especially looking for the older generation to step forward, to teach and hand on what you know. If there is anything you feel you would like to be involved in, or would just like to find out more about what we are doing and explore how you could help, email Jackie in the first instance. We also plan to offer virtual access to the hub, so if you would like to be involved but can't travel or would prefer to serve as part of the virtual team, please also get in touch.

We think this will be an exciting time for the ministry, heralding a new season, and we hope what will follow will be a story of God's faithfulness. From the 26th April you can drop in to An Tobar at Broadford Church at any time during opening hours, or if you wish to see someone confidentially, you can make an appointment in advance. In due course we plan to offer remote access.

Anne Sikorski & Jackie MacLennan Contact details: Jackie: strathandsleatpda@gmail.com

Baptism in Galilee 2010

It was very early morning and still dark. Our guest house Beit Bracha, meaning House of Prayer, was situated in Migdal high up on a hill overlooking the Sea of Galilee - the sweetest place on earth!

Three years earlier in 2007 I had the great privilege of serving in the guest house for the month of November.

I was first introduced to Ted and Linda Walker, Directors of the Prayer Centre, when they visited Scotland earlier that year. Mutual friends of ours brought them to visit us in the Isle of Skye and this resulted in me boarding Thompsons flight from Luton to Tel Aviv on November 1st.

It was now 2010. Adrianne and I travelled to Israel with the Revelation Television Israel Tour - this being my fourth visit to the land.

In order for us to have time at Beit Bracha we disengaged from the tour for a night which allowed us to spend time with Ted and Linda and their family, and volunteers serving at the Centre - some already known to me from my time there. Truly a time of great blessing. But there was more to follow!

While we were organising our Revelation tour, Adrianne and I both felt a deep desire that while in Israel we ought to go through the waters of baptism.

It seemed fitting that Ted should be the baptiser and so I contacted him and it was arranged for both of us to be baptised in the Sea of Galilee.

And so from Beit Bracha on the 8th of October before dawn we proceeded down to the Lake. The sun was beginning to rise as we made our way through Karei Deshe grounds with its fragrant little bushes and its tall spreading trees lining the walk-way down to the shore.

The sun rose majestically over the Lake, the sea like glass whispered peace be still, the slopes of Hermon looking over us from the north, and spectacular to the west Mount Arbel.

We did not anticipate that so many would attend, but there lining the shore were our friends from Beit Bracha, united as in Psalm 133, 'Like the dew of Hermon falling on the mountains of Zion.'

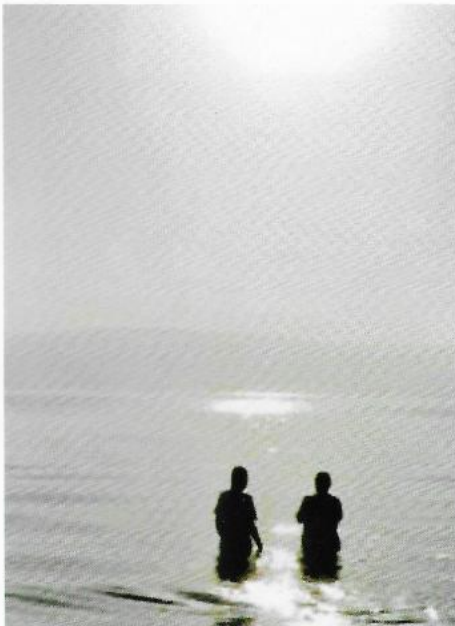
How often had we read this psalm - now we understood.

Hermon's dew was upon us - Abundant blessing!



Continued on page 6...

A more glorious morn there could not be
As the sun shone over Galilee.
Little Caleb led the way
From darkness to the break of day.
The others all did follow on
Then songs of worship they began
To sing to Jesus giving praise
With gusto did their voices raise.
Stephen led the little band
With stringed guitar in his hand.
Stepping to the waters edge
With hearts on fire we made our pledge
To follow on in Jesus' name
His precious word we would proclaim
The ceremony performed by Ted
Like precious ointment on the head
Which down upon the garments flowed
The Holy Spirit now bestowed.
Down into the waters buried with Christ
We were raised up to newness of life.
Another touch then came from on high
Two birds did soar high in the sky
Then fashioned by the Master's hand
We formed a circle on the sand
Linda then did lead in prayer
And Ingrid - God's word did share
Sweet memories will forever be
Of our Baptism in Galilee.



A REFLECTION ON LOSS

A WEEK IN THE LIFE by Peter Piddock

A week. Seven days. One hundred and sixty-eight hours. It can seem like an eternity when you are waiting for something to happen, or disappear in a flash when you are enjoying something like a holiday. In 2018 during the end of July and the beginning of August, there was a period of seven days which completely changed my life. Val's cancer had reached the stage where she had needed to be fitted with a syringe driver for her pain control. She now had to be in bed all the time. Her appetite had dwindled to almost nothing. On the previous night she had been very disturbed and from my camp-bed vigil I needed six or seven times to help her in and out of the ensuite toilet. From that point onward night cover was provided in turn by two Marie Curie nurses, and I took to bed upstairs. The need for insulin to treat the type 1 diabetes was now largely irrelevant, which spared her the finger-pricking and abdominal injections that she'd endured for the last two months. Sleep was now her usual state and conversations became shorter and farther apart. It's sad but true that I can't say for certain what her last words to me were, but I'm willing to bet that they were, "I love you". I spoke to her often, sometimes at length, because the nurses had assured me that despite her having become comatose, hearing was the last sense to go.

Friends visited, clearly not knowing how to deal with the situation but wanting to support both of us in different ways. Because so many of our friends are Christians, there would be prayers, readings and occasionally holy communion. When this happened, I gave Val the elements of bread and wine by putting one crumb of bread just inside her lower lip and by gently wiping the same lip with my finger dipped in wine. We had started to gather round her bed in an informal group. We sang hymns and choruses joyfully and vigorously, except that in my case I would be sitting on a chair next to the bed with my face against Val's and often in tears. Graham took on the role of worship leader, playing guitar. Elders came. Rory, our minister, came. My tears and advanced grieving apart, the atmosphere remained joyful, one of Christian hope, for our eternal life and for Val's rapidly nearing promotion to it.

We belted out all our favourites from Mission Praise. We gave it lalady, as we say here, and those hymns and choruses will live with me to my own dying day, and thus for ever. That spiritual atmosphere of love, unity, support and hope is impossible to describe accurately and adequately to those who were not there. Val's own favourite hymn, the only one she specifically asked to be sung at her funeral was, "When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound", better known from its chorus, "When the roll is called up yonder". We carried on these bedside celebrations (for that is what they were) for probably her last three or four days with us here on earth.

Earlier in the week, Graham had been standing at the back door when out of nowhere a beautiful peacock butterfly settled on his hand. It rested there for five or ten minutes while we took photos, then suddenly it rose and fluttered gently away across the garden. At this time Val was still awake, and when we told her about this and showed her the photos, she understood the significance so well saying, "It's come to show me the way home". Enough, more than enough, to break your heart. Strong in her own conviction and ever anxious to encourage, she gave me all sorts of advice, including urging me to accept that there might be someone else for me once she'd gone on ahead.

On what turned out to be the night of her embarkation, the Marie Curie nurse urged me to get some sleep at about eleven o'clock. She said that she would come and fetch me when Val's breathing pattern changed. At about twelve-thirty she knocked my door and I hurried downstairs. She left us alone. I sat on the chair and stroked her soft, peaceful face for what was to be the last time, repeating my mantra of, "I love you; I shall always love you" until after one breath there were no more to follow. Now to my knees, I prayed. Nothing fancy, eloquent or elaborate: a thank-you for lending her to me for over forty years and a request for help in what I knew was going to be a very heavy rock to carry. Then Pat, the wonderfully sympathetic and experienced nurse, fetched Sarah so that they could wash and lay out Val's remains. Later, at the funeral, in the eulogy I'd been urged by modest Val not to give I referred to this as her chrysalis, from which that beautiful butterfly which was her soul had flown gently home to meet her Lord. Seven days that changed my world for ever.

Continued on page 8...

DOWN THE ROAD By Peter Piddock

A little further down the road I've gone
Alone now as I realise I must be,
And as I struggle daily to go on
Without your love to keep me company,
I know that I am not alone at all.
Your memory and your love still live in me,
And God, who picks me up each time I fall,
Reminds me that He died to set me free.
When hope is low and all the world seems grey
I think of all the happy times we shared.
How close we were! and closer every day:
A true and lasting love for us prepared
By Him who knew and planned our earthly way.
In Him we live and will for ever stay.



God chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world to be holy and blameless before him in love. He destined us for adoption as his children through Jesus Christ (Ephesians 1: 4,5). For this, says the Lord, who created the heavens (he is God), who formed the earth and made it (he established it; he did not create it a chaos, he formed it to be inhabited!). I am the Lord and there is no other (Isaiah 51: 18).

We have an awesome God, creator of the universe. He created Earth to be lived on, and even before he set off the Big Bang, he had chosen us to become his children through Christ.

Let us make humankind in our image, according to our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the wild animals of the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth (Genesis 1: 26).

I made the earth, and created humankind upon it; it was my hands that stretched out the heavens (Isa 45: 12). The Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to till it and keep it (Gen 2:15).

From the beginning, God intended that we should care for his creation as he would, because we are formed in his image. That means, with loving stewardship. Man was to tend the garden.

You have forgotten the Lord, your Maker, who stretched out the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth. You fear continually all day long because of the fury of the oppressor, who is bent on destruction (Isa 51: 13). There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear ... we love because he first loved us (1 John 1: 18,19).

Continued on page 9...

God has given clear instructions, but despite his majesty and love, despite Jesus' suffering to redeem us, we have repeatedly gone off-course. We are fearful of many things and that can limit our effectiveness as Christian witnesses. Jesus is calling to us through the cost-of-living crisis, the horrors of Ukraine, and climate change; situations full of injustice. This is not THE way.

The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change has just released a report detailing the destructive effects of "more than a century of unsustainable energy and land use, lifestyles and patterns of consumption and production." It "shows how taking action now can move us towards a fairer, more sustainable world." "It's now or never, if we want to limit global warming to 1.5°C" and to have a reasonable chance of a liveable world for today's children and young people. Despite all of the previous warnings, greenhouse gas emissions are still increasing, but we are told that emissions must be decreasing by 2025. That gives us months to make big changes. Professor Jim Skea, fellow Scot, and co-chair of the work group says the "big message" is that "human activities got us into this problem and human agency can actually get us out of it again."

I hear God speaking through these impassioned messages, telling us that it's now or never if we are to tackle injustices all around us, and reduce our society's over-consumption and sense of entitlement. I agree that human agency is vital, but we desperately need God's guidance, courage – and love – to reach out to a very troubled world. Each of us has to examine our own lifestyles against the directions to love God and our neighbours, and to spread the Gospel.

And so to the garden! It's a very small step, but there is fantastic potential to use the Broadford Church as a means of outreach. Can we develop the ground to provide a place of sanctuary, a place to honour and enjoy God's creation, a beacon of hope? Could we grow food to share? Can we learn together how to 'live more simply than others may simply live'? We could run workshops on practical aspects, such as making, repairing, general cost-saving, and food management. Can we share the gospel of Jesus Christ by demonstrating his love at work through us?

Do come along to the open day on 16th April. Have a look, a think, and a chat. There will be some suggestions for development and opportunities to join in with time, skills, advice, or materials. We will have a meeting at the end of April to talk about next steps and to agree on the purpose of the venture.

Anne MacLennan



SLEAT COMMUNITY CHOIR

Sleat Community Choir started in February 2019 attracting a variety of people from the community. Following a hiatus due to Covid, we now have 10 members who regularly meet together to sing a wide variety of types and genres of music to suit all tastes and abilities including traditional melodies from around the world, old favourites and well known pop songs. We meet weekly, on a Tuesday between 2pm and 3.30pm in the community rooms at Kilmore Church. We are taking a short break for Easter but our next meeting will be 26th April. New members are always welcome and we would especially like more men to become involved. Interested? Come along and join in. Want more information? Contact our choir leader, Amanda Smith, by email at amandasmith3529@gmail.com or on 01471 844385.

A TOUR AROUND THE 3 SITES OF BROADFORD CHURCH

Aisig (Ashaig)

Tionndaidh gu do làimh dheis a-mach às an eaglais agus rach tron bhaile, gus an ruig thu an soidhne airson *Waterloo* (*Achadh a' Chùirn* sa Ghàidhlig). Gabh an rathad tron chlachan seo gus an lorg thu geata. Rach troimhe agus lean an t-slighe. Mu dheireadh, thèid thu a-null air drochaid bheag agus, aithghearr às a dèidh, thig thu gu rathad eile. Rach air adhart gu ruige an deireadh, far am feum thu a dhol thairis air feansa gus an cladach a ruigsinn. Lean an cladach gu geata eile. Rach troimhe agus tionndaidh gu do làimh dheis. Ràinig thu *Aisig*!

Turn right out of the church and go through the village, until you reach the sign for *Waterloo*. Take the road through this village until you reach a gate. Go through it and follow the path. Eventually, you will cross over a small bridge and, shortly after, you will meet another road. Carry on to the end, where you must leap over a fence in order to reach the water's edge. Follow the coastline to another gate. Go through it and turn right. You have reached *Ashaig*!

Chan e togalach na h-eaglaise a th' ann idir ach chì thu creag ris an canar *Creag an Leabhair*. A rèir beul-aithris, thòisich *An Naomh Maol Rubha* air an soisgeul a shearmonachadh bhon chreig seo mu 673AD. Fhuair an t-àite ainm a chionn 's gun robh Bìoball air a chumail ann. Thàinig *Maol Rubha* a-nall thar na mara bhon *Chomraich* (*Applecross* sa Bheurla) far an robh an cille aige. Chì thu tobar cuideachd, a bhuineas do linn fada nas tràithe.

There is no church building here at all but you will see a rock, which is called *The Rock of the Book*. According to folklore, *Saint Maolruadh* began preaching the gospel from this rock around 673AD. The place received its name because a Bible was kept here. *Maolrudha* came across the sea from *Applecross* where his chapel was. You will see a well too, which belongs to a much earlier age.

Cille Chrìosd (Kilchrist)

Coisich suas an ceum chun an rathaid, tionndaidh gu do làimh dheis agus cùm a' dol tro *Bhreacais Àrd* gus an coinnich thu am prìomh rathad. Cùm a' dol seachad air an each fhiodha, seachad an rathad gu Slèite agus, nuair a thig thu gu *Harrapul*, gabh an rathad beag air an làimh chli dìreach ron drochaid a leanas allt. Aig mullach an rathaid, rach tro gheata agus gabh ceum eile, thairis air a' mhonadh. Mu dheireadh, ruigidh tu rathad. Tionndaidh gu do làimh dheis agus lean an rathad fad greis gus am faic thu geata air do làimh chli. Rach troimhe agus gabh an ceum gu *Loch Lonachan*, a' tionndadh gu do làimh dheis aig a' ghobhal. Aig an loch, feumar sreap thairis air gualainn *Beinne Shuardail* san iar-thuath. Mu dheireadh, chì thu tobhta *Eaglais Chille Chrìosd*.

Walk up the path to a road, turn right and keep going through *Upper Breakish* until you meet the main road. Keep going past the wooden horse, past the road to *Sleat* and, when you are approaching *Harrapool*, take the small road on the left-hand side immediately before the bridge which follows a stream. At the top of the road, go through a gate and take another path, across the moor. Eventually, you will reach a road. Turn right and follow the road for a while until you see a gate to your left. Go through it and take the path to *Loch Lonachan*, turning right at the fork. At the loch, it is necessary to climb over the shoulder of *Ben Suardal*. Eventually, you will behold the ruins of *Kilchrist Church*.

Thogadh an togalach mu dheireadh nam Meadhan Aoisean, is dòcha airson a bhith goireasach do na bailtean beaga sgapte air feadh paraiste an t-*Sratha*. Tha an t iomradh oifigeil as tràithe a th' againn a' tighinn bho 1505 agus b' ann ann an 1627 a fhuair i a' chiad mhinistear Pròstanach aice, *An t-Urramach Niall MacFhionghain*.

The building was constructed during the late Middle Ages, perhaps to be accessible to all the small villages scattered throughout the parish of *Strath*. The earliest official reference we have dates from 1505 and it was in 1627 that it received its first Protestant minister, *The Reverend Neil MacKinnon*.

Eaglais an Àth Leathainn (Broadford Church)

Air ais air taobh eile an rathaid, faodaidh tu ceum glan a ghabhail a leanas an t-seann rathad iarainn eadar na cuairidhean marmor agus an t-seann chaladh aig *An Àth Leathann*. Faodaidh tu ceum a ghabhail cha mhòr fad na slighe, ach feumaidh tu coiseachd air an rathad airson a' phìos mu dheireadh. Nuair a ruigeas tu *Taigh-òsta an Àth Leathainn*, tionndaidh gu do làimh dheis airson an eaglais a lorg.

Continued on page 11...

Back on the other side of the road, you can pick up a good path which traces the old railway between the marble quarries and the old harbour at *Broadford*. The path will take you almost all the way, but you will have to walk along the road for the last part. When you reach the *Broadford Hotel*, turn right to find the church.

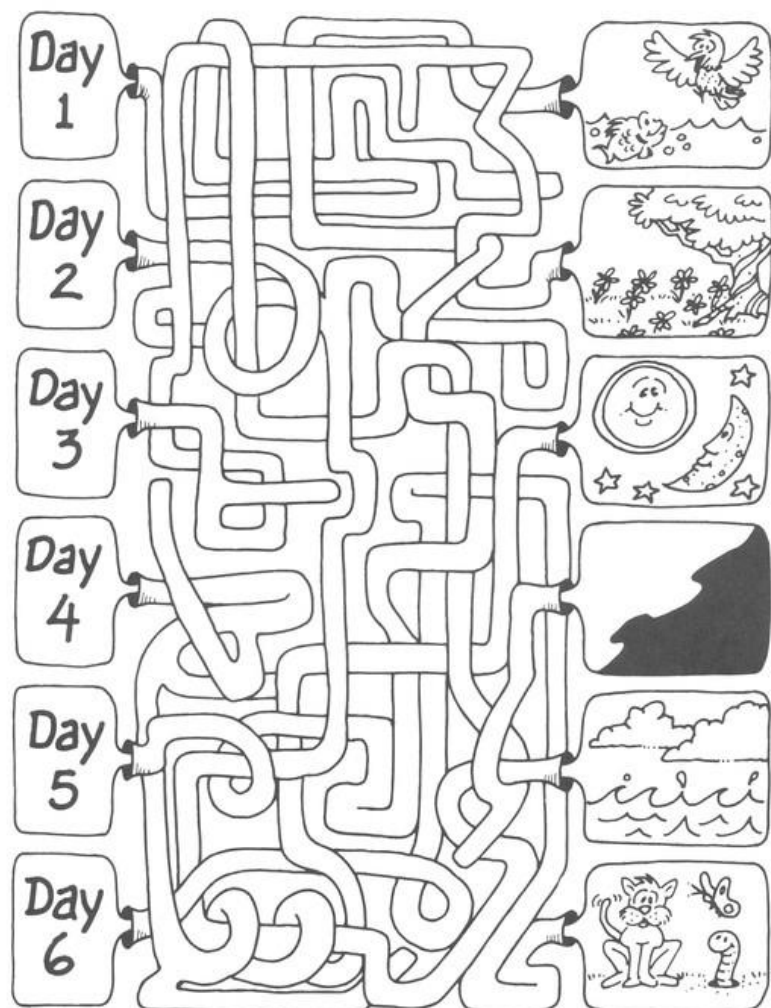
B' ann ann an 1840 a bha an togalach seo air a thogail, gus a bhith na h-eaglais paraiste ùir airson sgìre an t-Sratha. Rinneadh atharraichean ann an 1884, rè na 1930an agus nas fhaisge buileach ann an 2022. Chaidh a fosgladh a-rithist air *Disathairne na Càisge*, gu glòir Dhè agus airson a' choimhearsnachd gu lèir a cleachdadh. A bharrachd air seo, thòisicheadh obair air a' ghàrradh gus lus an agus measan fhàs agus àite ciùin a sholarachadh gus meòrachadh agus coinneachadh a dhèanamh.

This building was constructed in 1840, to be the new parish church for the region of *Strath*. Alterations were made in 1884, during the 1930s and as recently as 2022. It was reopened on *Easter Saturday* of this year, to the glory of God and the use of the whole community. In addition, work has begun on the garden, to grow vegetables and fruit and to provide a peaceful place for prayer and meeting.

PUZZLE FOR OUR YOUNGEST CHURCH MEMBERS ...

Let There Be ...

Read Genesis 1:1–25. Starting with Day 1, find the correct path through the maze to the things God created on that day. Do this until you have matched all the days with the correct pictures.



CHURCH LIFE

Funerals:

Kilmore:

8 th January '22	John Norman MacDonald	Interred Kilbeg Cemetery (Gordon Matheson+2 others)
2 nd March '22	Jeanetta MacPherson Macleod	Interred Broadford (Rory MacLeod)
10 th March '22	Roddy MacInnes	Interred Kilmore Church (Gordon Matheson)

Kyleakin:

12 th March '22	Christeen Fletcher	Ashes interred at Ashaig
12 th March '22	Sheena Robertson	Interred at Broadford
22 nd April '22	Memorial service for Sheila Stuart	Kyleakin village hall

Broadford:

6 th Nov. '21	Alisdair Anderson	Interred at Broadford
6 th April '22	Mary MacKay	Interred at Broadford

Baptisms:

Kilmore:

13th March Eoghan Gillan Thomson



Baptism of
Eoghan Gillan
Thoson
13th March



OUR CHURCHES

Broadford

High Street
Broadford
Isle of Skye
IV49 9AB

Elgol

Elgol
Isle of Skye
IV49 9BL

Kilmore

Kilmore
Sleat
Isle of Skye
IV44 8RG

Kyleakin

Kyleakin
Isle of Skye
IV41 8PH

All churches are open and many services are still available on zoom.

If you are needing to self-isolate, and need help with shopping or anything else, please let any of us know how we can help.

Face coverings are now optional in churches. Each church will be following different guidelines depending on the size of the space available.

CHURCH SESSION

BROADFORD/ELGOL

Mairi Dick 01471 822441
mairid375@gmail.com
Farquhar Graham 01471 822671
wfgat14lb@gmail.com

KYLEAKIN

Tony Breen 01471 822121
strathandsleatworship@gmail.com
Lesley Jones 01471 822023
lesleyinskye@yahoo.co.uk

SLEAT

Jean Gillies 01471 844281
jeangillies@btinternet.com
Nicola Thomson 01478 833255
strathandsleat@gmail.com

MINISTER Rev. Rory MacLeod
rorymofg@gmail.com_01471 822416

TREASURER Margaret Macrae
mfmacrae@aol.com 01599 534695

YOUNG CHURCH LEADER Timmy Currie
timmycurrie@gmail.com

PRAYER SECRETARY Mary Fennell
prayercoordinator1995@gmail.com 01471820168

PARISH DEVELOPMENT ASSISTANT Jackie MacLennan
Strathandsleatpda@gmail.com 07835249640

WORSHIP TEAMS

Broadford	Mary Strachan	01471 822262
Kilmore	Heather Dodgson	01471 833295
	Peter McDermott	01471 844362
Kyleakin	Tony Breen	01471 822121
	Harry Saunders	01599 534145