

## 1962 ABERNETHY CHURCH CONGREGATIONAL BOARD MEETING

Weel friends I've made an effort  
Tae write a wee bit ditty  
About the Congregational board-  
Or, "Parish Kirk Committee".

Each month, upon a Wednesday  
We gaither in the Kirk,  
Responsibilities on oor heids-  
Na, na, we manna shirk.

For we're here tae mak decisions'  
For the Auld Kirks Congregation.  
An' if we mak a blunder-  
Man it might affect the nation!

So wad it seem when sittin' there  
Jist haen a look at some,  
The thocht gaen flittin' through their heeds-  
"I wish I had na' come."

The Chairman rises tae his feet  
Tae say a word o' prayer,  
An' a' at aince the chatter stops-  
There's silence in the air.

We stand around in circle  
Oor heids bowed tae the floor,  
An' then the silence shatters-  
Wi' a clatter at the door.

Then in pops John McNaughton  
"Man I thocht I widna' make it,  
The auld broon coo wis calvin'-  
An' for time I've sair been hakit."

The stillness then returns,  
An' wi' words o' blessin' spoken,  
We rummel back in tae oor chairs-  
The meetings duly open.

Apologies are asked for,  
The clerk grabs up his pen,  
"Excuse me gentlemen, would-  
You repeat these names again".

The absentees now noted  
He rises to his feet,  
The previous meetings minutes read-  
Returns to his seat.

The chairman then with caution,  
Round the circle has a look,  
"Adoption and a seconder, please-  
And then I'll sign the book".

Two minutes silence it would seem,  
And then with rending shout,  
Bob Smith and Andrew Morrison-  
Both start to blurt it out.

“I, I move the adoption”,  
John Gardiner shouts “I second that,”  
The minutes undisputed-  
In fourteen seconds flat.

Now to this meetings business,  
The chairman does retort,  
“Just listen for a minute-  
To the treasurer’s report.”

Oor Sandy trauchles fae his seat,  
Feet firmly on the flair,  
On sheets o’ paper in his hand-  
At figures he does stare.

He coughs an’ clears his throat,  
Great Scot the meetings really stunned,  
There’s only twa pounds three an’ four pence-  
In the Auld Kirk fabric fund.

What can be done the members shout,  
Amid the rowdy cry,  
Bob Scotland jumped up tae his feet-  
And gave a quick reply.

“The answer to this crisis”  
His eyes with light did gleam,  
“It’s a must for every member-  
To join the free will offering scheme”.

Hear, hear, shout some but others groan,  
The meetings in confusion,  
No individual can be heard-  
For others rude intrusion.

At last the mystery is solved  
Of where the money’s gone,  
‘Twas handed over by mistake-  
To Mr Stewart from Dron.

The treasurer’s forgiven,  
His business now complete.  
Another named George Dickson-  
Rose slowly to his feet.

“Excuse me Mr Chairman,  
Don’t you think it would be grand,  
If something could be done-  
To fix the old umbrella stand”

“That’s a job for Bob the joiner,”

We hear John Taylor state,  
“An’ when you’re at it fix the stand-  
That hauds the collection plate.”

Jist for a minute then -I thocht,  
Bob’s patience wad be torn,  
But in his usual way replies-  
“I’ll see tae that the morn.”

George Dickson to his feet again,  
“I must pursue this point,  
The legs of the umbrella stand-  
Are sorely out of joint.”

A minute’s reference to a book  
Consulting stocks and shares,  
Oor Sandy says there’s funds-  
To carry out these small repairs.

The Minister then rose an’ spoke,  
But not of high finance,  
‘Twas to tell us of a happening-  
One evening at the Manse.

“Dear gentlemen, it would appear  
The enamel’s most inferior,  
Last night when rising from my bath  
Some stuck to my posterior!

George McKirdy then spoke up’  
“This really is a sin,  
And Colin Gray’s the very man-  
To put a new one in”.

‘Twas over in five minutes,  
Without ado or fuss,  
The plumber had authority-  
Which was unanimous!

Noo Will Monteith had shirked his duty  
No thought of Mathew, Luke or Mark,  
He was shouting for the other ‘Saints’ -  
In Perth, at Muirton Park.

The meeting nearly over,  
It then to me occurred  
Messrs Winton, Hutton and Haggart-  
Had never said a word!

There’s another member missing  
Tae oor midst, he comes nae mair;  
It’s Thompson Ramsay an’ I’ll bet,  
He’s lying snoring in his chair.

Bob Copeland rises to his feet,  
“Excuse me, Gentlemen,  
I’ll hae tae go it’s half past nine-  
I start my work at ten.

Half ten gasps John McNaughton,  
Then oot the door like fire,  
Jist one thing on his mind a' nicht-  
The auld coo in the byre.

The business noo completed  
Jist on the stroke o' ten.  
The Minister got on his feet-  
And blessed the lord again.

With coats an' hats and gloves put on,  
We faced a wintry shower;  
And made our way out from the Kirk-  
An' passed the old Round Tower.

Some went home by the old school wynd,  
And others by the street,  
Another month would pass us by-  
Before again we'd meet.

So may the Congregational Board  
With spirits and good cheer;  
Attend the Auld Kirk's business-  
Throughout the coming year.

David Monteath