



The
Springfield Cambridge
Record



Supplement



Funerals
and
Obituaries



September 2020
to
September 2021

FUNERALS

God of grace and peace, in your Son Jesus Christ, you have given us new birth into a living hope. Strengthen us now to live in the power of the resurrection and keep us united with our loved one from whom in death we are not divided. For you live and reign for ever and ever. Amen.

Wednesday 30 th September, 2020	Mrs. Margaret Campbell Lee Crescent
Monday 12 th October, 2020	Mr Robert Kilpatrick Sunart Road
Friday 16 th October, 2020	Mrs Margaret M. Bowman Myrtle Square
Thursday 29 th October, 2021	Mrs Isabella (Isabel) B. Taylor Mailing Avenue
Friday 6 th November, 2020	Mrs Elaine D. MacKenzie Elizabeth Avenue
Friday 20 th November, 2020	Mrs Jessie Thom Whitefield Lodge
Friday 20 th November, 2020	Mr Thomas (Tommy) Pryde Thrums Avenue
Monday 23 rd November, 2020	Mrs Mary Dallas Everard Quadrant
Monday 23 rd November, 2020	Mrs Mary (Win) Mallen Springfield Court
Wednesday 9 th December, 2020	Mrs Irene E McCartney Dalkeith Avenue
Wednesday 13 th January, 2021	Miss Erin Rule Lunan Drive
Friday 29 th January 2021	Mr Michael (Mike) D. Monaghan Brechin Road
Monday 15 th February, 2021	Mrs Vera A. Gillie Woodhill Road
Tuesday 16 th February, 2021	Mrs Annie (Nan) Kilpatrick Bishopsgate, Kenmure Dr
Friday 26 th February, 2021	Mrs Elizabeth (Betty) M. Dewar Muirhead Way

Monday 1 st March, 2021	Mrs Elizabeth D. Wallace, Fern Avenue
Monday 1 st March, 2021	Mr John Wallace Fern Avenue
Wednesday 3 rd March, 2021	Mrs Martha B. Keil Carron Crescent
Wednesday 24 th March, 2021	Mrs Elizabeth (Betty) Ferrier Carnoustie Crescent
Thursday 22 nd April, 2021	Mr James (Jimmy) M. Reid Woodhill Road
Wednesday 12 th May, 2021	Mr Charles M. Dorward Katrine Avenue
Wednesday 23 rd June, 2021	Mr Alexander (Alex) H. Robertson Mavisbank Nursing Home
Thursday 24 th June, 2021	Mr William (Willie) A. McSheehy, Fettercairn Gardens
Monday 28 th June, 2021	Mr Robert S. Harley Sherwood Road
Thursday 8 th July, 2021	Mr Ronald (Ronnie) MacDonald Cunningham Drive
Monday 19 th July, 2021	Mrs Jean S. Hardie Mavisbank
Friday 23 rd July, 2021	Mrs Euphemia (Effie) Hogg Chryston Road
Friday 30 th July, 2021	Mr Lionel M. Scott Stobhill Care Home
Saturday 28 th August, 2021	Mrs June McEwen Fern Avenue
Saturday 4 th September	Mr Douglas Weir Laggan Road

ELDERS TRIBUTES

James Milroy REID (23/03/46-03/04/21)

Jimmy was the middle child of parents Mary & David REID, his elder brother David having predeceased him, and his younger sister Carolyn now lives in the USA. The family lived on Balgrayhill Road, before moving to a new home in Barlanark, and then settled in Campsie Street, Balornock, where Jimmy's parents remained until their demise.

Jimmy was a bright lad and attended Allan Glen's School before completing a degree in Zoology at the University of Aberdeen. He worked after that for a while at Edinburgh Zoo with the lions and fellow passengers on the buses always kept their distance from him after he'd finished work! Jimmy then undertook a post graduate qualification in teaching and taught at Torry Academy in Aberdeen. After this he studied for a M.Ed. which led to him becoming a Chartered Educational Psychologist and then he completed a M.Sc. in Psychology from the University of Strathclyde.

Whilst training for that vocation he was to meet Sheema in Stowmarket whom he courted and married on 19/06/79. His work as an Educational Psychologist was important to him, but his family came before any prospect of promotion was pursued. During the disaggregation of the old Strathclyde Regional Council, he took the opportunity to retire early in April 1996.

After Sheema and Jimmy were married they moved to Lanark in December 1979 where they lived for 10 and half years. The couple and their children settled in Woodhill in June 1990, because Jimmy believed and had heard it was a good place to raise a family - by now they were the parents of Adam, Saira, Liam and Fergus. Jimmy's sister, Carolyn remembers how as a child he and David were her protectors, and Jimmy would often give up his spot by the fireside to do whatever was asked of them by their parents. He was the peacemaker from an early age. Within his own family, Sheema and the children were his number one priority - he saved his annual leave each year so that they could all travel to Karachi, Pakistan to spend time with Sheema's parents and family. He was especially close to his father-in law. Other holidays were spent in Abingdon with old family friends, Richard and Margaret or in Felixstowe visiting Peter.

Aside from his family and work, though he did have other interests - he was a Past Master of Lodge Cadder Freestone 1584 (2007/8), kept a parrot, Thomas, had a phenomenal memory and powers of recall, as well as a treasure chest of (Jimmy's) sayings. He was straight and honest and could on occasion be quite direct. Technology and gadgets never fazed him - he loved the challenge of mastering new things. Bread making became a passion until the family could no longer consume the quantities, he was manufacturing. He then moved onto cooking Bolognese. He read widely and could test you any

subject matter (especially if you were a future son-in-law courting your only daughter). Photography, bird watching and music were also other passions. His musical tastes were eclectic: classical; Greek; reggae; jazz and his funeral Service included music by Bob Marley and Pink Floyd.

Long before anyone had heard of Dr Google, Jimmy had an aptitude for self-diagnosis in matters of health. The infuriating thing was that as with most things, he was more often right than wrong. From his migraines, in the 1990's to his diagnosis with MND in April 2018, early signs were probably present from at least 4 years previously, if not before. Upon diagnosis, and during the first visit from his specialist nurse, he set in train arrangements to ensure that upon his death, brain and spine tissue would be used to further research into this condition. He also insisted on being tested to rule out any genetic element being passed to his children (which thankfully was not the case). He was never heard to complain, become angry or question why he had become ill - he saw himself as being no more or less special than any other beloved child of God, who had a thirst for knowledge, faith, and enlightenment - like any 'Sufi' of another faith tradition.

On 26 June 2011 having been a lively participant in our Communicants Classes he became a member of Springfield Cambridge Parish Church. And such were his gifts that he was invited to be ordained as an Elder in the Church of Scotland on 29 June 2014.

As his Minister I had many occasions to be grateful for his quiet, unassuming help, support and guidance on occasions when he sensed I was under pressure.

Our thoughts and prayers are with Sheema, his wife, his children and their partners and his 6 grandchildren.

Rev Ian Taylor 22/04/21

Charles McFarlane DORWARD (11/10/50-04/04/21)

Charles (or Charlie as he was known by some) McFarlane DORWARD grew up in Kirkcaldy in Fife, eldest child of Chic and Ruby, elder brother of Jean. He was brought up in Kenmore Terrace and had a happy childhood. Following his primary education at Denearn Primary and secondary education at Kirkcaldy High School he went to Sighthill College in Edinburgh for a year to undertake a Business course. The next year whilst working at Borthwicks meat market in Leith he attended night school to upgrade his Higher English. Then he moved west to study Politics and Economics at Glasgow College of Technology (now Glasgow Caledonian University). This led him to Jordanhill College of Education where he qualified as a Modern Studies teacher. His first school was Riverside Secondary (1976-83) which he loved, before moving to Smithycroft where he taught for 10 years until his move to Whitehill Secondary where he remained from 1993 until his retirement in 2015 as Faculty Head of Social Studies.

During the early 1970's Charles was at a disco run by the West of Scotland Teachers Action Group in support of striking teachers when he met Margaret. After a while they started dating and on 10/01/1976 they were married at St. John's Renfield Church in Kelvindale by Rev Jimmy Simpson, prior to his move to Dornoch Cathedral. A January wedding may have seemed a strange time of year to be married for two teachers, but this was to coincide with Margaret's father's shore leave from the merchant navy. Their wedding reception was held in the Polish Club in Kelvingrove and their honeymoon night was spent at the Grosvenor Hotel.

The couple settled initially in Drumchapel for 18 months whilst they saved for a deposit to purchase their first home which then took them to a four in a block home on Kingsbridge Drive in King's Park. Whilst there they were members of King's Park Parish Church under the ministry of Rev Stuart Smith. By now Charlie and Margaret were the proud parents of Ian and David. In 1983 they moved out to Bishopbriggs settling into 52 Brechin Road, before moving to 16 Katrine Avenue in 1993.

As time moved on Charlie became increasingly involved in his local community - the family became members of Springfield Cambridge Parish Church - he was Ordained as an Elder within the Church of Scotland on 06/11/88 - was a dedicated member of our Wednesday Evening Bible Study group, a Congregational Board member and one time Property Convener, as well as being a supporter of the Boys' Brigade having been in the movement at

Abbotshall in Kirkcaldy in his own youth. Additionally for many a long year he was associated with Rossvale Juniors.

Four things stand out for me in the life of Charles. **Family.** He was happiest when spending time Margaret and the boys, Ian and David and their partners Gillian and Sabrina, and of course his grandson Elliott. Family holidays when the boys were young involved Euro camping in Northern and Southern France. Later holidays were enjoyed in Majorca, the Greek Islands, Croatia - in Porec the last big family holiday, not to mention his trip with the boys to New York City to celebrate his 60th. birthday.

Friends. His natural openness, warmth and good humour endeared him to many. From folk in the church, neighbours, old friends Vicky and Robert from London (and Lochinver) and their children Harry, Alistair and Alexandra, his fellow Cathedral Guides, or his pals from The Grapes, his fellow team mates from quizzes at Woodhill Evangelical Church, in the company of Charlie you could always be guaranteed of having some fun. After all, who among us at a job interview for promotion, could not laugh with him at his gaff, "*from small acorns great mushrooms grow.*"

Football. From involvement at a junior level with Rossvale to senior professional football as a season ticket holder at Ibrox, home of the 'Gers, Charlie loved the 'beautiful game.'

Faith. I can recall few Sundays in the last 15 years where I did not look out from the Pulpit at Springfield Cambridge Parish Church and see Charlie at worship, and if he was absent then I knew he would be on holiday and worshipping somewhere else!

Indeed, on Easter Sunday I was surprised not to see him present as I knew he had reserved his place - until we learned the shocking tragic news that he had died at home that morning. In Mark's account of Easter - Mary, Mary Magdalene and Salome pay a visit to Jesus' burial site and there's no indication that any of them are thinking about resurrection. As they poke their heads into the empty tomb to glimpse the corpse, a young man in a white robe - who might have doubled as a gravedigger - interrupts their grief to say, *"I know you're here for Jesus of Nazareth. But he's not here. You need to go and do something with your grief. There's a good life out there in front of you. Go now and tell some others what I'm telling you: Jesus has been raised, and he is a good bit ahead of you. He's gone on to Galilee. That's where you can catch up with him."*

Charles lived and believed in such an understanding. The man at the tomb tells the mourning women that Christ is ahead of them, not just stuck in their memories. I wonder what it would be like for us, even now, to imagine how different life would be before every appointment, every phone call and every destination we could recognise that we have been anticipated. That the risen Christ showed up and set things in motion prior to our arrival. To live with that kind of perspective would be nothing less than Easter faith at its best.

Two final faith thoughts about Charles. When I moved here 16 years ago, long before I knew Charlie well, I knew of him. You see one of my best and oldest friends has a daughter who was one of Charlie's former pupils, and the family had nothing but

the highest praise for the man who was 'one of ours.' His inspiration in the lives of many an East End pupil shall live on. When I moved here, as is the case with many a new Minister, I introduced some changes to our Communion Service. After those first changes Charles quietly asked me why "The Peace" was not included within my changes. I was unsure of whether this inclusion would be welcomed, and he assured me it would. So, the next time I included it as I have done so ever since. Each time now as we share that Peace it will have a special resonance with the Communion of Saints in whose company Charles now remains. May he rest in peace and rise in glory. AMEN.

Rev Ian Taylor 18/05/21

William (Willie) Alexander McSHEEHY (18/03/34-08/06/21)

Philippians 4:8-9, St. Mark 16:1-8

Willie was the eldest child in his family, having had a younger brother Alex who predeceased him. After attending Carntyne Primary School and Whitehill Secondary he worked for Hinshelwood Paint Company, having had previous experience of working life as a Saturday boy in Jackson Taylor. He then entered a period of two years National Service with the Royal Air Force in England. The motto of the RAF is 'ad astra per aversa' - a literal English translation of the Latin being, 'to the stars through difficulties.' Or in other words, we achieve great things only by encountering and overcoming adversity. Willie was not only familiar with that motto, but in his latter life, he embodied it.

On his return to 'civvy street' he returned to his old job at Hinshelwood's only to discover there was new girl in the office, called Ellen. Following a courtship worthy of a music hall joke of some 6 years, they were married on 14/09/62 at St. Cement's Church on London Road in Bridgeton. The couple honeymooned on Jersey an exotic destination for the time! Homes were made in Garthamlock briefly, then Cumbernauld for 5 years during which time, Gordon their first son was born at Falkirk Royal Infirmary in 1965. Two years later the family settled in Bishopbriggs at 23 Fettercairn Gardens. A year later, in 1968 Allan was born. By now Willie was working with Bergers on Old Dumbarton Road, and when not busy with work and family he also worked as a Fresh Cream Man selling and delivering cream to households locally to build some capital which was later employed by Willie allowing him to become a self-employed businessman. From one shop in 1974 he expanded to 6 shops, only retiring on 28/02/97 when Ellen reached her 60th year and then the business was subsequently sold. As a businessman he was highly regarded and respected by his customers and staff. He was an astute, fair minded businessman, and if you ever needed any business or financial advice then Willie was your man. Gordon followed his father into the business for a while, and Allan's apprenticeship was a brief one for an hour, one day, before he realised that his future career lay in a different path behind a TV camera.

Apart from his work and family, Willie enjoyed his holidays in Majorca, on Mediterranean cruises and even one on the Caribbean, as well as for over a decade, weekends at his home in Rothesay on the Isle of Bute. But whenever Willie and Ellen were on Bute, they would be up early on the Sunday morning ferry to be back up in Bishopbriggs in time for worship here.

When my predecessor, Bill Ewart invited Willie to become an Elder, Willie's first response was to decline, his reason being, that he liked an occasional drink. *"That's ok,"* said Bill quickly, *"there are a few Elders who like a wee drink."* Thankfully on 24/03/85 Willie was ordained as an Elder and our congregation was the better for his long, faithful service. He championed training nights and weekends for the Kirk Session and from 1996-2001 served as our Session Clerk. Self-discipline was a hallmark of his commitment - he chose to give up spirits upon becoming an Elder, though he would, I am told, still enjoy an occasional glass of wine, sensible man. And unknown to his Minister and the Kirk Session itself I suspect, whilst Session Clerk he took every Wednesday off his work to do his church work - a mark of his dedication to the task in hand. He served on the Ways and Means Committee for many years, helped with our Christian Aid annual collections and events sang in the Choir, and with Kirkintilloch Male Voice Choir. These were further expressions of his deep and personal faith which sustained him in life, and his daily ritual included a time of private scriptural

and devotional prayerful readings before breakfast, come rain, hail or shine. A diagnosis of cancer some years ago in his voice box led to 31 treatments during which time he showed great strength of character in the face of adversity, living out that earlier RAF motto, and whilst he was no longer able to sing, he was delighted to be returning to his family.

He loved his garden, appreciated flowers especially begonias and lupins, and loved to watch the news on TV and discuss current affairs with you.

All those who have spoken to me of Willie recently have repeatedly said what a gentle, respected, reliable man he was, and that was certainly my experience of him, these past 15 years. A true gentle man. A man of deep personal integrity. A man of exceptional faith.

One of the lessons read at Willie's funeral was St. Mark 16:1-8. It speaks poignantly of the resurrection and it ends with the disciples, the women at the tomb and we are told that "*they were scared, you see, for....*" Who among us is not scared in the face of death?"

They were scared, you see, for as wrecked as they were by Jesus death, they knew how to behave in the face of death. You view the body, you seal the tomb, and you go back to the house to eat sausage rolls and sandwiches with the neighbours. You accept the finality of what has happened and you get on with life, diminished as it is. But when you see the tomb is empty and

the body is gone, what then do you do? *They were scared, you see, for they didn't know how to believe in the face of death's undoing.*

They were scared, you see, for even though they had caught Jesus' vision and decided to follow him, they were still stuck with this guilty relief they felt when they realised how many things they didn't have to believe, do, or hope anymore. At least in the face of death you can stop trying so hard. They were scared, you see, for they weren't sure, those women, that they wanted to move mountains again.

They were scared, you see, for if the Lord Jesus was risen from the dead then so were they. Lord Caesar could go on ruling the world the same old way, but now that they knew what limited damage violence could do to God's cause, there was a whole new way opening up ahead of them. They were scared, you see, for death had lost its grip on them, and all of a sudden there was nothing to hold them back.

Mark when he wrote those words didn't know exactly what we would be scared of all these years later. He just knew we would be. By ending his gospel right in the middle of a sentence, he also left us free to decide how it ends. What will we make of the resurrection? How will we practice it ourselves?

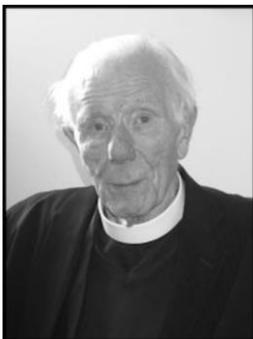
I think Willie had faced those questions and had arrived at his own answer.

But because God knows we need practice, we can turn to these pages once more. Death may well be beat, but it hasn't hit the ground yet. Lord Caesar may well be long gone, but his successors sadly aren't out of business yet. That's why we gather in church and around these words of Scripture, the words that Willie read each and every day of his life to discover God's hope is alive on earth. It's not over yet.

Willie knew his Lord and Saviour and believed in him and in his promises of eternity and so in the face of death, scared as we may be, I invite you to hear the good news friends. Though wounded, peace lives. Though killed, justice rises. Though buried, love goes ahead of us to Galilee, there we will see him, like Willie, just as he told us.

FOR HIS NAMES SAKE. Amen.

Rev Ian Taylor 24/06/21



Sad to advise of the death of the Rev David J Hebenton
on the 29th May 2021.

Rev Hebenton was the minister of Springfield Church from 1964 to 1967.