

## News from Lasswade:



### Obituary – Mrs Margaret Hamilton

I am sure everyone was saddened to hear of the death of Margaret Hamilton. Margaret had been ill for some considerable time but was determined to live life to the full and refused to give into her illness. She had tremendous spirit right up to the end but finally she was unable to fight any longer and died on Tuesday, 10 July 2007. Margaret was ordained as an Elder on 20 June 1993 and faithfully carried out her duties. She was a member of the choir until fairly recently but failing eyesight meant she had difficulty reading the music and felt unable to continue as a choir member, although she continued attending Church nearly every Sunday. Margaret also organised the flower rota ensuring there were flowers in the Church every Sunday morning. She was also involved in running the cake stall in the Pitcairn Centre. On a Sunday morning any visitors to the Church were always made particularly welcome by Margaret, to her there was no such thing as a stranger, a stranger was just a friend you had never met before. Margaret was involved in many organisations and will not only be missed in the Church at Lasswade but also in the wider community.

Andrew Renwick  
Session Clerk

### Gift Day

A huge thank you is extended to everyone who supported this event and to all the very generous donations received.

### Flower Rota October – December 2007

| October                         | November                         | December  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|---|
| 7 <sup>th</sup> Mrs M Andrews   | 4 <sup>th</sup> Mrs R Devlin     | 2 <sup>nd</sup> Mrs M Thomson                   |
| 14 <sup>th</sup> Mrs D Spence   | 11 <sup>th</sup> Lasswade Guild  | 9 <sup>th</sup> Mrs G Renwick                   |
| 21 <sup>st</sup> Mrs M Campbell | 18 <sup>th</sup> Mrs A Macdonald | 16 <sup>th</sup>                                |
| 28 <sup>th</sup> Mrs E Spratt   | 25 <sup>th</sup> Mrs J Campbell  | 23 <sup>rd</sup> Mrs S Howden                   |
|                                 |                                  | 30 <sup>th</sup> Mrs C Connor/<br>Mr C Sinclair |

A big thank you to everyone who provide the weekly flowers for the Church. If you would like to join the rota please speak to Moira Dryden.

## **Lasswade Choir**

The Choir were saddened to hear of Margaret Hamilton's passing in July. Margaret had been a loyal and enthusiastic member of the Choir for many years and ably supported all of our musical ventures. In recent months her health prevented her from taking her place among us. I wish, personally and on behalf of the Choir, to thank Margaret for all her work to enhance the musical contribution of the Congregation's worship and witness. Our thoughts are with June and the other members of her family.

The Choir will shortly be working on some music for Advent and Christmas. Although we are few in numbers the quality is there and we are keen to get started. The pieces I have in mind are not complicated but do require a bit of practice. We plan to have two Friday night practices and one on a Sunday morning after the service. If anyone is interested in augmenting the Choir for the Christmas period please let me know. I am in Church most Sundays or I can be contacted on 663 8895.

HLRD

## **Diamond Wedding Anniversary**

Dave and Margaret Stewart recently celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary. They were married in Lasswade Church by the Rev. J N Hutchison on 18 July 1947. Dave has been an elder in Lasswade Church since 1960. We wish them both many more years of happiness together.

## **Seafarers Version of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm**

This year Gillian and I spent our summer holidays on a cruise and on the Sunday we attended the Church Service on board the ship. The following is the Seafarers Version of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm. I think, while it is appropriate for those at sea, it is also something that fits in with our every day life.

The Lord is my pilot, I shall not drift  
He lighteth me across dark water  
He steereth me in deep channels. He keepeth my log  
He guideth me by the star of holiness for His name's sake  
Yea, even amidst the thunders and tempests of life  
I dread no longer, for thou art with me  
Thy love and Thy care, they shelter me  
Thou prepares a harbour before me in the homeland of Eternity  
Thou anointest the waves with oil – my ship rides calmly  
Surely sunlight and starlight shall favour me on the voyage I take  
And I will rest in the port of my God forever. Amen  
Andrew Renwick

**Joint Service – Sunday 25 November at 10.00 a.m. in Lasswade Church – All Welcome. There will be no services at Cockpen & Carrington or Rosewell on that day.**

Dear ALL

Our pilgrimage was a fascinating and wonderful experience, which I was so blessed to be able to share with my daughter who is also my friend.

Just to recap, my name is Mary Hay and my daughter and I had an opportunity to travel to India on a journey to discover what treatments are available for the debilitating eye condition called Macular Degeneration, a condition which is causing major concern to many people in our community.. We arrived in very fine fettle, considering we had been sitting in a confined space for over ten hours.

Bangalore Airport at 5 am in the morning, chaos was seen everywhere but it appeared to be the way things worked in India. Colours were vibrant everywhere, in dress and in the buildings; the smells were enticing and disgusting in the same breath, very unusual, the noise was deafening and remember this was very early in the morning!

The weather was cool and this was kind to us as it was only 20 degrees. Coolies came from everywhere as we looked British and they were trying to entice us to use their service. We were organised as we had a driver and car waiting for us, his placard with the name The Hay Daughters made us smile and secure. Our driver was good at managing the rivals and taking responsible action to arrange our way out to his car.

Our first stop was The Ancient School of Wisdom, a very charismatic and enlightening place. We had a wonderful journey of self discovery through mingling with the energy of the surroundings and meditating with the natural beauty all around. Our fellow Pilgrims were a wonderful mixed bunch of people from many parts of the British Isles.

We drank in the wonderful healing air and found the energy of our first destination to be well above our expectations, it was a captivating place that had been brought together with love, patience and a keen interest in the best for fellow mankind.

The surrounding garden was a canvas fit for any great painter, the rainbow colours from the beautiful flowers and trees danced in the air. The air was filled with amazing birds and butterflies, there were lotus covered ponds waiting to greet the Sun and exotic Jasmine lining the pathways.

We had our first appointment with an Eye Specialist in Bangalore, the new Call Centre Paradise. The Manipal Hospital is a very state of the art Hospital with Customer Care their main priority. Dr Shetty was a gentleman and put me at ease, he arranged all the x-rays and tests in minutes.

The News was conclusive I had Macular Degeneration.

The fantastic part was they had some new injections that had good results and help you see more clearly and clear the fog.

I took a couple of days to think about the treatment as the thought of needles in my eyes was scary. The decision made I was going to be brave and have an injection to see if this breakthrough treatment could help even a little.

I arrived for my injection and the thoughts were terrifying but I never felt a thing. I was taken away to Theatre and was back within an hour. Dr Shetty gave us his contact numbers including his mobile and we were to text him that night and every night for 4 days to give him an update on how I was feeling. This type of Doctoring was wonderful as I had felt very vulnerable and this made me feel protected.

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The next morning, GREAT news I could see a little clearer and this was after only one injection! This will help me gain my LIFE back.

Dr Shetty advised us that he would suggest 6 Injections a month to six weeks apart and watch and monitor the improvements each time.

Now down to the nitty gritty the dreaded cost £87.00 was the cost of the injection and this included hiring a theatre, specialist services, nurses etc. This plus my consulting fees of £40.00, which included X-rays and special tests. Total spend £127.00 and we were informed that the £87.00 would be the cost of each treatment. We did do some checking in London and paid nearly £1000.00 for travel fees and tests which cost me well over £500.00 plus.

We decided to tell no one that I had had a procedure. My daughter Marion read an article from a newspaper when we were away, it was about an actress Eileen McCallum who had appeared in Take The High Road and was now appearing in River City. She had been struck with Macular Degeneration and it was ruining her quality of life, I can relate to this statement. She went to a specialist who advised her that there was a treatment available but it was very expensive, £1000.00 per injection.

Well what a start to a wonderful experience and we still have nearly 2 + weeks left so we will save our next travel experiences for the Christmas Edition of the Magazine.

Highlights to follow are: The Tibetan Monastery, our visit to the Tibetan Doctor, Sai Baba's Ashram, The Indian Health Farm and The John Wayne train journey from hell.

Loving Regards

Mary and Elizabeth Hay

### **Polton in the 20s and 30s – No 3**

In the late 1920's Polton welcomed Mr Stewart and his family to the village to become residents in the Station House. As Station Master and Post Master he and his family soon became embroiled in village life. Polton Station, being the terminus for the Edinburgh line, was a very busy station. At the height of its life some twelve passenger trains arrived and left each working day as well as a few goods trains carrying coal and other necessities for the running of the two paper mills. The passenger trains left Polton calling at Lasswade – Broomieknowe – Eskbank – Millerhill – Portobello – Piershill – Abbeyhill and Edinburgh. This was quite an attractive journey but the best part was between Polton and Lasswade. One left Polton Station with the River Esk on the left hand side and after passing the mill buildings on the right, passed through some lovely countryside with the river meandering off to the left only to return to pass under the railway line by means of a metal bridge over which the train passed. From then on the train climbed a slight incline over the magnificent viaduct at Lasswade under which the River Esk flowed on its way to Musselburgh. The train then pulled into Lasswade Station before tackling the formidable half mile tunnel on its way to Broomieknowe Station.

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To deliver goods to the mill by rail a spur was laid so that wagons could be taken directly to the mill. As this was built on a slight decline one could see wagons passing through the village with a man running beside them controlling the speed by means of a braking device on the side of the wagon. When the empty wagon had to be returned to the station however, because of the incline, it was necessary to employ some form of horse power. This was when our Clydesdale horse earned its oats having to pull the empty wagon up the incline to the station. Another reason for having a horse was the removal of the ashes left after the burning of the coal to a place for disposal. I can still see Gib Rae sitting on top of the horse drawn kart full of ashes, pipe stuck in mouth looking like the 'Scarlet Pimpernel' in disguise when rescuing the aristocrats from Paris. The kart left the village, passing through Springfield, over the bridge, passed the War memorial on the road towards Loanhead, across the Bilston Burn by means of a wooden bridge, up into Polton Woods where an area was set aside for the disposal of the ashes.

The owners of Polton Mill had a bowling green and pavilion built mainly for the use of the workforce. This was a great boon for those who worked shifts giving them the opportunity of relaxing and exercise. My vivid memory of this is a Saturday afternoon when visiting teams came by the one o' clock train, pass noisily through the village in their whites determined to make a good time both on the green and in the pavilion. As the afternoon wore on, along with the clicking of the bowles, the shouting got louder and louder and more often this was when we children gathered at the railings watching the fun in the hope that the players would run out of cigarettes and ask one of us to run to the shop to get some. Depending on how much time was spent in the bar of the pavilion determined how much of a tip we got and as the afternoon moved into evening and the players become more inebriated they sometimes forgot to ask for the change.

There were, and still are, a number of interesting walks in and around Polton which I will refer to in future episodes, but I must make reference to one in particular because it affected some of the village children. The 'Cast' sometimes referred to NOTLOP (Polton spelled in reverse) was and still is a shortcut to Rosewell which starts at Springfield and ends at Midfield House on the back road to Rosewell from Bonnyrigg. This was not an easy climb, made worse by the wet and muddy surface – indeed it was so bad that motor cycle clubs used it as one of their trial routes. We used to sit up on the banking at the worst places and marvel at the successes and failures of the cyclists. The children of the village who attended the school in Rosewell walked the Cast every school day morning and evening, not an easy task at the age of five years.

DDS

**Remember to visit our Website [www.lasswadechurch.co.uk](http://www.lasswadechurch.co.uk)**

**News for the Christmas Issue of "The Link" should be with the Editors by  
Sunday, 4 November at the very latest**