

St Cuthberts Church has always been a part of my life, I attended the Sunday School, Bible Class, and Youth Fellowship before becoming a Sunday School Teacher then joint Leader of Sunday School.

My earliest recollection of Sunday School was in the late 1950s. We would put on our Sunday coats and hats and head off to Church and Sunday school. Sunday School was more formal in those days, and we were on our best behaviour.

During the years we had to learn the Ten Commandments, All the Books of the Bible and The Lord's Prayer off by heart! The one thing that has never changed over all these years were the stories we were told from the Bible. We still teach them today, but the children of today are reluctant to sit and listen, so over the years our Sunday School Teachers added craft work relating to the story being told, allowing the children to participate more, we also added singing and games, moving with times I think it's called! Also, instead of learning The Lord's Prayer by heart we painted the words and placed it up on the wall for all to see, together with the craft work relating to the stories being told.

At Christmas we had our Nativity Play. Over the years whether we had a large gathering of Angels and Shepherds or just a few things had a habit of going askew but always bring happy memories of Christmas time. I remember one year when unknown to us the Baby Jesus had a battery in his back, needless to say the children discovered it and had great fun crowding round it to make it cry during the nativity. We made a point of removing the battery before the next Nativity. Many years ago, we actually had a real baby who was only about 8 weeks old, and the congregation had no idea at first it was not just our usual doll.

One of my fondest memories is of the Sunday School Trip, which was usually held in June, in the early days it was just a field we went to but over the years we went to Rouken Glen, Culzean Castle, Millport are just a few. As a child I remember having an orange plastic mug and my Mum would attach cotton tape to the handle and then it was looped across my shoulder and knotted. hanging down by my side. Off we would go down to the Church where the Clyde Coast Double Deckers would be waiting for us. We climbed aboard and our streamers were put out the windows and we sang at the top of our voices there and back. Quite often that the back/front of the bus they cannae sing! My earliest memory is of going to a field in Fairlie, where the cows had been before us! I think back now and realise our parents must have spent a lot of time making sure where we put our feet. Picnics were supplied and we would

get a paper bag with goodies in it and on this occasion our drink, which was milk came in a churn from the farm I still remember it did not taste very nice.

We would play rounders, skipping and best of all the RACES, flat race, potato and spoon, sack race, three-legged race and last but not least the Mums' and Dads' Race. I remember it being a day full of fun when everyone joined in, and this took place for years and years varying from two to three buses to our very last one when it was a bus for less than 20 for just the teachers and children.

The Sunday service next day was the Prizegiving day. Again, as a child I remember we were given prizes for perfect attendance, but over the years it was changed to a book service where every child from creche upwards received a book or Bible if they were moving up to Bible Class. I am pleased to say that with good organisation or luck we never gave a child the same book twice.

Writing this has brought back so many happy memories and I know there are members of our congregation here today who came through this route as well and I hope this brings back happy memories for them.