

ANDRA

We're rael prood at wan o the twal is Scotland's patron saint,
But much o what we hear is nocht nor tales an legends quaint.
Whit dae we ken o him for shuir, at we shuid aa remember?
Weel, twa thing staun out in ma mind on the threttieth o November.

Wan is the day on Jordanside whan first he met the Lord:
He'd bin wi John the Baptist (it tells us in God's wurd),
Whan syne he fallaed Jesus, fur he c'd dae nane ither;
No ainly did he come himsel, he gaed an feshed his brither.

The ither day in Andra's life at stauns out clear fur me
Wis whan the sun shone brichtly on the braes o Galilee,
An mony fowk hed come frae faur tae hear a suithfu wurd,
An mony fowk hed gethered roun tae listen tae the Lord.
Nou Andra luikit roun, an thocht at there (for aa he kent)
Wis thousans here wi nocht tae eat, an the day wis nou faur spent.
An while he wunnert whit tae dae, tae care fur iverybody,
He realised at by his side wis staunin a wee lauddie.
"Hullo, I didnae notice you," said Andra, luikin doon.
"Sir," said the boy, "I wunnert gif ye c'd share ma píce aroun."
Juist for a gliff our Andra paused, astoundit at this wurd,
Than said, "Gíe me yer haun; we'll gang tak it tae the Lord."

Weel, the lave o't is weel-kent tae ye; ye've haurd it aa yer days:
The míracle wisnae Andra's; it's the Lord deserves the praise.
But the story in the Gospel nicht no be juist the same,
Hed the bairn no pickt Andra as the wan tae wham he came.
For some fowks wad hae chased him, an some fowks wad hae laucht;
Some at saa the bairn an Andra thocht the baith o them wis daft!
But Andra wis a kind, big chiel at kent at this wee laud
Wis daein juist the kind o thing at pleased the hert o God.
They tuik the food tae Jesus, an he did aa thing well
In this THE AINLY MÍRACLE at AA FOWER GOSPELS tell.

Weel, that's the tale o kindness (than which there's naething sweeter)
Tae add tae that o bringin ben the gryte man, Símon Peter.
Gif yon wis aa at Andra did, I'm shair ye will agree,
He did faur mair fur Jesus nor either you or me.
He brocht the first kirk leader. He fed a stervin croud.
He is the kind o Patron Saint o wham we can be proud.

Alistair Halden

CROSS O SAUNT ANDRA

(tune: Bunessan CH3 180 / CH4 577)

Cross o Saunt Andra
Flag o the nation
Cross o salvation
Symbol an sign
Faith winna falter
Daith canna conquer
Jesus will care for
Me an mine¹.

Thistle for glory
Thistle for sufferin
Thorn o Redemption
Twa-edgit sword
Makkin a croon
Tae scourge the Redeemer
Pride an pain, on
Broo o the Lord.

Lion for valour
Uncompromisin
Stan an be coonted
Strang in his grace
Laddie an lassie
Yowie an spurgie
For aa His craiteurs
God hes a place.

Purple the heather
Royal in its colour
Calvary cloak
An muntains hue
Iver remin's us
Aye tae be constant
Siccar an leal
Stinch an true.

White rose o Scotland
Snawy thy petals
Pure as a lammie
Prince o love
Rowan for reid
Hairts bluid o the Sauviour
Makkin a hame for's
Safe, above.

Sheena Blackhall

¹ Aiblins some micht prefer 'Thee an thine' - ed.

FIVE BERE LAIFS AN TWA FISHES

Faimily in a faur pairt o Galilee; faither, mither an the bairns: Tammas, auldest laddie, sister Rachel an the loun Benjamin. Bein fornent the loch, faither, along wi his brithers, whiles casts a bit net frae thir boat; fish farin fur kin, the lave in tred wi neibours near. A when beass; nae kye, hirsels juist o yowes an a puckle goats outby.

Stert o the day, faimily gathert roun tae brak fast, jawin about the day afore thaim. Faither an Tammas fur the loch; mither an dochter bidin hame; poutrie tae attend, kebbuck tae mak, denner fur the men at nicht. Benjamin? Hird in chairge - fank tae gress! Canny fowk, content wi no aa that muckle; faither askin a blissin on hame an simple fare. God in aa things! waukin or sleepin; wark or crack o the day. Clash i the kintra o a traivellin preacher; Tammas his a freen wha his heard the stravaigin maister; an unco chiel, canty yit strang. Talk o a kingdom - some ither gait! A fell thrang speirin whit it's aa about. Whuspers o makin weel the seek an mendin the cruiket; Messiah is bein mouthed - lang awaitit Sauviour!

Official priests, heid bummers, men o the law, Pharisees an Saducees, crabbit like, hae thir doots; caa him 'blasphemer', 'Beelzebub' - an waur! Whitiver the wey o it, this man, whilk is cryed Jesus, is causin a richt stramash. Benjamin, hauflin yit an no aa that perticularly religious, is fair scunnert, bumbazed wi fowk gabbin oan an oan ...

...“Eneuch blethers!” says faither; “Mouths tae feed; time nou fur wark!” The men - yin man an twa laddies - leuk tae the day's darg. Mither, guid wife an leal, his pièces reddie frae the nicht afore; smaa bere laifs an wee fishes - speldrin. Tammas an faither, guid fríens, tae the boat; Benjamin bi his lane, gangs seekin out gress wi hungert beass.

Joco, whustlin awà tae himsel, kennin weel aa the heichs an howes; blithe hird, seekin bíeld, gangs tae an aft frequentit neuk, seein flock content afore takin his ain ease. Out o the warm, awà frae the sun's bleeze, back ahint a haundy stane, he is, i the wey o maist bairns, in a kind o dwam. His wannerin thochts ar divertit bi a bit plowter outby i the watter. A boat! His faither's boat, shairly, makin fur the near shore! Aye, richt eneuch, it is his faither. Ither fowk wi him, bein ferried frae the faur strand! Wee Ben is dumfoonert, tae, bi a croud scammlin efter, roun frae tither shore. Nae ither boat in sicht, sae he jalouses at the thrang is in pursuit o his faither's passagers.

Whan the fowk frae the boat set fit oan the strand, Benjamin c'n tell at the ithers wid hae the maister man amang thaim gang furrít; naething persuadit, the maister steys pit, bides whaur he is anent a smaa howe. Thegither wi Benjamin's brither Tam an his twa uncles, aabody sits roun haein a crack. Mindin havers at brakfast that mornin the loun is shair at the respeckit passager c'n be nane ither nor Jesus himsel! Afore lang the croud mak thir wey roun tae join the gatherin about the maister; 'Teacher' (*Rabbi*) they caa him. Respeckfu, no chawsin him like, wantin juist tae hear him tell out his evangel.

Fair burstin tae ken whit's whit doon ablò; bit ey eident hird; Benjamin maks siccar o hirsels afore sclimmerin doun tae join in. Staunin aside his faither, takin his haun, the laddie leukit up an stertit tae speir. Kindlike, faither, pittin finger tae lips, spak i the

loun's lug; "Wheesht, ma wee son, the chiel, this joiner frae our ain airt is mair than ordinar! His faither, Joseph, is weel mindit as a skeelly man wi his hauns; lang syne he wrocht a perr o oars fur me, wrocht thaim richt weel in his joiner's shoap: grand aathegither, I yaise thaim yit! In the wey o things, as I mind it, his wedow, Mary, is a faur out kizzin o yer mithers. Listen, Benjamin; herken weel tae auld farrant wurds frae the dominie!"

Juist than, friens o this Jesus body startit a richt argie-bargie as tae hou mait wis tae be fund fur aa thaim gaithert. Yin billie, his name wis Andra, noticed at Benjamin wis nursin a creel tae himsel. As a bit o a kiow, he pit furth at whit wis i the creel wid, mibby, be sufficiand tae the hale jing bang o thaim!

Benjamin, shy callant nou, wis black affrontit whan he fund the maister leuken straucht i his een. Wantin tae leuk the ither road, Benjamin first fund at he cuidna, syne at he didna want tae. Haun oan the loun's shouter, Jesus askit: "Wull ye gie oot skair frae yer creel, Benjamin?" Oh, the smaa hird wis sair taigled! switherin juist hou tae answer. "Aye, sir," quo he, "Ye man hae the hale lot an gledly; five smaa laifs, tho, an twa tottie fishes is aa at I hae!"

Takin the creel in his hauns, Jesus, efter askin a blissin o the Aamichtie - an alang wi his friens - dished out breid an fishes till nane wis hungert! Benjamin, hunkered at Jesus's fit wis mazed an a wheen feart. Stervin, tho', an belyve he wis eatin alang wi the lave. Gaitherin spunk, he whuspered; "Hou i the name o the wee man did ye dae that, sir?" "You did it!" quo Christ; "Askin nae answers, ye freely gie'd aa tae an unkent traiveller."

That same nicht, back hame, faither an Tammas telt out thir pairt in the carfuffle bi the shore o the loch that day. Mither an dochter, stound, herkened weel. Tam spak o passagers i the boat, the croud merchin round the strand; faa out amang friens, an wee brither's pairt in the miraculous breid an fishes fur aa!

Benjamin? Gey sweirt, wis sayin nocht! In the wey o big sisters, Rachel, no blate, deaved awà. "Did onie ither body hae a creel? Hou wis it at Jesus haued the breid an fishes? Whit wey did he soun? Wis he braid i his lilt? Is he extraordinar? Hou did sich a muckle thrang stey quate? Wis thir hunners an hunners o fowk at the loch side? Benjamin! Benjamin, dinna haud back; tell tae us whit ye saw an heard this day!"

Near greetin nou, tears no faur awà, the callant bubbled that he didna ken, he didna ken! Mither, wyss like, saw at her wee lamb wis foonert - fair wabbit! "Time nou fur sleep; come, Benjie, an we'll coorie doun." "Hou cuid sich a byordinar thing cam about frae five bere laifs an twa smaa fishes?" yawned the puggled bairn. "Rest this nicht wi lichtsome hairt," quo his proud faither: "Mind, aye, the strang thing ye did this day tae gladden the maister's hairt. Gin ye hedna pairted wi the creel, hou ither wid the croud hae bin comfortit?"

Bill MacMillan
(efter John 6)

SAUM 1 (*taen as speakin o the kin o man Andra, like ither saunts, wis*)
(adaptit frae the owersetin bi P. Hatley Waddell, 1877)

Blythe the body
wha airtsna his gate bi the guidin o the lowse,
an wha staunsna on the rod o wrang-daers,
an wha sitsna i the session o geckers,
bot wi the law o the Lord is his hail hert's gree,
an ower that rede o his day an nicht síchs he.

Sicna yin's the frute-stok plantit bi the watir-rins,
at frutes ey weel in its ain frute saison,
an its blade dwines nane;
whatsumiver he dis, it blumes.

Siclike war ne'r the lowse
bot like caff ar they aa, at the win's ey strewin.
Syne, at the judgement, sal the lowse ne'r staun,
nor wrang-daers win ben til the gaithran o the richtous.
For the Lord kens weel the gate o the richtous;
bot the gate of the lowse sal dwinnle an díe.

SAUM 87 (*o God's fowk frae aa the warld i Zíoun, Andra countit amang thaim*)
(adaptit frae the owersetin bi P. Hatley Waddell, 1877)

Sae sikker's his found on the halie heichts!
The Lord loes Zíoun's ports mair nor aa the howfs o Jaucob!
Siccan ferlies ar telt o thee, Burgh o God!
***An the lilters an dauncers baith,
They aa sing o thee.***

In Egyp an Babylon I name them as kens me;
Thair's Philistie an Tyre an Ethiopia tae!
'This yin wis born thair,' they say.
***An the lilters an dauncers baith,
They aa sing o thee.***

Bot Zíoun sal ey be caa'd mither, ilkane born in her:
An the Maist Híe himsel sal stablish her;
The Lord jots as he tells the fowks, 'This yin wis born thair.'
***An the lilters an dauncers baith,
They aa sing o thee.***

SAUNT ANDRA – *dìleas gu bràth*



***“Símon Peter, Tammás, Nathaniel, an the Sons o Zebedee,
forbyes ithér twa o the disciples,
wis aa there thegither.”***

(St. John 21.2 - Lorimer)

I the twantie-first o John (an appendix addit efter a bittock tae the buik) there's a bonnie storie about a crack atween Jesus an Símon, him at Jesus cried 'Peter' or 'Craig'¹. Three times he tells him tae tent his hirsell, sae monie times as Peter hed disavoued him.²

Hes the thocht iver cum intil your heid, 'Wis Símon the anerlie yin at Jesus hed a crack wi efter he rase frae the deid? Ithers o the twal hed rin awà. Een gin Jesus hed sort o gíen thaim leave, sayin, “*Lat thir men een gang their waas,*”³ wis there nae need for him tae hae a wurd wi onie o thaim? Whit about Símon's nain brither Andra; gin he saw 'Craig' crackin again wi the Maister, wad he no hae greened tae hae a wee wurd an aa, as he hed at the first? Deed, is it no John at tells us at it wis Andra at brocht Símon til Jesus first aff?⁴

Lang syne there wis a bodie at draimed about what Jesus an Andra micht hae hed tae say til ithér⁵ -

Syne go Jesus til Andra, “Cum awà here tae me, Andra. Ye'r cryit 'Low'; blissed ar ye amang men.”

Andra answert the Sauviour, “An I cuid hae a wurd ...” Syne said he til him, “Say awà, man Andra; ye'r a siccar set stoup⁶.”

1 cf. Matthew 16.18; John 1.42

2 vid. Lorimer, 'The New Testament in Scots', Appendix I: *Spuria*

3 John 18.8b (Lorimer, *op. cit.*)

4 John 1.40-42 (Lorimer, *op. cit.*)

5 cf. Bodleian MS. Copt. F 103 (P) – Coptic papyrus aff-fa'in

6 cf. Galatians 2.9

“As God, at is your Faither, líves,” answert Andra “I cam awà frae my faither an mither's houss an, as my saul líves, I haena med back til't sensyne, an a heana hed sicht neither o my faither's nor my mither's face. Mairatowre, I haena seen the faces o my bairns, neither o my wife. Bot I heftit my cross ilka day, fallowin efter ye frae the gray o the mornin til at last settin it doun late on.”

“I ken, Andra,” answert Jesus, “I ken.”

The dwam dwines, bot efter a wee there's Andra again, mindin on the wurd at, gin ye hae twa coats, ye maun wear juist the yin, an mindin at, for aa at no a mither's son wis gryter nor yon Prophet, yit the laichest i Christ's Kingdom is tae be gryter nor him.⁷

Bi this vísion we'r shawn what sort o a man wis seen in Andra. First, he's a true disciple, a guid student: Jesus hed said, *“Onie-ane at luves faither an mither mair nor me is onwurdie o me; onie-ane at luves son or dochter mair nor me is onwurdie o me; onie-ane at is amind tae haud efter me maun think nae mair o himsel, an day an dailie tak up his cross an gang my gate wi mi.”*⁸ An Andra dis that juist. He dis as he hes bin learned. That wey he becums, as the saunts o the Celtic Kirk nicht hae said, a white martyr afore he becums a reid. He maks the kin o saicrifíce at lang efter him Dauvit Livingstone wis tae mak, for he an aa, lea'n his wife an weans ahint, travielled faur, ettlin at settin fowk free.

Saicont, Andra is seen as a leal chíel, as leal's Elísha wis tae Elíjah. For whan Elíjah's tae be sindert frae him an cairriet up intil heiven, Elísha sais til him thrice ower, *“As the Lord líves, an as your saul líves, I winna lea ye.”*⁹ Andro is as leal tae Jesus as Elísha wis tae Elíjah, an we maun jalouse at, juist like Elísha wis tae faa the spírit o Elíjah whan he saa him bein sindert frae him, sae Andra wad faa the Halie Spírit whan Jesus wis cairriet up intil heiven.

For, third, aiblins that's hou Andra's cried 'Low'. The Spírit cums like fire, an Andra's a man o the Spírit. Saunt John tells us he hed bin a disciple o John the Baptizer afore he begoud tae fallow Jesus¹⁰. Sae our draimer sees Andra hearin John say, *“Him at hes twa sarks maun gíe ane til him at hes nane; an him at hes provand maun dae the like.”*¹¹ John hed baptízed him wi watter, an he hed brocht forrit the laddock at skaired his píece¹². Bot nou he's wi the man tae baptíze him wi the Halie Spírit, wi fire; he's wi the man at wis díed an is alive again, the man tae mak him low.

Bot this isna a flame tae flicker i juist the ae hert. *“I am cum tae cast fire ower the yird,”*¹³ qo Jesus. The hail warld. Sae them at lows wi his low tak the guid news o the juidge o luv in aa airts. An Andra's amang thaim. Syne it's no juist in Scotland at fowk haud him richt dear, bot in Russia, an Greece, an Ukraine, an România, an Cyprus, an Sicily, an ither plece monieane.

Saunt Andra, a man no hamefarin an thirlt til his ain, bot a man for aa o Christ's Name in aa the warl; a man ableeze wi the luv o Jesus, an leal; a guid student at didna juist learn what tae say, bot did what he wis learned, gae the sark aff his back tae the bowed an blaudit. That's the sort o man the body draimed o lang syne. An the chíel ye draim o is the body ye may becum. No a bad draim for us, than, neither!

Saunt Andra, faithfu fire - leal 'Low' yet!

Robert K Mackenzie

⁷ cf. Luke 7.28

⁸ Matthew 10.37; Luke 9.23 (Lorimer, *op. cit.*)

⁹ *vid.* II Kings 2.1-15

¹⁰ *vid.* John 1.29-39

¹¹ Luke 3.11 (Lorimer, *op. cit.*)

¹² *vid.* John 6.4-13

¹³ Luke 12.49 (Lorimer, *op.cit.*)

ST ANDRA

A fisher Andra wis in Galilee
He loed its Sea in sun or gurly nicht,
Content wi boat an gear his weird tae dree,
Aye waitin for the boded Man o Micht.

Ae day ane said tae Andra, "See, there gangs
A man sae guid they caa the Lamb o God,
He comes tae tak awà men's sins an vrang,
An fae his hert nae need o man is hod."

Sae Andra hard the Maister's, 'Come awà
An catch wi net o Luve the sowls o men,'
An quick he wis an first amang them aa
Tae tak the road tho' aa onseen the en.

He loed the sea an aa the fisher clan,
An socht them out by monie a fremit shore;
Far cry tae Hellespont an Euxíne stran
Tae preach the Wird the fowk n'er hard afore!

An aft he dreamed o lan in northern seas
An men he'd draw intil his net for Christ,
Bit like his Maister on the Cross he dees -
In flesh it wisna his tae keep his tryst.

They took his banes tae Albyn yont the faem
An made their lanfaa in Kilrymont Bey,
An Andra's spírit maks that lan his hame
As leal's himsel an thirled tae Christ for aye.

Ivo Macnaughton Clark
(1883 - 1950)