

**The Magazine for the Parish of Cheviot Churches:
Church of Scotland**

CHEVIOT



Summer 2020



Prayer Corner



Summer Prayer

As the sun rises, Lord, Let your light shine on me.
The warmth of your Presence,
The brightness of your love,
The radiance of your joy,
The shining of your hope.
Let your light shine on me.
As the sun rises, Lord, let your light shine on me.
Amen.

A Psalm for Summer

Praise awaits you, our God, in Zion;
to you our vows will be fulfilled.
You who answer prayer,
to you all people will come.
When we were overwhelmed by sins,
you forgave our transgressions.
Blessed are those you choose
and bring near to live in your courts!
We are filled with the good things of your house,
of your holy temple.
You answer us with awesome and righteous deeds,

God our Saviour,
the hope of all the ends of the earth
and of the farthest seas,
who formed the mountains by your power,
having armed yourself with strength,
who stilled the roaring of the seas,
the roaring of their waves,
and the turmoil of the nations.
The whole earth is filled with awe at your wonders;
where morning dawns, where evening fades,
you call forth songs of joy.
You care for the land and water it;
you enrich it abundantly.
The streams of God are filled with water
to provide the people with grain,
for so you have ordained it.
You drench its furrows and level its ridges;
you soften it with showers and bless its crops.
You crown the year with your bounty,
and your carts overflow with abundance.
The grasslands of the wilderness overflow;
the hills are clothed with gladness.
The meadows are covered with flocks
and the valleys are mantled with grain;
they shout for joy and sing.

(Psalm 65, NIV)

Minister's Letter

Dear Friends,

‘Surreal’, ‘bizarre’, ‘unprecedented’. These are words which have been bandied about to describe the last few months of lockdown. This has been something none of us have experienced before, and it is strange to remember how relatively carefree our lives were pre-Covid, and to reflect how different life will be post-Covid.

When I was writing the article for our Spring edition of the ‘Cheviot’, the lockdown had just been announced: churches were to be closed forthwith, and our lives would be turned upside down. For some of us, it has been an exceptionally difficult time. There have been anxieties over health,

finances, employment and the future. Some of us have felt isolated, and others just slightly overwhelmed. It has been awful for those with family and friends in hospital or in care homes and being unable to visit. For those who have been bereaved, it has been so difficult to mourn with the various restrictions of social distancing – such as not being able to be hugged!

For many of us, however, we have been conscious of our good fortune in living in our part of the Borders. We are so lucky living in places with such a strong sense of community, with everyone looking out for one another. Tribute must be paid to our resilience groups and so many others who have helped the more vulnerable in our communities. We have also been so fortunate to have the countryside on our doorstep and have been blessed with good weather for most of this time. I am sure we have gained tremendous strength from chatting to people we have met during our walks, both in the country and in our villages. The village shops and butchers have also been incredible focal points, while the “Clapping for the NHS” and others on the frontline brought everyone together. We have been lucky indeed.

Restrictions are now being to be eased, but we are conscious that life will not be the same as it was before. We will be going into the ‘new normal’. Schools will have to operate in a very different way because of social distancing, and I do not know when the coffee mornings, such a central feature of our communities, will resume again!

Churches have now been given the green light to reopen for private prayer initially, but with much emphasis on hygiene, rigorous cleaning and social distancing. Times when the church will be opened will appear in a separate article. Meanwhile hymnbooks and pew bibles have been packed away, and there are question marks over whether we will be able to sing when worship services start again. Certainly, there will be no refreshments after the service.

As the lockdown eases, we face big questions over how life will be and whether we can build on the positives that we have experienced during the last few months and work for a society, which is more just and more inclusive. The Bible talks about the *Kairos* moment, a critical moment for action and decision, and I think we are living in such a moment now. That has been given further impetus with the ‘Black Lives Matter’ and the challenge of our past history, but also how we welcome refugees and newcomers to our society today.

Barack Obama recently spoke to a group of students graduating from high school, recognising the ‘head-spinning’ nature of these coronavirus times. He emphasised to the students the importance of finding hope within themselves and of creating hope in others and above all the need to work together, as they went into the future. He was looking ahead to the future with hope, and so must we.

I feel incredibly fortunate being minister in Cheviot Churches and would encourage everyone to continue to work together as we come out of lockdown. We will continue have to get used to new ways of doing things, but we are in this together, and God is with us in all we do.

Peace and Love
Colin

Reopening of Church Buildings

‘I so miss coming to church’. A number of people have told me this over the last few months, though I think many of us have now grown used to worshipping in different ways, including the use of technology. We can find ourselves worshipping online with people in different parts of the country – and indeed of the world, as we access services on television and radio, on YouTube, Zoom and even on podcast.

We will certainly have to wait a little longer before we are able to gather together physically for worship, BUT the First Minister has now given the go-ahead for church buildings to reopen for **private prayer**. Coming out of lockdown is, however, far more complicated than going in, and we have been sent a 35+ page document with all the various regulations we need to comply with!

Needless to say, the safety and well-being of all the community is our prime concern, and we are busy sourcing sanitiser, disinfectant, face masks, etc to ensure the church buildings are thoroughly clean. We also need to carry out a Covid assessment of our buildings, and there will need to be an inspection by Presbytery. Only when all these are completed will we be able to reopen. We hope that all this will be accomplished by the beginning of July, and if that is the case, then **Morebattle Kirk would be open between 10.00 – 12.00 on Thursday and Sunday mornings, while Yetholm Kirk will be open 10 -12.00 on Wednesday and Sunday mornings**. Linton, Hownam and Hoselaw will remain closed for the time being. Facemasks would have to be worn, and someone will be on hand to show you where to sit. Please consult the church website and the church notice boards for any changes and also for further details.

Kelso Food Bank

The Kelso Food Bank is looking for volunteers to help with the distribution of food parcels. During the lockdown period, a number of people who were furloughed had offered to help, but many of them are now back at work, so more volunteers are needed. Volunteers should not belong to one of the vulnerable groups and should be able to give time during daytime hours once a month or so. Anyone interested should contact Colin for more information.

Membership of the Church

If anyone is interested in exploring what it means to become a member of the Church, please contact Colin. Also if anyone is an adherent or is a member of another denomination and wishes to be associated with Cheviot Churches more closely, again contact Colin at revcdj60@gmail.com or 01573 440 539.

BIRDBATH'S PIGEONS

Rev. Birdbath has to admit that he has never been a great fan of pigeons. He remembers the delicious pigeon pies his aunt used to cook on a Borders farm during the War, but the feathered contents were safely dead, and had enjoyed a happy life in the pigeon-loft above the steading. He realises that they cannot be half as stupid as they pretend (there are people like that too?). They are brilliant at finding their way home, and there are moving tales of brave pigeons carrying secret messages across enemy territory during two World Wars. But he finds it hard to thole their habit of holding loud mind-numbingly irritating conversations outside his bedroom at 4 a.m.; and while he grudges no bird a drink from his birdbath he deplores their often-disgusting misuse of it for other unmentionable purposes. Last year he decided not to allow a pair to nest in his garden, only to find in the autumn that they had happily nested in his Rowan and raised a family so discreetly that he had never even noticed. This year in Lock-down Birdbath decided to be more tolerant. Could it be that, with all their annoying faults, pigeons have every right to be part of the Community, and may even be trying to teach us something about ourselves? There are always people we find it hard to relate to (the feeling is usually mutual!) in any community, including churches? As he listens to Bill and Coo chatting outside his bedroom window he wishes them all the best. They are only reminding him that “We are all in this together”?

Cheviot Churches Prayer Group

For the last 12 weeks, our lives have been so different, unable to get together with our families and friends. Personally, I have so missed meeting to worship together in church, but have very much enjoyed the next best thing—Colin’s podcasts every Sunday. What a blessing they have been. We have been connected to each other and to God in a very special way.

However, our Prayer Group has not been missing out. We haven’t had our own podcast, but we have continued praying for our church family, our community, our nation and our world, and kept in touch with each other by email and telephone. Tuesday is the day on which we set aside just one half hour, to bring our thanks and our requests to God, who has wonderfully answered many of our prayers, for those who are sick, who are mourning, or who have other various needs.

We pray for our children, our families and our older people, all the people who live and who work here in this parish and those who care for us spiritually, especially our Minister Colin and our Elders of the Kirk.

Please feel free to ask in confidence for prayer for yourself or any person or situation that is of concern to you. Or, if you would like to receive our weekly email, contact me on:- 01573 420259, or at akbates@hotmail.co.uk

A prayer for us all at this time:-

THE SHELTER OF GOD
Lord you are my hiding place.
A shelter from the storm
A protection from the heat
I rest under the cover of your wing
Your love is all around me
Behind me to protect me
Beneath me to support me
Before me to guide me
Around me to shield me
Within me to strengthen me
Lord you are my hiding place
This day and forever. Amen. (David Adam)

Kathleen Bates. (Prayer Co-ordinator)

Floral Gateway Gathering News

Well, Covid 19 arrived and has affected every household. Despite this, Yetholm and the surrounding countryside has looked resplendent this spring with bulbs, tree blossom and the arrival of lambing. We had to cancel our popular Village Green Plant Sale but have been fortunate enough to secure an order with Newton Don Nursery and by the time you read this, the summer bedding should be in place. During our permitted periods of fresh air and exercise, we have managed to keep on top of the various sites. One area you might like to visit is the Wildlife Area on the haugh near Yetholm Bridge. This suffered badly from the Spring drought but should revive in the recent rains. The temporary pond by the little bridge within the Area largely dried up, though we hope it lasted long enough for some frogspawn to produce tadpoles – and perhaps for our newts to lay eggs. The boggy area was not boggy for long, but this has enabled us to cut back some willows that had rooted themselves in the boggy ground but which, in time, would have sucked it dry. We have also cut back some rampant blackberry bushes to allow space for a bank of stitchwort and woundwort to breathe. We have continued to plant out some wild flower seedlings: self-heal, St Johns wort and agrimony, for instance, some of which we hope will survive. Vetches, scabious, and some ox-eye daisy plants are visibly developing in the meadow area. Most of the apple tree blossomed beautifully in the early Spring but then, unfortunately, had their leaves and blossoms shredded by the few days of very strong winds. We try to keep paths strimmed, including one that meanders round the meadow area and will give a closer view of smaller plants. If public gatherings are permitted in the autumn, we hope to have a coffee morning and plant sale. Last year's was well attended and we thank you all for your support throughout the seasons. The **provisional** date for the coffee morning is Saturday 10th October 10.30-12.00 in Yetholm Youth Hall.

We are always looking for extra volunteers, either to help maintain village beds or to help with the Wildlife Area - strimming, maintaining and, in late summer, scything and raking the grass, Or if you have special ornithological, botanical or entomological knowledge which we could use when the schoolchildren visit the Wildlife Area, please contact either Kate Moses (420522) or Elizabeth Watson (420602).

Enjoy this good weather. **The FGG Team.**

The Guild recently ran a writing competition and not only did our very own Margaret Rustad enter but she was the overall winner!

There were 34 entries from all over Scotland, all of a high standard, on the theme of A Journey.

Below is Margret's winning entry and she tells me that the last time she entered a competition was at Primary School so well done Margaret from us all at Cheviot Churches!

The Journey

Through thick, caramel-coloured fog the plane descends towards the airport. Depleted reservoirs, building sites, rush-hour traffic come into view as the plane lands and taxis to the gate; seat-belt signs are switched off and passengers stand, stretch and turn to the overhead lockers.

The journey is over; the Journey has just begun.

The driver stops in the road, wisely avoiding the steep drive, but he carries her case down to the open front door. Inside is silence; where is the car? Is no-one at home? They were surely expecting her. Then a weak voice calls to her: "Suzie? Is that really you?" And there is her sister, propped up in the 'hospital' bed, with more hair than when she last saw her two years ago, but with less flesh on her cheeks. 'She looks just like Mother in her last days' is her first thought, as she runs round the bed to give the longed-for embrace, dislodging the oxygen tube and sending a tray of tablets flying.

"I'm sorry that you see me like this; everything seems to have folded in on me."

"Yes, it has – I won't pretend that it hasn't; that would be insulting."

"The others are out trying to get my new medication, I think – they knew you'd be arriving, so thought they could leave me for just a little while."

"And here I am, gasping for a cuppa and a slice of raisin toast! What can I get you?"

Her sister smiles and shakes her head. Soon she is dozing. It appears that a little yoghurt or scrambled egg with an untouched cup of tea was her breakfast.

The silence is broken by the return of the men: a loud cheery voice (her nephew) and a softer slower one (her brother-in-law), both exclaiming over the heat, the smell and smoke outside. They have been to buy a new air-conditioning unit for the sickroom, and much welcome distraction is provided by her nephew putting it together without reading the instructions, while his father finds his reading spectacles, turns to the English pages of the manual and reads aloud, evenly and levelly, peering over his lenses to check progress.

"It's got great reviews, Mum – really quiet! You won't know it's on, and it's so neat – fits nicely into the window alcove."

The day moves on, punctuated by a visit from palliative care: a sweet-faced, soft-voiced young woman with a dextrous way with a draw-sheet. Fighting jet-lag, Suzie goes out in the afternoon with her nephew to plunder the local grog-shop for a particular beer you can only get in this one place, and she takes the chance to buy a bottle of tonic to go with the Bombay Sapphire from Duty-Free. The six o'clock G&T is to become a fixed ritual as the days go by. And so the first day of a strange journey in an alien landscape comes to an early end as jet-lag finally claims her.

She wakes early, of course, but the kookaburras have already had their first rowdy meeting of the day when she pads downstairs to put the kettle on.

“Is it OK if I use Jules’ dressing-gown?” She doesn’t want to upset her brother-in-law by taking liberties with her sister’s wardrobe, even though they have been sharing clothes since adolescence. He has been up twice in the night and is now pouring double cream onto a small dish of rice-pudding. It reappears in the kitchen an hour later, scarcely touched. On the floor are seven saucers and dishes of half-eaten or ignored dry and wet cat-food, and souring milk. The old cat yowls loudly at her, demanding attention from a new source. So she scrapes up the saucers and puts the remains out for the kookaburras (six this morning!), and tries to stroke the cat. Poor old thing; its coat is matted and its limbs so arthritic that it cannot twist to reach and wash itself.

‘We must keep Minxie going – I can’t help Jules, but I can stop this cat from going under’, she thinks, as she reaches for small scissors and starts to snip away at the lumps. Soon she can brush the dusty fur and bring some relief; in this heat and drought it must itch like mad. She takes the cat to show her sister, but Minxie does not recognise the person in that strange bed to be her beloved mistress, of the lovely warm early-morning duvet and the fun-filled pouncing in the garden. This person does not smell right and there are strange noises in the room.

She had thought, when setting out from the UK, that she would be a comfort and help to her sister, but she now begins to perceive that it is her brother-in-law who is the focus of her sister’s universe, for only he can give the pain-killers and only he knows exactly what her small moans mean. So she must support him and take care of him, run the house with her nephew, and ensure that all is as ‘normal’ as possible. She wrestles with the vacuum-cleaner, pulling out vast dusty sausages of fluff and cat-hair, and tracks down a mop for the kitchen floor. On the kitchen counter is a shopping-list compiled by three different hands, as each of them thinks of something else. She soon recalls how the washing-machine works; she can deal with the towels and sheets every day, but

can't stop them coming in from the hoist smelling of smoke and speckled with ash.

And in between the spates of activity she sits with her needlepoint. She brought two canvasses with her, and both will be finished by the time she leaves. You can sit quietly and not get in anyone's way, providing you have enough light to work by. As her sister's room darkens, she tweaks the curtain for a little light. There is the noise of laboured breathing and of the oxygen pump, and of the ceiling fan, and of the air-conditioning – which despite its claims *can* be heard; there is nothing wrong with Jules's hearing.

When her sister is awake they have little conversations about the trivial and tender things they remember from earlier days. They even giggle at how their father had such a turn of phrase, or how their mother had such aspirations for them, and their long-deceased brother's passion for jazz that annoyed the neighbours. These memories go back such a long way; they have to, because Julia and Bill have been in Australia fifty years, so the precious currency of shared lives is very concentrated.

On Saturday the nurse from the palliative care team visits. She is there for them all, she says, and after checking her patient she sits down with the rest of the family and invites their hard questions. She is unflinching in her honesty but tempers it with compassion and empathy, her wide-open, grey eyes glistening as she outlines the route that she thinks will be taken over the next few days or weeks. It seems she is the only one with some sort of map, but even for her the landscape is doubtful – as mysterious as the smoke-filled air blotting out the cityscape normally visible from the kitchen window.

In the evening her nephew says, "I'm not a great churchgoer, Suzie, but I'll drive you there tomorrow and wait in a coffee-shop." The next morning she sits in Julia's usual place and sings Advent hymns, listens to a sermon on Paul's final times, cold and in need of a cloak and some friends. Julia is warm, cared for and surrounded by family. 'Oh, come quickly', they sing. Yes, Lord, come quickly to my sister. The minister says he will come during the week with Communion for Julia. The service sheet commends Julia and Bill for prayer.

The day's progress, seemingly alike, except for the subtle changes as her sister's journey takes her further into the thickets and scrubland of her private wilderness, moving slowly away from her family. Where does she go in her sleep? Does she dream of them? How can they help her? Once Julia looked after her little sister, took her hand to cross the road, always ready with a superfluity of advice, but her hand now lies still in Suzie's hand and the few words are painfully forced out when they try to converse.

Loving friends call with flowers, cakes and casseroles, sit quietly with the patient and press her hand as they take their leave. Mutual grief makes it hard to know who is comforting whom. Suzie, Julia and Peter, the minister, hold hands across her bed and sing, 'The King of Love my Shepherd is', the figure in the bed mouthing the words. The family begins to discuss funeral arrangements and a hymn book is dusted off. A copy of Common Prayer, dating from the 1920's, falls open at a 'Prayer for rain'. There is nothing new under the sun – the sun, which is a blood-red disc casting a lurid light through the eucalypts.

"She can't last beyond the weekend, surely!" Her nephew gulps down his beer as he lights the barbie to cook steaks and what he calls 'saussos' for supper.

"Richard, we're in uncharted territory – how can we know what to expect? Maybe the nurse will tell us a bit more after her next visit." She resolves to ring the travel company and get her plane ticket changed; she cannot leave until there is resolution and closure for everyone. The travel company is sympathetic but cautious; however, flying business class should mean that there will be more leverage? The airline is Korean and immediately agrees to change her ticket, for the usual fee. "That's the great thing about Asian airlines", says her travel agent back in Edinburgh, "They have family values and understand how important this is for you."

Julia had told the nurse that she intended to wait until her sister left.... so Suzie has to go and speak with her. "I can't leave you like this – it will break my heart", she says. "Please may I stay a bit longer?" There is a pause, and a small gulp, and, "Yes – please – I want you here." So now all anyone can do is to wait.

One Sunday Richard takes her to the ocean. He strides out along the headland, while she walks more slowly along the promenade to the rock pool. Just beyond it there is a small promontory where she sits on the rocks and watches the waves, rolling and crashing with untiring and rhythmic, soothing percussion. The air is fresher here, although the grey clouds are still massing overhead.

She realises that she has been indoors for days, except for brief forays to the supermarket. If it is not too hot in the garden, which is mostly the case, the air is too choking for relaxing outside. Her time in the garden is spent clearing the debris brought down in the latest gales: leaves, twigs, small branches – enough to fill two wheelie bins. Nothing must be left to give sparks a chance. Her nephew checks the gutters. According to the instructions on the fridge door these must be filled with water if the fires move nearer, but just now they are forty kilometres away. All their documents are lodged in a fire-proof safe.

‘Wide, wide as the ocean’, they sang as children, and after the closed-in experience of past days this is no cliché. She rests her eyes on the Pacific horizon and silently implores the Lord whom she has trusted all her life to bring release for them all. ‘Walking by faith and not by sight’ is another truism to which she must cling every day.

On the nurse’s next visit she is practical and explicit. There is a problem obtaining the morphine injections; sourcing it is difficult, and their GP will only write the prescription when he can hand it personally to her brother-in-law, who then doggedly tries pharmacies and hospital dispensaries. But it works, and her sister sleeps more deeply, travelling far away, and only returning briefly to the subdued small circle around the bed. Then her sister is wildly restless despite the dosage, and her nephew is out in the kitchen, blindly hammering at ice-cubes to bring his mother small splinters of comfort.

Every morning, now, they wake wondering if it will happen today? The event that they dread and long for – when will it be? One morning they are awakened early by an even stronger smell of smoke and burning, and, rushing to the windows, which they shut fast, they cannot see beyond the garden. There are no flames, however; the fires must still be at a distance. And then, as she and her nephew hurry down to check the ground floor, they stop in their tracks: the sickroom door is closed, and the only sound beyond it is of air-conditioning on full.

Julia’s earthly journey is over, on this, her eighty-third birthday. There are duties and rituals before them, but there is peace in the room which had become the hub of their lives. There are emails and phone calls to make, and condolences to receive; so much to organise after time has stood still for so long. Bill and Suzie trawl through forgotten drawers of what is known as ephemera, but which to them has substance and gravitas. They show Richard her wedding-dress, exquisitely small and delicately stitched. They unearth old photos, orders of service, locks of hair, concert programmes, diaries – they laugh and weep as the memories tumble out of old albums. “What a hoarder she was!” they say, and are grateful for it. Nothing will be thrown away – yet.

“I have never been to such a lovely funeral”, exclaims a woman at the reception afterwards. Well, they know what she means. They had poured the best of their beloved and the best of themselves into making it a fitting farewell, and now, as various groups of mourners sit outside under the trees (for, of course, it is a hot, dry day) balancing cups and plates, there is a sense of the release which they had craved, and catharsis. It had been a mistake to view the body on the previous day: there was nothing to see of the bright, vigorous young woman who had brought her hopes, dreams and family out to Australia fifty years ago. But today they

recaptured some of that spirit and were able to celebrate a life spent travelling towards a Kingdom even further away than half a world.

The suitcase is re-packed, supplemented with just a few mementoes: some books, a piece of needlework, an enamelled Queen's Guide badge. The really precious things are locked away in her memory. It is time to make the trip back to Scotland, leaving her brother-in-law to rebuild his life in his mid-eighties, while she resumes her own life as wife, mother and grandmother.

But she is no longer a sister.

The Harbour Bridge is insubstantial in the early morning dust-clouds, and the Opera House a mirage on the grey waters.

The plane penetrates the pall and soars up into clear sunlight.

The Journey is over; the journey has begun.

Margaret Rustad

Yetholm Guild

Note from the Treasurer:

As you can imagine the lock down has resulted in a loss of revenue for the Church. In normal circumstances we would receive around £500 a week in the open plate and that has been a severe loss. My thanks to those who have switched to direct debits, made bank transfers or sent me cheques. This has been much appreciated. So far I have managed to pay our dues to Presbytery, almost £700 council tax per month to SBC and around £4500 per month to the Church of Scotland for insurance and Mission and Ministry but our funds are certainly running low. Although we now have a provisional date for churches re-opening the need for social distancing will reduce the capacity in both Morebattle and Yetholm to around 20+ attendees so the reduction in offerings will continue. I am aware that because of problems with RBS it has been difficult to pay by bank transfer so if you wish to make a payment the best way is to send me a cheque made out to Cheviot Churches or better still switch to direct debit. I can provide our bank details on request but do not want to put them into the magazine.

At last the auditors are working on last year's accounts and hope to have them signed off and available soon.

The loss of money has only been one problem with the lock down. I don't know about you but the thing that has caused me most upset has been the inability to attend worship. We can still talk to God wherever we are but I have greatly missed the fellowship we normally share since I consider you to be friend's not just fellow church members.

I hope you are all keeping well both physically and mentally and I look forward to when we can all meet again in God's house.

Brian

EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST – UPDATE JUNE 2020



We would like to thank everyone for their continued interest and input on this important project.

Here's what has been happening since the last update bulletin.

We are very pleased to provide an update on the results of our initial Expressions of Interest campaign. To date, we have received indications of support in excess of £108,000 from 234 individuals, which reflects a combination of donations and pledges to buy shares* in the Community Benefit Society (BenCom).

We want to sincerely thank the community for this very encouraging start. No offer of support is too small. We still have a most challenging road ahead as we continue to seek grants. The competition for funding as a result of the COVID emergency has made the process much more difficult. As a reminder, we need to obtain a positive response from the Scottish Land Fund before we can proceed with the BenCom share offer, as well as obtaining further funding to complete the full scope of repair and renovation that we have proposed.

We will provide further updates as soon as we can, but in the meantime we welcome receiving any further Expressions of Interest.

Further bulletins will be available at Yetholm online, on village noticeboards, or by signing up to receive email update at yvscommunitybuyout@gmail.com

***share price to be confirmed, but likely to be £25**

For further information, or if you wish to get involved, please contact:

Alastair Hirst – alastair.hirst@yahoo.com t: 01573 420214

Susan Stewart - j.stewart134@btinternet.com t: 01573 420231

Graeme Wallace – graemwme@icloud.com t: 01573 420677

Neil McIntyre – ngmcintyre@hotmail.com t: 01573 420560

Kay Greenhorn – kaygreenhorn@hotmail.com t: 01573 420560

The editorial team would like to thank all of you who have contributed articles, photographs and information for this edition of The Cheviot.

At the present time all events and groups in the villages are suspended. Hopefully in the Autumn edition we will have some better news.



Time away from school has not halted our opportunities for learning and many pupils, parents and staff have embraced the use of technology to enhance learning in these strange times. Pupils have been showing great work including stories, spelling, numeracy, baking, outdoor learning and many other creative things.

In our classes...

Nursery have been set a different challenge each week to complete as part of their home learning. These have ranged from finding objects to match the letters in their name to the great nursery bake off. The teachers and other family members have taken part each week too. It's been lots of fun sharing our experiences and photos with each other.



P1-4 have been very busy with home learning during lockdown. Every week they've had new spellings to learn and some have chosen to do this through rainbow writing, using play dough, sticks leaves and in many more creative ways. In numeracy and maths focus has been on measuring, shape and revision including activities in their immediate environment. The P1-4 teachers have loved to see the creative and outdoor learning that P1-4 have been doing.

P5-7 have been using Seesaw to work online, each week has had a different theme. We have explored local wildflowers and identified types of trees. We also dived to the bottom of the ocean and designed Lego models that would be able to explore the depths of the ocean and report their findings.



Our PE teacher, Mrs Rhodes, prepared some great activities for pupils to hold their own Virtual Sports Day. Staff have loved seeing photos of the different events that pupils held at home. There will be lots of house points being added to our current totals for the children's effort.

A huge thank you to parents, children and grandparents for weeding and tidying up some of our school grounds as well as keeping an eye on the allotment. We've had photo updates of the progress and its looking great!



Finally, our P7s, Chloe, Caitlin, Emma and Rosie are leaving us to continue their learning journey at Kelso High School. They have been such great characters in our school, who have tried their best in all aspects of school life. They will be greatly missed and we wish them well in their next adventures.



As you will be aware, schools have remained closed since March but this has not prevented our pupils from learning. Teaching and learning has looked different with pupils, parents and staff using the technology available to ensure that school type experiences can continue despite not being able to attend school.

In Morebattle ELC, staff have taken turns to read to the children and post it in to our shared learning group. Our home learning experiences have centred on weekly stories. Challenges have included baking, arts/crafts, science experiments, re-creating book covers, counting and name building. Staff have also been singing nursery rhymes and songs and posted general messages to the children, providing opportunities for them to see and connect with them frequently.



P1/2/3 have been learning about measure by doing lots of practical activities. They have been sharing their favourite stories with the rest of the class, some by reading and others by telling us why it is their favourite. Mrs Thomson sent all the children some nasturtium seeds which have required lots of watering.



P3/4/5 have been exploring materials and their properties and have been set the challenge to design and build their own “sprinkle proof tent at home, using materials that they believe would be best suited”. Who will stay dry??

Some of our P6/7 pupils have been working very hard, exploring angles and creating pieces of writing identifying 6 key items that they would put in a coronavirus time capsule to be opening in 100 years by the pupils of MPS. They have also been on a virtual camp and some virtual trips. We have also been thinking about next year when P7 move on to Kelso High School. We wish them well on their next journey.



Miss Fairbairn designed a Virtual Sports day that we could all get involved in at home. Lots of children joined in doing activities involving throwing, jumping and different sports activities to earn house points. The photos that we have received suggest that parents and children had a lot of fun doing this.

Despite being away from school our P6/7 pupils were still able to write their entries for the Robert Davidson Poetry competition. This year our topic was World War Two and the results were:

- 1st – Ben L ‘Friday Night Poem’
- 2nd – Alfie ‘Evacuees’
- 3rd (equal) – Beth and Martin ‘

Friday night poem

A poem about the Blitz

Oh no! It's Friday night again!
The dreaded sirens wail,
It's air raid night again!
The worrying whines and whistles,
Of German aircraft overhead!

Oh no! It's Friday night again!
Me and my family run,
Towards the soggy shelter!
The sudden slam of the door,
And the drip- drop of the ceiling!

Oh no! It's Friday night again!
The dreaded air raid siren,
Has silenced it's cry!
But suddenly a *CRASH!*
The roof has fallen in.

By Ben L

Evacuees

Children on a platform ready to leave
Off on a holiday so they believe
Mums on platforms all in tears
Dad war with lots of guns and fears

Children on platform ready to leave
Wiping their tears on their sleeve
Label round their neck and suit case in their hand
Sitting on the train watching the land

Parents on the platform watching the children go
All the parents crying walking home low
Off to work in the factory making guns
Everything to help the soldier's sons

Children at their new home standing in a line
Hoping it won't take too much time
I hope my new mum is going to be kind
I am searching for kindness what will I find?

By Alfie

Blitz in London

Here In London all quiet and peaceful
The men at the docks
The women at home with the children,
Children out playing on the street
Here in London all quiet and peaceful

Not so quiet here in London
The German planes and doodle bugs
Big black bombs flying everywhere!
Rumble, boom, crack!
Not so quiet here in London.

Nothing left of London except from rubble,
Bombs have been down and flattened buildings
Hospitals, doctors', shops and homes!
All huddled together in the underground
Nothing left of London except from rubble.

Everything again quiet and peaceful here in London
Men coming back from the army and war
Women happy and pleased to see the men back
Children out able to play again
Everything again quiet and peaceful here In London.
By Beth

Rough Rations

I went to the shop with the ration book,
There were lovely things that we would love to cook,
But all the oranges and bananas were gone,
Even my favourite raisin scone,
Rough rations are the worst.

If there was any sweets, which there were a few,
But I want them all to be different and new,
The sweets were the same again and again,
I'd rather be in the pouring rain,
Rough rations are the worst.

I ask for the sugar, the egg and the meat,
The shop is so different and there is no heat,
The fighting and killing comes more and more,
Why can't we stop this horrible war?
Rough rations are the worst.

By Martin

Yetholm Festival Week

Sadly there was no Festival Week this year but we held some online events along with a few quizzes and a Principals Wordsearch. Thanks to all who took part and who “posted” their Patrons monies in the box in the shop and the butchers.

Here are the results of the events:-

Wordsearch

Adult - Christina Flintoff

Child - Liam Thomson

Photo Quiz

Adult - Kevin Lee

Child - Orla Thomson

Biscuit Quiz

Adult - Heather and Stephen Broomfield

Child - Max Lee

Virtual Scavenger Hunt - Thomson Family

Fancy Dress - Butler Family

Duck Picture - Hunter Robson

Festival Boy Personality - Liam Thomson

Festival Girl Personality - Abi Butler

Many thanks to the 2019 Principals Stefan and Emma for their help with the judging. Thanks also to Julie Suckling our 25 year Manushi for her support.

Here's to 2021!

Deadline

Please submit articles (including photographs) for the next edition of The Cheviot to a member of the editorial team by 13th September 2020.

**j.stewart134@btinternet.com, johnmabon431@btinternet.com
anne.scottbrown@btinternet.com**

Register

Deaths: Rob Dick, Guy Campbell, John White, Alistair Young, Douglas Younger, Ernie (Ernest) Blood, Anne Stobart.

Thoughts

If you remember Winter, you might recollect that I was wearing a flamboyant and extravagant scarf, which my sister-in-law crotched for me as a homage to Tom Baker being the Doctor in the 1975 episode *Terror Of The Zygons* (later novelised as *Doctor Who And The Loch Ness Monster*). I have always loved the programme, with its combination of silliness and profundity. But our time in The Unusual Circumstances have made me think about it again. In a book by the American novelist Chris Bachelder, *US!*, a child sees a bookcase, in an America that has become racist, intolerant and illiberal (It was published over a decade ago, before the present caught up with the future). He wonders if he could be as big inside as a book. That made me think of the TARDIS, bigger on the inside. One of the few joys of being in lockdown is that I read even more than usual. I was sent ten old science fiction novels, and was surprised at how many of them dealt with matters we would normally think of as religious. Usually there are things “higher” than us, who are mightily bemused at just how dumb we can be. Each one was a joy, but I was particularly taken with Robert Shenkley’s *Dimension Of Miracles* (1968), where the subcontractor who builds the worlds for God says he never goes to church since “Why should I go to a place that a God would not enter?” That is a question we are all going to have to ask as we gradually come out of The Unusual Circumstances. The TARDIS also has a chameleon circuit, though it is never used, and it stays as a blue box. Books are chameleons in their own way. The philosopher Heraclitus said it was impossible to step in the same river twice (different water, different you), and every book is like that. Reading and re-reading makes me realise how far I might have travelled: *David Copperfield* is different at 16 to 48. But there is one book, which is always different, always revealing, always new and we read only bits of it each Sunday. Who has *really* read Second Samuel? Or Paul’s letter to Philemon? While we have the time, it might be time to go back to the Bible. There is nothing in it that is not wise, is not pure, is not holy. It will make you think twice, or thrice. It might even make you share the stories you had forgotten or never read or skimmed over.

Stuart Kelly

Christian Aid Week did happen this year but as with so many other things only using modern technology and individual initiatives. But if you didn't manage to donate online don't worry; whenever it becomes possible I am happy to take cash or cheque donations at any time of year and pass them on. Colleagues from Christian Aid Scotland have kept in touch though many have been furloughed and some have taken the time to consider their position and move on. Even before the pandemic it had been decided that all but the office in Edinburgh would close and staff would work increasingly from home. Well they have had a chance to practise this over the last weeks! Christian Aid is also having to withdraw their support for partners in some countries but not necessarily because they have failed. In Bolivia the story is one of success and earlier this year the team there made a video about the scope of the work there which can be seen on Youtube. (It is in Spanish but has English subtitles). There has been much civil unrest in Bolivia over recent months and so I ask you to keep our friends there in your prayers and that the legacy continues through the efforts of the local partners and the people in the various communities.

Eco-congregation Scotland has been very busy and I have attended several Zoom workshops on a variety of issues including recycling and fair trade. It was good to share stories and ideas and discover helpful websites. Some of the power point presentations were made available to us to download and I would be happy to share them when that becomes possible. And if like me you have been doing some decluttering, don't forget that stuff not suitable for charity shops or recycling via the council outlets can often be recycled elsewhere so think about the box in the churches before you fill up your general waste bin.

Trish Gentry

Yetholm Community Resilience during COVID-19

It has been heartwarming to see our community come together during this crisis. Volunteers, neighbours, friends and families have all pulled together to try and ensure that the entire community has been supported. Our local businesses have also played a key role in helping the community by remaining open and providing us with food, fuel, garage services and other provisions.

Thank you to everyone who has helped to demonstrate what a supportive community we live in.

THE TALE OF A RELUCTANT GARDENER!

For many years, the gardeners of Yetholm have taken part in Scotland's Gardens Scheme, opening their gardens for one day in July in aid of charity.

Spearheaded by Fraser Nimmo, of Copsewood, this event has proved very popular and has attracted visitors from far and wide to the villages of Town and Kirk Yetholm.

Last year, close to £1400 was raised and was donated to Maggie's Centres, Perennial, Queen's Nursing Institute for Scotland and the Border Group of Riding for the Disabled.

In addition to the open gardens, cream teas are served in the Youth Hall and often plant and craft sales take place in the Wauchope Hall.

A variety of gardens are usually open, each with their own unique features and style, reflecting distinctive horticultural interests. The Yew Tree Allotments provide an ever popular feature with their unique water collection and distribution system.

Visitors always enjoy the short walking distance between the majority of the gardens which provides magnificent views of the surrounding landscape including Stareough and The Curr as well as the welcome and hospitality shown by both Town and Kirk Yetholm.

Not long after Heather and I arrived in Yetholm, we had a visit from Fraser, in March 2018. He explained that Rosebank had, under previous ownership, been part of the Gardens' Open Day scheme. Keen to become part of the village community, we agreed to open the garden that July. The garden looked fine in March, what could possibly go wrong?!

As winter turned to spring and the growing season began, the hard work started!

Having been something of a reluctant gardener previously (Heather used to, quite literally, do all the spadework!) we set to work to convert a garden that had become a bit of a wilderness into a garden fit for display. At times I felt I was the living embodiment of the title of the novel by John Le Carre – *The Constant Gardener*! As we toiled, I discovered I actually quite enjoyed gardening and many a happy hour was spent working in the beautiful Scottish Borders fresh air.

We joined the others in opening the garden that July and did so again last year. We were encouraged when we heard people had previously considered the garden at Rosebank to be a "wild garden" as that term covers a multitude of sins!

The garden is still very much a work in progress but we think we are making a difference and what's more we are thoroughly enjoying doing it, with a little help from Andrew Rowe originally from Kirk Yetholm and now working as a self employed gardener who has been coming half a day a fortnight.

We would describe the garden at Rosebank as a “work in progress”, but I guess every garden is a “work in progress”; big or small, formal or informal, cultivated or wild.

Sadly, this year, as a consequence of the restrictions placed on us by the Covid-19 pandemic, the Gardens’ Open Day, originally scheduled for Sunday 5 July, has had to be cancelled but, as a “virtual taster”, a short video has been compiled of four of the village gardens; Copsewood, 5 Yew Tree Lane, Mayflower House and Rosebank.

For anyone interested in viewing this video, it is available on the Scotland Gardens’ Scheme website <https://scotlandsgardens.org/yetholm-village-virtual-garden-tour/> or on YouTube at <https://youtu.be/wXS45MRoBhQ>.



Anne's Seat

There are some wonderful views in and around Yetholm and one of the many delights in living in this beautiful place is to be able to appreciate the glorious landscape as the seasons change and how seemingly familiar hills can suddenly look quite different when the sunlight changes and passing clouds lift and move across the heavens. We have many visitors most years and they as well as the locals often appreciate the opportunity to rest awhile during strolls around Yetholm and across the Cheviots.

One spot loved by many is the top of the Halterburn road that rises out of Kirk Yetholm and, on cresting the saddle before beginning the descent into Halterburn, gives a view that quite takes your breath away as the valley opens up and the vista of open hills shows the magnificence of our good Lord's handiwork.

There's a bench there that was donated by Yetholm Festival Committee some time ago and which has done good service but would itself now welcome a rest. John Stobart has arranged out of his own pocket for a new bench to be placed there in memory of his wife Anne who sadly passed away earlier this year. SBC and the Festival Committee have approved it and we are hoping that "Anne's Seat" will be ready in the next few weeks. Colin has kindly agreed to give it a blessing and we hope as many people as possible will find time to both see the bench and use it when it's installed. We'll let you know a date when we have one and meanwhile here's a picture of what it will look like.



ROTARY CLUB OF KELSO – we will be back!

As with all things everywhere, the Rotary Club of Kelso has been hit hard by the lockdown. Our meetings were suspended in March, just days before our regular meeting place, The Cross Keys Hotel, was closed for the duration. After a couple of weeks, as we all realised this was for the long haul, we turned to Zoom and virtual meetings. In some ways this was a challenge, some of our members are ‘well matured’ – the oldest being 91, but for some it was a godsend, allowing them to attend more regularly than previously. With a little help, everyone who could, managed to get online, and we have met regularly since, taking full advantage of the digital world, and bringing in speakers from the USA, the Bahamas and South Africa. Our list of visitors is huge, from as far afield as Canada, Argentina, Belgium and the Philippines. People that would never find their way to our meeting in Kelso have joined us – some more than once!

Our projects and fundraisers have been paused until we can restart, but we will be ready to go as soon as it is possible to arrange our events. In spite of this, we have been able to support many different people during the year, such as Alzheimer Scotland, Hope and Homes for Children and Cash for Kids. To help during the COVID19 crisis, we have supported the Kelso Churches Together Food bank, Lavender Touch and the High School DT department who made PPE visors with their 3D printer. We were fortunate to get a grant from the bigger Rotary South of Scotland District for this, which meant we could double the amount given to the High School.

The end of June sees the turn of the Rotary year, and I hand the Presidency over to Dr Ian Ross of Kelso who will take us into the brave new post COVID world. We are still looking forward (with fingers firmly crossed) to having a presence at the Yetholm Show, but if not, you will see us around town and the villages as soon as we possibly can. If anyone has an interest in hearing more about Rotary International and its work, both at home and abroad, contact myself on 07840 904707, or check out rotary.org.

The Great Yetholm Book Exchange Lockdown 2020.

Boxes are in bus shelters in Town and Kirk Yetholm. Just one book at a time please as storage is limited.

For all ages and interests – just donate and borrow at your leisure.

Fun Facts about Summer:

1. The first modern Olympic Games were held in 1612 in Chipping Camden.
2. The first day of summer is between June 20th and June 22nd every year. The first day of summer is called the summer solstice, and the day varies due to the Earth's rotation not exactly reflecting our calendar year.
3. The last day of summer is September 20th.
4. Watermelon is one of summer's best summer treats. Did you know that watermelons are not a fruit, but a vegetable instead? They belong to the cucumber family of vegetables.
5. The Eiffel Tower actually grows in the heat of the summer. Due to the iron expanding, the tower grows about 6 inches every summer.
6. If you love ice cream, the summer season should be your favorite. July is national ice cream month.
7. Another interesting fact about summer is that television shows used to only be reruns during the summer months. The idea being that everyone was outside enjoying the weather.
8. A June fun fact is that the month of June is named after the Roman goddess Juno.
9. The first women's bathing suit was created in the 1800's. It came with a pair of bloomers.
10. The "dog days of summer" refer to the dates from July 3rd to August 11th. They are named so after the Sirius the Dog Star. This star is located in the constellation of Canis Major.
11. Frisbee's, invented in the 1870's as a pie plate, but in the 1940's, college students began throwing them around. They have since stopped being used for pie plates and are now a summertime staple.
12. For a July fun fact, Roman general Marc Antony named the month of July after Julius Caesar.
13. July is national blueberry month.
14. The longest day of the year is on the summer solstice.
15. Mosquitoes are most prevalent during summer months. Mosquito's have been on earth for more than 30 million years.
16. Most theme and water parks are on a summer seasonal schedule. Most amusement parks have a full time season from Memorial Day to Labor Day.
17. August was named after Julius Caesar's nephew. He had received the title of "Augustus" which means "reverend".
18. The first National Spelling Bee was held on June 17th, 1825.
19. More thunderstorms occur during summer than any other time of year. They are also take place more commonly in the south east of England.
20. Ice pops were invented in 1905 by an 11 year old boy.

MOREBATTLE IN BLOOM

When coronavirus 19 advised us to stay home we were all quite isolated but soon found the extra time to bring on more plants etc.

With no plants being provided by the Council and because of no Social gatherings we had to cancel our fund raising plant sale. Our pre-ordered plants arrived and a small group of helpers soon had the plots and tubs filled

Fast forward eight weeks and the village is in 'Bloom' again. Thanks to a dedicated group of helpers who water and weed on a regular basis.

There is no Floral Gateway Competition this year

We were pleased to gain a grant of £500 from Fallago Environment Covid 19 Recovery fund

This will help our funds and enable us to replace any tubs and containers as needed.

MOREBATTLE FLOWER SHOW.

Regrettably we have had to cancel our Annual Flower Show. The Show has been held for 128 years.

Our Historic records show that the only other time the Show has been cancelled was during Wartime. We will be back in 2021

GARDEN COMPETITION

With all gardeners having more time to tend to their gardens it has been proposed we hold a 'Best kept garden in Lockdown'

A Judge has already offered his services. The judging will take place early July

Stay Safe everyone.

Helen Cessford

MOREBATTLE IN LOCKDOWN

The Village went into lockdown in March and everyone wondered what would happen next. The Community rallied round and are served well during these difficult times by the Village Shop & Post Office, Butchers and Templehall take-away service. Volunteers collect and deliver medicines, shopping etc. and everybody looks out for one another and especially vulnerable residents.

The Thursday night clap for NHS and Carers was also well supported and gave us a chance to catch up with neighbours across the way we even had our own piper Alistair Currie who piped throughout the Village and lifted the spirits of everyone, on some occasions Emma Thomson performed some Highland Dances.

MOREBATTLE GAMES & FESTIVAL WEEK

Sadly this year's Morebattle Games has been cancelled; this is only the second time in our 126-year history, the other time being the foot and mouth outbreak. The Festival Week has also sadly been cancelled and we look forward to a bigger and better event next year.

RECREATION GROUND

Volunteers undertook preparation work for the new pedestrian path at the Village Hall/Templehall Garden and a new entrance gate has been installed.

Once restrictions are lifted the Contractors will be able to lay the new path. The field has been cut and we are now in a position to order a grass cutter through acquiring a grant of £5000 from Fallago Environment Covid 19 Recovery fund.

Looking forward to coming through this pandemic and regaining social events of village life.

Catherine Mabon

Calling all budding Artists

An historic Edinburgh church known around the world for the story of Greyfriars Bobby, is inviting budding artists to take part in a community art project in partnership with a renowned sculptor. Artist Mark Coreth will work alongside Greyfriars Kirk to encourage people of all ages and abilities to produce their own 3D designs by following three weekly online tutorials starting on Monday 6 July. Using materials such as garden wire and plasticine, the aim will be to make sculptures of Bobby, the Skye Terrier who guarded his master's grave for 14 years in the Kirkyard.

More info at churchofscotland.org.uk

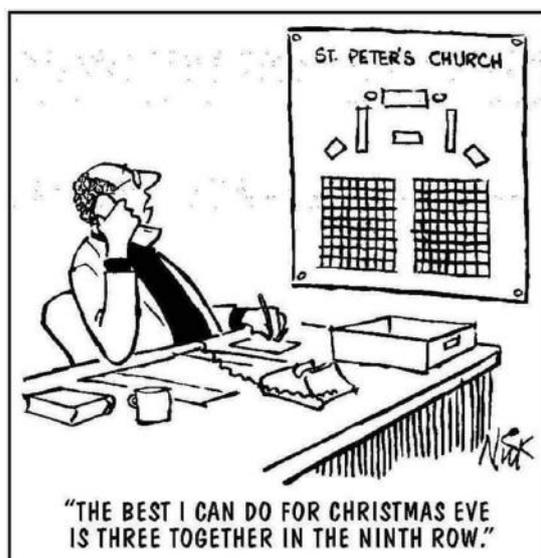
Events suspended but



“Hope” is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.



Cheviot Churches Elders and Districts

Leslie Thomson	West of Morebattle, Eckford and Crailing and various outlying.
Jenny Flannigan	Main Street, Heughhead and Renwick Gardens Morebattle.
George Lees	Mainsfield Avenue, Morebattle Mains and Whitton.
Anne Brown	Kale Valley and Hownam.
Vacant	Linton.
Trish Gentry	Bowmont Valley.
Graeme Watson	Woodbank Road, Braeside Road, Cheviot Road.
Pippa Emerson	Grafton Road to Mission, Grafton Bank, Main St From Old Manse to Vennel before shop.
John Thompson	Morebattle Road/Main Street to White Swan inc Cheviot Place and The Crescent to Vennel after Shop.
Susan Stewart	Deanfield Place, Court, Road and Bank. Back Lane and Dairy Wood.
Diane Gittus	Romany House to Yewtree Road, Lane and Bank, Grafton Corner to Mission Hall, Duncanhaugh and Hayhope.
Tom Tokely/ Stuart Kelly	Main Street, Yetholm from butcher – School, Dow Brae, Venchen, Mindrum, Howtel, Downham and Wideopen.
Carol Butler	Kirk Yetholm Village and Halterburn.
Arthur Bates	The Yett, Shotton, Yetholm Mains and Harelaw.
Ann Harvey	Hoselaw, Cherrytrees, Lochside, Lochside farms and cottages, Old Graden, Graden, Hoselaw.
Simon Oldham	Mainhouse, Bankhead and Linton Hill.
David Lang	Teapot Street and Bank. Thimble Lane.
Jimmy Fleming	Kelso (part)
Alan Calvert	Kelso (part)
Margaret McTavish	Postal.

**Church Services – All suspended at present time.
Please see notices for opening times for private prayer and reflection.**

Yetholm every Sunday at 10.00 a.m.

Morebattle every Sunday at 11.15 a.m. except
1st Sunday when we meet at **Linton**.

Hownam is now irregular. Please check notices.

Hoselaw is open for private devotion at all times and hosts occasional services.
Prayer Service will be held in Linton Church at 6.30pm. All Welcome.

Cheviot Churches: Church of Scotland (Charity No SC003023)

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Safeguarding Co-ordinator:

Heather Freeland – Cook 01573 420480

Role Keeper:

Pippa Emerson 01573420

Committee Convenors:

Mission and Outreach: Elizabeth Watson 01573 420602
Children and Youth Ministry Team: Graeme Watson 01573 420602
Ways and Means with Stewardship: Rae Redpath 01573 420451
Worship Committee: Rev. Colin Johnston 01573 440539

www.cheviotchurches.org