

GREENLOANS BURNS CLUB 1996

THE GREENLOANS BURNS CLUB HELD ITS ANNUAL SUPPER IN THE BRACO HALL ON FRIDAY 2ND OF FEBRUARY 1996. IN WHICH 80 MEMBERS AND GUESTS ATTENDED.

THE CHAIRMAN MR JIM DAWSON WELCOMED EVERYONE FOR COMING, THEN OBSERVED A MINUTES SILENCE FOR IN RESPECT FOR JOHN MCCOLL JIMMY TAYLOR AND WILLIE ~~BLAIR~~ ^{GRAY} WHO PAST AWAY DURING THE LAST YEAR.

HE THEN INTRODUCED GILL MAXWELL WHO WAS APPOINTED ON TO THE COMMITTEE RECENTLY.

THE HAGGIS WAS THEN PIPED IN BY MR NEIL BREMMER AND ADDRESSED ~~TO~~ BY ALICK MCCOLL.

(WILLIE MORRISON SANG SCOTS W/ HAD)

AFTER AN EXCELLANT MEAL, THE CHAIRMAN INTRODUCED THE MAIN SPEAKER FOR THE EVENING MR TOM BARRIE WHO IN HIS SPEECH TOLD US WHAT WAS HAPPENING^{IN} THE WORLD WHEN BURNS WAS ABOUT, HE ALSO GAVE US A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BARD'S LIFE.

MILLAR LONG GAVE US THE SONG THERE WAS A LAD.

THE INTERVAL FOLLOWED, AFTER WHICH IAN GRAHAM GAVE US A POEM ABOUT PETE THE PIDDLING PUB, I AM ALSO TOLD US ABOUT ALAN HENDRY TRYING TO RIDE A CAMEL.

THE CHAIRMAN THEN INTRODUCED TOM SCOTT WHO GAVE AN EXCELLANT TOAST TO THE LASSIES, IN WHICH TOM GAVE US SOME POEMS ABOUT THE ROYAL FAMILY.

A SONG BY MILLAR LONG FOLLOWED.

ALLAN TELFER THEN GAVE US AN EXCELLANT READING
 OF TO A MOUSE, AND ALSO THE EPISODE OF TO A FRIEND.
 HARRY McCLELLAND ~~GAVE THEM~~ GAVE US THE REPLY
 TO THE LASSIES, FOLLOWED BY 2 SONGS FROM WILLIE MORRISON.
 DONNY CAMERON GAVE US BURNS CLUBS THE WORLES O'ER,
 AFTER WHICH WE HAD ALAN TELFER ^{RECITING} RECITING TAM O' SHANTER.
 A COLLECTION FOR MAUCHLAN HOMES CAME TO
 KIRK GAULD GAVE US AN EXCELLANT TOAST TO GREEN LEAF
 BURNS CLUB, AND REPLYED TO BY JAVEY ARNOT.
 WILLIE MORRISON GAVE US A SONG, FOLLOWED BY THE STAIR
 O RABBIE BURNS, KEITH CHAPMAN FOLLOWED WITH THE
 TOAST TO ARTISTS AND CHAIRMAN.
 THE EVENING WAS BROUGHT TO A CLOSE WITH THE SINGING
 OF AULD LANG SYNE.
 ACCOMPANIST FOR THE EVENING WAS BOB RAE.

J Dawson

DUNBLANE REVISITED

There is a promise at the turning year
That the old husk takes with it the old pain,
And we would believe it, though the dark
Mutters and gnaws at the faltering heart.
And we know we do not have our life again
To roll those dark days back to the innocent morning.
Bright laughter broken on a cold fire
And the running, the running down the road.
And strangers seeking, whether for cure or comprehension,
Answers that were not theirs to have, nor these bright bairns' to give.

Though we empty our hearts we would not stem such loss
Nor lighten these bleak burdens,
But we attend, believing only that the tide lifts,
Turning the stormbound heart,
As a stirring before dawn, as a promise,
If only of life before us; as a deep spring.
And these lost tomorrows as a passion held in trust,
As a song in the wind, as a lightening sky.