



EMBO NEWS

Established – December 1997
Issue no: 107 OCTOBER 2007

50p

EMBO POST-OFFICE ROBBERY

On the morning of September 4th, the village of Embo awoke to realise our Post Office safe had been stolen from Mackay's Shop and Post Office. The robbery took place during the night of the 3rd Sept.

Mary and Dave were brilliant to the villagers on the Tuesday morning, by selling their produce from the front door of the shop and offering to drive the older members of the village (who arrived to receive their pensions) into Dornoch Post Office.

We are all hoping this doesn't make it easier for the Post Office to be closed in the village, as Dave and Mary are always fighting to keep it open for our village.

October will be their next review but up until we went to print things were looking good, who knows what will happen if the Post Office isn't being used though. Please use it as much as possible to ensure it stays open.

Many rural post offices had been advised to revise their locks and alarm systems because of a spate of robberies recently, which is exactly what Dave and Mary did to help keep the shop safe but unfortunately the gang were going to be in and nothing stopped them.

After most of the other robberies the safes were found not long afterwards. Unfortunately police have yet to find the Embo safe. The criminals left the shop in a good state of repair, apart from removing the safe. They neatly stacked anything they had to move to get the safe out of the premises, which seems very unusual.

No one living in the houses surrounding the shop heard anything unusual. Some dogs did bark but not to the extent that they brought anything to their owners attention, and the telecommunication cables and alarm had been very professionally taken care of.

It's a good thing that no one did get in the way as who knows what would have happened.

Would you like to celebrate a member of your families birthday or anniversary or graduation etc., by using the Back Page of this newsletter?

Please send us a picture along with the text you would like included.

The cost is only £20, this is a very competitive price and the picture will be much bigger than in the local press!

Go on - Drop us a line - Make someone smile when they see their face in the....

....'EMBO NEWS'

OCTOBER BIRTHDAY SPOT



Gary McGillivray	40	2nd
James Irving		3rd
Rebecca Holmes	16	4th
Anne Duncan		4th
Lilly Anderson		6th
Sarah Patterson		10th
Niamh Sutherland	3	10th
Rebekah Chloe?	1	11th
Louise Macdonald		13th
Colin Macdonald		13th
Steffi	3	13th
Nicola Banks		16th
John McKnight		16th
Ian Fraser		17th
Davy Murray		17th
Rachel Lawson		18th
Jim McGillivray		20th
Jeanette Cumming		22nd
Stephanie O'Connor		23rd
Joanna Guy		23rd
Liam Cameron		25th
J.R. Cumming		26th
Hannah Lawson		26th
Shona Carlton		27th
Jo Cameron	10	27th
Duncan Macleod	14	27th
Niall Macleod	14	27th
Janice Watt		28th
Murdo MacDonald		28th
Sara Banks		29th
Emma Lawson		30th
Jeanette Mackay		31st

Hope you are well on the mend Robbie Banks after your brief stay in hospital last month. It's great to see you back on your feet.

BELATED ANNIVERSARY WISHES ARE SENT TO...

Nicola & Robert Sawyer
who celebrated their 1st wedding
anniversary on 30th September
CONGRATULATIONS

OCTOBER Anniversary Wishes

Shona & Robert Munro
20 years married on 4th

Heather & Michael Fraser
8 years married on 7th

Shona & Iain Carlton
7th October

Coral & James Mackay
21 years married on 24th

Jeanette & Murdo O'Connor
30th October

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU ALL

Welcome to yet another new subscriber to our newsletter. Olive Hussey from Merseyside, was on holiday in our area last month and picked up a copy of the Embo News. She enjoyed it so much and it gave her a giggle. This is what we hope for when we go to print, to give folk a break from life for a little while and make you all smile - at least once. Thank you for wanting to join us Olive.
You are very welcome

Welcome to our ever growing subscribers list Billie & David Corder who live at Balvraid Muir, Dornoch. We hope you look forward to receiving your monthly copy of this newsletter. Please feel free to send us anything you would like to share with our readers.

THANK YOU

Many thanks to **Shirley & Stuart Gamble** for the used stamps they forwarded. Also to **I. Robertson** who saves the stamps from the Forestry Commission office for us. We pass these onto Dornoch Cathedral on your behalf who in turn pass them onto World Mission for fundraising.

Please keep them coming everyone

A VERY BIG TANK YOU FROM WILLIAM HAMILTON

We were contacted by William Hamilton after he completed his 10km run in September, he told us.....

"At the beginning of September I completed my 10km run in a time of 1 hour 15 minutes, something I am really proud of. I want to thank everyone who sponsored me to help raise funds for the Beatson Oncology Centre in Glasgow where I received my treatment some time ago.

A staggering total of £3740.48, with £388 of this total coming from my 'justgiving' fundraising site. A truly amazing amount I'm sure you will agree. I want to take this opportunity to thank everyone who gave me words of advise and encouragement and for the fantastic support I received.

There are too many people to thank individually here but I would like to give a special mention to the boys who came and took part with me in Elgin - Malcolm Fraser - James McGillivray - David Munro - Darren Mackay and David (Cabbage) Mackay. Hope you guys all had as much fun as I did!

Thank you also to Grannie's Heilan' Hame for holding a raffle in aid of the hospital and allowing me to run my own BIG Raffle there on 8th July."

Embo Sweepstake

Please note if it is raining on a Saturday from now on PLEASE MAKE YOUR WAY TO MARIE'S HOME TO PAY FOR YOUR SWEEPSTAKE NUMBERS. Bay View, 3 Hall Street.

If the numbers aren't paid for they will be null and void.

THANK YOU.

The winners on 15th September were :-Margaret Whiteing, Gayle Mackay, Isobel Hadden and Sarah Sutherland, they all won £62-25 each.

Last month Julie and Babs donated £2 each to the local charity, this month Margaret donated £2 too. The charity was the senior citizens fund who received £17.31 from Marie.

John Hammond was the lucky winner on 29th September, he won £166.

On her rounds, Marie gladly receives any loose change anyone wishes to contribute. After there is a winner, this small collection is donated in rotation to the following groups - Youth Club, Luncheon Club, Senior Citizens Fund, Football Club, Bowling Club and I want to apologise here if I have missed any groups out.

ALSO, the winner of the "lottery" often donates a little bit of their winnings to this collection too.

CONGRATULATIONS

EMBO SENIOR CITIZEN FUND BONUS BALL - WEEKLY DRAW

A big thank you to all who so readily contribute to the Embo Senior Citizen's fund, by buying a bonus ball each and every week at Mackay's Shop in Embo.

SEPTEMBER WINNERS

Saturday 1st	no. 8	George Fraser
Saturday 8th	no. 31	Davy Grant
Saturday 15th	no. 24	Tom Forman
Saturday 22nd	no. 25	Alexina Macdonald
Saturday 29th	no. 37	Elisabeth Withan

The decision has been made that all bonus ball draw numbers must be paid for before the draw date. If a number comes up before it has been paid for, this will automatically be considered a rollover.

This newsletter is produced by **'Embo Youth Club'**

as a way of raising funds for activities and supplies.

We achieved this with volunteers.

Thank you for purchasing this copy of the 'Embo News'

Would you like to become an annual subscriber for only £15.

Many of our villagers have done this for family members who no longer live in the area or for someone who enjoys visiting the area on holiday, as a gift, we get lots of positive feedback from folk who receive their copy each month.

This price covers all P&P for a full 12 months.

If any of our readers are interested in this please contact us with your name address plus a cheque made payable to:

'Embo Youth Club'

Old School House, School Street, Embo,
Sutherland, IV25 3PZ

**THANK YOU, WE LOOK FORWARD
TO WELCOMING YOU
TO OUR EVER INCREASING FOLD.**

SUNFLOWER COMPETITION



If you are a regular reader of the Embo News you will know that we run a competition for the tallest Sunflower each year. Has anyone had a successful flower grow this year with what little summer we did have?

DROP US A LINE

**NO ONE HAS
VOLUNTEERED TO TAKE
OVER THIS NEWS LETTER
AS OF YET.
IT WILL BE SUCH A
SHAME FOR IT TO FOLD
AT THE END OF THE YEAR.**

CONTACT 01862 810996

Kye's Krack !

What a wonderful photograph in last months Embo news. Seeing the Embo WRI wifies on the front page brought back lots of memories to me at the age of 9 when I was running around the village playing cowboys and Indians! Many a door I used to knock on with the gang and run away in devilment! Something I remember very well is queuing up at Bella Paul's door at the bottom of Gate Street at 4.30 in the afternoon waiting for the Lone Ranger and Tonto to come on the black and white telly. After 'high ho silver away' we all raced back up the village, cap guns blazing dodging in and out the alleyway and hedges as if we had been on the TV programme ourselves!

Now with all this wet weather around, I thought I would try to cheer you up a little.

There was this woman who went into the butcher shop in Dornoch. "I want 4 pork chops please, and make them lean". "Certainly madam" said the butcher "which way"?

This householder in Embo rang up the local police station to report that a large hole had appeared in the road opposite his house. The police are now looking into it! The phone rang on the hospital ward sisters desk in Inverness. "Excuse me" said this lad who belonged to Embo, "but could you tell me how Mr. Mackay is getting on"? "He's making excellent progress" sister replied. "In fact he's being discharged tomorrow". "May I inquire who's asking"? "This is Mr. Mackay" said the voice "nobody tells me a ruddy thing in here".

Did you know how a ship is called a 'she'. Answer - Because she shows her topsides, hides her bottom and when coming into port, always heads for the buoys! This lad from Embo took his dog to the pictures in Inverness to see 'Gone With the Wind'. The usherette was supposed to turf out pets but took pity on this pup. Later she told the boy "I was surprised to see your dog enjoying the film". "So was I" said the Embo lad "because he didn't enjoy the book one bit".

How many politicians does it take to change a light bulb? 4 - 1 to change it and 3 to deny it!

This ham salad roll in Embo slides up to the bar, and says "A pint of lager please". To which the barman replies "Sorry Sir, we don't serve food".

This Embo lad went to the Doctor in Golspie, and said "I'm having trouble with my diet". "What have you been eating said the Doctor"? "Snooker balls, I have 3 reds for breakfast, a brown, a yellow and a blue for lunch, and the black and the pink for supper". "Ah, says the Doctor "the problem is you're not eating enough greens".

This young lad from Embo was asked by the Dornoch police at school if he was troubled by naughty thoughts. "Oh no, I enjoy them enormously" he replied.

This notice appeared in a solicitors office in Dornoch "Would the person who took the step ladder yesterday please bring it back or further steps will be taken".

Hi Ho Silver Away until next month!

Willie Kye

Sincere sympathies are extended to Donald Ross and Family on the sad loss of his brother John.

Thinking of you all.

**Happy Birthday to
GARY MCGILLIVRAY**
Who celebrated his 40th last weekend
Best wishes from your family and friends

THE BEST LAWYER STORY OF THE YEAR

A Charlotte, North Carolina lawyer purchased a box of very rare and expensive cigars and then insured them against fire, among other things.

Within a month, having smoked his entire stockpile of these great cigars and without yet having made even his first premium payment on the policy, the lawyer filed claim against the insurance company.

In his claim, the lawyer stated the cigars were lost "in a series of small fires."

The insurance company refused to pay, citing the obvious reason that the man had consumed the cigars in the normal fashion.

The lawyer sued, and WON!

In delivering the ruling, the judge agreed with the insurance company that the claim was frivolous. The judge stated nevertheless, that the lawyer "held a policy from the company in which it had warranted that the cigars were insurable and also guaranteed that it would insure them against fire, without defining what is considered to be "unacceptable fire" and was obligated to pay the claim.

Rather than endure lengthy and costly appeal process, the insurance company accepted the ruling and paid \$15,000 to the lawyer for his loss of the cigars lost in the "fires".

NOW FOR THE BEST PART!

After the lawyer cashed the check, the insurance company had him arrested on 24 counts of ARSON!!! With his own insurance claim and testimony from the previous case being used against him, the lawyer was convicted of intentionally burning his insured property and was sentenced to 24 months in jail and a \$24,000 fine. This is a true story and was the First Place winner in the recent Criminal Lawyers Award Contest.

BRILLIANT!! ONLY IN AMERICA!



JOB DESCRIPTIONS !

A man in a hot air balloon realised he was lost. He reduced altitude and spotted a man below. He descended a bit more and shouted, Excuse, me, can you help me? I promised a friend I would meet him an hour ago, but I don't know where I am."

The man below replied, "You're in a hot air balloon hovering approximately 30 feet above the ground. You're between 40 and 41 degrees north latitude and between 59 and 60 degrees west longitude."

"You must work in Quality Control ," said the balloonist.

"I do," replied the man, "How did you know?"

"Well," answered the balloonist, "everything you told me is technically correct, but I've no idea what you're talking about and the fact is I'm still lost. Frankly, you've been no help at all. If anything, you've just delayed my trip and wasted my time."

The man below responded, "You must be in Management."

I am," replied the balloonist, "but how did you know?"

"Well," said the man, "you don't know where you are or where you're going. You have risen to where you are due to a load of hot air. You made a promise, which you've no idea how to keep, and you expect people beneath you to solve your problems. The fact is you are in exactly the same position you were in before we met, but now, somehow, it's my fault."

OCTOBER WORDSEARCH

‘COMPETITION’

A	C	N	A	L	B	A	S	A	C	L	M	P	N	E	C	C	I
E	I	M	T	S	Y	L	E	I	T	L	I	P	A	S	U	A	D
N	S	L	E	A	H	C	I	M	H	C	O	N	M	D	R	S	E
I	S	K	S	V	I	U	H	R	T	T	M	C	E	L	T	E	T
R	A	H	T	C	O	R	M	U	A	E	P	R	I	H	I	Y	C
T	L	S	T	M	O	M	R	P	D	W	R	N	E	S	Z	F	E
K	C	B	E	S	T	E	O	A	H	A	G	M	U	R	S	R	R
A	L	P	S	I	U	C	K	V	T	R	A	G	O	B	O	A	I
I	A	I	N	R	C	O	E	S	I	B	E	R	G	M	A	N	D
M	U	P	W	O	N	A	M	D	P	E	A	Y	A	O	A	H	R
A	W	A	R	D	L	O	C	A	T	I	O	N	P	R	O	S	Y
A	C	O	V	I	E	O	I	H	F	H	T	L	D	F	M	C	A
Y	M	E	D	A	C	A	G	V	N	I	A	G	A	A	D	E	M
O	M	N	I	L	H	U	A	H	C	Y	R	N	G	R	I	R	P

Here is a list of words associated with a certain movie can you find them in this wordsearch grid?
The movie title is also hidden in this puzzle; can you find it (one word)?

THIS / CLASSIC / ROMANTIC / MOVIE / STARRED / HUMPHREY / BOGART and INGRID /
BERGMAN. PLAY it AGAIN, / SAM is a FAMOUS / LINE from this FILM.
DIRECTED by MICHAEL / CURTIZ it WON the ACADEMY / AWARD for BEST / PICTURE in 1943.
The film is SET in MOROCCO and TAKES its NAME / FROM its LOCATION

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ ANSWER _____

Send your answer, name and address to us here at :-
Embo News - October Competition
Old School House, School Street, Embo, Sutherland, IV25 3PZ

I'm invisible

"Live your life as if everything you do will eventually be known." Hugh Prather

It all began to make sense, the blank stares, the lack of response, the way one of the kids will walk into the room while I'm on the phone and ask to be taken to the store. Inside I'm thinking, "Can't you see I'm on the phone?" Obviously not. No one can see if I'm on the phone, or cooking, or sweeping the floor, or even standing on my head in the corner, because no one can see me at all.

Some days I am only a pair of hands, nothing more: Can you fix this? Can you tie this? Can you open this? Some days I'm not a pair of hands; I'm not even a human being. I'm a clock to ask, "What time is it?" I'm a satellite guide to answer, "What number is the Disney Channel?" I'm a car to order, "Right around 5:30, please."

I was certain that these were the hands that once held books and the eyes that studied history and the mind that graduated summa cum laude - but now they had disappeared into the peanut butter, never to be seen again.

She's going ... she's going... she's gone!



One night, a group of us were having dinner, celebrating the return of a friend from England. Janice had just gotten back from a fabulous trip, and she was going on and on about the hotel she stayed in. I was sitting there, looking around at the others all put together so well. It was hard not to compare and feel sorry for myself as I looked down at my out-of-style dress; it was the only thing I could find that was clean. My unwashed hair was pulled up in a banana clip and I was afraid I could actually smell peanut butter in it.

I was feeling pretty pathetic, when Janice turned to me with a beautifully wrapped package, and said, "I brought you this." It was a book on the great cathedrals of Europe. I wasn't exactly sure why she'd given it to me until I read her inscription: "To Charlotte, with admiration for the greatness of what you are building when no one sees."

In the days ahead I would read - no, devour - the book. And I would discover what would become for me, four life-changing truths, after which I could pattern my work:

No one can say who built the great cathedrals - we have no record of their names.

These builders gave their whole lives for a work they would never see finished.

They made great sacrifices and expected no credit.

The passion of their building was fuelled by their faith that the eyes of God saw everything.

A legendary story in the book told of a rich man who came to visit the cathedral while it was being built, and he saw a workman carving a tiny bird on the inside of a beam. He was puzzled and asked the man, "Why are you spending so much time carving that bird into a beam that will be covered by the roof? No one will ever see it." And the workman replied, "Because God sees."

I closed the book, feeling the missing piece fall into place. It was almost as if I heard God whispering to me, "I see you, Charlotte. I see the sacrifices you make every day, even when no one around you does. No act of kindness you've done, no sequin you've sewn on, no cupcake you've baked, is too small for me to notice and smile over. You are building a great cathedral, but you can't see right now what it will become."

At times, my invisibility feels like an affliction. But it is not a disease that is erasing my life. It is the cure for the disease of my own self-centeredness. It is the antidote to my strong, stubborn pride. I keep the right perspective when I see myself as a great builder. As one of the people who show up at a job that they will never see finished, to work on something that their name will never be on.

The writer of the book went so far as to say that no cathedrals could ever be built in our lifetime because there are so few people willing to sacrifice to that degree.

When I really think about it, I don't want my son to tell the friend he's bringing home from college for Thanksgiving, "My mum gets up at 4 in the morning and bakes homemade pies, and then she hand bastes a turkey for three hours and presses all the linens for the table." That would mean I'd built a shrine or a monument to myself. I just want him to want to come home. And then, if there is anything more to say to his friend, to add, "You're gonna love it there."

As mothers, we are building great cathedrals. We cannot be seen if we're doing it right. And one day, it is very possible that the world will marvel, not only at what we have built, but at the beauty that has been added to the world by the sacrifices of invisible women.

On The Coast

No Sooner Away

It appears to happen every time I go away an incident occurs at Dornoch.

It was the day before the naming and dedication of the new Dornoch Inshore Lifeboat (ILB), when Aberdeen Coastguard Headquarters received a 999 call from a person who was observing a Kite Surfer off the 16th Tee at Dornoch. His kite had fallen out of the sky which of course was his means of propulsion. He was unable to get it flying again which put him in some difficulty in trying to get back to the shore.

It so happened that there were two Coastguards Officers in the vicinity at the time, though they were not in a position to see the Surfer. Their pagers were activated by Aberdeen Coastguard so they were able to respond very quickly and had the vehicle on scene within minutes, they were quickly followed by the Coastguard Team. The Station Officer Adrian Green quickly assessed the situation and called out the Dornoch ILB, while Coastguards kept the Surfer under observation and guided the ILB to the position. The Surfer who was a Gentleman from Poland was quickly rescued and taken ashore none the worse for wear.

The naming and dedication of the ILB, which is new to Dornoch, took place the next day with a service at the Cathedral and naming ceremony at the Lifeboat Station. While I could not attend myself as on a Rope Rescue Course, Coastguards from Helmsdale, Dornoch and Portmahomack attended. The New Boat is called the "Tim Jarvis", after Tim who sadly died while on the last boat. Tim, who was a founder member of ESRA was also a founder member of the Dornoch Coastguard Team.

New Techniques



I have just recently spent a week on the new rope rescue equipment and procedures that are now being introduced into the Coastguard Service. This used to be what we called Cliff Rescue, but as the equipment can be used in situations other than cliff, it is now called Rope Rescue. Local Coastguards will now have to undergo an intensive training programme to get fully up to operational standard. The main change is what is called a "Hands Off", in other words if for some reason everyone let go of the

ropes etc when someone was over the cliff, the system will lock up, this would not happen under the old system, which we still have to use until the Coastguard Teams have gained their certificates in Rope Rescue. I am hoping it will only take a few months. I have over 30 years experience in the old system so was a bit reluctant at first to accept the new system, but by the second day of the course I fully endorsed it. It certainly is a bit more technical though easier to operate. Picture shows training with stretcher recovery.

A full Rope Rescue Team will comprise of eight Coastguards. We are presently short of two at Dornoch, so if you are interested and live in the vicinity of Dornoch and would like to be a Coastguard please give me a call, or visit me at the Coastguard Station at Dornoch, I am there most mornings.

Bryan Jones

HM Coastguard 01862-810525. 07917808539 Mobile

George Carlin 's Views on Aging

Do you realize that the only time in our lives when we like to get old is when we're kids? If you're less than 10 years old, you're so excited about aging that you think in fractions.

"How old are you?" "I'm four and a half!" You're never thirty-six and a half. You're four and a half, going on five! That's the key!!

You get into your teens, now they can't hold you back.

You jump to the next number, or even a few ahead.

"How old are you?" "I'm gonna be 16!" You could be 13, but hey, you're gonna be 16! And then the greatest day of your life . . .

you **BECOME** 21. Even the words sound like a ceremony. YOU **BECOME** 21. **YESSSS!!!**

But then you turn 30. Oooohh, what happened there? Makes you sound like bad milk! He **TURNED**; we had to throw him out. There's no fun now, you're just a sour-dumpling. What's wrong? What's changed?

You **BECOME** 21, you **TURN** 30, then you're **PUSHING** 40. Whoa! Put on the brakes, it's all slipping away. Before you know it, you **REACH** 50 and your dreams are gone.

But wait!!! You **MAKE IT** to 60. You didn't think you would!

So you **BECOME** 21, **TURN** 30, **PUSH** 40, **REACH** 50 and **MAKE IT** to 60.

You've built up so much speed that you **HIT** 70! After that it's a day-by-day thing; you **HIT** Wednesday!

You get into your 80s and every day is a complete cycle; you **HIT** lunch; you **TURN** 4:30 ; you **REACH** bedtime and it doesn't end there. Into the 90s, you start going backwards; "I **Was JUST** 92."

Then a strange thing happens. If you make it over 100, you become a little kid again. "I'm 100 and a half!"

May you all make it to a healthy 100 and a half!!

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

1. Throw out nonessential numbers. This includes age, weight and height. Let the doctors worry about them.
2. Keep only cheerful friends. The grouches pull you down.
3. Keep learning. Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain idle. "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." And the devil's name is Alzheimer's.
4. Enjoy the simple things.
5. Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath.
6. The tears happen. Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person, who is with us our entire life, is ourselves. Be **ALIVE** while you are alive.
7. Surround yourself with what you love, whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever.
8. Cherish your health : If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.
- 9 Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the shops; to a foreign country but **NOT** to where the guilt is.
10. **Tell the people you love that you love them, at every opportunity.**

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER :

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

September Competition Entries

Thank you to the following for entering the September competition:-

Cathie Mackay - Embo, Margaret Mackay - Embo, Catherine Irving - Dornoch, Marigold Lewis - Dornoch, Joey Mackay - Dornoch, Billie Corder - Dornoch, Helen Robertson - Perthshire, Georgie Moore, Livingston - Hannah Lawson age 11 - York, Rachael McLaren age 8, sorry Rachael we don't have your full address.

Please feel free to enter the October competition for your chance to win some prizes. Good Luck to you all.

The winners this month are... Cathie Mackay and Hannah Lawson

We hope all the winners last month received their prizes.

Thank you to Cathie Mackay who has already contacted us to thanks us for her prize this month.



BULKY REFUSE COLLECTIONS

Wednesday is bulky refuse day.

The skip lorry will be calling into Embo Village on:-

3rd October

14th November

9th January

Anyone needing help to lift heavy objects please contact
TEC Services - 01408 623400

**HAPPY
16th
BIRTHDAY
REBECCA
4th OCTOBER**

THANK YOU
**I WOULD LIKE TO
THANK EVERYONE
WHO HELPED RESCUE
MY RABBIT (CHEEKY)
WHO ESCAPED
RECENTLY, I'M VERY
GRATEFUL.**

LAUREN

Football News

After signs of promise throughout the season Embo failed to lift any trophies. A fourth place finish in the league, Embo produced their best form in the Patterson Cup disposing of Helmsdale United 5 - 3 then shocking Golspie Stafford 2 - 1, to book a place in the final against Brora Wanderers, but it was not to be as Embo lost 4 - 1.

Highlights of the season were the comeback against Durness from 5 - 2 down, Embo stormed back to win 6 - 5 and beating Golspie Stafford 2 - 1 proves there is potential

MANY THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING...

Jim McCue Plumbing for sponsorship of match day posters

J.W. Bonthrone Roofing for sponsorship of the strips

Grannie's Heilan' Hame (Parkdean) for providing food after the games.

Mackay's Shop for much support and help

Jim McGillivray for the lining of the pitch

Highland Council Grasscutters for keeping the pitch in such good condition.

Finally to EVERYONE who comes to cheer on the team on matchday, your support is much appreciated.

Thank You
David Mackay

THE PICK OF AUTUMN

As autumn is well on its way we thought you might like some advice on some seasonal foods..

MUSSELS

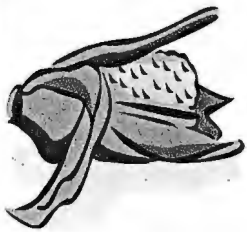


are at their best from October to May and are found in abundance in the North Atlantic, Mediterranean and north and south Baltic seas. Easy to farm, they live in large clumps, attaching themselves to rocks or ropes with sticky threads. Local mussels are easily found when the tide is out at Little Ferry.

Mussels make a quick, nutritious and relatively inexpensive meal. They are also, surprisingly, one of the simplest types of shellfish to prepare. Green-lipped mussels are from New Zealand, where they're prepared, cooked and frozen before being flown over here.

Mussels are a good source of B vitamins and minerals, including the powerful antioxidant selenium. These nutrients are thought to have roles in fertility and mussels are said to be an aphrodisiac too!!!

SWEETCORN



Corn on the Cob...British sweetcorn is available from late July to mid-October, so it is at its peak right now. Sweetcorn is best eaten the day you buy it, or at least the next day, as the sugar in the corn will turn to starch over time, losing its sweetness. Heat also speeds up this process. Remove the husk and silks before boiling for about 8 minutes - don't add salt to the water as it will

toughen the kernels - and serve with a knob of butter. It is also good barbecued, but leave the husks on and soak in cold water for 10 minutes first.

Especially high in fibre, sweetcorn also provides the B vitamin folate. This starchy vegetable is often used as a carbohydrate food, for example, in corn tortillas or maize-based polenta.



PUMPKIN the sweet orange flesh of pumpkin is delicious in a variety of savoury and dessert dishes. There are many varieties, some of which are called squashes and the two are generally interchangeable in recipes. Look for small pumpkins that feel heavy and dense. They tend to be sweeter and have

more flesh than the large, hollow varieties used for lanterns at Halloween. Cut pumpkin into wedges and roast, or dice and fry, then use in salads or risottos. Pumpkin also goes well with sage and goats cheese, or spice it up with curry spices, ginger, or cinnamon. To make a sweet pumpkin pie cook the flesh with spices like cinnamon or nutmeg and cream, then bake in a pastry case. Alternatively, puree the flesh to use in soups or add chunks to stews, saving the shell to use as a decorative bowl.

THE PICK OF AUTUMN

CELERIAC traditionally regarded as a winter root vegetable, celeriac is now available all year round. It has a knobbly skin and similar smell and foliage to celery, though it actually belongs to the parsley family. This is usually sold trimmed without the green stalks. To prepare, peel the skin as thinly as possible and cut into chunks or slices. Boil until tender and then whiz to a puree.

It's delicious added to stews and casseroles, or served with game or pork. Raw celeriac is good grated or thinly sliced in salads. Once cut it should be sprinkled with lemon juice to prevent browning.

Celeriac provides fibre, vitamin C and folate, with little fat and next to no calories! It is also a useful vegetable to 'bulk up' higher calorie foods, like mashed potato or coleslaw.

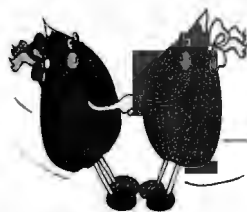
APPLES British apples are at their best in the autumn, and you can't beat a crisp, sweet Cox's apple, or perhaps a juicy Royal Gala or Spartan. Worcester Pearmain, meanwhile, stand out from the crowd at this time of year, with their distinctive smell of strawberries and bright red appearance.



You can store Cox's in the bottom of the fridge for up to two weeks to maintain the crispness, or keep at room temperature for their aromatic flavour to develop. They are perfect for Tarte Tatin as the slices keep their shape when cooked. You could also try pan-frying slices of Cox's apple to serve with pork, liver or even black pudding. Bramley apples are at their peak now too and are perfect for cooking, especially in pies and for puree sauces. Also, try stuffing the core with butter, sugar and raisins and baking until tender. Serve with custard mmmmmmm!

This low GI fruit can be a good source of vitamin C, depending on the variety. Apples contain the flavonoid quercetin, which, along with the fibre content, may also help lower cholesterol.

FIGS fresh figs are totally unlike the dried fruits you usually get at Christmas. Their plump skins hide a jammy sweetness that is delicious eaten as an autumn treat. There are many varieties: some have dark purple skins with ruby red seeds, others have paler yellow skins and pink flesh.



Buy them when they are almost on the point of bursting, but be gentle as they bruise easily and will only keep for a day or two in the fridge. If they're not ripe and sweet, bake with a little dessert wine and cinnamon, or poach with port and orange juice: serve with cream. The rich sweetness of figs works well as a savoury accompaniment too. Serve at room temperature, cut open like a flower with Parma ham as a starter, or in a salad. A chutney of figs cooked with onions, sugar and vinegar makes an ideal companion to roast gammon or sausages.

Fresh figs are low in fat and very filling, so may be helpful during weight loss. And don't forget dried figs are a rich dairy free source of calcium, as well as being high in other useful nutrients such as iron and fibre.

SATURDAYS

The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings. Perhaps it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable.

A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the garage with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning turned into one of those lessons that life seems to hand you from time to time. Let me tell you about it:

I turned on the radio to listen to Saturday morning show, while tuning into the show I came across an older sounding chaps voice with a great signal, his voice was golden. You know the kind; he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business. He was telling whom-ever he was talking with something about "a thousand marble." I was intrigued and stopped to listen to what he had to say.

"Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you well but it's a shame you have to be away from home and your family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work sixty hours a week to make ends meet. It's too bad you missed your daughter's "dance recital" he continued. "Let me tell you something that helped me keep my own priorities." And that's when he began to explain his theory of a "thousand marbles."

"You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less but on average, folk live about seventy-five years.

"Now then, I multiplied 75 times 52 and I came up with 3900, which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime. Now, stick with me Tom, I'm getting to the important part.

It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail". He went on, "and by that time I have lived through over twenty eight hundred Saturdays." "I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy. So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three stores to round up 1000 marbles. I took them home and put them inside a large, clear container.

"Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away. I found that by watching the marbles disappear, I focused more on the really important things in life.

There is nothing like watching your time here on earth run out to help get your priorities straight."

"Now let me tell you one last thing. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure that if I make it until next Saturday then I have been given a little extra time. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time."

"It was nice to meet you Tom, I hope you spend more time with your family, and I hope to meet you again."

You could have heard a pin drop on the radio when this fellow had finished. He gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to fix the television aerial that morning and then meet up with some of my pals.

Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. "C'mon, I'm taking you and the kids out for breakfast." "What brought this on?" she asked with a smile. "Oh, nothing special, it's just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. And hey, can we stop at a toy store while we're out? I need to buy some marbles."

As someone once said. "If you live to be a hundred, I want to live to be a hundred minus one day, so I never have to live without you."

SUNDAY SCHOOL SMILES



THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A Sunday school teacher was telling her class the story of the Good Samaritan, in which a man was beaten, robbed and left for dead. She described the situation in vivid detail so her class would catch the drama.

Then she asked the class, "If you saw a person lying on the roadside, all wounded and bleeding, what would you do?"

A thoughtful little girl broke the hushed silence, "I think I would throw up."

STORY OF ELIJAH

The Sunday school teacher was carefully explaining the story of Elijah the Prophet and the false prophets of Baal. She explained how Elijah built the altar, put wood upon it, cut a steer into pieces, and laid it upon the altar.

And then Elijah commanded the people of God to fill four barrels with water and pour it over the altar. He had them do this four times.

"Now," said the teacher, "Can anyone in the class tell me why the Lord would have Elijah pour water over the steer on the altar?"

A little girl in the back of the room started waving her hand, "I know, I know," she said, "to make the gravy!"

LOT'S WIFE

The Sunday school teacher was describing how Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, when little Johnny interrupted, "My mummy looked back one, while she was driving," he announced triumphantly, "and she turned into a telegraph pole!"

DID NOAH FISH?

A Sunday school teacher asked, "Johnny, do you think Noah did a lot of fishing when he was on the Ark?"

"No," replied Johnny. "How could he, with just two worms!"

POOR LION

A Sunday school teacher was telling the youngsters about Daniel and the Lions Den. She had a picture of Daniel standing, brave and confident, with a group of lions around him. One little girl started to cry.

The teacher said "Don't cry. The lions are not going to eat Daniel."

The little girl said, "That's not what I'm crying about. That little lion, over in the corner, isn't going to get any food."

HIGH POWER

A Sunday school teacher said to her children, "We have been learning how powerful kings and queens were in the Bible times. But, there is a higher power. Can anybody tell me what it is?"

One child blurted out, "Aces!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Nine year old Joey, was asked by his mother what he had learned in Sunday school.

"Well, mum, our teacher told us how God sent Moses behind enemy lines on a rescue mission to lead the Israelites out of Egypt. When he got to the Red Sea, he had his engineers built a platoon bridge and all the people walked across safely. Then, he used his walkie-talkie to radio headquarters for reinforcements. They sent bombers to blow up the bridge and all the Israelites were saved."

"Now, Joey, is that really what your teacher taught you?" his mother asked

"Well, no, mum. But, if I told it the way the teacher did, you would never believe it!"

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

A Sunday school teacher decided to have her young class memorize one of the most quoted passages in the Bible; Psalm 23. She gave the youngsters a month to learn the verse.

Little Bobby was excited about the task. But, he just could not remember the Psalm. After much practice, he could barely pass the first line.

On the day that the kids were scheduled to recite Psalm 23 in front of the congregation, Bobby was so nervous. When it was his turn, he stepped up to the microphone and said proudly, "The Lord is my shepherd and that's all I need to know"

Thank you to Bev (Much) Macleod for sharing this with us from Canada

THIS IS WHAT LOVE IS ALL ABOUT!

It was a busy morning, about 8:30, when an elderly gentleman in his 80's, arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He said he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00 am.

I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him.

I saw him looking at his watch and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound.

On exam, it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry.

The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife.

I inquired as to her health. He told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer's Disease. As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late.

He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now.

I was surprised, and asked him, "And you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?"

He smiled as he patted my hand and said, "She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is and I know who I am."

"That is the kind of love I want in my life."

True love is neither physical, nor romantic. True love is an acceptance of all that is, has been, will be, and will not be.

The greatest knowledge is the knowledge of one's true self.

The happiest people don't necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the best of everything they have.



The East Sutherland Rescue Association

The East Sutherland Rescue Association are a self funding organisation dedicated to operating an independent inshore lifeboat based in Dornoch.

On September 15th & 16th this year we celebrated 25 years of continuous service to the communities of Sutherland and Easter Ross

A Buffet Ceilidh was held at the Burghfield House Hotel on the Saturday evening. Special guest Laura Sinclair, who was the 6 year old girl who prompted the forming of ERSA 25 years ago, presented Neil Dalton & Russell Mackenzie with specially engraved glasses for their 25 years Service.

On Sunday morning – 16th September a service of dedication was held in Dornoch Cathedral followed by a naming ceremony for our new lifeboat. Sandra Jarvis named the boat the "Tim Jarvis" after her late husband who was one of the founder members of the crew at our boat shed at Dornoch Beach Car Park.

The Lord Lieutenant of Sutherland - Monica Main, local MSP Jamie Stone, Dornoch Town Provost and other local dignitaries and supporters also attended both events.

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THE YELLOW SHIRT

The baggy yellow shirt had long sleeves, four extra-large pockets trimmed in black thread and snaps up the front. It was faded from years of wear, but still in decent shape. I found it in 1963 when I was home from college on Christmas break, rummaging through bags of clothes Mum intended to give away. "You're not taking that old thing, are you?" Mum said when she saw me packing the yellow shirt. "I wore that when I was pregnant with your brother in 1954!"

"It's just the thing to wear over my clothes during art class" Mum. Thanks!" I slipped it into my suitcase before she could object. The yellow shirt became a part of my college wardrobe.

I loved it. After graduating, I wore the shirt the day I moved into my new home and on Saturday mornings when I cleaned.

The next year, I married. When I became pregnant, I wore the yellow shirt during big-belly days. I missed Mum and the rest of my family, since we were in Colorado and they were in Illinois. But that shirt helped. I smiled, remembering that Mother had worn it when she was pregnant.

That Christmas, mindful of the warm feelings the shirt had given me, I patched one elbow, wrapped it in holiday paper and sent it to Mother. When she wrote to thank me for her "real" gifts, she said the yellow shirt was lovely. She never mentioned it again.

The next year, my husband, daughter and I stopped at Mum and Dad's to pick up some furniture. Days later, when we unpacked the kitchen table, I noticed something yellow taped to its bottom. The shirt!

And so the pattern was set.

On our next visit home, I secretly placed the shirt under Mum and Dad's mattress. I don't know how long it took for her to find it, but almost two years passed before I discovered it under the base of our living-room floor lamp. The yellow shirt was just what I needed now while re-varnishing furniture.

The walnut stains added character.

In 1975 my husband and I divorced. With my three children, I prepared to move back to Illinois.

As I packed, a deep depression overtook me. I wondered if I could make it on my own. I wondered if I would find a job. I paged through the Bible, looking for comfort.

In Ephesians, I read, "So use every piece of God's armour to resist the enemy whenever he attacks, and when it is all over, you will be standing up."

I tried to picture myself wearing God's armour, but all I saw was the stained yellow shirt. Slowly, it dawned on me. Wasn't my mother's love a piece of God's armour? My courage was renewed.

Unpacking in our new home, I knew I had to get the shirt back to Mother. The next time I visited her, I tucked it in her bottom dresser drawer.

Meanwhile, I found a good job at a radio station. A year later I discovered the yellow shirt hidden in a rag bag in my cleaning closet.

Something new had been added. Embroidered in bright green across the breast pocket were the words "I BELONG TO PAT."

Not to be outdone, I got out my own embroidery materials and added an apostrophe and seven more letters. Now the shirt proudly proclaimed, "I BELONG TO PAT'S MOTHER" But I didn't stop there. I zig-zagged all the frayed seams, then had a friend mail the shirt in a fancy box to Mom from Canada. We enclosed an official looking letter from "The Institute for the Destitute," announcing that she was the recipient of an award for good deeds. I would have given anything to see Mom's face when she opened the box. But, of course, she never mentioned it.

Two years later, in 1978, I remarried. The day of our wedding, Harold and I put our car in a friend's garage to avoid practical jokers. After the wedding, while my husband drove us to our honeymoon suite, I reached for a pillow in the car to rest my head.

It felt lumpy. I unzipped the case and found, wrapped in wedding paper, the yellow shirt. Inside a pocket was a note: "Read John 14:27-29. I love you both, Mother."

That night I paged through the Bible in a hotel room and found the verses: "I am leaving you with a gift: peace of mind and heart. And the peace I give isn't fragile like the peace the world gives. So don't be troubled or afraid. Remember what I told you: I am going away, but I will come back to you again. If you really love me, you will be very happy for me, for now I can go to the Father, who is greater than I am. I have told you these things before they happen so that when they do, you will believe in me."

The shirt was Mother's final gift. She had known for three months that she had terminal Lou Gehrig's disease. Mother died the following year at age 57.

I was tempted to send the yellow shirt with her to her grave. But I'm glad I didn't, because it is a vivid reminder of the love-filled game she and I played for 16 years. Besides, my older daughter is in college now, majoring in art.

And every art student needs a baggy yellow shirt with big pockets.

Thank you to Fiona Sutherland for this piece.

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