

Let us Sing....

Morning has broken, like the first morning,
blackbird has spoken, like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them,
springing fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit from heaven,
like the first dew-fall on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness where his feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight! Mine is the morning
born of the one light Eden saw play!
Praise with elation, praise ev'ry morning,
God's recreation of the new day!

Text: Eleanor Farjeon, Music: trad

The Blessing

The Love of God who gathers earth and
heaven together in his love, and whose
healing grace touches all and holds all, bringing
life from death, and hope from despair...
enfold, support and encourage you this day
and every day of your life...

.... and the blessing of God Almighty,
† the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,
be among you and remain with you always.
Amen

The Dismissal

Go in peace to love and serve the Lord
In the Name of Christ,
Amen

*Please do stay for refreshments after this
time of worship, and share in love and
fellowship together. All are welcome!*

13th March 2026

30th Anniversary of the Dunblane Massacre



Let us pray....

30th Anniversary of the Dunblane Massacre



A memorial plaque was created in memory of those who lost their lives

Greeting and welcome

The Gathering

† In the name of the Father
and of the Son
and of the Holy Spirit
Amen

Grace, mercy and peace
from God our Father
and the Lord Jesus Christ
be with you
and also with you

Father, as we remember the violences and losses of our world, and especially the tragedy of Dunblane....

we bring to you the things that are too big for us to hold...

Lord, bless us with your love

Thanksgiving and Dedication of the Snowdrop Memorial

A new memorial is blessed and dedicated, and placed in the Lady Chapel to honour and remember those who died, and as a prayer for peaceful and safe communities....

Dedication of hope...

*If we cannot
lay aside the wound,
then let us say
it will not always
bind us.*

*Let us say
the damage
will not eternally
determine our path.*

*Let us say
the line of our life
will not always travel
along the places
we are torn.*

Jan Richardson: The Hardest Blessing

We remember all those who will, forever,
remain as children in our hearts...

We remember a teacher whose greatest
instinct was to protect those entrusted to her
care...

We remember the parents, the siblings, the
grandparents, the friends, who will always
mourn...

We remember all who bear scars to this very
day...

As the fragile snowdrop breaks through the
cold winter earth,

And somehow endures the elements that
buffet it,

We give thanks for the resilience of many,
and for the determination, arising out of
tragedy, this country should be safer place
than it used to be.

We pray for children throughout the world
who are denied adequate food or clean water,
or the education or opportunity through
which their gifts can develop.

We pray for all children whose innocence is
abused, and whose spirits wither through lack
of encouragement.

We pray for all parents, whose hearts are
breaking.

Christ, the healer,

We pray for all whose spirits are broken,
Whose bodies are weak or threatened by
disease,

Or whose minds are tormented.

Bring healing, bring peace.

We pray those who govern, that they may
always strive for justice for all, and for a
fairer, safer world.

We pray for your Church, that with courage,
humility, imagination and faithfulness, it may
follow, and demonstrate, the way of Christ.

And we remember all those whom we love
and have lost, be they young or old.

Within the communion of saints, in all its
variety, may they, even when out of our sight,
continue to inspire us as they behold your
face, God of heaven and earth.

All our prayers, and those too deep for any
words, we offer through Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Honouring and Remembering

Victoria Clydesdale

Five years old, whose mother Lynne had
wanted her to stay at home the day the
shooting happened because she had a rash.
But the little girl was determined to go
because it was gym day.

Her mother Lynne Clydesdale, said: "What
am I going to do without her? She said six
bye-byes to me as she went down the path to
go to school – now I'll never see her again."

Emma Crozier

Five years old. Described by neighbours as
"lively, charming and bright". Her father John
and siblings Jack and Ellie went on to
campaign for greater gun controls.

Melissa Currie

Five years old, whose family lived in a
bungalow close to the school.

Charlotte Dunn

Five years old. Her family moved to Dunblane
only a few months before the massacre.
Teachers at her previous school, Cradley
Church of England primary school in the
West Midlands, described her as a lovely
bright, bubbly girl who was full of promise.
She and schoolfriend Melissa Currie had a
joint funeral service in Dunblane Cathedral.

Kevin Hasell

Five years old, whose elder sister also
attended the school. He was described by
neighbours as "a loveable wee thing, a typical
boy".

Ross Irvine

Five years old, was the last of the Dunblane
children to be laid to rest at a private funeral
service.

David Kerr

Five years old, whose family left his favourite
cuddly toy beside his body after saying their
last farewells at the hospital in Stirling.

Mhairi MacBeath

Five years old, whose father Murray had died in October a few months before the massacre. Mhairi's funeral service included an extract from one of her favourite bedtime stories, which her father used to read to her.

Teacher Gwen Mayor

45 years old. Who has since been honoured with the Elizabeth Emblem, which was introduced in 2024 for public servants who died in the line of duty. Speaking last year her husband, Rodney Mayor, said: "You would have to have known Gwen to know that she would have done whatever trying to protect the children in her care... She paid the ultimate price for that commitment..."

Brett McKinnon

Six years old, who lived in the same street as Joanna Ross. His funeral service included an AA Milne poem which ended: "But now I'm six, I'm as clever as clever. So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever."

Abigail McLennan

Five years old, described by neighbours as "a dainty little girl" with two elder sisters.

Emily Morton

Five years old. Her mother Kathryn was on duty at Stirling Royal Infirmary as a cytologist when news of the massacre broke. Her husband Leslie rushed to the hospital and together they went to the school.

Sophie North

Five years old, an only child, whose mother Barbara died of cancer at the age of 31 in 1993. Her father Mick has gone on to become a prominent anti-gun campaigner. Paying tribute to his daughter in March 1996 he described his daughter as "the most precious gift I ever had" and "such a very special little girl".

John Petrie

Five years old. Described as "a lovely wee boy with a cheeky face".

Joanna Ross

Five years old, a close friend of Emma Crozier. A joint funeral service was held for them where they were remembered as "wee angels".

Hannah Scott

Five years old, remembered as a happy and chirpy youngster who was a popular playmate.

Megan Turner

Five years old. Her mother Kareen Turner said: "Every parent of every child will say theirs was special. But Megan was so, so special to us. She was so full of life – always jumping and running. She stood on her head more than on her feet – she was wonderful."

Reading from Scripture

Psalm 139: 13 – 18

For it was you who formed my inward parts;
you knit me together in my mother's womb.
I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully
made.
Wonderful are your works; that I know very well.
My frame was not hidden from you,
when I was being made in secret,
intricately woven in the depths of the earth.
Your eyes beheld my unformed substance.
In your book were written
all the days that were formed for me,
when none of them as yet existed.
How weighty to me are your thoughts, O God!
How vast is the sum of them!
I try to count them—they are more than the sand;
I come to the end—I am still with you.

Let us pray...

Lord Jesus Christ, yourself once a child,
vulnerable and at risk,
In silence we pray when words are not
enough to capture the depths within,
Or simply an intrusion into that place within
us, where quietness should dwell...
Within these walls, that have rung with the
laughter and the songs of children,
and witnessed the tears and heartbroken
prayers of adults,
we remember, and we pray...