

ST ANDREW'S DAY

Statement

HON LORNA HARPER (East Metropolitan) [6.27 pm]: I rise this evening to make a comment because it is 30 November. To many in here, it is Wednesday, 30 November, but to myself and a few million other people, it is St Andrew's Day. St Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland. He was a Galilean fisherman before he and his brother Simon Peter became disciples of Jesus Christ. He was crucified by the Romans on an X-shaped cross in Greece and hundreds of years later his remains were moved to Constantinople and then, in the thirteenth century, to Amalfi in southern Italy, where they are kept to this day.

Legend has it that a Greek monk known as St Rule was ordered in a vision to take a few relics of St Andrew to the ends of the earth for safekeeping. He set off on a sea journey to eventually come ashore on the coast of Fife at a settlement that is now the modern town of St Andrews. In 832AD St Andrew is said to have appeared in a vision to a Pictish king the night before a battle against some English. On the day of the battle, a saltire—an X-shaped cross—appeared in the sky above the battlefield and the Picts were victorious. The saltire, or St Andrew's Cross, was then adopted as the national emblem and flag of Scotland. St Andrew was first recognised as an official patron saint of Scotland in 1320 at the signing of the Declaration of Arbroath, an appeal to the Pope by Scottish noblemen asserting Scotland's independence from England.

I could go on and tell members about other relics and bones and things, but I will not. What I want to do, since it is St Andrew's Day, for the patron saint of Scotland, I want to recite a little poem that talks about how well the Scots have done over the years. This poem is a wee bit old, so not all the language translates today. It is called *Wha's like us? Damn few' and they're A' deid*. It reads —

The typical English man in his home he calls his castle, finishes his breakfast of toast and MARMALADE invented by Mrs Kieller of Dundee Scotland, and slips into his RAINCOAT patented by Charles Macintosh from Glasgow Scotland.

He walks to his office along an English lane which is surfaced by TARMAC, invented by John Loudon Macadam of Ayr Scotland—or he drives his English car which is fitted with PNEUMATIC TYRES patented by John Boyd Dunlop of Dreghorn Scotland.

Before he acquired a car he used to travel to his office by train which was powered by a STEAM ENGINE invented by James Watt of Greenock Scotland.

In his office he deals with the mail bearing ADHESIVE STAMPS invented by John Chalmers of Dundee Scotland, and makes frequent use of the TELEPHONE invented by Alexander Graham Bell born in Edinburgh Scotland.

At home in the evening he dines on his favourite traditional ROAST BEEF from Aberdeen Angus raised in Aberdeenshire Scotland and he watches an item on the TELEVISION an invention of John Logie Baird of Helensburgh Scotland.

His son prefers to read TREASURE ISLAND written by Robert Louis Stevenson born in Edinburgh Scotland, whilst his daughter plays in the garden with her BICYCLE, an invention of Kirkpatrick MacMillan, of Thornhill Scotland.

It is impossible for an Englishman to escape the ingenuity of the Scots! In desperation he turns to his BIBLE only to find that the first person mentioned in the good book is a Scot King James VI, who authorised it's translation.

He could of course turn to drink, but Scotland makes the finest WHISKY in the world. Nearing the end of his tether he could uplift a rifle to end it all but the BREECH LOADING RIFLE was invented by Captain Patrick Ferguson of Pitfours Scotland.

Anyway if he escaped death he could find himself injected with PENICILLIN discovered by Sir Alexander Flemming, Bacteriologist of Darvel Scotland, or given CHLOROFORM, an anaesthetic first used by Sir James Young Simpson of Bathgate Scotland.

Out of the anaesthetic his mood would not be improved if his surgeon told him he was as safe as the BANK OF ENGLAND founded by William Paterson of Dumfries Scotland.

Perhaps, in order to get some peace, he should request a transfusion of guid Scottish blood so he too would be entitled to ask ...

Wha's like us?

Damn few and they're A' deid!

I remind members that I may be teeny-tiny, but I am also very Scottish and come from a long line of overachieving people.