

*Scottish Episcopal Church*  
*Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway*  
*St Ninian's, Castle Douglas*

(Scottish Charity No: SC011079)



*As autumn turns to winter ...*

*St Ninian's Review*

*Issue No 50*

*Advent 2014*

# **SERVICES FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE 2014**

## **Sun 21 December - Advent 4**

- 8.30am Holy Communion
- 11.00am Family Eucharist and Nativity Play
- 7.00pm Christmas Carol Service

## **Wed 24 Dec - Christmas Eve**

- 4.00pm Christingle and Crib Service
- 11.30 pm Midnight Eucharist

## **Thu 25 Dec - Christmas Day**

- 8.30am Holy Communion
- 11.00am Family Service followed by
- 12 noon Holy Communion (Said Service)

## **Fri 26 Dec - St Stephen**

- 10.15am Holy Communion

## **Sat 27 Dec - St John the Evangelist**

- 10.15am Holy Communion

## **Sun 28 Dec - The Holy Innocents**

- 8.30am Holy Communion
- 11.00am Matins, followed by
- 12 noon Said Service of Holy Communion
- No Sunday Evening Alternative Service

## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 2014 FROM BISHOP GREGOR DUNCAN

In 1951, I was told many years ago, for my first birthday I was given a set of what were then called Fairy Lights, for the Christmas tree. I grew up with these lovely things and enjoyed them well into my teens – what happened to them, I don't really know. They were larger than modern lights, spherical, in delicate colours and they cast a beautiful soft light through the fragrant greenery of the tree – every Christmas I see them in my mind's eye and wish I still had them. I've never been able to find anything remotely like them. Their memory is important to me, they are iconic, really, of Christmas past for me, iconic of a very special and precious kind of light.



But not just of Christmas past. I wonder if you share with me a sense of an ever-darkening world, of really dark things happening at home and abroad. The darkness of fear – fear for the future, fear of the other, fear of sudden terror and murderous violence, fear of what may still be revealed of abuse at all levels of our society – all of these and many more dark things, gather around us and in us and stalk our world, God's world. So that when at Christmas we hear again the words of St John proclaiming Christ as the light that the darkness can never overcome – *the light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it (1.5)* - we are challenged once more to hold fast to the hope that in the end the light will have it, the light will have it.

But not simply at the end – now as well. The light has some of it now, too. Not all is dark and not all is bad news, not at all. People still seek what is just and true and beautiful, people still reach out across barriers of hatred and fear, people still do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with their God. People of many faiths and people of none. But some of them do all these things for they know the Light that shines in the darkness and they love that Light above all else and all others.

And they hope, even know, that the Light will have it in the end and is having it now in their struggles and commitments. And the Light will draw all other lights to Himself. Christmas is, above all, their time, their celebration.

**+Gregor**

## FROM THE REGISTERS

### Baptisms

21.09.14     Oliver Simon Heneker Ingall  
19.10.14     Zoey Grace Hydes  
16.11.14     Mahala Rose Stevenson  
                 Dylan William Thomson  
                 Millie Jane Thomson

### Funeral

24.10.14     Noeline Youde

### Interment of Ashes

13.10.14     Jean Slaven

## CHANGE OF OFFICERS FROM THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONGREGATION

**Vestry Secretary:** Mr Patrick Little - replaces Mrs Jenny Wright,  
who has held the post for four years

**Lay Representative:** Mrs Jenny Wright - replaces Mr Clem Gault,  
who has held the post for 25 years! He continues as Property Convenor.

**Convenor of Sanctuary Guild:** Mrs Alison Bayne - replaces Mrs Vivien Bremner  
and Mrs Audrey Slee.

## FREEWILL OFFERINGS

At the recent Annual Meeting of the Congregation it was reported that if anyone forgot their Freewill Offering envelope they could put it in the collection together with the envelope for the current week. However, as you are not committed to paying the same amount every week, it is much simpler to put the back payments into the current day's envelope instead of putting one or more old envelopes into the collection, which complicates the accounting procedures. You can, if you prefer, set up a direct debit or standing order through your bank instead of using envelopes at all.

If confused or needing further information, please speak to Ian Mather  
Tel: 01556 505910.



## **ST NINIAN'S MEN'S GROUP by Ian Mather**

On Monday evening, 15<sup>th</sup> September 2014, 24 members sat down to our usual three-course meal, which was enjoyed by all.

Our after-dinner speaker was Mr Bob Laidlaw, who gave a talk entitled "Christmas Truce 1914", with lots of interesting information on how tough life was for those poor guys a hundred years ago and how, on Christmas Day, both sides sang Christmas carols and exchanged gifts, even putting up Christmas trees in the trenches. They also engaged in a football match (but there were far more than eleven on each side).

The Rector (David Bayne) suggested we use the new lectern, which had been donated in memory of Ronnie MacKenzie, a previous member of St Ninian's Men's Group.

Our next Supper will be on Monday 21<sup>st</sup> February 2015 at which our speaker will be Mr Alistair Gair. The topic is unknown at present, but I am sure he will pull something out on the night!

\* \* \* \* \*

## **JANE HAINING by Jenny Armstrong**



***The Memorial Cairn  
in Dunscore***

I joined the Castle Douglas Trefoil Guild a few years ago, having been a Girl Guide and Guide Lieutenant in my younger days. This year's outing included a visit with friends from Dumfries Trefoil Guild to Dunscore Kirk and the nearby memorial cairn to Jane Haining.

Jane Haining was born near Dunscore in 1897. The family attended Craig Church in Dunscore. Jane went to the local school and, at the age of 12, attended Dumfries Academy, where she excelled. On leaving school she trained as a secretary and took up employment in Glasgow. Whilst living in Glasgow she became involved in the life of Queen's Park West Church, where she became a Sunday school teacher and founded a Missionary Library.

Whilst working in Manchester, Jane applied for the post of Matron at the girls' home of the Jewish Mission Station in Budapest, Hungary. She was successful and took up the post in 1932. At the outbreak of the Second World War Scottish missionaries were ordered to return home but Jane decided to stay on to look

after the children. She wrote "If these children need me in days of sunshine, how much more do they need me in days of darkness?" It was a time of austerity and struggle.

In March 1944, the Nazis invaded Hungary and arrested Jewish citizens. Jane again ignored advice by the Church of Scotland to return home and, in April, she was arrested by the Nazis. She was accused of working with Jews and listening to the BBC, as well as other charges, and was eventually sent to Auschwitz where she died soon afterwards – almost certainly in the gas chambers.

Jane's courage has not been forgotten. Two stained glass windows can be seen in Queen's Park Church in Glasgow. They are entitled "Service and Sacrifice", for in service she lived her life and in sacrifice she laid it down.

She is also honoured by the Jewish nation in Yad Vashem, the Holocaust Memorial in Israel, by having her name inscribed on the Wall of the Righteous.

A living memorial to Jane Haining is the continuing link with students from Hungary. Every year since 1991 two students and a teacher have come to Scotland to visit the places associated with Jane.

Dunscore Primary school awards an annual Jane Haining Citizenship Award. Dunscore Kirk has plaques and the memorial cairn was erected in her memory by the local community.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Jenny Wright sent the following poem, being appropriate for this year when we have been commemorating the outbreak of WWI**

**THE SORROW OF GOD: A SERMON IN A BILLET  
by Revd Geoffrey A Studdert Kennedy MC (1918)  
- also known as "Woodbine Willie"**

Yes, I used to believe i' Jesus Christ, and I used to go to Church,  
But sin' I left 'ome and came to France, I've been clean knocked off my perch.  
For it seemed orlright at 'ome, it did, to believe in a God above  
And in Jesus Christ 'Is only Son, What died on the Cross through Love.  
When I went for a walk o' a Sunday morn on a nice fine day in the spring,  
I could see the proof o' the living God in every living thing.  
For 'ow could the grass and the trees grow up all along o' their bloomin' selves?  
Ye might as well believe i' the fairy tales, and think they was made by elves.

So I thought as that long-'aired atheist were nubbat a silly sod,  
For 'ow did 'e 'count for my Brussels sprouts if 'e didn't believe i' God?  
But it ain't the same out 'ere, ye know. It's as different as chalk fro' cheese,  
For 'arf on it's blood and t'other 'arf's mud, and I'm damned if I really sees  
'Ow the God, who 'as made such a cruel world, can 'ave Love in 'Is 'eart for men,  
And be deaf to the cries of the men as dies and never comes 'ome again.

Just look at that little boy corporal there, such a fine upstanding lad,  
Wi' a will uv 'is own, and a way uv 'is own, and a smile uv 'is own, 'e 'ad.

An hour ago 'e were bustin' wi' life, wi' 'is actin' and foolin' and fun;  
'E were simply the life on us all, 'e were, now look what the blighters 'a done.  
Look at 'im lyin' there all uv a 'eap, wi' the blood soaken over 'is 'ead,  
Like a beautiful picture spoiled by a fool, a bundle o' nothin' - dead.

And it ain't only 'im - there's a mother at 'ome, and 'e were the pride of 'er life.  
For it's women as pays in a thousand ways for the madness o' this 'ere strife.  
And the lovin' God 'E looks down on it all, on the blood and the mud and the  
smell.

O God, if it's true, 'ow I pities you, for ye must be livin' i' 'ell.

You must be livin' i' 'ell all day, and livin' i' 'ell all night.

I'd rather be dead, wiv a 'ole through my 'ead, I would, by a damn long sight,  
Than be livin' wi' you on your 'eavenly throne, lookin' down on yon bloody 'cap  
That were once a boy full o' life and joy, and 'earin' 'is mother weep.  
The sorrows o' God must be 'ard to bear if 'E really 'as Love in 'Is 'eart,  
And the 'ardest part i' the world to play must surely be God's part.

And I wonder if that's what it really means, that Figure what 'angs on the Cross.

I remember I seed one t'other day as I stood wi' the captain's 'oss.

I remember, I thinks, thinks I to mysel', it's a long time since 'E died,  
Yet the world don't seem much better to-day than when 'E were crucified.

It's allus the same, as it seems to me, the weakest must go to the wall,  
And whether e's right, or whether e's wrong, it don't seem to matter at all.

The better ye are and the 'arder it is, the 'arder ye 'ave to fight,  
It's a cruel 'ard world for any bloke what does the thing as is right.  
And that's 'ow 'E came to be crucified, for that's what 'E tried to do.

'E were allus a-tryin' to do 'Is best for the likes o' me and you.

Well, what if 'E came to the earth to-day, came walkin' about this trench,  
'Ow 'Is 'eart would bleed for the sights 'E seed, i' the mud and the blood and the  
stench.

And I guess it would finish 'Im up for good when 'E came to this old sap end,  
And 'E seed that bundle o' nothin' there, for 'E wept at the grave uv 'Is friend.

And they say 'E were just the image o' God. I wonder if God sheds tears,  
 I wonder if God can be sorrowin' still, and 'as been all these years.  
 I wonder if that's what it really means, not only that 'E once died,  
 Not only that 'E came once to the earth and wept and were crucified?  
 Not just that 'E suffered once for all to save us from our sins,  
 And then went up to 'Is throne on 'igh to wait till 'Is 'eaven begins.  
 But what if 'E came to the earth to show, by the paths o' pain that 'E trod,  
 The blistering flame of eternal shame that burns in the heart o' God?  
 O God, if that's 'ow it really is, why, bless ye, I understands,  
 And I feels for you wi' your thorn-crowned 'ead and your ever piercèd 'ands.

But why don't ye bust the show to bits, and force us to do your will?  
 Why ever should God be suffering so and man be sinning still?  
 Why don't ye make your voice ring out, and drown these cursed guns?  
 Why don't ye stand with an outstretched 'and, out there 'twixt us and the 'Uns?  
 Why don't ye force us to end the war and fix up a lasting peace?  
 Why don't ye will that the world be still and wars for ever cease?  
 That's what I'd do, if I was you, and I had a lot o' sons  
 What squabbled and fought and spoilt their 'ome, same as us boys and the 'Uns.

And yet, I remember, a lad o' mine, 'e's fightin' now on the sea,  
 And 'e were a thorn in 'is mother's side, and the plague o' my life to me.  
 Lord, 'ow I used to swish that lad till 'e fairly yelped wi' pain,  
 But fast as I thrashed one devil out another popped in again.  
 And at last, when 'e grew up a strappin' lad, 'e ups and 'e says to me,  
 "My will's my own and my life's my own, and I'm goin', Dad, to sea."  
 And 'e went, for I 'adn't broke 'is will, though God knows 'ow I tried,  
 And 'e never set eyes on my face again till the day as 'is mother died.

Well, maybe that's 'ow it is wi' God, 'Is sons 'ave got to be free;  
 Their wills are their own, and their lives their own, and that's 'ow it 'as to be.  
 So the Father God goes sorrowing still for 'Is world what 'as gone to sea,  
 But 'E runs up a light on Calvary's 'eight that beckons to you and me.  
 The beacon light of the sorrow of God 'as been shinin' down the years,  
 A-flashin' its light through the darkest night o' our 'uman blood and tears.  
 There's a sight o' things what I thought was strange, as I'm just beginnin' to see  
 "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these Ye 'ave done it unto Me."

So it isn't just only the crown o' thorns what 'as pierced and torn God's 'ead;  
 'E knows the feel uv a bullet, too, and 'E's 'ad 'Is touch o' the lead.  
 And 'E's standin' wi' me in this 'ere sap, and the corporal stands wiv 'Im,  
 And the eyes of the laddie is shinin' bright, but the eyes of the Christ burn dim.



O' laddie, I thought as ye'd done for me and broke my 'eart wi' your pain.  
I thought as ye'd taught me that God were dead, but ye've brought 'Im to life  
again.

And ye've taught me more of what God is than I ever thought to know,  
For I never thought 'E could come so close or that I could love 'Im so.  
For the voice of the Lord, as I 'ears it now, is the voice of my pals what bled,  
And the call of my country's God to me is the call of my country's dead.

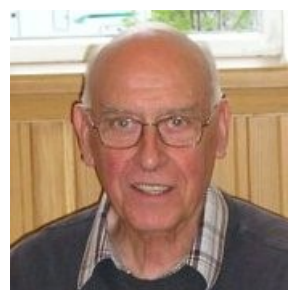
**NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:** I recently contacted David Steward in Crowborough to see how things were faring with him and Theo, and received the following reply on Sunday 23 Nov:

So nice to hear from you - call it serendipity or whatever but I was also thinking about you and all at St Ninian's. How are we, you ask, and the answer is mixed. Theo as you know has moderate dementia, a condition that in the long run will only go downhill, but so far is stable albeit on occasions we do go "off track". There is plenty of local support and the congregation at our church All Saints are very loving and helpful. I say our church, but I still refer to St Ninian's as my/our church.

However life is not simple and a couple of weeks ago Theo had a stroke. It could be a lot worse leaving her with a right arm not working too well. The combination of dementia and a stroke are not a recommended mix! She has been in hospital since she had it and with luck and a fair wind I will get her home tomorrow, Monday. Life still has to go on and with one of our sons and his family living three minutes away and Guy over at Canterbury it is a real comfort that they are near. I used to say when we lived amongst you, that 360 miles between us and my two teenaged granddaughters was just about right! In reality they are great. As for me, with Theo's piano standing there and doing nothing I have started to play it again and with an understanding teacher, together we are romping through Grade 2. I have also got involved with U3A and run the Jazz Appreciation group and also joined the Singing for Fun group.

Regards to you all,

David Steward



## REPORT FROM ST NINIAN'S MOTHERS' UNION - Kirsty Allison, Secretary



Our new season started on Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup> September with a Service of Dedication. This was followed by an Open Meeting led by Elizabeth Woodburn, joint president.

The next meeting in October saw Ann Gault installed as joint president. After lunch Ann welcomed David Lawrence and his wife who showed some beautiful slides from their holiday in Sumatra entitled "The Road to Bukittingi".

**November's meeting was the Regional Rally held this year in St Ninian's.**



*Revd Lucy Ireland and Ann Glenesk chat while Ruth from Dumfries enjoys her soup*



*Sylvia entertained us with readings from 'Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats' before dashing off to catch her bus!*



*Jenny played her flute*



*The audience sit in rapt attention ...*



*Ruth gives a vote of thanks on behalf of the visitors*

Members came from St John's Church in Dumfries along with the Diocesan President Ann Glenesk, and our new Mothers' Union Chaplain, Lucy Ireland. After an uplifting service in church we retired to the hall to enjoy a bounteous feast with all the trimmings, after which Ann Glenesk showed us an interesting video of the



2014 Commonwealth Games. This included the request by a Ugandan lady, Margaret Okuda who was a coach to their team, to meet with the MU here in Scotland. The outcome was an invitation to a fund raising concert in the Cathedral in support of the Commonwealth which Margaret greatly enjoyed. She also collected two car loads of clothes to be taken back to Uganda by their team members, to the benefit of 100 grateful people. You can read more in the Diocesan MU Newslink, of which I have copies.

Following Ann's presentation, we were entertained by our talented Rector and his wife, Alison, who gave us a selection of songs. David also added a further piano solo. Not to be outdone others of our members gave some very amusing and moving renderings of prose and poetry. A warm and happy time was had by one and all. We must give a big thank you to Alison for her tireless work to make the day go so well. The meeting finished with the Grace said all together.

If you would like to come to some of our meetings, please do! We meet in the Hall on the third Tuesday of the month, at 12.30, usually for a soup and bread lunch and then we listen to an invited speaker.

### **WORK EXPERIENCE IN GERMANY, by Peter Little**



During the autumn holidays I went for two weeks work experience in Germany. I worked in one of the German national studs in Celle, near Hannover. It was founded by George II, and the horses are still kept in the beautiful old buildings. The horses they breed are Hannoverians, which used to be cavalry and coach horses, but are now used for elite dressage and show jumping. The stud keeps over a hundred stallions, and I helped to look after them and was even allowed to ride them. I very much enjoyed being a part

of a professional team of horsemen. I had to be at work at 6.15 each morning (5.15 British time!), but I didn't mind because it was so interesting and so much fun. Celle itself is a very pretty little town, full of historic timber-framed buildings because it escaped harm in the Second World War. It was really nice to work in Germany rather than see things as a visitor.

***(R) This was Peter's "boss" while he was working at Celle***



## **SUNDAY 17 AUGUST 2014 – FAREWELL TO BISHOP JOHN AND EDNA TAYLOR**



This was the last occasion on which Bishop John and Edna attended a service before moving to be closer to family in Kirriemuir (or ‘Thrums’, as the Rector called it). He remarked how sad we would all be to see them go and wished them well in their new home. They can now be found at:

85 Lord Lyell Drive, Kinnordy View, Kirriemuir, DD8 4LF

Tel: 01575 573132

## **SUNDAY 31 AUGUST 2014 – YET ANOTHER FAREWELL ...**



The Rector thanks Lowena Lindsay for her seven years as a Server at St Ninian’s and wishes her well as she heads off to St Andrew’s University (“the best one”, he says) to study medicine.



## **LIVING IN JAPAN IN THE EARLY '80s by Margot Greenwood**

My husband Jim taught at Loughborough University. His academic subject was English Literature, but in his younger days he had been a rugby football player and had written a couple of books about coaching and playing the sport. He, of course, used to run and coach the University teams, both lads and lassies. Each summer holiday he would run courses for rugby players and coaches to which people came from all over the world. Some would come back, perhaps for a few months or a year, and of course they usually came to live with us. Included in this were several Japanese coaches and players.



One day, the Japanese Department of Education contacted Loughborough saying that they were finding it was becoming increasingly expensive sending so many people to Loughborough and they wondered whether they could have Mr Greenwood over in Japan for a couple of years. The University agreed and, as the Japanese University year starts after our Easter, we didn't have a lot of time to get matters sorted out. I decided to resign (as a speech and language therapist) rather than lose Jim for two years - but not until my own students had finished their theoretical and practical qualifying exams that summer. I was very fortunate in that my letter was returned to me with an offer of two years' leave of absence.

Tokyo University had run short of space in the city, so they had decided two years previously to build a new university further north. They picked a site roughly an hour's train journey from Tokyo at the base of Mt Tsukuba. There was a small village called Sakura Mura - Cherry Tree Village - literally a cross-roads, and this huge Tsukuba University Campus was built on its edge; buses went round the campus in opposite directions about every fifteen minutes to keep the staff mobile and the campus was surrounded, then, by about ten huge National Research Institutes - covering it seemed everything from earthquakes to orchard fruits. We lived in a lovely block of three storey flats at the edge of the campus called the gaikokujin (man from outside country) kyoshi shukusha (living and sleeping place). There were academics from all over the world and, in most cases, their families too. One other family came out from the UK while we were there with their five children, by train, boat and ferry!

The flats were a kind of western/eastern mix and unbelievably well-planned. I'll describe the bathroom as an example: you opened the door and then



stepped over a sill, about nine inches to a foot high, leaving your slippers behind. Once you had closed the door there was not another edge, corner or join in the room. It was a pretty golden colour, well lit from a circle in the ceiling which had an extractor fan you could hear above it. Every item 'grew' - no seams, no joins, no hinges. A western-style loo, a washbasin with taps growing out of one wall, a very nice shower with taps growing from another wall, and the floor - just drained! There was a hook for clothing on the back of the door and a towel rail. It was perfect to use and a dream to clean!

Of course, at every house you enter, the outside door leads you into a sunken concrete square where you take off and leave your shoes, and step up into the house slippers on the tatami or carpet.

The whole flat was beautifully and comfortably designed using every inch of space. It had two lovely long balconies - sitting room and bedroom - and marvellous air conditioning, which you could change to heating in the winter. The largest part of the flat was the living room, which started with a very nice kitchen area with everything you might need, including an upright fridge/freezer, a gas cooking plate, sink etc. Backed on to that was a washing machine, an electric cooker and a microwave - both ovens the same size, both like a British microwave. In the kitchen end of the living room was a western-style dining table and chairs and a door out onto a mini-balcony. This area was partly divided off from the rest of the room, which contained two western-styled arm chairs, a settee and a coffee table. One end was all sliding window and balcony. It also had a good television with a wee box underneath it which could translate the sound track into English! We had plenty of cushions too, as most people preferred to sit on the floor, and our floors were covered by western carpet. Jim had six post-grad students doing their doctorates, and their girlfriends had been along before I arrived and put everything in that they thought we might need, and they had prepared a lovely party for me. We had many great parties over the couple of years and the flat was always full with people covering the floor. Everyone was expected to 'do a turn' - people would sing or dance or mime or tell a story - very happy.

When we'd settled in, we used to invite two players from the rugby club to join us for an 'English' meal each week. This was very popular and, at first, I thought it must be the food, but actually it was to see Jim putting out food on the table, clearing dishes, washing up, putting things away, making tea ... all things that no Japanese man ever did! I think it became the talk of the campus. However, as we left after two years, all our boys came to say quietly to me that, when they married their girlfriend, they intended to behave just like Jim!

Jim, of course, used to whizz off after breakfast on his bike up this huge University campus (everyone used a bike, and the students used to dump them at the first sign of trouble) and he'd come back about lunchtime with six postgrad students who were doing their doctorates - and we'd all have lunch. One morning I opened the fridge door ... and found it pretty empty. So, being on the edge of the campus, I thought I'd just nip down to the village shops. It was about 11.30 and every shop I came to was open, but empty. I'd call out and wander round - everything was wrapped up and I couldn't tell what it was. Nobody appeared in the first shop, so I moved on and had the same experience. After about three shops I thought, well, you don't know about Japanese life ... perhaps they have some religious morning ceremony about this time, so I returned to the campus and Jim and the boys came home and I explained what had happened. One of them, Jun, asked what I wanted, disappeared, and shortly returned with the goods and we had lunch and off they went. Later in the day, Jun reappeared, grinning, and said, "Would you like to know what happened when you went shopping?" The campus was pretty new, and the small village of Sakura Mura had not had foreigners around before. The shopkeepers had seen me leave the campus and start to walk down the road - this really tall woman with funny hair and funny eyes, wearing funny clothes - and they'd never understand her! So they'd run out into the jungle and the back of the shops, and had very quietly hidden and watched until she went away ... After this, it used to take me ages to shop in the village - I'd be walking past a shop and someone would rush out and usher me in, sit me down and call any children, and examine my clothing and my shoes, feel my funny hair, and then bring me a wee bowl of delicious green tea. Then they'd show me the items they sold and insist I taste various things - shopping could take me a whole morning!

After we had been there about six weeks, my hair really needed cutting. I had seen a hairdresser's in the village so, with the students' help, I learned how to ask for an appointment. The hairdresser was a nice lass and, while she obviously had never been asked to cut funny western hair before, she agreed and we fixed a day and time in the diary. On the day, I walked down the street and it seemed as though everyone was out. I entered the hairdresser's and those who could came with me. The rest stood in the windows and doorway and this very brave girl cut my hair beautifully, certainly to the approval of the audience! We became good friends and often had a laugh about it.

I had a similar experience with the butcher! Meat is very expensive and you normally buy it cut like thin ham. New Year was approaching and we decided we'd like to give the lads steak and chips. I knew the village butcher quite well by this time, so went and explained what I wanted. I think he thought I was crazy

(but harmless). He had heard about western-style steaks, but never seen one - never even a piece of beef you could cut a steak from. He said he had a good friend who was a chef in one of the big international hotels in Tokyo, and he'd talk to him. Nearer to New Year, he told me to come in on New Year's Eve. I duly went, and once again it seemed that the whole village had turned out to watch. He produced this lump of steak - "Whoo! Haa! Maa!" - slapped it down on his board, picked up his knife and held it against the very end of the meat - like you might cut a very thin slice of ham. "Lye, onegai shimas." ("No, please don't do that.") "Multo, multo." ("More, more.") - and that was repeated about five or six times, at which point I let him cut! The place was in uproar by then, and I was kindly escorted home, with various people taking turns to carry the parcel of meat. The lads thoroughly enjoyed it the next day.

I used to play tennis from 6am to 8am every morning in the summer - it was too hot later in the day. Most of the staff wives of the Sports Faculty did. The retired tennis coach took us and it was great fun. A lot of this group used to go to an evening pottery session with Yasuhara Sensei, a very fine potter, whose work was displayed in many places, including Tokyo Museum. That was most enjoyable. I was also invited to a local leatherwork group, which met once a week - and all sorts of things I didn't have time for in the UK. To try to contribute a little, I used to run "English Speaking Sessions" two mornings a week in the local village community centre, and I taught spoken English at the local village school. Spoken English was very sought after, and people would kindly teach me spoken Japanese (and fall around laughing when I made mistakes!). Then Hitachi asked if I could help twenty or so of their staff, who were going to be sent to work abroad, which was interesting.

We were very happy in Japan - it is a really beautiful country and we had the opportunity to see a great deal and make many good friends. When our time there came to an end, it was hard to leave. At one of the several goodbye parties, the Principal of the University said, "We'll see you again" and, two years later, our postie came in one breakfast time with the letters, including one from Japan - not an unusual occurrence, but this one was fat. When we opened it, out came two return first class plane tickets to Japan for the six-week University holiday, from Tsukuba University! Of course we went and saw everyone again. And they had reconstructed our flat and bicycles for us and had arranged three parties, all on Honshu, one in the north, one in the south and one in Tokyo, so that all Jim's students who were working all over the country could come to see us again. And, as you can imagine, over the years many have been to visit us in the UK.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS IN “KIWI” - Douglas Allison



When Kirsty and I last visited New Zealand it was just after Christmas. Our young granddaughter sang for us a new version of that old Christmas favourite, The Twelve Days of Christmas. She is already becoming bi-lingual though this carol is still mainly in our mother tongue. The Kiwi version has some intriguing variations from the staid English. So here is how the last verse is worded down there with all the gifts listed. It is sung as usual from Day One onwards:

On the twelfth day of Christmas  
My true love gave to me  
Twelve piupius swinging  
Eleven haka lessons  
Ten juicy fish heads  
Nine sacks of pipis  
Eight plants of puha  
Seven eels a swimming  
Six pois a twirling  
Five – big – fat – pigs!  
Four huhu grubs  
Three flax kits  
Two kumera  
And a pukeko in a ponga tree!

Now some of this is quite comprehensible. Even if juicy fish heads and huhu grubs are maybe not to our taste! How about Five Big Fat Pigs though? And try that last line after some good Christmas spirit. So, for all you linguists, here are some definitions:

Piupius are classic grass skirts worn for Maori dancing. It is generally a bit warmer over there, so quite comfortable.

Pipis are a bivalve clam about three inches long. They are found in the sands around the water line. Maybe like the razor shells common on our beaches.

Puha is a leafy green vegetable eaten steamed. It tastes a bit like cress or spinach. So that's it off my menu.

Pois are a ball-on-string device used in Maori dancing.

You can see an example on youtube at  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4CWJ04GNtT8>  
- and may you enjoy that search.

Huhu grubs are large larvae like the Michelin Man. They live in rotten logs and can be eaten if so desired. On the menu for the next Men's Dinner.

Flax kits are simply woven baskets.

Kumera are sweet potatoes available in a supermarket near you.

Pukeko is a large blue coot-like bird with long red legs and a red wedge-shaped beak. It lives in wetlands and open country.

The Ponga tree is the classic tree fern (or fern tree) of New Zealand which gives it its national symbol. Maybe like our thistle, though the Ponga grows to 60 feet giving an umbrella of fronds.

So there you are. All we need now is a chance to practise this new version and an opportunity to sing it all together. Hysterical!! Do remember if you try this out yourself that it is sung in the southern hemisphere, so to catch the full sensation it is necessary to stand on your head. Probably not wearing your puipui!

\* \* \* \* \*

### **DO YOU NEED HELP WITH YOUR NHS HEARING AIDS?**

The Hard of Hearing Group have trained volunteers who can provide help and support with the following:

- Tubing, minor repairs, ear mould cleaning, and battery replacement.
- Advice on how to clean your aids and how to get the most out of them.
- Information and signposting to other services and an introduction to useful equipment.

|   |                              |                |
|---|------------------------------|----------------|
| Castle Douglas - Town Hall                              | Second Thursday of the month | 10am - 12 noon |
| Dalbeattie - Christ Church Hall                         | Second Tuesday of the month  | 11am-1pm       |
| Kirkcudbright - Greyfriars House,<br>St Cuthbert Street | Third Friday of the month    | 2pm-4pm        |

**Contact: [juliedghhg@gmail.com](mailto:juliedghhg@gmail.com) or 07896342878**  
**D&G Hard of Hearing Group**



## A WALKING WEEKEND ON SHETLAND - by Beryl Leith



*This was arranged by the Scottish Women's Rural Institute (SWRI) and I was one of three from the Clarebrand and Dalry groups who went to Shetland, meeting up with members from other groups when we arrived there. It included a visit to St Ninian's Isle, which is why I thought of writing something for the Review.*

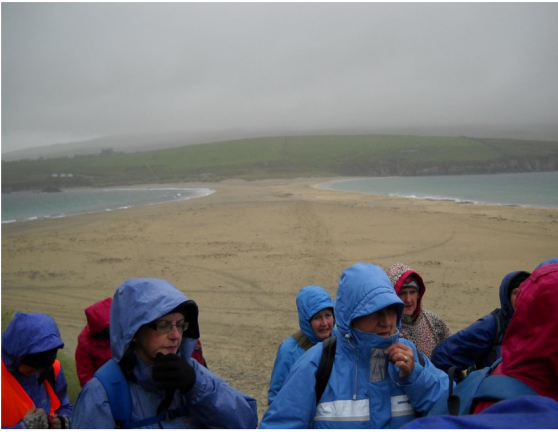
Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> September 2014: Our adventure began when we left Castle Douglas to make our way to Aberdeen to catch the Northlink Ferry. We arrived at 2.30pm, boarded MV Hjaltland, and found our cabin. After a cuppa, we went up on the top deck for a good view around us and, once the boat left the dock, we headed down for our dinner, spotting dolphins by the end of the harbour.

Friday: After a restless sleep and being woken up by the Captain on the tannoy at 6.30am, the ferry docked an hour later. Before disembarking, we enjoyed a good full breakfast with Orkney black pudding - lovely! Everyone had to be off the boat by 9.30am and, having found a central car park, we had a good walk around Lerwick before driving to the Sumburgh Hotel about 25 miles away. The views were spectacular and the weather glorious.

After arriving at the hotel and checking in, we went for a walk further south to Sumburgh Head Lighthouse, a few miles away. Once back at the hotel, SWRI members from other areas had arrived by plane, the airport being just a mile away. We had been the only ones to travel by car and ferry. After dinner, our guide for Saturday's walk gave us a talk about our route: Noss Hill and Fitful Head, ending at Quindale Mill.

Saturday: After a good night's sleep and hearty breakfast, we collected our packed lunch and met outside. Several cars being driven by Shetland WRI took us to the start of our walk. The day began damp but it cleared up and we ate our lunch at the top of Fitful Head by the radar station. Our guide stopped several times to tell us about the area and the views were magnificent. We arrived back at the hotel at 5.00pm. After dinner, we were entertained by the Shetland WRI ladies, who performed two short plays. We also enjoyed listening to a group of young musicians, the lad on the accordion being Shetland Young Musician of the Year.





*The ladies protected against the weather with a backdrop of St Ninian's Isle and the tombolo*

Sunday: We woke up to a very wet and windy morning. Dressed in our waterproofs, we set off by car to Bigton, our starting point for a walk around St Ninian's Isle. We crossed over the tombolo to the isle (see the information below) the wind and rain doing its best to dampen our spirits - but it didn't. Every time we stopped to listen to what our tour guide had to say, we couldn't hear him and we had to head back to the warmth and shelter of Bigton Village Hall to eat our packed lunch. We were then driven to Cunningsburgh Community Centre, where the Shetland South

Rural ladies had organised a fundraising event of tea, coffee, cakes and craft stalls, and a raffle for charity, something they did once a month. The hospitality we received from them was fantastic, very warm and friendly.

Monday: Morning soon arrived and we said goodbye to lovely Shetland and began our return home. We went to Lerwick via Scalloway (Shetland's ancient capital) where we had a walk around, and at Lerwick we visited the Shetland Museum.

Tuesday: Having disembarked by 9.00am we took our time travelling home, stopping en route at the Falkirk Wheel. We found the way to the Kelpies - what a height they are when you stand by them! - and arrived back home at 5.30pm. It had been a great adventure, and we had thoroughly enjoyed it, even getting wet!

### *SOME INFORMATION ABOUT ST NINIAN'S ISLE (WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE HEARD THE GUIDE TELLING US!)*

St Ninian's Isle is linked to the South Mainland by a large tombolo, a natural sand causeway with sea on either side, on the west coast of Shetland and easily accessible from Bigton, the nearest township. At 500 metres in length it is understood to be the largest sandy tombolo currently active in Britain.

A chapel site on St Ninian's Isle is a scheduled Ancient Monument.



*The site of the ruined chapel with the tombolo and South Mainland in the background*

St Ninian's companions and followers were known to travel widely, but there is direct evidence that he visited Shetland. The chapel which is visible is not the earliest chapel on the site; there are traces of a wall beneath it. The dedication to Ninian is thought to be late and not contemporary with the founding of the chapel. The site was excavated in the late 1950s and again in 2000/2001 and the graveyard demonstrates a continuity of pre-Christian and Christian burial up to the mid-nineteenth century.



*Some of the treasure illustrated on an information board at the site of the Chapel*

The isle is famous for the "treasure": 28 Pictish silver objects and the jaw bone of a porpoise which were buried under a cross-marked slab close to the altar. It was of several different styles and was thought to be the collection of a family rather than ecclesiastical, and includes bowls, weaponry and jewellery. People believed that the church would not be violated and that it was therefore a good place in which to hide things for safekeeping. Whilst tragedy may have overtaken the owners, the treasure was

indeed safe until 1958 when a Shetland schoolboy working on the excavation discovered it. The silver is in the National Museum of Scotland, but replicas can be seen in the Shetland Museum.

\* \* \* \* \*



**A PHOTO OF CANON ELLIOT LINDSLEY  
AND HIS WIFE BARBARA  
TAKEN IN AUGUST BY JIM CHURM**

Canon Lindsley took the 8.30am Sunday Services of Holy Communion while our Rector and Alison were on holiday. He and Barbara spend the summer at their cottage in Kirkcudbright and then return home to America.



## SUNDAY 12 OCTOBER – A SPECIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Ann Gault celebrated her 70<sup>th</sup> birthday: she and Clem provided wine and nibbles followed by birthday cake for all the congregation, who sang a rousing “Happy Birthday to you ...”



*Ann cuts her birthday cake while youngsters from the Sunday School stand by in anticipation.  
The adult members of the congregation were a little more restrained!*

\* \* \* \* \*

**On behalf of the Sunday School Rosie says:**



Thank you to everyone who contributed to our Mary's Meals appeal. We plan to send 20 full backpacks, and whatever money we have left we will send as a cheque. St Ninian's congregation is so generous and we would like to think we will make more Malawian children happy this year when they receive their backpacks.

## DO YOU HAVE A FAMILY MEMORY ABOUT THE FIRST WORLD WAR?



For the last few months I have been gathering family memories about World War One from the congregation of Christ Church, Dalbeattie.

For more information visit our website

**[www.christchurchdalbeattie.wordpress.co.uk](http://www.christchurchdalbeattie.wordpress.co.uk)**

It has been suggested that the stories from our congregation be expanded to include stories from your congregation as, by the time I am ready to have the book printed (late summer 2015), our churches are very likely to be linked under Canon Law.

Stephanie read about this project on our website and has suggested that I write something to be included in the St Ninian's Review.

Once published the book will go on sale in local outlets, all profits to be donated to the Scottish National War Memorial (SC009869).

**Have you a story to tell? If so I would be delighted to hear from you,**

**either by phone: 01556 630314**

**or by e-mail: [muriel.a.palmer@gmail.com](mailto:muriel.a.palmer@gmail.com)**

*Muriel Palmer*

The photo above was taken by me when we visited The Lancashire Fusiliers' Museum in Bury, Greater Manchester.



## WHO'S WHO

|  |   |              |
|--|---|--------------|
| <b>Rector</b>  | : The Revd Canon David Bayne  | 01556-503818 |
| <b>Hon Assistant</b>   | : The Revd Canon David Main   | 504669       |
| <b>Lay Reader</b>  | : Mr Douglas Allison  | 504279       |
| <b>Lay Worship Leader / Pastoral Assistant / Lay Representative</b>  | : Mrs Jenny Wright  | 502184       |
| <b>Hon Secretary</b>   | : Mr Patrick Little   | 690507       |
| <b>Hon Treasurer</b>   | : Mr Fred Coulthard   | 502965       |
| <b>Property Convenor</b>   | : Mr Clem Gault   | 502583       |
| <b>Freewill Offerings Convenor / Alternate Lay Rep</b>               | : Mr Ian Mather   | 505910       |
| <b>Third Lay Rep</b>   | : Mrs Ann Gault   | 502583       |
| <b>Vestry Members</b>  | : The Rector (Chair)<br>Hon Secretary<br>Hon Treasurer<br>Property Convenor<br>Lay Representative |              |
| <b>Elected Vestry Members</b>  | : Mrs Sue Beddows   | 670286       |
|  | : Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst  | 502736       |
|  | : Miss Sheila MacKenzie   | 01644-420623 |
|  | : Mr Ian MacQuarrie   | 01557-820530 |
|  | : Mr Ian Mather   | 505910       |
| <b>Organist</b>  | : Mr Maurice Till FRCO LTCL ARCM  | 620619       |
| <b>Sanctuary Guild</b>   | : Mrs Alison Bayne  | 503818       |
| <b>Co-ordinator for the Protection of Vulnerable Groups</b>          | : Miss Sheila MacKenzie   | 01644-420623 |
| <b>MU Branch Leaders</b>   | : {Mrs Ann Gault  | 502583       |
|  | : {Mrs Elizabeth Woodburn   | 610519       |
| <b>Thursday Club</b>   | : Mrs Ann Gault   | 502583       |
| <b>Men's Group Chairman</b>  | : Mr Ian Mather   | 505910       |
| <b>Administrator / Hall Bookings / Magazine &amp; Website Editor</b> | : Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst  | 502736       |
| <b>Magazine Distribution / Traidcraft</b>                            | : Mr John Dewhurst  | 502736       |
| <b>Sunday School Leaders</b>   | : {Mrs Rosie MacQuarrie   | 01557-820530 |
|  | : {Mrs Ann Gault  | 502583       |
|  | : {Mrs Roz Stevens  | 503589       |
| <b>Little Fishes</b>   | : Mrs Roz Stevens   | 503589       |