

*Scottish Episcopal Church*  
*Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway*  
*St Ninian's, Castle Douglas*  
*(Scottish Charity No: SC011079)*



*St Ninian's Review*

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# **SERVICES FOR HOLY WEEK AND EASTER 2016**

## **Sun 20 March - Palm Sunday**

8.30am Holy Communion

11.00am Liturgy of the Palms and Family Eucharist

## **Monday 21, Tuesday 22 & Wednesday 23 March**

10.15am Holy Communion

8.30pm Reflections and Compline

## **Tuesday 22 March**

12 noon Regional Chrism Eucharist

## **Maundy Thursday - 24 March**

10.15 am Holy Communion

8.30pm Eucharist of the Last Supper and the  
Watch until Midnight

## **Good Friday - 25 March**

10.15 am Matins and Communion  
from the Reserved Sacrament

2.00pm Prayers at the Foot of the Cross

7.00pm Meditation/Reflection, Crossmichael Church Hall

## **Sunday 27 March - Easter Sunday**

8.30am Holy Communion

11.00am Festival Eucharist

*No Sunday Evening Service*

## **Wednesday 30 March**

10.15 am Holy Communion

## **Sunday 3 April - Easter 2 (Low Sunday)**

8.30am Holy Communion

11.00am Family Eucharist

7.00pm Easter Songs of Praise

*Dear Friends,*

The increasingly-turbulent nature of the western world—with mass population movements out of the Middle East and parts of Africa, with the rise of nationalist parties throughout Europe, and with the ugly xenophobia exemplified in the US presidential election race—is raising profound issues of identity and belonging. We are no longer sure what it means to be British, or European, or American. Compounded with a growing sense of alienation from the political processes and classes that govern us, this loss of identity is, I believe, at the root of the inchoate anger and frustration that so baffles and vexes our conventional politicians and feeds the new breed of would-be demagogues. There is a sense in which we are all exiles—no longer at home in the place or society in which we live.

I write these words on the eve of St Patrick's Day, reflecting on the irony that this quintessentially-Irish icon was himself born into a Romano-British family in modern-day Cumbria. Similarly, St Columba, Patrick's counterpart in Scotland, was an Irishman—a princeling of the O'Neill clan who only journeyed to Iona because he had been banished for causing a riot. (It's a long story!) Neither of these remarkable men would today be eligible for citizenship of the countries they are thought to epitomise.

It might be helpful for us to recognise that neither Patrick nor Columba would have understood the concept of the modern state. Nor would they have acknowledged the Roman super-state that had so recently collapsed. As ambassadors for Christ, their focus was on calling their fellow human beings out of exile, not from a place or people, but from God. To acknowledge Jesus Christ as Lord, and to follow his Way, is to become (as St Paul put it) citizens not of earth but of heaven. All our human constructs of kindred and clan, of nation and state, of empire and commonwealth, are doomed substitutes for our true relationship, which is as fellow human beings at one with our God. St Augustine summed us up in the famous opening paragraph of his "Confessions" when he declared, "You, O God, have made us for yourself, and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in you."

That truth, and the need to proclaim it, is as evident and urgent as it ever was. Our disillusionment with modern "Godless Pelagianism" - the idea that humanity can work out its own salvation - is well-nigh complete, and the calling of modern Christians is, like Patrick and Columba, to model the example of Jesus in being at home in God - and to invite others out of their exile to our home.



**DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE DAY entitled: “WHO ON EARTH ARE YOU?”  
held at St Mary’s Cathedral, Glasgow on Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> February 2016**

*Those involved in leading the day:*

*The Bishop: The Rt Revd Dr Gregor Duncan*

*The Provost: the Very Revd Kelvin Holdsworth*

*The Vice-Provost: Revd Cedric Blakey*

*The Synod Clerk: Revd Canon Shelley Marsh*

***Joy Margerison’s views of the day:***

I am going to start this report by describing the end of the day before retracing my steps and going back to the events earlier in the day.

The Pilgrimage Day was brought to a close by an uplifting service of worship with the Eucharist, celebrated by the Bishop. You have to be a somewhat cool customer if you are not moved by being in such a building as St Mary’s Cathedral with the organ playing and a congregation singing from the heart, “Guide me, O thou great Redeemer, pilgrim through this barren land” – of course, to the tune Cwm Rhondda. But it was also the reflection by Bishop Gregor which helped to put all that had gone before into perspective. A pilgrimage is all about journeying, the Bishop said, and there are many who, in their journeying from different places and different backgrounds, have *found a home* within the Scottish Episcopal Church (SEC). Coming into it so recently from a Methodist tradition, these two points summarised for me the purpose of the day. And this Service, at the close, was something I could easily resonate with, from my lifelong involvement with that tradition in various parts of the UK – worshipping, serving and heartily singing!! My journey to Glasgow had been well worthwhile.



So then, what about the earlier parts of the day? Briefly, it began with Morning Prayer. The readings were interspersed by three five-minute intervals in which we shared the Peace and were invited to speak to someone we didn't know and ask the questions:

Where have you travelled on your journey of faith before  
finding yourself in the Scottish Episcopal Church?



Who is your hero in faith (a family member, a teacher,  
a well-known saint perhaps)? And finally,  
Which is your favourite hymn? (For me this one is almost  
impossible to answer.)

Anyway, it was a different approach to a “getting to know you” session and helped to focus on our reason for being there and on the themes of the day – pilgrimage, our journeys of faith and the part played by the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The Provost and Vice-Provost had a conversation in which the Provost explained his journey – his pilgrimage – from his beginnings in the Salvation Army, through several different denominations and religious groups, before eventually becoming ordained into the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The afternoon session consisted of an “Any Questions” session which also had its points of interest and, after a short break, the Eucharist brought the day to a close.

(On a lighter note – apart from changing trains several times on our way to Oban and Iona, this was my first visit to Glasgow. There was time in the lunch break to visit just one café among the many eating places – or so it seemed – along the Great Western Road, and the Italian coffee was excellent!!)

### ***And an account by Jenny Wright:***

A group of eleven intrepid pilgrims set out from Dalbeattie High School in Dalbeattie’s Community Minibus, driven by our Rector (thank you David) on a gloriously sunny day, for the journey to St Mary’s Cathedral. This was by invitation of the Bishop, to explore our identity as the Scottish Episcopal Church (SEC).

After a minor delay, (the Rector having stopped beside a car that had overturned between Castle Douglas and Dalbeattie, picked up the passenger who was late for work, and made sure the driver was able to contact rescue services) we left just after 8am. Further delays were due to road closures meaning a detour through Dumfries, plus the fact that the bus was limited to 60mph, and then the expected comfort stop at Hamilton with rejoinders to make sure we only did the absolute necessary! Despite this we arrived at the Cathedral only a couple of minutes after the 10am scheduled start, expecting to find that the first item on the agenda would be a welcome cuppa. But no, it was straight into Morning Prayer – *and* we disturbed the reading of the notices!

The sharing of the Peace during Morning Prayer and the exchanging of information about ourselves with someone we didn't know, which I was initially cautious about, emphasised for me the variety of people who are attracted to the SEC, and for whom it feels comfortable, as I met an elderly traditional organist, a young man with mental health problems and a member of the clergy.

After the long-awaited cuppa we then listened to the Provost's thoughts on the SEC in a forum during which the Vice-Provost asked him questions about his faith journey. After lunch, in an "Any Questions" session, a panel of three, comprising the Bishop, the Vice-Provost and the Synod Clerk, answered questions submitted on slips of paper from the pilgrims, and the Provost asked each member of the panel for particular slants on these questions depending on their specialities. We finished with the Eucharist, which was a great celebration of our time together and a wonderful example of the place of liturgy in our worship.

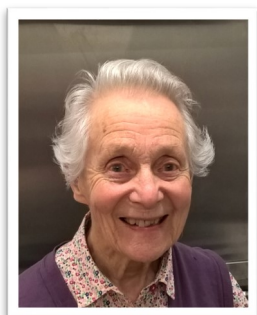
So am I any wiser?! It emphasised our history and the fact that we are *not* a branch of the Church of England; a place for the English to go instead of the Church of England, but that we are both members of the worldwide Anglican community. We still have bishops, i.e. we are an episcopal church, but we are not the established church in Scotland. We are not ruled by any political government. We are inclusive and catholic (but not Roman Catholic). We can go into any church in the world that is part of the Anglican Communion and feel at home with their liturgy.

The Cathedral has put together a leaflet for visitors entitled "What kind of church is this?" Ten of the most common questions are answered regarding our identity. It is just as relevant to St Ninian's and is worth a read. I have a copy if anyone is interested, and perhaps we could consider something similar for our church. ("The Origins of the Scottish Episcopal Church," a history written by Canon David Main can be found in full on our website: <http://stninianscastledouglas.org.uk/history/the-origins-of-the-scottish-episcopal-church/> )

As for myself I see my identity as a Christian first and a Scottish Episcopalian second. The hymn I chose to share was "How Great Thou Art", a wonderful hymn of praise that recognises God's creation, his gift and sacrifice of his Son and his promise that he will come and take us home. Something that is shared by all denominations?

**Jenny Wright**

## THE RAJ 1945 *by Gill Sinclair*



I went back to Calcutta on my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday, ostensibly to look after my father although, of course, it was the other way around, poor man. We lived in a flat in the city, my mother having sold the house in order to accompany my brother to his Oxford college and to set up a home for us all in England, in view of my father's imminent retirement.

It was modest accommodation by European standards, but nevertheless it had four bedrooms, four bathrooms, kitchen, pantry, dining room, drawing room, a huge glassed-in verandah running the whole length of the building with a punkah-wallah to pull the fans over the tables, chairs and sofas with which it was furnished. There were seven other servants to look after this one man.

There was a body-servant, who was the bearer for my father; a kitmagar to serve at table and be in charge of cutlery, table linen, glasses and the wine cupboard; there was a cook, and a masalchi to wash up for him; a jamindar to attend to the bathrooms and the disposal of rubbish; a dog-boy to exercise and groom the dog – and I have not included Babu Lal, the driver, who lived somewhere else in the city.

I must have been visibly staggered, I suppose, because my father had to explain to me that there was a system behind all of this which I must understand. Every Indian man was born into a caste and a religion and the boundaries between these were absolute.

The jamindar and the dog-boy were Untouchables and only they were permitted to perform their lowly duties; they could not eat with the other servants because even their shadows falling on food polluted it for the rest of the servants. The cook was a Hindu and although his caste permitted him to prepare and cook European food (with the exception of beef) it did not permit him to perform the cleaning duties of the kitchen. The kitmagar was a Moslem and his religion forbade him to steal or to touch alcohol, making him very suitable for his position in the household. The bearer was in charge of all the servants. He was the Sahib's deputy and was either a Moslem or a Christian because he was trusted with all the Sahib's personal possessions, his clothes, his shoes. It was he who dealt with the dhobi who came daily for the laundry (returned that day), the durzi, who was summoned to execute mending, alterations or renewals. The bearer drew his Sahib's bath, laid out his clothes, helped him to dress and took his orders.

We had an exceptional bearer. Ram Lal had been my father's batman when he was a Major in a Sikh regiment in the Khyber Pass. He had saved Ram Lal's life in an incident when he was wounded by tribesmen, who were about to finish him off in the unpleasant method of Afghans, and my father and two sepoys held them off and brought him in. When he recovered, he said to my father, "You give me life. You are my father and my mother and wherever you go I shall also go."

When my father resigned from the army, bored with the tedium of life in the Cantonment, Ram Lal presented himself and told him that he also had left the army and would now serve him. "This is impossible Ram Lal," said my father. "You must not do this. You are of the Warrior caste; you cannot be a servant. Go back to the Regiment." "Where you go I shall go," said Ram Lal. "If you will not take me I shall find out where you are and follow you." He was as good as his word and, a year later, turned up in our house with his little son, Tehret, a thousand-odd miles from Rajasthan. He continued to wear his wonderful Rajput turban, beard and waxed moustache, and ruled the roost in our household. My brother and I were the Baba-log (an affectionate term for children) and he looked after us, presiding over our Ayah, who was terrified of him, playing games and telling wonderful stories to us.

To Ram Lal I was still Missie-baba, although all the other servants had to call me Miss-Sahib. He took over my guardianship because I was his Burra Sahib's daughter and must behave appropriately. Already I had misbehaved by taking a tram ride around the city, sitting very decorously in one of the four seats marked "Ladies only" and next to a charming and cultivated Parsee lady who had invited me to tea in the coming week. Ram Lal was thunderous: "You have a car and a driver which the Sahib will send back from the office when you need them. We do not know this Parsee lady. I shall have to investigate her." It was the one battle I was to win against him – my father gave me permission to use the trams!

My next failure excluded him. I was asked to a tennis party by the wife of the chairman of the Imperial Bank and delivered at the Bank House by the driver, Babu-Lal, in his red fez and navy blue uniform, to the imposing gates guarded on both sides by chuprassies. I was dressed as I would have been when I was in South Africa – in an Aertex shirt, white shorts and white sandshoes, and carrying my racquet and a box of new balls. Beyond the chuprassies, green baize had been unrolled over the marble chippings right up to the marble steps where an ayah was waiting for me.



“Memsahib’s clothes?” she asked and, when I pointed to what I was wearing, she gave me a kind smile and said, “It is no matter. I will show Memsahib her room.” She ran a shallow bath and proceeded to wash my feet and dry them with a monogrammed towel. I was beginning to be apprehensive.

All the other ladies were chattering on the shallow steps which led down to the three immaculate grass courts with ball-boys in white, and bare feet (which I greatly envied). My opponents were all clad in beautiful tennis dresses and I was very aware that my clothes were inadequate to the occasion.

I am a very moderate tennis player of club standard but, when I served to my opponent, she gave a little scream and hopped out of the way of the ball. My next three balls were not returned at all and my flustered hostess came to the side of the court to ask me not to hit so hard and frighten the guests!

Eventually back to my nice ayah, who again washed my feet, sadly putting me back into my tennis shoes, which she had dusted out with talcum powder. Everyone else re-appeared in pretty cotton frocks and tea was served in the open verandah overlooking the courts, with servants magnificently uniformed, to serve us cucumber sandwiches, walnut cake, imported strawberries and lime sorbet. This, obviously, had been the point of the afternoon.

“Why didn’t you warn me?” I furiously asked my father, who was mopping his eyes, having laughed so much at my recital. “How could I?” he said. “I have never been asked to one of Winsome’s tennis parties!” I had a total failure of sense of humour and could not laugh.

Afterwards, Ram Lal spoke solemnly to me. “Missie-baba, it is not for you to become angry with your father. It is not dastoor (good manners) in a girl-child.” But then he was always on my father’s side!

\* \* \* \* \*



## Christian Aid Week: 15-21 May 2016

If you are interested in supporting Christian Aid locally  
please contact Lorna McDonald (01556 504711)

[lorna.e.mcdonald@gmail.com](mailto:lorna.e.mcdonald@gmail.com)

## THE CARPENTER'S SON

*by Sheila MacKenzie*

*(from her book, 'Greece 2015 and Other Poems')*

My father's getting old now,  
I help him in his workshop when I can,  
Sweep up the sawdust, bag the chaff,  
Clean the hammer-head and sort the nails.

Townfolk keep him busy with their orders,  
The local farmer needs him now and then:  
A yoke, a plough and once  
A manger for his winter cattle stall.

It was we who fixed the signpost at the crossroads;  
We'd dug a deep pit for the base,  
Heaved it erect and packed it in,  
The cross-beam firmly in its place.

"You'll never make a carpenter," my father says,  
"You are too bookish, fond of the open road."  
I toss the nails from hand to hand  
And wonder what it is that lies ahead.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ST NINIAN'S REVIEW - SUMMER 2016

If you have anything you would like to contribute to the next edition of "The Review" it would be most welcome. Please give or send it to me by sometime in early July. The deadline will be published in the weekly notices nearer the time.

Email: [johnsteph@mkcott.wanadoo.co.uk](mailto:johnsteph@mkcott.wanadoo.co.uk) or phone: 01556 502736.

Current and recent editions of the Review can also be read on the St Ninian's website: [stninianscastledouglas.org.uk/st-ninians-review/](http://stninianscastledouglas.org.uk/st-ninians-review/)

If for any reason you are unable to get to a Service at St Ninian's, the current notices are also published on the News page of the website.

**ST NINIAN'S WEBSITE can be found at: [stninianscastledouglas.org.uk/](http://stninianscastledouglas.org.uk/)**

## **REPORT FROM GLASGOW AND GALLOWAY DIOCESAN SYNOD 2016**

Ten representatives from Castle Douglas, Dalbeattie and Kirkcudbright made their way to Holy Trinity and St Barnabas church in Paisley on a very bright and early morning. Nine went by Dalbeattie's Community Minibus ably driven by our Rector, David. (Getting to be a habit!) Unfortunately I had arranged a break in London to visit my son before I realised Synod was on that day. I arrived at lunchtime having caught the 7:30am from Euston - I did enjoy my visit though!

I had missed the business side, the approval of minutes, adoption of accounts etc but arrived in time to catch the end of a discussion regarding the Diocesan Constitution. It has been decided that this needs a full review as about 30% of it no longer matches present practice. It was thought that while this was being done, rearrangement of present regional areas and make-up and responsibility of the Bishop's Staff Group and Diocesan Council should be considered and our views were requested. I also missed being introduced to the new Canon Missioner who takes over some of our former MDO Anne Tomlinson's work. Watch this space!

We had a presentation on the work of the Bethlehem Arab Society for Rehabilitation, as this is the Bishop's choice for his Lent Appeal. Due to the wall, Bethlehem no longer has access to the Jerusalem hospital that carries out major surgery and they are having to carry this out themselves. They are in need of equipment and are presently raising funds for a Cardiac Stress Monitor that enables them to check the fitness of a patient for surgery and also helps with rehabilitation. The Bishop and others who visited were very impressed with the work they were doing and recognised the need for help; hence the appeal. Please give as generously as you feel able. (See <http://www.basr.org> )

Other items of interest included information on the Scottish Episcopal Institute which was encouraging, and hopefully will result in more clergy and lay readers equipped for today's needs. There were outreach reports with some good ideas being put into use, some of which may be relevant to ourselves. There will also be a Scottish Church Census this year, the results of which could be interesting.

Please speak to David, Ann Gault or myself if you wish for further details.

***Jenny Wright (Lay Representative)***

## SERVICE FOR THE WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

Representatives from the congregations of St Ninian's, the Parish Churches of Castle Douglas and Kelton, and St John's gathered together in the hall on the afternoon of 4<sup>th</sup> March for the Service for the World Day of Prayer, which this year was written by Christian women of Cuba, on the theme "Receive children. Receive me."



During the Service, symbols of Cuba were placed on a central table: a Bible, a candle, maracas, a kitchen bowl full of provisions and some brown sugar. Many of those attending read a part of the service, including Ellie Stevens, who represented all young people. During the singing, everybody joined in with musical instruments - tambourines, bells etc - and, with the Rector playing the piano, we made a joyful noise!





During a time of commitment everyone held up a paper petal to represent the butterfly jasmine, Cuba's national flower. It is known by its delicacy and perfume and reminds us of the resistance and struggle for freedom in Cuba. It was used by women to hide messages in its petals for the troops in the field fighting Spanish colonialists. Today it inspires the women of Cuba to be united in the building of God's Kingdom, giving fragrance and beauty to life.

### **The Prayer of Commitment**

"We will speak kindly and be a forgiving community,  
We will accept every human being as unique and of worth to God,  
We will keep hope in a future of justice and peace,  
We will receive children in order that they may dream, laugh, dance and love  
without discrimination,  
We will commit ourselves in the name of the One who taught us to pray the  
Lord's Prayer: Our Father ..."

After the service there was ample opportunity to chat with one another over refreshments.



### **A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND, TUE 10 - THU 19 MAY 2016**

The pilgrimage will be led by the Revd Canon Chris Samuels, former Rector of St Mary's Church, Handbridge, Chester, and Canon of Chester Cathedral, an experienced leader of pilgrimages. He has recently moved to Dumfries and Galloway and has been authorised to officiate in the region. The tour will take in places of spiritual significance including Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Galilee. Chris is hoping to add a visit to the BASR complex. As well as seeing the territories that Jesus walked, the pilgrims will worship alongside local Christians. The cost of the pilgrimage is £1,760, and covers all flight, coach travel, meals and good quality accommodation. To book, or to get further information please phone Chris on 07929 420423 or e-mail [cwjsamuels@gmail.com](mailto:cwjsamuels@gmail.com)



***I wrote this piece in 2000 before “climate change” and “carbon footprints” became everyday words and it is still relevant today. Are we now in a position to change our climate? Can we do more than pray?***

***Jenny Armstrong***

### **THOUGHTS DURING A STORM**

As I lay in bed, the patter of raindrops on the roof and the gushing sound of water pouring down the drainpipe broke the silence, which is usually only disturbed by the drone of the occasional passing car. The rain became heavier and pounded on the window pane. I looked out of the window and saw drops of rain shining in the golden glow of the street lamp outside as they bounced on the road below. A flash of lightening forked across the sky, followed, almost immediately, by the crackle of a thunderclap almost overhead.

As the storm rumbled on, I pondered on the helplessness of man against the elements. What could we do if it rained non-stop for a week? We may have the technology to stop rivers flooding but they still burst their banks and cause destruction. We may be able to build sea defences but the sea still pours over them flooding everything in its path. We cannot predict when lightening will strike or where a devastating tornado will tear through a town, ripping up trees, destroying properties and tossing cars and boats around as if they were toys. We have heatwaves, with abnormally high temperatures causing forest fires. We have cold snaps with temperatures many degrees below zero. There are avalanches, earthquakes, volcanoes erupting, El Niño causing chaos, and we are powerless to do anything about it. These natural disasters have occurred since the beginning of time and we cannot stop them despite our technological advances. What can we do? We can pray!

I decided that it was not a good idea to reflect too long on these matters and, in any case, the storm had blown over and peace reigned again. I gave thanks, turned over and fell into a blissful sleep.

#### ***A message from Douglas Allison:***

Thanks for all the cards I received when I became ill. I was quite overwhelmed and, as I went into hospital the day after my birthday, our mantelpiece is still groaning under the combined pressure.

I hope to be returning to St Ninian's soon but recovery could be a long process.

***Vivien Bremner reflects on her move away from this area:***

### **RELOCATING TO EDINBURGH FROM PARTON**

Facing up to making decisions before one becomes too old to make them is difficult. For twelve years Douglas and I loved living in a most delightful rural setting, at Craigmore, Parton, in the middle of Mungo Bryson's field. It was very sad when Douglas died in 2010 and, two years later, I began to think about moving and downsizing - Craigmore had an acre of garden, two gates to open before reaching home, and a gravel farm track to repair with my wheelbarrow and shovel.

Having looked at many properties in Peebles and Edinburgh, as I have two sons living in these areas, I was fortunate to find a second floor flat in Craiglockhart, Edinburgh. The flat overlooks Craiglockhart Pond which is about 200 yards long and 50 yards wide with swans, mallard and tufted duck, moor-hens, coots, gosanders and too many visiting sea gulls. There is a footpath round the pond and beyond is Craiglockhart Hill Nature Reserve, where many people walk and exercise their dogs. I particularly enjoy seeing the nursery school children walking along, holding on to a frame, and they chatter all the time. I have a balcony where I eat my meals in summer as it faces south. It overlooks the pond and there is always movement, either on the pond or when people bring their children to feed the ducks. At the moment I can see a pair of swans building their nest opposite my window.



***The view from Vivien's balcony***

I have two small gardens to keep me busy and I'm delighted to have a very good-sized garden hut with two windows. One garden is next to the pond, with roses, shrubs and fruit trees: apple, pear, blackcurrants and gooseberries. To reach this secret garden I have to walk down the street and through the blue door. I love leaning on the garden wall overlooking the pond. The other very small piece of garden is at my door and is purely shrubs.

Many local amenities are within walking distance: the post office, doctor, chemist, supermarket, hairdressers and buses, which are frequent. At the far end of the pond is Craiglockhart Leisure and Tennis Centre, with a gym which I attend to help my walking since the hip replacement. I could play tennis every day as there are many indoor courts! One thing I have not got used to are the dustbins – I have five: 1. paper, plastic and cans 2. bottles and small electrical items 3. garden waste 4. landfill 5. food waste. Every Wednesday I find myself searching for the local authority leaflet which informs me which bin to put out each week – every week it is different.

I have lived in Edinburgh before and so I'm familiar with the area. I have returned to my old church at Colinton and was welcomed back! Friends from my church have been kind, inviting me to meals, concerts, exhibitions and lectures, which I have really enjoyed; it's very easy to travel by bus which takes 15 to 20 minutes to the centre of Edinburgh. I certainly use my car less.

Having spent the last week of February with Janet Gillespie at Danevale before the opening of her 'Snowdrop Day' I realised what a beautiful part of Scotland I had left; driving along Loch Ken I looked at the scenery with different eyes. I am planning to visit during the Spring Fling weekend in late May as Susan M<sup>c</sup>Kay will be exhibiting her glassware at Craigmore.

Hope to see you in May.

***Vivien Bremner***

#### **FROM THE REGISTERS**

<b>Baptisms:</b>	1.11.15 Rory James Alistair M <sup>c</sup> Cormick
	1.11.15 Niamh Elizabeth Maisie M <sup>c</sup> Cormick
	28.02.16 Angus Jack Baggott
<b>Funerals:</b>	7.12.15 Peggy Thomson
	19.02.16 Robert McAlpine

## **ST NINIAN'S BIBLE STUDY GROUP**

In our Mission Action Plan, one strand of the Growth Strategy that St Ninian's had agreed to look at was Learning and Discipleship. Two outcomes of this have been the supply of Bible Reading Fellowship (BRF) notes to encourage bible study at home and another was to restart the study group that had been meeting in Bothwell House.

The group, consisting of six regulars with occasional visitors, now meets in our Hall on a Saturday morning between 10:45 and 11:45. Last year we used the BRF notes from Guidelines to study Mark's Gospel. We found these notes very helpful and as a leader it gives me something to go on. It also meant that if, due to ill health or time away, I was unable to attend, someone else from the group could lead. Both Kirsty Allison and Joy Margerison have done this on occasion and once the group met without a leader.

Not only do we find this a great opportunity to learn about the characters and the times and situations experienced in the bible, we can also look at how these relate to our present times. It never ceases to amaze me that this small group has such a wealth of knowledge and such ability and generosity in their reflection. They are so ready to share. Questions can be asked without fear of looking stupid and, although we don't always have the answers, it does help to be able to share our concerns and queries. Sometimes it raises questions about what we can do about a situation; occasionally it may be something physical like supporting the Food Bank. But we always start and finish with prayer, for our friends and acquaintances, for ourselves and for situations. It is a real joy to be part of this group and the fellowship that has developed supports us in many ways. My thanks to Margot Greenwood and Gill Sinclair for starting this group.

At present we are studying Job, something I never expected to do, but again the Guideline notes are really helping us to understand this book and relate to it. Who knows what we will be looking at next!

Anyone who is interested in either joining this group, starting another one or joining the list of people for whom I order BRF notes please speak to me or the Rector.

***Jenny Wright***

***Any historians among you may be interested in the following extracts sent in by Muriel Palmer, from the archives of:***

**CHRIST CHURCH, DALBEATTIE**

From the ***Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser*** - July 3, 1874

“DALBEATTIE EPISCOPAL CHURCH - From an announcement in another column it will be observed that there is to be a grand bazaar held in the Town Hall, Castle-Douglas, in the month of September next, under the patronage of the Provost and Magistrates of the Burgh, in aid of the fund for building an Episcopal Church in the neighbouring town of Dalbeattie. The Rev. W. M. Ramsay, the incumbent of St Ninian's, Castle-Douglas, has taken a very active part in the establishment of a mission at Dalbeattie, so as to afford the numerous English people who reside there an opportunity of in public worship. The hall in which they have assembled during the past eighteen months has become much too small for the congregation, and an effort is being made to procure funds to erect a church which will accommodate 200 persons. We heartily commend the object to the notice of our readers, and those who are willing to aid the good work may send articles for sale, or a contribution to the Building Fund, to the Rev. W. M. Ramsay, Castle-Douglas, when they will be duly received and acknowledged.” [The grand sum of £345+ was raised.]

From the ***Scottish Guardian*** - July 24, 1874

“DALBEATTIE- New Mission - We are glad to hear of the success which has attended the Mission started here early in 1873, by the Rev. W. M. Ramsay, incumbent of Castle-Douglas. The Sunday services are well attended, and the Sunday School, night school, and Bible classes are thriving. It is proposed to erect a permanent church, capable of accommodating 200 persons. The cost will be about £900, of which upwards of one-third has been subscribed, and to swell this amount a bazaar will be held in the Town Hall, Castle Douglas, in the second week of September. The Dalbeattie congregation are among the poorest of the poor, and to help them is the duty of their richer brethren now that they are seeking to rally round the Church's banner. Contributions of money or material may be sent to the incumbent, the Rev. W. M. Ramsey, B.A., Castle Douglas.”



***Verbatim copy of appeal for subscriptions circulated in England 1875***

Dalbeattie is a small town on the Scottish side of the border, about five miles distant from Castle-Douglas, and forty-five from Carlisle. A large proportion of the population consists of English work people, who, having been attracted to the spot by the great granite works in the vicinity, have now settled there. During the last two years I have been doing my best to meet the spiritual wants of these people, by having regular Church services in the town, with the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese, and under the auspices of the firm Messrs Shearer & Smith. We have a service every Sunday evening and as often as practical in the morning as well; and also, on special occasions, during the week. Besides this there is a Sunday School, in which there are upwards of eighty children, a night school, Bible classes, &c.

From the first we have suffered very serious inconvenience from the want of a larger and more suitable place of worship. The only room we could obtain for our purpose is one over some stables, which is used on week days for dancing and other secular purposes; this is very close and uncomfortable, as well as unpleasant on account of its position. But not withstanding all our drawbacks and difficulties, under God's blessing, the work has so far prospered that we have felt justified in taking steps to obtain a church. In August of last year an amateur concert was kindly given for this purpose in Castle-Douglas, by which (after paying all expenses) £40 was cleared; this was followed by a bazaar at the same place, by which £340 was raised. About £470 has been collected in subscriptions sent from all parts of the country - making altogether a total of £850.

The church - a neat commodious edifice - was begun some months ago, and is now approaching completion; but we require an additional £200. I am unable to furnish this myself, and the congregation is far too poor; I therefore earnestly appeal for help. I look with confidence to our brethren for I am sure they cannot be indifferent to the welfare of their fellow-churchmen. None of those to whom this appeal is sent will feel the loss of a few shillings; and yet that small amount will, in the aggregate, be the means of conferring a great boon on the poor congregation of Christ Church, Dalbeattie. May I ask that you return the enclosed envelope, with *some* donation, however small, even if it is only *a few stamps*?

**WALTER MARLOW RAMSAY, B.A.**

***Incumbent of St Ninian's, Castle-Douglas;  
and Clergyman in charge of Dalbeattie***

## **LIFE IN BOTHWELL HOUSE**

***by Margot Greenwood***

Have you ever noticed that between St Ninian's Church and the Rectory there is another large white house labelled Abbeyfield, Bothwell House? Bothwell House was once the manse for St Andrew's Church, which has now been converted into the Fullarton Theatre – very popular with Bothwell residents! Do please look up Abbeyfield on a computer and see the coverage of Great Britain and also most of the world. You can also look up Richard Carr-Gomm and learn how and why this amazing man started sheltered housing. Earlier on there were four Abbeyfield Homes in the Stewartry – one in Gatehouse and one in Dalbeattie, both now closed, and the two present ones: Strathdee in Kirkcudbright and Bothwell House in Castle Douglas, which are usually well-occupied. Rather than spend time on information you can look up, I thought you might like to know what it is like to actually live in an Abbeyfield.

Do you notice that after our Sunday morning services at St Ninian's, we (the Bothwell residents) don't usually stay long for a cup of coffee and a chat? We slip away, not because we don't like a chat, but because we know that at 12.30 prompt, a delicious roast dinner is being served in the dining room at Bothwell. A tasty lunch is served at 12.30 every day, and an enjoyable tea at 5.15 every evening. No, they don't serve breakfast – instead you just ask at the kitchen door for the items you would like for your breakfast and take them to your room. In your room you have a nice wee kitchen area with sink, fridge – and also your microwave, toaster etc, if you brought them with you from home. There are good cupboards too – a mini-kitchen if you like.

There are twelve rooms at Bothwell in all, one of which is a flat that can accommodate two people. They are all a reasonable size and, as well as the mini-kitchen already mentioned, have a good shower room and a decent-sized bed-sitting room – plenty of cupboard and wardrobe space and, of course, you are encouraged to bring with you whatever furniture you like and feel would fit in. All rooms look out onto the garden, bar two, which look onto St Andrew Street. All the rooms have connections for TV and radio, Wifi for computers, and telephone. The whole house is centrally heated and you have controls in your own room. My room is at the back of the building – yes, overlooking the caravan park, which I wondered about when I first came – but actually it's quiet and it's nice often to see the same families return year after year, with the children growing bigger.

I never hear any unacceptable noise. What is really lovely is that I see right up Carlingwark Loch all year round.

The housekeeper has a staff of seven, all of whom are VERY good cooks! They also keep the public areas of the house spotless and, once every week, they clean every resident's room and take away and wash and iron any clothes given them, and also change the bedclothes once a fortnight. The staff are so kind and helpful – nothing ever seems too much trouble, and they're always there, willing to help. There's a member of staff on duty 24 hours a day and every resident carries a care call button at all times, to call for help if needed.

We all have a house key to come and go as we please and we mark ourselves In or Out on the board. Visitors are welcome any time – there's a doorbell for every room on the outside wall.

On the ground floor we have a very pleasant dining room and a large and comfortable sitting room with French windows on to a patio. There are steps down to the garden and, for those who are wheelchair bound, or prefer to stroll, a gentle slope. The garden is coming on very nicely. The paper shop delivers every day and a very popular hairdresser comes in every Saturday morning.

Bothwell House also has friends – the Friends of Bothwell. These are very good friends – kind ladies who live fairly locally and are of great help to residents. Maybe someone needs to be taken for an appointment, or needs to visit somewhere difficult to get to, and they will help if one of them is available – and someone always has been! One of them comes to Bothwell every week and goes round to visit whoever is in and have a chat, and perhaps bring magazines. In addition to these kindnesses, they also arrange a programme of events, usually for the next few months; these can be people coming to give a talk on a particular topic, or to show slides, or bring musical instruments or dance for us – all sorts of things!

I'm very happy living in this Abbeyfield and thoroughly recommend it.

***Margot Greenwood***

## MOTHERING SUNDAY LUNCH AT THE KINGS ARMS



***(L) The Rector cracks  
a joke to  
Maurice Till and  
Paul Campbell***

***(R) Sue Beddows, Jenny  
and Matthew Wright***



***(L) Margot Greenwood,  
Brenda Shapeero and  
Rosemary Elliot***

**(Photos by Steven Dill)**

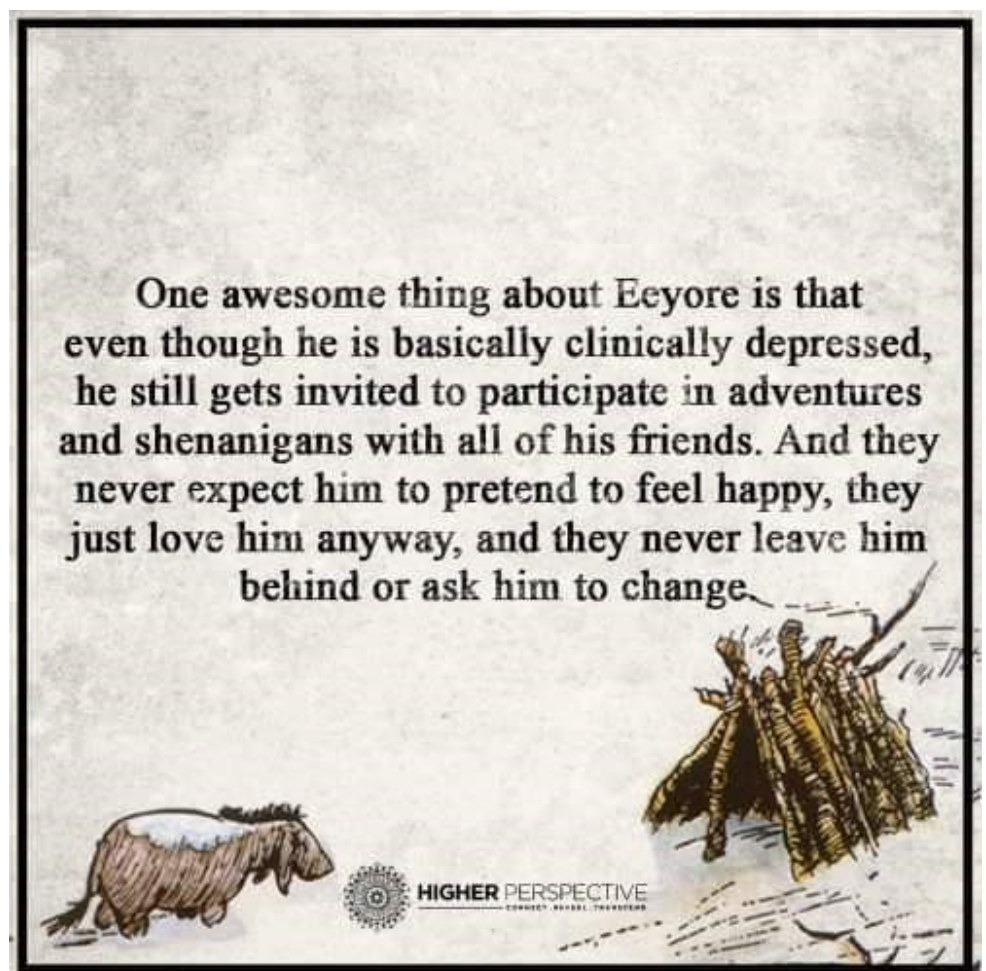


**Ian Mather would like to thank all who attended his 70<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party on Thursday 11th February (cake below!)**

There was a collection for Marie Curie Cancer Care which raised £490.00, so a big Thank You to all who supported this great cause!



***This was sent in by  
Alan Rumble ...***





## 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 Readers</b>	: Mr Douglas Allison	504279
	: Mr Alan Rumble	01644 420250
<b>Lay Worship Leader/Pastoral Assistant</b>	: Mrs Jenny Wright	502184
<b>Methodist Associate</b>	: Revd Joy Margerison	505476
<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>Lay Representative</b>	: Mrs Jenny Wright	502184
<b>Freewill Offerings Convenor / Alternate Lay Representative</b>	: Mr Ian Mather	505910
<b>Third Lay Representative</b>	: Mrs Ann Gault	502583
<b>Vestry Members</b>	: The Rector (Chair) : Hon Secretary : Hon Treasurer : Property Convenor : 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 Convenor</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 Alison Bayne	503818
	: {Mrs Ann Gault	502583
<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
	: {Mrs Rosie MacQuarrie	01557-820530
<b>Sunday School Leaders</b>	: {Mrs Ann Gault	502583
	: {Mrs Roz Stevens	503589
<b>Little Fishes</b>	: Mrs Roz Stevens	503589