

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



Pasque Flowers at Threave

St Ninian's Review

Issue No 57

Spring 2017

SERVICES FOR HOLY WEEK AND EASTER 2017

Sunday 9 April - Palm Sunday

- 8.30am Holy Communion
- 11.00am Liturgy of the Palms and Sung Eucharist
- 6.00pm Evensong

Monday 10, Tuesday 11 & Wednesday 12 April

- 10.15am Holy Communion
- 8.30pm Reflections and Compline

Maundy Thursday - 13 April

- 10.15 am Holy Communion
- 8.30pm Eucharist of the Last Supper and the Watch until Midnight

Good Friday - 14 April

- 10.15 am Matins and Communion from the Reserved Sacrament
- 2.00pm Prayers at the Foot of the Cross
- 7.00pm Evening Worship at Kirkpatrick Durham Church

Sunday 16 April - Easter Sunday

- 8.30am Holy Communion
- 11.00am Festival Eucharist
- 7.00pm Easter Songs of Praise

Wednesday 19 April

- 10.15 am Holy Communion

Sunday 23 April - Easter 2 (Low Sunday)

- 8.30am Holy Communion
- 11.00am Family Eucharist

Dear Friends,

At this time of year Christians conventionally offer each other “A Happy Easter.” The annual celebration of our Lord’s Resurrection brings us joy, hope, renewal, the promise of better things to come. It lifts our spirits at the end of long, dreich winters, and puts spring in our step. Yet, over the years, a number of people have expressed to me their anguish that they cannot share in the general rejoicing: because of the continued suffering in the world; because they see the Christian faith as having failed its Lord; because of personal grief.

They have a point. It is absolutely right that we should celebrate God’s declaration to us, through the experience of Jesus, that the true end of life is not death but life eternal. And the “alleluias” on Easter Morning in St Ninian’s will be as heartfelt and confident this year as always. But joy is a peak emotion — a time of rapture, of exaltation and exultation that I’m not at all sure human beings are designed to sustain. Certainly, my own experience is that by Easter Monday I’m suffering from a kind of spiritual hangover: the great day has passed, the endorphins have subsided, and the world with all its issues still confronts us. Cue reactive depression.

So, for this Easter-tide, let me offer, in contrast to the high jinks of the Festal Day, something that is theologically more of a “slow burn” but, I hope, more fulfilling and sustaining. And that is the suggestion that “joy in the Lord” is not about emotional highs but rather about the deep experience of God that comes from “that sought-for inner harmony of power and patience, courage and heart’s desire.” Those words are by a sometime-member of our congregation, Dorothy Paulin (the whole poem is overleaf) and remind me of St Paul’s distillation of his own spiritual experience in Philippians 4 (paraphrased): “I have learned that I can weather all of life’s experiences through Christ who strengthens me.” Paul, the adrenaline-junkie of former years — the restless traveller, the fiery preacher, the debater with Jew and gentile alike — has come to a mature understanding of faith by coming to terms with himself, and being at peace with himself, recognising

the truth of a declaration from more-heated times: "By the grace of God I am what I am." (I Cor 15.10). Dorothy Paulin's poem is called "Know Thyself" and I want to suggest that until we each know, accept and learn to *love* what God has created in ourselves, we cannot truly reciprocate the love he has for us. And therein lies the unending warmth and glow of living faith.

May we, this Easter, learn, not only to love each other but to love *ourselves* as God loves us.

Yours in Christ

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "David Bayne", with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left.

KNOW THYSELF

by Dorothy Margaret Paulin

Life is too precious to be squandered so
In weak diffusion, in the faltering schemes
Of the half-hearted, the unstable dreams
Of men that watch wild shadows come and go.
Life is too lovely: life is still aglow
With love, and God's unfaltering purpose beams
Steady and splendid on the turbid streams
Of world perplexity and nations' woe.
Grant us to know ourselves: all happiness
Lies in that sought-for inner harmony
Of power and patience, courage and heart's desire.
Give us, not plan, but purpose. Then, let stress
Or danger mar life's pattern, we shall be
Masters of fortune still strong to aspire.



ST NINIAN'S MOTHERS' UNION MEETING IN MARCH

A talk by David and Alison on
"ASKAMORE - OUR RETIREMENT HOME"



Adrigole, 2 Waterside Close, Askamore, Co Wexford

At our open meeting in March, MU members and several guests were treated to a 'virtual visit' to Ireland and more especially to where Alison and David will be moving when they leave here at the end of June. We saw photos of their new home (above), both inside and out, as well as of Askamore, the village where it is situated, the lovely views in all directions from the house, nearby beauty spots including a stunning coastline, their local towns and church, and also some of the people they have got to know since they bought the house.

What's more, the sun always seemed to be shining ... in Ireland???

We were left in no doubt that they are making a good move!



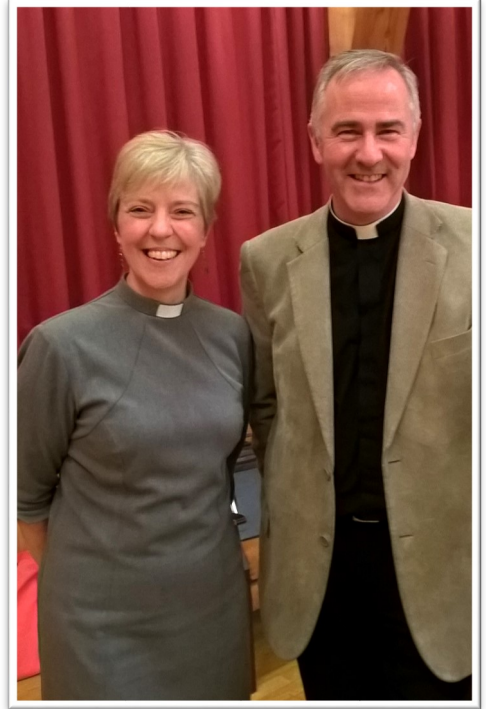
Everyone enjoying lunch and 'the craic' before David and Alison's presentation

“AN INTENTIONALLY WELCOMING CONGREGATION”

St Ninian's has chosen *Welcome, Integration and Numerical Growth* as the target for development in the Mission Action Plan for the current year.

On March 31st the *WINGS* training team, the Revd Canon Drew Sheridan and the Revd Liz O'Ryan, visited St Ninian's to involve the congregation in a training session on “Intentional Welcome.” What does this mean?

Every member of the congregation is called to be a “doorkeeper in the house of the Lord” (Psalm 84). We are required to treat everyone who knocks at the door as if they were Christ himself, making them feel welcomed, wanted, and belonging, and helping them to get in touch with the love of God and the spirituality of our church. This does not happen by chance. It has to be done consciously and ***intentionally***.



But are we not already a welcoming congregation? Unknown to us, the *WINGS* team had asked a “mystery worshipper” to visit and then answer some questions about the experience. The worshipper was highly complimentary about most aspects of the Sunday worship experience, but highlighted some areas where a newcomer's experience could be improved. These formed the basis of our discussion in groups.

Here is a synopsis of the training guidelines and specific points arising from the discussions:-

- It is often very difficult for someone to enter a church for the first time, or to go to a new church. The first impression after crossing the threshold will be significant and lasting, so great care is required to make the first encounter warm and welcoming, just as it should be when receiving guests into our home.
- There should always be one or more person (not always the same ones) near the entrance to greet people with a smile as they arrive and ready to notice newcomers. Welcome a newcomer with a personal greeting, e.g. “Hello, I'm I don't think we've met.” This is more inclusive than, “Are you new here?” and saves you from embarrassment if they are already church members.

- The worst experience for a newcomer is to arrive and not be noticed at all, as the journey from door to pew can feel daunting. Welcomers should be sensitive to the possibility that some newcomers may have individual needs, and be ready to respond appropriately.
- When they have been given the service booklet, pew sheet and hymn book, take the newcomers to a seat. Although we all say that seating is not important, in practice it can be a sensitive issue, and everyone would like to feel reassured about where they sit. In case they need help with the service, sit next to them or near them, or ask someone else in the congregation to do this. This may seem like a sacrifice, but it is how we would treat a guest at home if they knew no one in the company.
- Newcomers might also appreciate an explanation of how the worship booklets and papers are used, and the communion and blessing arrangements. It may be appropriate to introduce them to someone during the Peace.
- We must remember that every newcomer may be considering joining the congregation, so we must extend genuine interest as well as a warm welcome. After the service, give them a contact card to fill in and some printed information about the church, its activities and the clergy. Accompany them to coffee, introduce them to the clergy, talk to them, find out about them, where they are from, their interests, their gifts, and introduce them to others who may have things in common.

We hope that visitors will come back and stay. This is one way of growing the church. Look out for the same newcomers on subsequent Sundays and be sure to talk to them. No one likes to be ignored or forgotten.

After the Welcome process comes the Integration process ... invitations to events or special services, introduction to other members of the congregation, enabling everyone to use their gifts and talents, and always a chat and a smile.

Intentional Welcome is something we all can and must do because we are all welcoming, sociable people at home. It is not a role to be left to a select few. We are all called to welcome others into God's family. To paraphrase the words of one of the congregation during the meeting, "We already know *how* to do this and now we are all empowered to do it."

Sandra Walsh

MOTHERING SUNDAY REPORT by *Katie Eddyshaw*

The Mothering Sunday service and lunch was fun and everyone worked (and ate) enthusiastically. Firstly, let me tell you about the Sunday School. Our message this year was 'Communicating.' We had a bit of trouble thinking of what we should do, but soon we had settled on the idea of the dove with the prayer on its wings (see below). The first thing we had to do was to trace the outline of the bird, then we had to laminate them, next we had to cut them out, then we had to glue the eyes on, then we had to fold the wings, finally we had to push the paper through the holes we had made.



Now, I would like to tell you about our part in the service. I have a bit of a behind-the-scenes secret. We had never actually rehearsed our bit, we had only just got the script! There, you learn something new every day.

Now my specialty ... THE FOOD! The food was Awesome!!!! You could have salmon or beef (I chose beef) and for dessert you could have sticky toffee pudding or fruit salad (obviously, I had the one the only sticky toffee pudding). You could also have a choice of drink; red or white wine, orange juice or apple juice. (Juice for me ... this time).



Then we had a raffle hosted by me! However, none of the microphones were working, so when David tried to put a crackly microphone on me I shrieked and wouldn't let him. I managed without a microphone.

It was really fun and I hope we can do it again. Thank you to everyone who helped organise such a wonderful Mothering Sunday.

The prayer printed on the dove's wings is by Cheryl Johnson:

"There is never a teardrop that God doesn't see,
He knows when a sparrow falls from a tree.
There is never a moment when God doesn't care,
Never a moment He won't hear your prayer."

The sum of £60 was raised from contributions for drinks and the raffle and has been sent to Wigtownshire Women's Aid.

THE MOTHERING SUNDAY LUNCH



The Rector, Andrew, Yasmin and Alison



Matthew, Fiona, Judi, Jim, Jenny, Fred



Maggie, Lucy, Neil, Katie, Charles, Michael



Roz, Gill, Margot, Rosemary, Janet, Susanne



Maurice, Stephanie, Sheila, Sue, John, Peter



Peter, Patrick, Valerie, Niamh



*(L) Rory distributed
flowering pansies
and chocolate
buttons to all the
winners of the
raffle*

*(R) Sheena the cook,
and her two
hardworking helpers*



Below is a copy of a framed picture found by the Rector recently

**St. Ninian's Church
CASTLE-DOUGLAS**

extracts from
The Castle-Douglas Journal

Monday, September 8th, 1856

EPISCOPAL PLACE OF WORSHIP IN CASTLE-DOUGLAS.—Sometime back a scheme was entered into for erecting an episcopal place of worship in this town, and the arrangements are now nearly completed for the commencement of the edifice. The foundation stone is, we understand, to be laid by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, on Wednesday next, the 10th inst., at one o'clock.

Monday, September 15th, 1856

**LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE EPISCOPALIAN
CHAPEL, CASTLE-DOUGLAS.**

The foundation stone of this place of worship was laid on the 10th instant, by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, assisted by the officiating clergyman the Rev. Mr M'Coll, the Rev. Mr M'Ewen of Dumfries, and the Rev. Mr Hutchison, attired in their robes. We observed also present, Col. Johnstone of Carnsalloch, G. W. Lawrence, Esq., Largnean, R. Weems, Esq. of Kirkennan, R. J. Congreve, Esq., Danevale, Wm. Gordon, Esq. of Culvennan, Dr Bell of Hillowton, several gentlemen from London and elsewhere, Provost Martin, Bailies Dobie and Craig, most of the members of the town council, and a goodly proportion of our merchants and bankers. The Bishop stated in a few remarks the importance of having a place of worship of the kind, after which he went through the usual forms as enjoined by the episcopal church, for laying the foundation stone of a church. He placed in a recess cut in the stone for the purpose, the plan, names of the founders, and coins of the present day, on the top of which was lowered a large granite block which we understand is intended for the sill of one of the windows. The Bishop having struck the stone with the mallet two or three times, part of the 133d psalm being read, and prayer offered up, the important work was concluded. The name given to the chapel is **SAINT NINIAN**.

At two o'clock about 60 gentlemen partook of an elegant and sumptuous luncheon, composed of every delicacy of the season, in the work shop which was fitted up for the occasion, and at 4 o'clock, the workmen to the number of about 30 were entertained to a substantial dinner to which they did ample justice, the whole being provided by Mr Payne of the Douglas' Arms Inn, and, we believe, at the expense of the promoters of the chapel. There was also a sum of money and a quantity of beef and bread distributed among the poor of the town. Such philanthropic acts we rarely have the pleasure of recording.

THE NIGHT WATCH

It's 3 o'clock in the morning and drizzling steadily and I'm trudging down the track to the field by the burn to check on a ewe. She should have lambed last night, but it's her first time so our calculations as to the due date are only approximate.

Individual sheep are pretty regular with their pregnancies. A mature ewe, with three or four lambings behind her, is a safe bet – as long as you kept an eye out for amorous behaviour when the tup visited in the autumn. A newbie is another matter. There's no telling when she will deliver, or how she will react. Last year a youngster started butting her first newly-born lamb as the painful contractions started for the second birth. It was an anxious few minutes before she could be persuaded to lick both lambs clean and allow them to suckle.

Then there are the difficult births that might need intervention to stop a ewe becoming exhausted or a lamb ending up stuck, or dead – or both. A few years ago one of our ewes became seriously ill with a uterine infection shortly after lambing, and we had to get the vet in to administer life-saving antibiotics. It's with this in mind that I got up tonight. Like as not, there will be the ewe in her pen, looking at me as if to say, 'What do you want?'

Not that I mind, really. In fact, I usually stay on for a few minutes to have a chat and make sure everything is all right. (So I'm standing in a wet field, in the middle of the night, talking to a sheep...)

And then there are the wonderful times – it's only happened to me once or twice – when what greets me at the pen is a brand new family. Proud Mum, fussing over her babies, making little, loving, low-pitched nickering noises. The lambs, bleating in tiny voices, searching for a teat, wobbly on their legs. There's nothing for me to do but look on, thanking God for his goodness, before going back to bed.



Here's a picture from our first lambing this year, which took place on 25 March. (Lamb two minutes old!)

Patrick Little



A BOY IN THE CROWD

by Sheila MacKenzie

There was a rush of people in the street
pushing me aside; shouts of “Hosanna, Son of David”
deafening my ears, and everywhere green branches
waving overhead. Someone held me shoulder high
so I could see the passing show. “Hosanna, Hosanna,”
I had cried, caught in the madness of that moment.

But afterwards, I wondered what I’d seen –
a man straight-backed, riding on a donkey,
his eyes fixed on a future only he could comprehend;
and, on the ground, the palm leaves
lying trampled underfoot.

ST NINIAN’S REVIEW

The following pages contain several articles with an international flavour which it is hoped will be of interest: Alan Withall describes a period of time when he and Pat were in Nigeria; Gill Sinclair gives us another - and rather different from her last article - taste of life in India; friends of Stephanie and John Dewhurst have spent time abroad with Traidcraft and have written about their experiences in Vietnam and Nepal. They are all a far cry from life in Galloway and I hope you find them of interest.

Remember, this is *your* magazine so, if you have something you’d like to share next time, please give or send it to Stephanie by the end of June. The deadline will be published in the weekly notices nearer the time. Email (note new address): **s.dewhurst23@gmail.com** or phone: 01556 502736.

Current and earlier editions of the Review can also be read on the
St Ninian’s website:

stninianscastledouglas.org.uk/st-ninians-review/

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

ST NINIAN’S WEBSITE can be found at: stninianscastledouglas.org.uk/



LIVING AND WORKING IN NIGERIA IN THE 1970s

I have been very fortunate to have travelled extensively and lived for lengthy periods in a number of countries including ten years in Africa, eleven in Saudi Arabia, two in Holland, two in Ukraine and one year in Russia. There are many more that I visited in the course of my career but, as many of you will know, living in a country is very different from visiting it on holiday.

I will not attempt to cover all of these but will try to give you a flavour of some of those ten years in Africa, when I was engaged as a general manager responsible for starting, developing and managing the manufacturing of various food products, including Pepsi Cola, Coca Cola and a local product, Afri Cola, which was developed in Germany. Enough of the reason for being there – but what was life like?



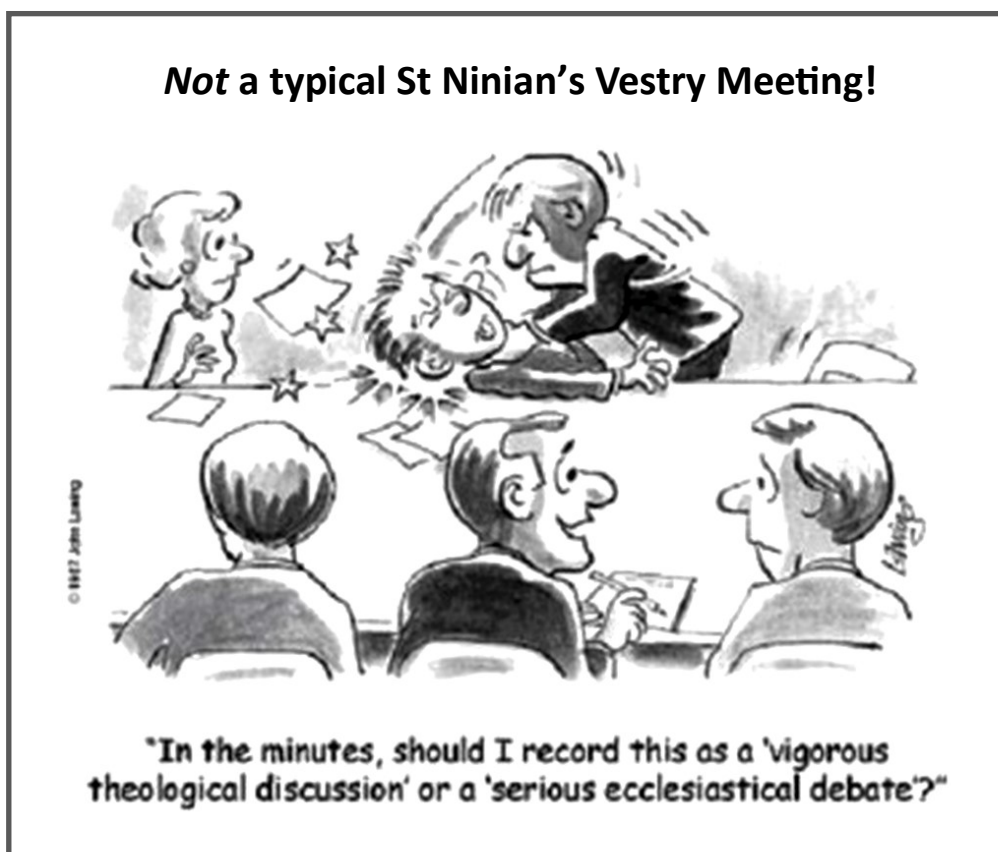
The location was northern Nigeria in a town called Yola, situated in the state called, in those days, Gongola, bordering the Cameroon. It was the early 1970s and we were the only manufacturing plant in the state. Yola was on the edge of the bush and surrounded by beautiful countryside.

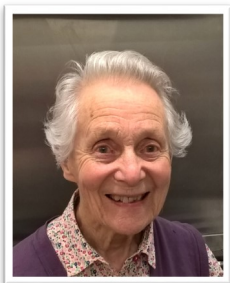
Jos, the town which especially supported the early settlers from the UK due to its cooler weather, is now unfortunately the centre of the Boko Haram disturbances – such a hardship for the very friendly people of earlier days. While living there I can say that I never felt threatened to any extent.

My wife, Pat, worked with me in the factory and was responsible for the quality control; she was regarded as a mother figure by her staff. There was one period when this was very forcibly evident and that was when a local religious group began burning the market and killing at random in our town. Our staff abandoned their homes and came to the factory, where we cared for them and fed them on yams. This lasted only a couple of days, until the army arrived and shelled the town.

We were aware of stories of corruption and I was adamant that I was not going to be bribed. I soon discovered that flat refusal got you nowhere, so came to see that there is a method. It is vital to understand who is the person who can stop this and you follow the trail upwards. To give an example, at least once per week my entire delivery fleet was taken to the transport pound for one small fault on one vehicle. (Most local vehicles, "Mammy wagons", were tied together with string!) So I go to the pound and speak to the local officer and, for a sum, get them released, only to discover that this happens on a regular basis. Eventually I get the message and go right to the chief of police. I agree to provide his family with a crate of soft drinks each week for free ... problem solved at no great cost! There is no manual on procedures of this sort so it's a seat of the pants approach and trial-and-error which can solve these issues.

Alan Withall





THE RAJ DISSOLVED *by Gill Sinclair*

The winter of 1946 was probably the most inappropriate moment for my poor father to have been landed with a 20-year old daughter, with instruction from my mother that she was to be given a lovely holiday in Calcutta.

The government of Bengal had just survived terrible famine blamed, rightly or wrongly, upon the city's Muslim governor. It had produced sectarian anger (Bengal being a largely Hindu region), riots and the Calcutta Killings, of hideous renown. Ghandi, horrified, brought his saintly Hindu presence into the city, laid himself on a string bed on the verandah of Governor Suhrawardy's large house in the middle of the city, and announced that he would fast to death unless the killing stopped.

The gates of the house were thrown open and the crowds flocked in. As the verandah was at head height, all could see the old man growing weaker and weaker amidst the chanting of prayers by his attendants, who brought him his earthenware water pot as he became too weak to lift it. Eventually the promise was given by both communities and an uneasy peace prevailed.

It all went over my head, carefully shielded as I was by my father, as the scaled-down 'Cold Weather' (November-March) was played out. Before the War, the Viceroy and entourage had opened the season by arriving in Government House and inaugurating a succession of balls, dinner parties, the Calcutta Races, the polo season, the theatre season, and every kind of social occasion. It was all very exciting to my untutored eyes. I was one of the few unmarried girls because the 'Fishing Fleet' of European daughters that used to appear to join in the jollifications and return to Britain when the climate became too hot, was very depleted.

As the 'Cold Weather' faded into the 'Hot Weather' (April-August) we were driving up to Shimurali, where my father and four of his great friends kept a shooting camp forty miles upriver from Calcutta in green, wet, rural Bengal – wonderful terrain for snipe.

Suddenly we found ourselves in the middle of a traffic jam centred upon a European paint factory. There was much shouting and screaming; the police arrived and ordered us to find another way. My father had got out of the car to find out what was going on and returned white-faced and tight-lipped, saying only that it was "trouble with the labour force." It was not until we returned that I was allowed to know the horrible truth: that the labour force had thrown two members of the management into the hot paint vats to drown.

At last I was permitted to learn of the long slow rise of Indian nationalism, the formation of the All-India Congress Party representing the working together of the Moslem-Hindu communities, and the gradual introduction of Indians into local government. It was not going to plan. The Quit India movement was threatening the Raj from within, while S N Bose had created an Indian National Army (mainly of army deserters and immigrants from all over the world) and allied himself to the Japanese to threaten Calcutta from his headquarters in the Andaman Islands, a short sailing distance from the port of Calcutta. Japan also threatened from the Indo-Burmese frontier in Bengal.

In the following week, Babulal was driving me past the Calcutta University building on our way home, when a crowd of Hindu students burst from the building. We had slowed down at a big traffic junction where a policeman on a high plinth was directing traffic. The students had seen Babulal's red fez denoting that he was a Moslem and surged across the road towards the car shouting, "Kill, kill!"

Babulal was a little man, but as brave as a lion. He stuck his arm out of the car window, banging on the outside of the door, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Get out of my way or I run you over!" Then he accelerated towards the junction. The policeman had sensibly jumped off his plinth and fled and, for a moment, the traffic had checked allowing us to sail through the junction and find our way home. I feel sure that it was after this incident that my father made arrangements with his friends, Kit and Vera Blomfield, for me to go to their Zamindari in North Bengal for a long weekend.

It was very different from the city or the shooting camp. North Bengal was truly rural: grasslands with little villages joined by dirt roads, clean, sandy-bottomed rivers where wild pig ranged, with elephant grass and stretches of forest, home to leopard and elephant.

I had no jodhpurs or riding boots, which grieved the syce (groom), who brought our well-groomed horses to us very early in the morning. As we rode through the lovely countryside, the village people bowed down to the dust as we passed. "Do you require them to do this?" I asked Kit. "Yes and no," he replied. "It is the customary salutation to the Zamindar (landowner) and I have found it better to interfere with their customs as little as possible. I think you will see when the village headman comes to the verandah this afternoon that our relationship is quite relaxed and easy."

It was so. After a large brunch, Kit presided over a concourse of thirty or more people and there was much talk and laughter. I had only a few words of

Bengali, but Vera interpreted for me. The talk was of bridges that needed mending, wild pig that were damaging a farmer's fields – would the Sahib instantly run and shoot to deal with them; an argument over field boundaries between two neighbours; the news from Calcutta was very bad, would the Sahib explain ... and so on.

Later in the cool of the evening I asked, "Would life have been like this under the Moghuls?" "Perhaps," said Kit. "Under a good Nawab (the tax collector and administrator for the Zamindar) "but the system had broken down under the lax and spendthrift rule of the Moghuls. The Zamindars had subdivided their lands and the Nawabs were now collecting multiple taxes from the ryots (peasant farmers), many of whom became landless because they could not pay what was demanded of them.

"I am a dinosaur - no longer an administrator for the East India Company which the Raj in fact nationalised, but a civil servant having to fulfil government demands for more intensive farming, for instance, of cotton and sugar, which is changing the farming world of our ryots."

"People even here," said Vera, "hear news of the outside world through returning soldiers and refugees. Our lovely life here cannot last." "It has already gone," said Kit, "The Quit India movement is discussed in the villages. I fear for the people."

Returning to Calcutta, I found that my father had been appointed a Special Constable to act with the police in case of riots. It was our last weekend in Camp and I sought Ronnie, an old friend of both my father and Kit, to tell him what the Blomfields had said.

Ronnie was a prominent businessman and an 'Orientalist' as most of the Indian Civil Service (ICS), and some of the more enlightened merchants, were labelled by their contemporaries. They had a genuine knowledge and admiration for all things Indian. Ronnie had good friends among the members of the All-India Congress: Neogi, Patel, Nehru, Jinnah ... "What will emerge in the end?" I asked him, "Will the British have to quit?" "Yes," he replied. "The position is untenable, and a part of the world-wide disapproval of colonialism. The boast of the ICS was that they were guardians, gradually building up an All-India Government ready to take over the reins of government. It is way too late for that now. Jinnah has seen to it that the Moslem-majority states are solidly bound together, thanks to the Moslem Brotherhood in his vision of a Moslem Pakistan. I see partition ahead, unleashing all sorts of horrors among the various creeds and ambitions and broken promises that will follow. Like Kit,

I fear for the people.”

My father had firm plans for me. I was to go to Gulmarg in Kashmir on a camping holiday with the Hutsons and their two daughters. At 8,000 feet, the snows just retreating and releasing carpets of wild flowers into the pine-scented air, it was paradise. But in that paradise we were to learn the terrible news that Ronnie and his driver had been pulled out of their car and beaten to death by a blood-crazed Hindu mob running from the railway station at Rawalpindi and a train full of the slaughtered bodies of British Army soldiers, mostly – but not all – Moslems, as was Ronnie’s driver.

On a long, sorrowful walk that afternoon, in the pine forest ringed by the soaring peaks of the Himalayan range, you could only feel how small and fragile we are in God’s time and space. Did our faith in Him always demand such sacrifices – Jesus, Gandhi, Mahomet, the saints and martyrs? Ronnie and his Moslem driver would have said, “Yes.”

Gill Sinclair

In the hope that it may encourage more members of the congregation to buy from our monthly Fair Trade stall I have obtained the following short article from friends of ours. In it they tell of their experiences of seeing the benefits which Fairtrade can bring to producers in developing countries.

John Dewhurst

TRAIDCRAFT AND THE “WOW” FACTOR

Many of us, I suspect, when encountering a new experience, say “Wow”, often for the sheer magnificence or size, or for a stunning view from a mountain, perhaps.

My wife, Margaret, and I have been Fairtraders for 12 years now, and I’ve been with the Fairtrade Foundation Speaker Network since our return from our first “Meet the People” trip to Peru, staying with a Cafédirect coffee farmer 12,500 feet up in the cloud forest and learning how being with a cooperative trading fairly has transformed his life. Taking school assemblies (as part of the Speaker Network) never ceases to amaze – whether it is how well behaved the children are or the very mature questions that are often asked. At a recent junior school assembly, where I had been asked to talk about producers who we’ve visited and to explain how I felt that their lives had been helped by fair trade, I was asked the question: ‘Which producer made you go “Wow”?’

In some ways, all of the producers do that to me. It's the very experience of visiting, sometimes staying, and encountering their lives, that is remarkable, humbling. In addition to Peru, we've been lucky enough to visit producers in Vietnam, Western India, Nepal and South Africa. Their lives are often difficult, their cultures are different, but it is wonderful to see how being involved with trading fairly, and being able to reach a wider market for their products has enhanced lives, not only of the producers and their immediate families, but the wider communities.



Ralph says, "Our group with the GPI School in Nepal – the headmaster is the one on the left holding the carrier bag; Milan, who is stood next to me, is the founder (with Anita Roddick) of the school. You can find more about Milan on some short videos that Traidcraft produced in 2016 for their "Show you Care" campaign."

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZJwk45Sg860&feature=youtu.be>

In Nepal, we visited GPI (Get Paper Industry) and the remarkable school that Milan dev Batherai and Anita Roddick (of the Body Shop) set up some years ago on the strength of the fair trade premium (the small additional charge that we pay for our fairly traded product which goes directly to the producer). The children, both boys and girls, from 4 to 14, are receiving a broad education, including learning English, which will give so many more

career opportunities to them. And the idea of the school, particularly for girls' education, started shortly after the Body Shop gave substantial orders to GPI for paper and cartons for their products. There was a real "wow" factor about the project.

In Vietnam, we were able to visit an inspirational project in the imperial city of Hue, for disabled teenagers whose lives had been affected by the aftermath of the American war. Although not able to hear or speak, a thumbs up and a big smile is a universal language and, over the main door to the project, was a slogan: "We are not disabled, we are differently able" – such a positive outlook and the workshop had a real "wow" factor about it!



Margaret (centre) being shown all sorts of products by the Red Zhao and Black Hmong tribal ladies in Vietnam

At our own church we are often disheartened by the fact that some do not come near the stall and the usual comments about the taste of coffee or the pricing have to be challenged. We CAN make a difference to many people's lives – after all, trade is a sustainable way to fight poverty – and a purchase from the church stall WILL make a difference.

*Ralph Dransfield,
Liverpool*



Preparations for Christian Aid Week 14th - 20th May have begun!

There will be Soup and Sweet Lunches in the Parish Church Hall on Fri 19th and Sat 20th May as well as sales stalls for books, bric-a-brac and plants.

Offers of help, soups and sweets would be greatly appreciated. More details at the beginning of May.

Please contact Lorna McDonald (Secretary) on 01556 504711

lorna.e.mcdonald@gmail.com

ADVANCE NOTICE OF HARVEST SUPPER

We are hoping to hold another Harvest Supper at the beginning of October, and it would be good to include as much home-grown produce as possible in the meal. If you are a gardener, please consider this when planting fruit and vegetables this Spring!

We are looking for herbs, potatoes, onions, carrots, beans and peas and other seasonal vegetables for the main courses, and apples, damsons, plums, and soft fruit for puddings. Quantities can be as big or small as you wish, as we would like as many people as possible to join in the thanksgiving.



The MacQuarrie and Little families



CONGRATULATIONS!

Let your
light
shine

Since Christmas, thanks to your support, St Ninian's Sunday School sent off TWELVE full back packs to Mary's Meals and will be tracking their journey.

www.marysmeals.org.uk/

The Diocesan Facebook page is now up and running:

<https://www.facebook.com/GlasgowGalloway/>

Articles are added to the news page of the Diocesan website throughout the month, usually as soon as they are received.

If you have any relevant news items for next month's issue, please send them to news@glasgow.anglican.org

If you would like to receive Diocesan News by email, visit

<http://news.glasgow.anglican.org/>

and complete the registration box with your name and email details.

CHRIST CHURCH, DALBEATTIE held four Lent Lunches in their hall, at which they served a delicious choice of soups and bread, to raise money for the Bishop's Lent Appeal and they have been supported by people from St Ninian's.



At the front table, facing on the right is Gill, who has an opportunity to catch up with members of her former congregation. Wendy and Liz have a good chat at the far table, on the left.



The Rector 'sits with the men' (his words); Mark and John 'sit with the ladies' - Thelma (hiding on the right) and Margot

SUNDAY 25 JUNE 2017

FAREWELL TO DAVID AND ALISON

This will be the day of **David's last Service** at St Ninian's and plans are afoot to mark the occasion (Alison and David have been consulted!)

Following the 11.00am Family Eucharist, there will be a buffet lunch provided by caterers, which Caroline and Jeff Clayton have very kindly offered to host at their home, **The Old Manse, Crossmichael** - in the garden if the weather is kind, marquee and house if not.

The Vestry is making the arrangements and will need to know ***as soon as possible*** who will be attending. There will be a list for names on the notice board and requests regarding car-sharing/driving for those who require a lift, and those who can provide one.

The congregation of Christ Church, Dalbeattie, are also being invited to both the service and to the lunch.

If you have any queries, please speak to a Vestry member.

FROM THE REGISTERS

Baptism: 27 Nov 2016 Ava Monica Cook

Funerals: 28 Nov 2016 Laurie Simpson
1 Dec 2016 David Main
28 Dec 2016 Annie Ingall
29 Dec 2016 Kathleen Hutchinson
4 Jan 2017 Lawrence Barrett
30 Jan 2017 Margaret Mathie
30 Mar 2017 Hazel Thurston

WHO'S WHO

Rector	: The Revd Canon David Bayne	01556 503818
Lay Readers	: Mr Douglas Allison	504279
	: Mr Alan Rumble	01644 420250
Lay Worship Leader /		
Pastoral Assistant	: Mrs Jenny Wright	01557 339081
Methodist Associate	: Revd Joy Margerison	505476
Hon Secretary	: Mr Patrick Little	690507
Hon Treasurer /		
Freewill Offerings Convenor	: Mr Fred Coulthard	502965
Property Convenor	: Mr Clem Gault	502253
Lay Representative	: Mr Ian MacQuarrie	01557-820530
Alternate Lay Representative	: Mr Ian Mather	505910
Third Lay Representative	: Mrs Ann Gault	502583
Vestry Members	: Hon Treasurer (Chair)	
	: Hon Secretary	
	: Property Convenor	
	: Lay Representative	
	: The Rector	
Elected Vestry Members	: Mrs Sue Beddows	670286
	: Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	502736
	: Miss Sheila MacKenzie	01644-420623
	: Mr David Stevens	503589
	: Mrs Jenny Wright	01557 339081
Organist	: Mr Maurice Till FRCO LTCL ARCM	620619
Sanctuary Guild Convenor	: Mrs Val Davies	502750
Co-ordinator for the		
Protection of Vulnerable Groups	: Miss Sheila MacKenzie	01644-420623
MU Branch Leaders	: {Mrs Alison Bayne	503818
	: {Mrs Ann Gault	502583
Administrator / Hall Bookings /		
Magazine & Website Editor	: Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	502736
Magazine Distribution / Traidcraft	: Mr John Dewhurst	502736
	: {Mrs Rosie MacQuarrie	01557-820530
Sunday School Leaders	: {Mrs Ann Gault	502583
	: {Mrs Roz Stevens	503589
Little Fishes	: Mrs Roz Stevens	503589