

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



Summer in the Glenkens

St Ninian's Review

Issue No 61

Summer 2018

SERVICES AT ST NINIAN'S

Details of all services at St Ninian's are given in the weekly pew sheets and on the website: <http://stninianscastledouglas.org.uk/service-times/>

Sunday 22 July - St Mary Magdalene

- 8.30am Holy Communion
- 11.00am Matins, followed by
A Said Service of Holy Communion

Wednesday 25 July

- 10.15 am Holy Communion

Sunday 29 July - Trinity 9

- No 8.30am** Holy Communion
- 11.00am Family Eucharist

Wednesday 1 August

- 10.15 am Holy Communion

Sunday 5 August - The Transfiguration (tfd)

- No 8.30am** Holy Communion
- 11.00am Family Eucharist

Wednesday 8 August

- 10.15 am Holy Communion

Sunday 12 August - Trinity 11

- 8.30am Holy Communion
- 11.00am Family Eucharist
- 6.00pm Evensong

Wednesday 15 August

- 10.15 am Holy Communion

OUR NEW RECTOR HAS BEEN APPOINTED (DATE TBA) - SEE P.4

UNTIL HE IS IN POST, OUR INTERIM PRIEST, THE REVD STEPHEN HAZLETT
is responsible for arranging any weddings, baptisms and funerals,
as well as for hospital visits and any emergencies

Tel: 01557 620132, Mob: 07900 231360

Email: stephen.hazlett@greyfriarsstmarys.org.uk

MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE - THE SIMPLE LIFE

As I write this, the world seems to be for a few brief days a safer, happier, and simpler place. The boys in Thailand have been released from the caves and the danger of death. The world breathed a collective sigh of *simple* relief and admiration for the brave rescuers, one of whom gave his life to save them. The heatwave in Scotland continues, and we seem to be also basking in the nostalgia of the *simpler* days of a long hot summer following a harsh snowy winter. We have just celebrated One Hundred Years of the RAF, and the *simple* but profound recognition of true heroes.

Every Sunday the *simple* but powerful everyday food of bread is used in our worship to convey the idea of the rich symbolism of life itself. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceeds from the mouth of God." St. Luke 4:4. I know the older I become the more I yearn for the simpler life and a faith to go with it. God certainly does not become more complicated. (Someone once said, "If you feel far from God, guess who has moved.")

I echo how many people feel today; there is a yearning to return to the simplicity of a bygone age. Life is so complicated you need a pin-code and a password to do anything. For some people biblical simplicity mitigates against having a faith at all. It just seems too good to be true. We live in a post throw-away age. Thank God for an eco-conscience. But do not be deceived. Recently a well-known supermarket was "caught out" over the issue of everyday bread. In a cunning plan to hark back to the days of freshly baked bread: the minute the customer entered one of their stores the aroma of an old fashioned bakery wafted through the air. People bought the "fresh" loaves by the thousands, but what the rogue store was actually doing was working a fan behind a screen which scented the air with the glorious nostalgic smell. It enticed our nostrils and emptied our pockets and helped kill the earth in the transportation process! It had been mass-produced hundreds of miles away.

Bread is no longer a staple food in the West, but it still is in so many poor parts of the world today; and was certainly in Our Lord's day. In context, Jesus was not condemning bread, but answering back the Devil's temptations that power, prestige, and influence were worth dying for. They are not! Gone may be (and good riddance to it) the materialism of the 70's and 80's. There is a yearning today in the vast increase in "spirituality" and perhaps the huggy-feely cheapness of some reality television; but there is in all of this a seeking after truth. John Bunyan said *simply*: "Hope is never ill when faith is well."

Stephen D. Hazlett, Interim Priest

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION FROM OUR NEW RECTOR, THE REVD CANON CHRISTOPHER KETLEY

Dear friends in Christ,

Peace be with you.

I am greatly looking forward to serving as your Rector at St Ninian's, Castle Douglas and Christ Church, Dalbeattie. My wife, Jane has had links with Galloway through her family for many years. It is thanks to her that I have come to know and love the people of Galloway, and especially the hills!

Since being ordained priest in 1996, I have served in the Dioceses of Liverpool, Manchester, and Moray, Ross, and Caithness. The towns, cities and countryside have all been very different, but the experience and needs of God's people in life can be quite similar.

Before ordination I worked in sales selling tea and coffee into catering outlets across the UK and Jane worked as a GP for many years in Todmorden, and then Elgin. Our family consists of two Labradors, Dominic and Joshua – whom, I am sure, you will meet around Castle Douglas and Dalbeattie soon.

The challenge for any priest today is to make God present in the 21st century. There is a huge temptation to aim to be relevant but Henri Nouwen would say 'we need to be irrelevant'! The great privilege of my ministry has been to be present at times of great joy and sorrow in people's lives. The Way of Jesus Christ is about relationship: with God, and our neighbours. I hope that through walking with you, on your journey, we can, together, show God's way to live life. The world in which we live is crying out to be loved. Too many people feel alone and uncared for.

As Jesus says: *"...where two or three meet in my name, I shall be with them."* Matt 18:19

Jane and I look forward to getting to know you all. The door of the Rectory will always be open.

Yours in Christ

Christopher and Jane



BISHOP GREGOR'S CHARGE TO DIOCESAN SYNOD - May 14, 2018



“For the avoidance of doubt”, I think, is a phrase well-beloved of lawyers. Well, I am not a lawyer, not even a canon lawyer (I have sometimes wished I were). Nonetheless, I do rather like that phrase. So, for the avoidance of doubt and, may it be said, of speculation, I want to begin my charge this year by outlining to you my future plans. As I hope must be fairly obvious, my health has continued to improve and in October this year, assuming I get that far in this life, I will be 68, an age at which I have for quite some time thought it would be good to retire and lay down the pastoral staff on the altar of the cathedral. By then I will have been bishop of this amazing diocese for 8.5 years, a period I guess to have been quite long enough. I have already informed the Cathedral Chapter, sitting behind me in the choir stalls, of that intention, my Staff Group and the Office Staff, and now I want to make it known to the whole diocese that I intend to retire on 11th October 2018, my 68th birthday. So, this is my last charge, and has turned out to be maybe my shortest, as diocesan bishop to this synod.

What then to say? Be very personal, as I was in my addresses at the Chrism Masses? Well, no. The Dean, to whom I always listen with great care, suggested not that! Be theological? Well, I have a Canon Theologian, who is a big hitter, to be that – so maybe not *wholly* that. As a theologian, I’m not in that league. Be effusive and say what I once heard a retiring parish minister in Largs say with a frighteningly straight face at his farewell do that he had enjoyed every single minute of his time there? – certainly not, I didn’t believe that then, and I certainly could not lay my hand on my heart and say it to you now – I haven’t enjoyed every single minute of my episcopate, nor do I think I was ever meant to, even if fantasy would have had it so. As my sister would always say to me when I was being morose – *stop bellyaching, Gregor, it goes with the territory*. I don’t think any of my ordained colleagues could say they enjoyed every minute of their ministry among us either and, if they could, I would have to wonder about them, but I hope more than a few of us, including myself, *could* and should certainly say that we are glad to be what and who we are, because that is what, in and through the church we serve, God has called us to be.

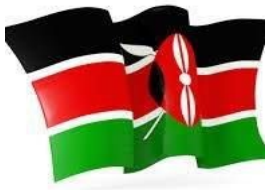
So, if these approaches to a last charge won’t do, what might it do to say? Well, saying Morning Prayer on the Thursday after the Fifth Sunday of Easter, I found myself reading this, from Thomas Merton’s *The Power and Meaning of Love: The union that binds the members of Christ together is not*

the union of proud confidence in the power of an organization. The Church is united by the humility as well as by the charity of her members. Hers is the union that comes from the consciousness of individual fallibility and poverty, from the humility which recognizes its own limitations and accepts them, the meekness that cannot take upon itself to condemn, but can only forgive because it is conscious that it has itself been forgiven by Christ. These words leapt out at me at the time and have stayed with me into the time of the Christian year in which we meet– the part of Eastertide that is between Ascension and Pentecost. That time helps me to think that all the binding and uniting qualities listed by Merton are, surely, the work of the Holy Spirit within us, the working out of the ascended Christ's high priestly prayer that we may all be one as He and the Father are one.

Humility, love, awareness and acceptance of our poverty, fallibility and limitations, the priority of forgiveness over condemnation, these qualities, and I find them among us all over this diocese, are above all qualities, I think, which give God space to be God freely among us. For example, for quite a long time now I have thought that humility is not so much about self-abnegation as about giving the other person real space to be who they are and to rejoice in that. I think you might think the same of all these other qualities listed by Merton. And since God is the ultimate significant Other their existence among us gives space for God to be actively and graciously present at the heart of our common life, transforming us and the people around us. So, I want to suggest to you that the churches of this diocese, if they are characterized by humility, love, awareness and acceptance of our poverty, fallibility and limitations, and by the priority of forgiveness over condemnation, will be well on the way to becoming communities which give God real space to be who God is, for our good as God's people and for the good of the world. Now, of course, I know this diocese well enough and myself well enough also to know that we do not always allow that kind of freedom for God, but I also know that we do not want to be communities where vices like hardness of heart, the harbouring of long-standing grievances, persistently bad relationships, power plays, obsession with the minutiae of our own life, shrink the space for God almost to vanishing point.

So, I suppose my valedictory words to you are – don't be like that. Rather, as St Paul might have put it, be more and more what you already are – called and loved into being by The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and sustained in that love and call by God the Holy Spirit. Amen.

+Gregor



CASTLE DOUGLAS SCOUTS - KENYA 2018

On 25th June,
17 of the Castle Douglas
scouts embarked on a
journey that would take
them 130 miles from
Castle Douglas to
Edinburgh on a
contraption that included
four bikes cobbled
together to carry a pit
latrine!



Me, being one of the scouts who did this, can tell you that it was very hard work and extremely draining, but everybody knew that it was in a good cause. We were doing this challenging event to help us bond as a group, while raising money and awareness for our trip to Kenya in October. Why Kenya? Well Paul, our Troop's Skip lived there and is aware of the difference that we can make to those who live and go to school in Ekalakala. We are going to install a much needed sand dam and water pump, as well as complete the ventilated pit latrines that are under construction. This is a joint venture where it is hoped that we will all benefit from both the cultural exchange and working in a different climate.

On the first day of the journey we cycled as planned 80 miles in 11 hours, switching and taking it in turns along the way, stopping at Lockerbie where a well-earned bacon roll was waiting for us. That night we stayed in tents that the Explorers kindly put up for us. Everyone had a hot drink and went to bed needing a good rest.

The next morning everyone gradually woke up to the Leaders making breakfast for us. This was very much needed to boost us for



another 40 miles that day. Meanwhile back in Castle Douglas, the community was gathered in the Gordon Memorial Hall to see a live link with us, all the while drinking tea or coffee and eating cake, a much easier task than ours! After a few mechanical mishaps along the way we were exhausted but happy.

Finally, we made it to Edinburgh where we had a warm welcome from Revd Stephen Ashley-Emery formerly of Castle Douglas Parish Church. We were met at St Andrew's Church with pizza and games. No camping this night but instead a nice warm, dry house.

On the final day we cycled the bike over the Forth Bridge. One of the Explorers, Jordon, made his promise on the bridge! We made it just in time for the 11am Sunday service at St Andrew's Church.

I would like to thank everybody for their continued support and I promise that I will tell you all about our adventures when we return from Kenya in October.

William Stevens

Regarding the Castle Douglas Scouts trip to Kenya, Paul Hodson, the Scout Leader, and his wife Gilli, were over there in March to establish what projects would be of most benefit to both the students and the scouts (see William's article above for details). It was such a fulfilling experience last time that, this year, ten Scouts, two Scout Leaders and four other adults will be undertaking the adventure and cultural exchange.

The projects were very grateful to the St Ninian's family, who were hugely supportive of the Scouts' endeavours last time, and we hope you will again support this fantastic opportunity for everyone involved. Thank you.

Roz and David Stevens

ST NINIAN'S REVIEW - ADVENT 2018

If you would like to contribute to the next edition of "The Review" please give or send articles and photos to Stephanie by mid-November. The deadline will be published in the weekly notices nearer the time.

Email: s.dewhurst23@gmail.com 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/**

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/

THE EDINBURGH MoonWalk



Just the other week Ellie Stevens and I 'walked the walk' and completed the Edinburgh MoonWalk in memory of Judi Duck. This involves walking a marathon - 26.2 miles - overnight to raise money for breast cancer research and treatment.

Having spoken about taking part and letting Judi know of our plans shortly before she died, we applied to take part 13 weeks prior to the walk, thinking that would give us plenty of

time to train. Funnily enough, due to living in different cities, always being busy, and lacking the motivation to go for long walks, we did very little training until just a few weeks before. Nevertheless, we worked hard and did some long practice walks in the scorching heat – we even got told off by Stephanie for planning to walk 22 miles just four days before the event (*... she was thinking of potential blisters as well as tiredness ...*) and we ended up walking 24!

On 9th June we headed up to Edinburgh, experiencing some of the heaviest rain we'd had for a while (we thought this was typical, having only ever practised in glorious sunshine) and we went for dinner at Pizza Hut, where we ate so much food that we still felt full up the next day! The atmosphere at the 'MoonWalk City' (where we warmed up and headed off from) was incredible as bands played, walkers spoke, and everyone danced to get warmed up and excited. We started the walk at 11.32pm in the first group to be 'released', wearing our bras covered in feathers and hanging felt ducks to ensure we had a piece of Judi with us. As we had been told but underestimated, the support from volunteers and members of the public throughout the night was amazing and definitely kept us going. Whenever we felt tired or fed up someone would always appear to cheer us on, play music, offer homemade cakes and sweets, compliment our bras and 'strong legs' or

toot their horn as they drove past. It was perfect. Judi also worked her magic to keep the rain off all night - phew!!

Despite the majority of the walk feeling almost *too* easy, the last few miles definitely made up for it and we felt exhausted and sore all over. It was such a relief to finally make it across the finish line at 6.02am - exactly 6.5 hours after we headed off. We were so tired and ready for bed but we were very proud of ourselves for managing it. It was an experience never to be forgotten. We got fitter, had fun, and experienced the sights and community spirit of Edinburgh, all whilst raising much needed money for breast cancer.

We would like to say a huge thank you to everyone at St Ninian's who sponsored us and made us feel like people had at least a little bit of faith in us! When all the money is collected in we think we will have raised close to £1000 which is such an amazing amount. We had great fun and hope that Judi also had fun watching over us that night. Let's hope, with events like these, breast cancer will soon become a thing of the past.

Katie MacQuarrie

HAY-MAKING THE HARD WAY

God willing and weather permitting, by the time you read this we shall be finished with haying for another year. We only have an acre to cut, but we do it the old-fashioned way, with scythes, hay-forks and rakes. The scythes are Austrian ones, which are lighter than the British models. The blades that are sharpened by 'peening' or cold-forging with a hammer on a shaped anvil, drawing the steel out to the finest of edges, and then 'honed' in the field with natural stones to keep them sharp. In all, hay-making takes us a couple of weeks, depending on the weather, and leaves us very brown and very tired. So why bother?



Photo of the Littles at hay-time, 2012

When we first acquired our hay meadow it was in a bit of mess, so we've spent the past eight years increasing the fertility with plenty of manure (from our Fell pony, Sam), top-sowing seed and suppressing docks and thistles. The sheep over-winter there, adding to the goodness in the soil. We use no

chemicals unless we really have to, and avoid machines as they compact the soil. And the hard work is paying off. There is now a wide variety of plants, including many different grasses; and in mid-summer, when the grass is long, the place is simply heaving with animal life: frogs, toads and newts, mice and voles, the occasional leveret, and large numbers of moths and beetles and flies of all kinds. Mowing with scythes lets us see everything up close and usually avoid killing things – unlike cutting with a machine. (That’s why gulls, crows, kites and other carrion-feeders go mad over silage fields.)

Hay-making is also fun. The whole family has to muck in or it doesn’t get done, and there is a huge sense of achievement once the hay store is full and the door can be shut, safe in the knowledge that the sheep and Sam will eat well this winter. It is satisfying to use muscle rather than machine, to connect with the kind of labour that (if we were honest) most of our ancestors knew and either loved or loathed. Literature is full of mowing, from Andrew Marvell’s Damon (who must have been a prize twit to cut himself on the ankle – we’re still trying to work out how he did that while scything, which is actually very safe) to the famous scene in Anna Karenina. Also, at its best, there is something meditative about scything. If the grass is straight and the ground even, the blade slices through with a wonderful swishing noise, and, rhythm established, your thoughts are free. Having said that, when the grass is heavy with wet and ‘laid’ on the ground, when there are molehills you can’t see and the scythe is getting blunt, this is the hardest and most relentless of chores.

Weather is all. ‘Hay-making is heart-breaking’ as Frank Fraser Darling used to say, and he should know, having run a small farm in the Hebrides for a few years after the war. In the west the weather changes rapidly, and there are no guarantees. People there used to build wooden tripods heaped with wilted grass that would hay from the inside while the rain ran down the sides. In previous years – notably last summer, when there were hardly two dry days together – we used the same technique with some success, inching our way towards harvest home over six weeks or more. Most of our neighbours with their tractors and kit gave up, but we just about managed. And bear in mind last winter hay wasn’t just expensive: there was none to buy. This year couldn’t be more different, and we are hard at it three weeks earlier than usual – which causes interesting problems when annual leave at work is already in the book. The main challenge is getting the hay in before it is ruined by drought, like a Gallovidian version of Isaiah’s Moab, where ‘the hay is withered away, the grass faileth, there is no green thing’. But if Providence is kind, all will be safely gathered in by now, and the scythes hung up in the shed until next year.

Patrick and Susanne Little

AN UPDATE FROM DAVID AND ALISON BAYNE IN ASKAMORE

Among the many kind gifts we received from the Congregations on my retirement last year was a very handsome cheque that we promised to use to create a garden for our house in County Wexford. Billy the Builder had shaped a gravel driveway and had laid the rest of a very large garden to grass, and we were keen to give it some texture and colour.

Alison spent many hours over last winter (the Scottish one that locals said we had brought with us!) poring over garden designs. Eventually, she settled on a plan that leaves the long garden walls bare to maintain the sense of openness, and focusses on three large beds: one on either side of the gate, and a j-shape, sweeping across the front of the house, taking in the steps and running down one side of the drive.



At the end of April, the beds were cut out of the lawns

The downside of our spectacular views is that the site is very exposed and we consulted far and wide on the best plants, shrubs and perennials for such a space. As the photos show, we chose five trees: a pair of umbrella cherries, a compact rowan, a Kilmarnock willow and a weeping cotoneaster. We placed these first and then planted around them. There are too many varieties to list them all, but include variegated ilex, cirsium, acanthus, juniper squamata, heathers, grasses, ceanothus, crocosmia lucifer, potentilla, weigela, lavender and viburnum.....



Variegated ilex



The first trial layout

Getting there ...



We also created a bed at the back of the house with a specific purpose in mind. When we arrived here last June, we discovered that Jim and Judi Duck had sent us a house-warming present of five unusual hydrangeas.

Two of Jim and Judi's hydrangeas

They were tiny, and had been too long in the post, but we potted them up and nursed them through the winter. All five survived and thrived, and have been



The plants are thriving, but there is not a lot of colour yet

planted out into this bed, which will be a permanent memory of our lost friends. The first blooms are opening now. We'll also inter the ashes of Penny the Cavalier and Biddy the white Lhasa here.

Everything is still quite small and there won't be a great deal of colour this year. If it survives this summer's drought - the lawn is now burned to a crisp - (And, no, the locals don't think it's a Scottish summer!) it should mature to provide interest all year round. Fortunately, we have our own water supply, so the hosepipe ban doesn't apply to us. Next year, the back garden!!

David Bayne

P.S. "My thanks to everyone for their prayers, cards, emails and telephone calls during my recent illness. That kind of support is so helpful and so encouraging. The course of radiotherapy is over, the side-effects (which are much worse than the treatment!) are now subsiding, and the long-term prognosis is very good. I count myself blessed indeed."

THE HEATWAVE by Jenny Armstrong - *(Written in June 2005 after a heat wave followed by thunderstorms and very heavy rain)*



Summer's arrived with a vengeance,
Flaming June's literally here,
Temperature's up in the nineties -
The hottest days so far this year.

Sun's shining down without ceasing,
Roads melting and lawns turning brown
There isn't a breath of fresh air,
No breeze to cool us all down.

It's just the same when the sun sets,
The nights are so sultry and hot
So difficult trying to sleep -
We lie there reflecting our lot.

Oh, how we yearn for a downpour,
A thunderstorm to clear the air,
A breeze to fan our bronzed faces
And raindrops to drip from our hair.

Too soon the storm is upon us,
Thunder and lightning abound
Flash floods cause chaos undreamt of
As heavy rain lashes the ground.

Rivers burst banks flooding houses,
Displacing roads, bridges and trees.
Cars are tossed into this maelstrom
And float by with relative ease.

Folk try to salvage belongings
As they strive to search out dry land
Aided by friends and by strangers -
Each one keen to lend them a hand.

Oh, for some nice sunny weather
To dry their possessions galore.
A warm spell is just what we need,
But wait – we've all been here before!!

* * * * *

LOITERING WITH A GOOD BOOK
Some thoughts on reading for pleasure
by Canon Robin Whitehead



A few years ago when I was about to undergo major surgery and an estimated year of follow-on treatment, I decided, slightly hesitantly, to purchase a Kindle. I was reckoning, I suppose, that mobility, or lack of, would prevent my perusing in bookshops for some time.

I promised myself I wouldn't upload or download (not sure what the difference is), non-fiction, as a good solid biography does furnish a room, but merely novels that I might not want to keep. The other day, I was looking with a degree of shock at the many books that I have placed into my eBook library in the intervening years and moreover realising there were still some I hadn't got around to reading or maybe simply decided not to read at all. Even given the relatively inexpensive price of a book on Kindle, I calculated that I'd spent the equivalent of a few bottles of fairly decent whisky, even at Scottish prices!

I have to confess that I have rather gone off my Kindle these days and would far rather sit with a real book. Mind you, the advantage of the Kindle is that you can try a sample and if you don't like it, you can quickly erase it. A new book is reviewed in the weekend newspapers, so you try a quick sample. You can see you won't get far with it. You remove it from the device. Simple as that! My mother would have delighted in that. She was always casting off books that had, in her words, "no style." But then again she would have had scant time for her favourite authors being redacted to eBook format. *Anna Karenina* on Kindle? Never!

Now I don't want to appear to be grumbling, but the library ordering system in Dumfries and Galloway has left a lot to be desired since we moved up here. The kind and helpful ladies in the Dalbeattie branch have been the first to agree and assure me that at long last a new system, soon to be up and running, may finally remedy the problem. However being an ardent supporter of my local library this has been a source of some frustration to say the least.

Thus, in the absence of the library coming up with the goods, and reluctant to download onto the eBook any further, I have discovered the uncontainable pleasure of rereading the books on my own shelves.

On occasions, I have searched fruitlessly for a book I was convinced I owned, only to recall sadly that we had had a cull during a previous move. At that point I have searched diligently through the Abe Books catalogue for

inexpensive copies of favourite books and thus, as it were, “recluttering” the shelves. Ah, what pleasure!

I’m not sure whether I have just reached a certain age (others might advise me on this) but the joy of re-reading books after decades has become an unexpected boon for me.

In conjunction with good weather and sitting in the garden in the sun, I have wandered back into the delightful lost world of Barbara Pym and given the privilege of time that retirement sometimes affords, I lately devoured the whole of Evelyn Waugh’s *Sword of Honour* Trilogy.

As always one author leads to another and, following a recent television programme, I resolved to delve once more into the novels of the great Muriel Spark, again convinced that a few of them once sat proudly on our shelves.

I admit to “Abe-Booking” a copy of *A far cry from Kensington* but on a whim, I gave the library another chance and ordered *Memento Mori* and *Loitering with Intent*. With the computer still down, the librarian duly wrote the titles on a scrap of paper. I suppose if I had been quick enough, I might have remarked that *Memento Mori* translates as, “Remember you must die,” so she had better hurry up with the order. I daresay however, I shall be loitering for a good long time.

As I write this I am pondering whether it’s not so much an age thing, rather the state of the world just now that has led me into an element of escapism. But whatever, I do recommend a little bit of reading nostalgia. I guarantee you’ll lose yourself in another world. If you’re in the garden over the summer with a book and a glass of something, much enjoyment awaits. So grab that well-worn copy off the shelf or head down to your local library, hoping against hope that the computer is up and running.

FROM THE REGISTERS

Baptism:

8 th July	Georgia Rose Patterson
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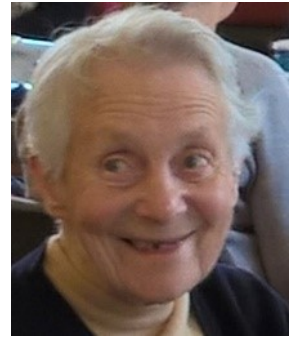
Funerals:

19 th March	Frances Hutchinson
6 th April	Margaret Ewart
9 th April	Ivy Silgram
13 th April	Sheila Churm
26 th April	Elizabeth Margaret McNeil
4 th May	John Wadman

THE BONES FORETELL *by Gill Sinclair*

“There is something wrong with Miaow,” said Finn to Pix. “I would like to have your opinion when you have seen him at one of your clinics.”

Pix and Finn had taken on the guardianship of my brother and me for the duration of the Second World War on their South African farm on the borders of Basutoland (now Sesutoland).



“Symptoms?” asked Pix. She had trained as a doctor at the Royal Free Hospital in London and practised for many years before her marriage to Finn.

“From time to time he seems to come to a halt. I speak to him and he appears not to hear. Seconds later he is with me again and answers my question without any realisation of the gap.” After the clinic, she reported that Miaow was a mild epileptic and was perfectly safe to function in any capacity. “Good,” said Finn, “he is one of the best of the young men, and wonderful with the Afrikander oxen.” These were the great wide-horned local animals that pulled the carts in ‘spans’ of 12, yoked to a partner. They were essential in all heavy transport work over the rough roads and tracks that served to take farm produce to a market or railway station.

It was unusual for the Basutos to trust themselves to European doctoring, but Pix had won their trust working with sick babies and their mothers, and was now welcomed to the kraals in which the farm labour lived, enclosed settlements of mud huts thatched with straw, around a pond or near a stream, and fenced against predators.

It was quite soon after this conversation that Miaow came to work with his head shaved. “What is the meaning of this?” asked Finn. “Are you bereaved, Miaow?”

“No, Baas,” said Miaow, “but the elders have called the witch doctor because of my silences. They say it is the work of the spirits.”

“You should listen to the wife of the Baas – she was trained by the Great White Doctor and she knows all things,” said Finn, with as much conviction as he could muster.

Miaow shook his head. “He read it in the bones,” he said. “The spirits are calling for me. I shall die three days from today.”

“This is utter madness,” said Pix when she was told, and went to the kraal to argue with the elders.

“Who can change the will of the spirits?” they asked. The older men under their leader Adam, the shepherd, were polite but resigned. “When the spirits call, no one can resist,” they said.

Miaow’s pallet was taken from the hut of the bachelor men and laid under a tree. He lay there for three days, refusing food and water. The rest of the family group sang and beat drums in a circle around him.

On the third day he died. Pix was furious; Finn and we children were sad and wondering.

“Murder by suggestion,” said Pix, in all her European knowledge and training.

Finn was more thoughtful. “Our knowledge could not protect him,” he said. “Our powers are so limited when we set them against the Greater Power.”



QUIET PLACES by Joy Margerison

“Jesus said to his disciples, ‘Come away by yourselves to a quiet place and rest awhile,’ for many were coming and going, and they had no leisure even to eat.”

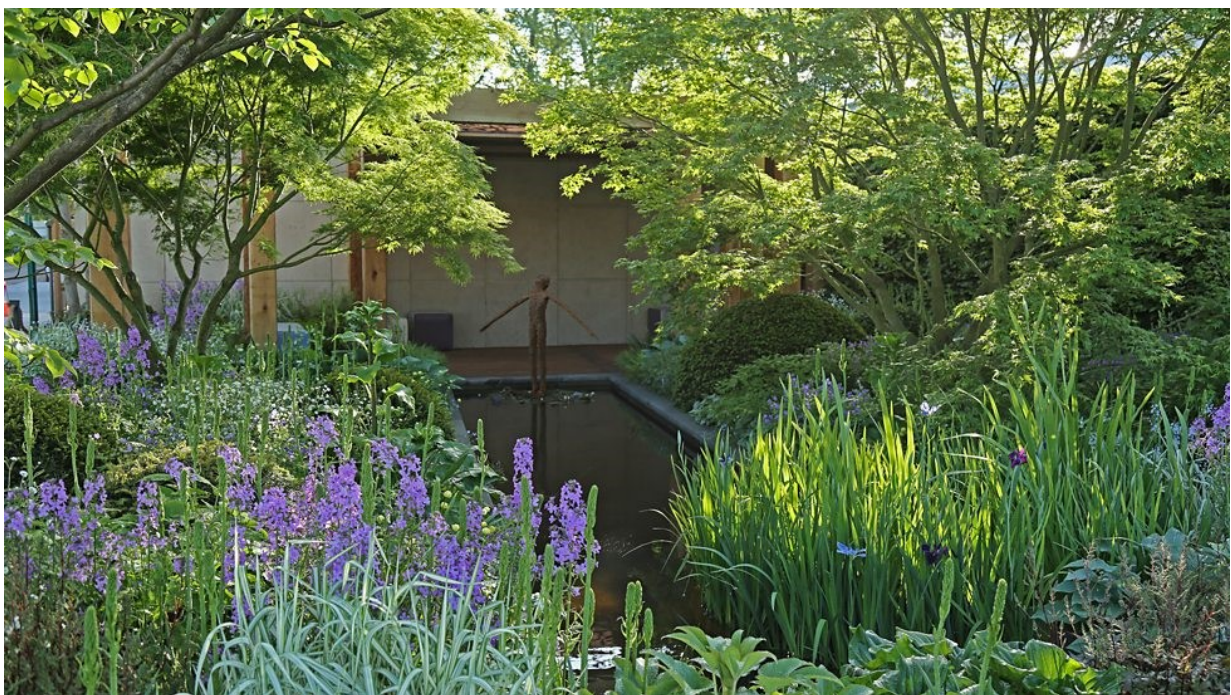
(Mark ch.6, v.30)

“Quiet Places” is the title of the twice-yearly newsletter of the Quiet Garden Movement. It was the inspiration, 25 years ago, of the Revd Philip Roderick, an Anglican priest working in a Christian Education Centre in Oxford. That inspiration came from Jesus himself and his need to escape the crowds to find a quiet space for prayer and renewal. Philip Roderick recognised a similar need for people today in the midst of our towns and cities and the quickening pace of modern living. So began this movement to create gardens as places for withdrawal, for contemplation and stillness away from the hustle and bustle of everyday life and its demands.

In the 25 years since its beginnings, quiet gardens have been registered in every part of the UK. Some of these are private gardens which people open and welcome others to share and spend time. Others are in the grounds of hospitals, churches, chapels, crematoriums and community centres. But all serve the same purpose and fulfil a need. From small beginnings, the Quiet Garden Movement is now a world-wide organisation.

It has at last been acknowledged that spending time outdoors – whether being active or just resting in the atmosphere of being close to nature – can be a healing experience. Today, where appropriate, some doctors will recommend suitable patients to spend time outdoors for its therapeutic benefits, rather than prescribing traditional medication. Monty Don and other gardening celebrities support “Thrive”, a charity offering to help people with mental health problems through gardening activities. Working in a garden can also be a positive, calming experience for prisoners, away from the more hostile atmosphere elsewhere in the prison.

At the Chelsea Flower show this year, several exhibition gardens were designed with such needs in mind. In 2016, Chris Beardshaw’s Chelsea garden was relocated to Great Ormond Street Hospital. Now in place, on a large flat roof, it is a lovely, quiet, calming space for parents and children alike, away from the hospital wards, as they face challenging situations in their lives.



The garden at Great Ormond Street Hospital, London

Quiet spaces, wherever we find them, are gifts of healing and renewal for which we can be thankful, and through which we can be blessed.

“Great multitudes gathered to hear and be healed of their infirmities. But Jesus withdrew to the wilderness and prayed.” (Luke ch.6 vs.15-16)

A LETTER FROM CLEM GAULT

Dear members of St Ninian's Castle Douglas

I write to thank the Vestry and through them, yourselves for the kind leaving gifts I received several Sundays ago. As we settle into our new accommodation in Kirkcudbright, time seems to rattle past faster than normal.

On the actual day, I stood stunned when Fred gave me a nice 'goodie bag' as a sort of 'long service and good conduct' award - which most Service Men describe as being for xx years' undetected crime. I didn't know what to say, other than 'thank you' before resuming my seat. I should have revealed the contents to the congregation. I can tell you now there was a cheque for £500 and a mounted and framed montage as a permanent memoir for Ann and myself of our past 40+ years of our life in Castle Douglas. The cheque was timely and much appreciated but the montage will provide the greater joy giving us hours of healthy argument as to the identity of the 'rogues gallery' (see below).



Fred and Clem

The other illustrations in the montage have even greater memories for me of my involvement as Property Convenor over the 40 years, including as part of the design team for the Hall (all building services), at the half way mark.

There's much more to recall, but space requires that I must retain the many anecdotes that cover half a lifetime.

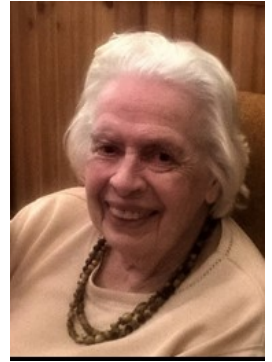
Many thanks to you all, fare well and all blessings as you enter the next forty years of Ministry to the Episcopalians and to the greater area served by the 'Little Gem' that is St Ninian's, Castle Douglas.

Yours in Christ,
Clem Gault



SHEILA CHURM
(29th October 1928-31st March 2018)

Here is part of a moving tribute from Amber, a granddaughter of Sheila and Jim Churm. She was living abroad and unable to attend Sheila's funeral, but it was read on her behalf and she and the family were happy for it to be published in 'The Review'



Before we are even able to speak, we are blessed with the love, laughter and smiles of our grandparents. They hold up our heads when we are unable, they fill our minds with the boundless knowledge that only a grandparent obtains. In the midst of learning about the world, I don't think we realise just how much of an impact our grandparents have on our development. It's only as we continue to grow older, with their loving arms never too far away, that we count our blessings and thank our lucky stars for the wonderful and irreplaceable moments that we are fortunate enough to have spent in their presence.

I hold nothing but the happiest of memories of Grandma. Her smile would light up the room and fill all of our hearts with peace and joy. She had a way of making you feel safe without even having to say a word. Her laugh made you feel warm inside, even on the coldest of winter days. She had the ability to rid you of all of life's stresses and made you feel so loved with just the simplest of cuddles.

Someone once told me that people never really leave, they will always be with you. I couldn't comprehend this at first, until I realised that it was impossible for such an inspiring and admired soul not to have left a part of themselves within the ones they loved the most. They may not always be as close as we would like but they are never too distant.

Grandma and Grandpa not only shared their lives with one another but their souls combined as one. There is nothing more beautiful or powerful than love. So it is for that reason that she will always be walking beside you, Grandpa. I know that she will be shining down her light, forever the brightest star in the sky, watching over and continuing to guide us all through this crazy ride called life. The strength both Grandma and Grandpa have shown throughout this whirlwind is a testament to the strength of their relationship. Thank you both for sharing your life and love with us all.

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Each month the Learning and Discipleship Development Team invites a guest reviewer to suggest and review a book for us. The simple objective is that each book should encourage the reader in their walk with Christ.



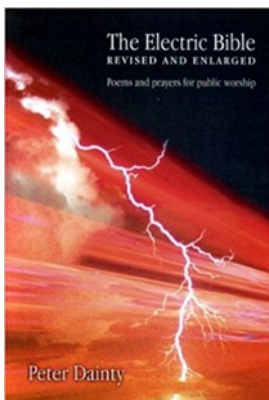
Our Reviewer this Month: Jean Mainland is a retired primary school teacher who worships in Holy Trinity, Ayr. She is a member of the Learning and Discipleship Development Team and has been a member of the pastoral team at Holy Trinity for over 20 years.

Our Book this Month:

THE ELECTRIC BIBLE: POEMS AND PRAYERS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP (REVISED AND ENLARGED)

Author: Peter Dainty *Publisher:* Kevin Mayhew (September 2005)

ISBN: 978 1 844 174218 *Price* £16.13 *on Amazon*

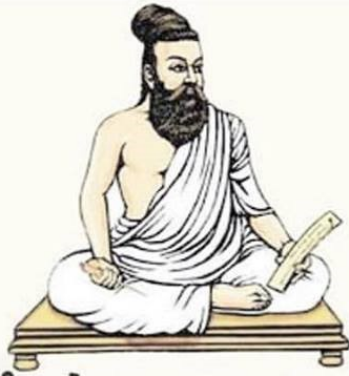


Peter Dainty is a Methodist minister and throughout his life he has written religious poetry. In 2000 *The Electric Gospel* was published followed by *The Electric Bible* in 2003. In 2005 Kevin Mayhew published them as one volume which included 38 new poems under the title of *The Electric Bible*. Dainty takes familiar biblical verses/stories and puts them into a fresh and often thought provoking setting.

His poems can be humorous, gentle and sometimes they are very much to the point. His clear use of language, sometimes deceptively simple and the powerful imagery connect with the readers/audiences not only on a visual level but on an emotional level too. Some of his seemingly simplest poems can be some of the most profound. I particularly like “The Candle” whose light/soul lives on when all else has gone, living to the glory of God. “God’s Good Time” (timetables are man-made) and “Give us Time” a dialogue between God and the human race. The poems are intended to be read out loud as they are for public worship, one voice or more depending on the poem but they work equally as well for personal reading.

Dainty sets out to illuminate the Bible, break down the “barriers of familiarity” and challenge us in our everyday lives, our values, our lifestyles, the very mores of the society in which we live. I think he does this very well.

Jean Mainland



A Saint was asked -
“What is Anger...?”
He gave a beautiful
answer- “It is a punishment
we give to ourself, for
somebody else’s mistake!”

Submitted by Alan Rumble

MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR ONE - 1914-1918

The book I am compiling is beginning to take shape but there is still a way to go. I will be contacting the ‘story-tellers’ over the next couple of months for approval of their final draft.

I have decided it would be better to publish the book after 11 November 2018 so that I can include reports of the commemorations that will take place on this day. I plan to have the book ready by the beginning of December; it could make an excellent Christmas present for friends and family.

All profits from the sale of the book will be donated to **Erskine** (SC006609).

Erskine has cared for Veterans since 1916. They are Scotland’s foremost provider of care and offer unrivalled nursing, residential, respite and dementia care for UK Veterans and their spouses.

I can be contacted by email: murielpalmerww1@gmail.com;
telephone: 01556 630314

or letter: 5 Hestan Burn, Rockcliffe, Dalbeattie, DG5 4XL.

Muriel Palmer

WHO'S WHO

Interim Priest	: The Revd Stephen Hazlett	01557 620132
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 Ian MacQuarrie	01557 820530
Lay Representative	: Mrs Jenny Wright	01557 339081
Alternate Lay Representative/ Pastoral Assistant	: Mrs Ann Gault	01557 332381
Vestry Members	: Hon Treasurer (Chair)	
	: Hon Secretary	
	: Property Convenor	
	: Lay Representative	
	: Alt Lay Representative	
Elected Vestry Members	: Mrs Sue Beddows	670286
	: Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	502736
	: Mrs Ann Gault	01557 332381
	: Miss Sheila MacKenzie	01644 420623
	: Revd Joy Margerison	505476
	: Mr David Stevens	503589
Organ Scholar	: Michael Little	690507
Sanctuary Guild Convenor	: Mrs Val Davies	502750
Co-ordinator for the Protection of Vulnerable Groups	: Miss Sheila MacKenzie	01644 420623
MU Branch Leader	: Mrs Sue Beddows	670286
Administrator / Hall Bookings / Magazine & Website Editor	: Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	502736
Magazine Distribution / Traidcraft	: Mr John Dewhurst	502736
Sunday School Leaders	: {Mrs Rosie MacQuarrie	01557 820530
	: {Mrs Ann Gault	01557 332381
Little Fishes	: Mrs Roz Stevens	503589