

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

<http://episcopalglasgow.co.uk/castledouglas/>

Scottish Charity No: SC011079



Peacock Butterfly, Almoriness

St Ninian's Review

Issue No 37

Summer 2010

Our Pattern of Worship

Sundays

- 8.30am** **Holy Communion:**
 1929 Scottish Prayer Book Liturgy
- 11.00am** **Family Eucharist:**
 1982 Scottish Liturgy (except 4th Sunday of month)
- 11.00am** **Matins:**
- | | | | |
|--------------|------------------------------------|---|------------|
| | Scottish Prayer Book | } | 4th Sunday |
| 12.00 | Holy Communion | } | only |
| | Shorter Prayer Book Liturgy | | |
- 6.00pm** **Evensong** (2nd Sunday only)
- 7.00pm** **The Sunday Evening Alternative** (Last Sunday of month)
A themed Evening Service, using a wide variety of material
from Taizé, the Iona Community, the Franciscans, etc.

Thursdays

- 10.15am** **Holy Communion:**
 1970 Scottish Liturgy

Services for Saints' Days and other Occasions are detailed in the weekly pew sheet and on the Church notice-boards.

The Church is open daily for private prayer

Dear Friends,

Recently, I have been reflecting on the distinction between faith and faithfulness. If faith is about commitment to a relationship with the God in whom we trust yet cannot see – what the writer to the Hebrews calls “the conviction of realities we do not see” – then faithfulness is about living out that commitment in season and out. It’s not just about the great issues of life, but about dedication in the detail of our everyday tasks. As George Herbert’s poem says:

*“Who sweeps a room as for Thy sake
Makes that and the action fine.”*

In the context of St Ninian’s, the point has been made in the past few months by the number of faithful servants who, because of changing circumstances in their lives, have moved away: Leslie Scarborough, our archivist, who carefully pieced together our history, has moved to East Anglia to be nearer family; Geoff and Jeannie Allen, because of Jeannie’s failing health, have gone to the Far South; and we still miss Janet and Peter Morris, who retired to York last year. None of these are flamboyant people. Rather, they keep in the background, doing all kinds of valuable but not-always-obvious work that helps the Congregation to develop its corporate life in Christ. Others, I know, will take up their tasks but it is right that we should acknowledge and celebrate their faithfulness.

This is particularly so in the case of our Organist, Mrs Hilda Wallach. Hilda suffered a slight stroke in Church a few weeks ago and, while she has made a good recovery, she is finding the levels of energy and concentration required by her very demanding role increasingly difficult to sustain, and has decided to retire. Since I have twice already talked her out of retiring, I feel it would be wrong to do so again, and have reluctantly accepted her resignation. Hilda’s faithfulness is an example to all of us. For the past eleven years she has coped with me – and for 50 years before that with a succession of Rectors – with grace, humour, style and great musicality. There will be more to say, but I wanted to take this early opportunity to express my gratitude for all these attributes and especially for the dedication, the commitment, the sheer faithfulness she has brought to our worship in music. At least Hilda isn’t moving away!

Yours in Christ’s service,



FROM THE REGISTERS:

Baptisms

11.04.10	Lucy Diane Eddyshaw
4.07.10	James Alexander Kay

Marriage

9.07.10	Ruth Dennison and Mark Jardine
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Funerals

12.03.10	Robert Stewart Wardhaugh
22.03.10	Barrie Tudor
13.04.10	William Wilson Neill
19.04.10	Lynden Thomson
29.04.10	Alan Brierley

ST NINIAN'S MEN'S GROUP

The Men's Group assembled in the Gordon Memorial Hall on Monday 7th June for their occasional dinner. There was a very good turnout of 27, which included five guests and three new or returning members. Our gathering was well fed by our usual caterer, Brian Haining, who also runs the Scottish Pantry in the town. Afterwards we were treated to 'A Trip Down Memory Lane' by Barry Smart, on some of the most interesting 'nuggets' of the history of the town and buildings, including a short exposé on the Douglas Family Mausoleum at Mid Kelton. This was based on the short history written by Leslie Scarborough, before he disappeared down south to join his family.



Our next dinner will be on Monday 13th September, 6.30 for 7.00pm.

David Steward

MOTHERS' UNION REPORT



These last months of our session seem to have flown past and now we have to wait until September for our next meeting.

Visiting speakers have greatly contributed to a really enjoyable session. We had an inspiring "Lenten Address" from the Revd Canon Kenneth Stephen, then a superb talk from Dr Keith Dennison about the life and achievements of Sir Alexander Fleming, from his early education in a tiny village school in Darvel, to becoming one of the most famous bacteriologists in the world, his discovery of penicillin, and his Nobel Peace Prize being the culmination of a wonderful career in medicine.

Our last talk was by another Scotsman, this time a very highly esteemed glass engraver, whose life was most interesting, from his sojourn on the "Fair Isle", a daunting prospect in the fifties, to his work with "Caithness Glass" in Orkney. When that company folded he opened a workshop in Dumfries where he still produces exquisite copper wheel engravings. Samples of his work are all over Scotland and some can be seen locally at The Tolbooth in Kirkcudbright and in Haugh of Urr Church.



Enrolment service: Audrey, Brenda and Emily with the Rector

Finally, we ended the session with two events: a Service of Enrolment for three new members, followed by a picnic lunch at the Rectory; then a Table Top Sale, the proceeds of which (£497) will be divided between the newly formed MU branch in Kirkcudbright and our own outreach projects in our diocese. We were all relieved to hear that Pat Murdoch is recovering well after her recent operations and we look forward to welcoming her back in September.

Ready for action - L: Wendy & Liz; R: Janet and Peter with a prospective buyer!



Organists Marion and Hilda; gifts of appreciation to Alison and David

Once again, we must express our gratitude to our congregation who continue to give us great support in all our endeavours.

Jessie Lockhart

FAREWELL TO ST NINIAN'S

It is never an easy matter to leave a place where you have been happy, and it will certainly be the case in September when we leave our house and farm here and in particular when we will no longer be present to worship at St Ninian's.



Alison and Robert Greenshields

Throughout our married life we have attended various churches of different denominations – Tanganyika (Anglican - CMS); Gordonstoun (non-denominational in term-time and Church of Scotland in the holidays); London (C of S); Düsseldorf (C of E); East Berlin (once, to Lutheran Church); Essex (C of E); Nairobi (C of E); Sussex (C of E); Kirkcudbright (C of S) and now the best of all – St. Ninian's.

Usually we have gone to the nearest, or only, church but since moving back north we have been able to be selective. In 2000, friends in Dumfries told us of David Bayne's move to Castle Douglas and, after one service, we knew how lucky we would be in becoming members here.

There is a military dictum that there are no poor units, only poor commanders and, although that may be too sweeping to be entirely accurate, its essence holds true even in the ecclesiastical world. An uplifting service is the finest start anyone can have to the week and this we have enjoyed so much at St Ninian's. We always agree with David Steward's frequent *sotto* (almost) *voce* comment from the pew behind us: "Another cracking sermon".

The other essential factor here came out so clearly in Revd Anne Tomlinson's survey of us last September – that this is such a friendly and welcoming congregation. This is something else we are going to miss so very much – all of you, both as individuals and as a congregation.

We are moving to a little village called Eccles near Kelso (to a former Free Church manse!) and finding our next church is a major choice facing us. Although we are still members of the Church of Scotland, and Eccles still has a church, thank goodness, we are now so drawn to the Episcopal Church where, as David once said to us, we are "comfortable", that it may well be Kelso's Episcopal Church that we will attend. We now find the Episcopal set form of worship a great help and support. The problem is going to be that despite that, we are bound to draw comparisons with St Ninian's wherever we go; we know that is perhaps neither a fitting nor indeed a sensible sentiment, but perhaps God will overlook that sin too, of which we will try (fairly) hard to repent.

Robert and Alison Greenshields

HEALING BLANKETS

Four years ago I was diagnosed with Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma and had to have a course of chemotherapy. Before being diagnosed, I went through five weeks of not knowing what was wrong with me. Suspecting the worst, having lost a sister to cancer in 1997, I said nothing to my family and friends back home in Manchester, not wanting to worry them. During that time, my faith and new-found friends here kept me going.

When Alison and David arrived back from America with the idea for starting the Healing Blankets I thought, "What a great idea!" – and over the next few months took two blankets for people I knew, hoping they would be of comfort to them, but got very little feedback from them. Then, in February this year, my sister, Anne, became ill and had to have lots of tests. She found herself in the same position that I had been in four years earlier – not knowing what was wrong and also suspecting the worst. We spoke on the phone a lot over the next three weeks and, as time went on, it was looking as though she probably had the same as me.

As children growing up (all seven of us) we went to church and Sunday School every week but, in later life, I am the only one still going to church regularly. So I thought I would send her a Healing Blanket and told her I was posting something from church for her. A few days later, she rang me to say how grateful she was and that it had been a great comfort to her. She had been going through a bad time having some tests done and being very worried about the outcome. She hadn't been sleeping well and one day lay down on the settee. Feeling cold, she had put the blanket over her and had slept for three hours. On awakening she had felt refreshed and ready to take whatever came her way. She was diagnosed with the same as me and is now going through chemotherapy.

Anne would like to thank everyone involved in the making of the blankets and, being herself a knitter would like, at a later time, to knit some blankets for us.

So a great big 'thank you' to everyone involved – and carry on, because they are very much appreciated!

Sue Beddows



The total amount raised in the area during Christian Aid Week 2010 was an amazing £5,061, a tremendous achievement only made possible by a hard-working committee and the generosity of the congregations of St Ninian's, the Parish Church and St John's Catholic congregation, together

with the outlying churches of Crossmichael, Parton, Corsock and Kirkpatrick Durham, plus of course all those who contributed to the house-to-house and street collections, including the general public. Thank you all very much.

David Steward

SURPRISED BY A MESSAGE ...

At the beginning of April after coming back off holiday there was a message on the answer-phone. When Ian played the message it was from the Bishop-Elect asking Ian to phone him, so the next morning he rang Gregor Duncan to find out what he would like. He said he wanted a Lay Rep from Castle Douglas area to do a reading at his Consecration Service on Friday 23rd April at St Mary's Cathedral, and he asked Ian if he would like to do this for him, and Ian accepted with great delight, to do the church proud. On the evening of the service Ian did a brilliant job and it was a special moment because Ian has never done this before and he was so happy to get this chance of a lifetime which he will cherish for ever more.

I went along for some support for Ian and I had a tear in my eye because seeing him up there was so lovely. That is why it makes me proud to say Ian is the best carer in the world and he will do anything to help others.

Steven Dill

ST NINIAN AND WHITHORN

St Ninian came to Whithorn in AD430 or thereabouts, and he founded a monastery there modelled on that of St Martin at Tours where he had studied. From this monastery, Ninian and his monks were able to evangelise the south west of present day Scotland (and, quite likely, they went further afield); whereas St Columba came to Iona in AD565, and he founded a monastery there from which he and his monks were able to serve the Scots (i.e. Irish immigrants) in Argyll and to evangelise the Picts in the northern half of present day Scotland.

Priority of Whithorn over Iona for being recognised as the first Christian settlement in Scotland is clearly established by the above facts and, indeed, just last year, the Scottish Parliament officially recognised Whithorn as 'The cradle of Christianity in Scotland'. The Whithorn Trust was established some years ago to publicise the historic role of Whithorn, and a Visitor Centre (The Whithorn Story) was set up by the Trust in the main street near to the Priory Church and the site there of Ninian's monastery and his shrine; close by is the museum, which contains some fine carved stones dating back to the earliest days of Christianity in Galloway. Whithorn is thus a place well worth visiting, as is St Ninian's Cave on the beach at Physgill. There is a ruined chapel at the Isle of Whithorn, which marks the landing point of pilgrims coming from England, Ireland and France in mediaeval times. (I can recommend lunch at the Steam Packet Inn at the Isle's harbour.)

Each year the Friends of the Whithorn Trust sponsor a free lecture on an appropriate topic at a date near St Ninian's Day (16th September). This year the lecture is to take place at 6.00pm on Saturday 18th September: the lecture will be given by Dr Thomas Clancy, Professor of Celtic and Gaelic Studies at Glasgow University, and he will speak on, 'Gaelic in Mediaeval Galloway: the Evidence of Names'.

More information (and possible lifts to the lecture) can be had from me.

David Main

It has been no secret that a number of people in the congregation have had their 80th birthdays this year. Here is an account of how one of them was celebrated:

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DAVID STEWARD ...

The 19th May ushered in my 80th birthday. It doesn't seem possible and you certainly feel no older – wiser? Well, may be! The family organised an event which, in due course, I discovered was to be held in London on 3rd June. Why London? Our sons had insisted that it was easier for all concerned – cousins from Cornwall, eldest grandson from Southampton University, an equally ancient school friend – a Belgian, who can get to London from Brussels far quicker than we can from Castle Douglas, and so on.

The event turned out to be a trip on the Thames in a privately hired launch, the Old London, and 27 members of the family and friends departed from Westminster pier downstream towards Greenwich for a 3½ hour cruise. The moment I stepped on board, a large glass of Pimms No 1 was put into my hand, and it got better with, as the invitation said, a substantial tea on the lower deck with cake, balloons and so on. The weather was perfect and much chat went on throughout the voyage. I am told that they await their invitation to my 90th! All that has to be said now is to thank Theo, the main instigator, and my sons Guy and Clive for giving me such a memorable day.



A WEST INDIES HARVEST

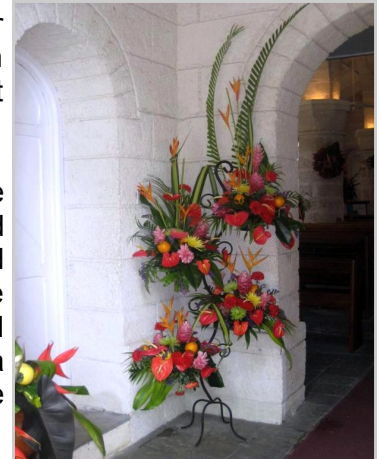


Whilst on holiday in Barbados earlier in the year Peter and I attended St James Parish Church, an Anglican/Episcopal Church, in Holetown. This church stands on the oldest piece of consecrated land on the island, often known as "God's Acre". The first settlers landed on 17th February 1626 at Holetown, adjacent to the church, and the settlement there increased rapidly. A place of worship needed to be erected and by 1628 a wooden church was built on this site. It was replaced by a local coral-stone building in the early 1680s which is substantially the one still in use.

On one of the Sundays that we attended they were celebrating their Harvest Festival and the church was magnificently decorated with beautiful flower arrangements using many of the exotic flowers that flourish in their warm climate.



The service commenced at 9am with the processional hymn (the procession lasted for about 10–15 minutes) after which followed an order of service similar to what we were familiar with - though I must admit that we did get totally lost and were very relieved when a local Barbadian, realising the situation, came to our aid.



During the service all the Sunday School children came forward to present their harvest gifts; it was lovely to see them dressed in what was obviously their 'Sunday best' - all the bright colours standing out against their dark skins, and the little girls' hair adorned with flowers and ribbons.



After the sacrament all the children were then invited to go up to the Sanctuary to be blessed. The service lasted for two hours which, by our standards, was quite long so, by the time it came to an end, you found that it was really a long time to be sat on a hard seat! However, this was compensated for by a fantastic anthem played on the magnificent 130-year old pipe organ by the very talented organist and which thrilled all the congregation. (Further details of the church and services are displayed on the notice board.)



Audrey Pointon

A REPORT ON EDINBURGH 2010

In 1910 a World Missionary Conference was held in Edinburgh: this involved delegates from various denominations and missionary societies (sixty countries and thirty different traditions were represented) and, as the first such gathering, it can be said to have been the beginning of the Ecumenical Movement which resulted, in 1948, in the foundation of the World Council of Churches (WCC).

The delegates to the 1910 conference were almost entirely 'male and pale' and from the global north – mission throughout the world was largely run by the colonial powers and not by the native Christian churches. Nevertheless it was a beginning and, in spite of the intervention of two World Wars, a fortieth anniversary of the 1910 Conference was held in Edinburgh in 1950 under the auspices of the WCC. As it happened, my home was then in Edinburgh and I was at home in the city on the long vacation from university. I and my parents decided to attend the Service in St Giles' Cathedral, mainly out of interest and curiosity. As we queued outside the Cathedral we espied Archbishop Fisher of Canterbury in the customary episcopal garb of gaiters and 'shovel hat'. In the procession inside were Orthodox priests in their beards and high hats, and other clergy in robes of their various denominations. The Dutch Secretary of the WCC presided over the Service, and I have a vivid memory of his asking us to say together The Lord's Prayer in our own language; and what was remarkable in the babble of tongues was that we were in harmony as regards the rhythm of the phrases and we all reached the 'Amen' together. That was my first experience of an ecumenical service and I was glad to have had that experience. I should add that, expecting to queue to get into St Giles, I had brought along a camp stool for my mother to sit on and, as a passing policeman saw her on the stool, he said, 'Dinnae throw that at the Meenister,' recalling the well-known story of the legendary Jenny Geddes throwing her stool at the Dean in St Giles when, in 1637, at the first reading of a Scottish Prayer Book by the order of Charles I, a riot broke out. ('You mauna sing Mass in my lug', shouted the enraged woman.) Sadly, St Giles' Cathedral has witnessed dissension in the church as well as ecumenism.

Sixty years after that Service in St Giles, I was delighted to find that the WCC was to return to Edinburgh this year to hold a Missionary Conference entitled 'Edinburgh 2010' to mark the Centenary of the 1910 Conference. Accordingly, I applied for a ticket to attend the closing Service – that was not to be held in St Giles but in the Church of Scotland Assembly Hall on the Mound (where the 1910 Conference had been held); so on 6th June I drove up to Edinburgh and joined the throng in the Assembly Hall. This time 'male and pale' no longer applied: there were many women delegates and lots of black, brown and yellow faces and, what's more, there were Roman Catholics, who had not been part of the Ecumenical Movement sixty years ago.



The Service began with singing by a colourfully-clad African choir, which had been drawn from African churches in Edinburgh. (I had not known there were any!) They sang in harmony, clapping and swaying from side to side. Later, seven Indian women (from Birmingham) danced to the music of sitar and drums in a ballet miming the Gospel reading of the Samaritan woman at the well.

We had a stirring sermon from the Archbishop of York who, as you know, is Ugandan. We were then directed by John Bell of the Iona Community, and a well-known writer and composer of hymns. He got us to sing hymns from Africa and in Spanish and French, and a tune from Russia for 'Your kingdom come, O God'. There was an assessment of the progress made in a century of co-operation between the churches; there was a further call to Mission, followed by more singing from the African choir.

Altogether it was a moving and inspiring occasion and a glimpse of how the Church can and should be when our petty divisions are forgotten. In sixty years I have witnessed a great change

in the churches; but in sixty years' time I shall not be around to attend another meeting of the WCC in Edinburgh. I hope that there will be one and I hope and pray that, by then, the churches will acknowledge fully that the prime function of the church is to spread the Gospel – that is what Mission is all about, and it applies to each one of us individually as members of Christ's Church.

David Main

WANDERING WILLIE

Before telling the tale I must thank a good "train spotter" friend for keeping me right in facts about Wandering Willie and supplying a photograph.

This story happened a long time ago when cars were not so plentiful and, in Scotland, our school summer holidays lasted for two whole blissful months. The practice was perhaps to take a house, or part of one, for one month then change over and go somewhere else for the second month. This story involves my dear aunt, who looked after me and my two brothers in the absence of my parents, as our father worked abroad.

The first month we spent in Melrose and, come the end of the month, we found ourselves on the platform of Melrose Station waiting for the train to take us to Edinburgh Waverley on the first leg of our journey to Boat of Garten, where we were to spend the second month of our holiday. My aunt had carefully planned our journey which, in those days, entailed going from Edinburgh



No 62440 Wandering Willie on a Carlisle-Hawick local in August 1957

Waverley along Princes Street to Edinburgh Princes Street Station; thereafter to Glasgow where, from Buchanan Street Station, we would catch the train to Boat of Garten on which we had booked seats. My aunt was always on time for everything, in fact sometimes thirty minutes early. Standing on the platform at Melrose, we were surprised to see a train pull in and stop. As it passed us, my brothers and I were most amused to notice that the engine was called 'Wandering Willie'. Seeing a porter, my aunt asked what train this was and was told that it was an extra for Edinburgh, put on to help ease the numbers who were changing holiday destinations at the end of the month, and we would be well advised to get on it. So, being bundled into the train with our luggage, we set off.

The train chugged steadily along and of course we three children were very excited at the thought of the holiday ahead as none of us had been to "The Highlands", nor had we ever had booked seats in a train before. Going along quite cheerfully, all of a sudden there was a squeal of brakes and Wandering Willie came to a halt. After sitting motionless for a bit, we tried to look out to see what was the trouble and discovered we had stopped at Gorgie. We sat and we waited and waited

By this time my aunt was becoming quite agitated, thinking of the train connection from Edinburgh Princes Street to Glasgow and, more importantly, our booked seats on the Boat of Garten train. Time went on and on and on – things were getting seriously worrying. Eventually, with a jerk, the train started off and at last we came to a halt at Waverley Station. My aunt instructed my elder brother to see if he could find a porter and to ask him to get a taxi to take us to Princes Street Station. Going along Princes Street, I noticed that some stockings had started to come out of the hat box ... Do you remember the round hat boxes that came as part of a set of luggage? My aunt hastily tried to tuck them back in at the same time looking very worried and flustered, wondering if we would catch the Glasgow connection in time for the train to Boat of Garten. The sequence of events from this point tends to be a little obscure, covered in a cloud of anxiety. Suffice it to say that we arrived in Glasgow and a porter was engaged to take us children to the booked seats on the Boat of Garten train, while my aunt went to see what she could get for us to eat. All my aunt's

precious connections allowing time for us to have a leisurely journey, including time for something to eat, had disappeared in the time we sat at Gorgie. Eventually we saw her struggling along the platform with a parcel which, when opened, showed us some fruit and chocolate which she had bought at one of the station kiosks, which nowadays are no longer available. The train started off almost immediately, and peace reigned as we munched through a banana or apple and some chocolate. By this time, we had taken stock of our travelling companion, a gentleman who, after the train had run out of the city environs, proceeded to point out to us, the children, any landmarks or things of interest. He was most kind, keeping us quiet and giving my poor aunt some time to draw breath and have some moments of peace.

How we got from Boat of Garten Station to the Camerons' farm, where we were going to spend the month of August, is lost in deepest mystery. All memory has gone and I don't remember a thing until the next morning when I met our landlady, Mrs Cameron, a lady with the loveliest soft highland accent. How my brother and I laughed at her tales when she told us about "the caterpillar stut-stotten round a plate" and about the chicks being where they shouldn't be, "peedle-poddlin through the corn". Time went by, we walked everywhere and paddled in Loch Garten – once being turned back by beaters as there was a party shooting across the loch. I was also introduced to the pet lamb, which of course by this time of year was almost a full-grown sheep. I hadn't thought of that and was quite disappointed, when suddenly I got a vicious butt in the legs (its method of gaining a tit-bit). After this I assiduously avoided the pet lamb.

It was a lovely holiday and, on looking back through a golden haze of memory, every day seemed to be sunny. I am sure it wasn't, but on reflection it seems so. The highlight as far as my brothers were concerned was having their hair cut in the railway signalman's box – but I saw a capercaillie!!

Christine Elvidge

100 MILES – ON YER BIKE!

Every three years the Cyclists' Touring Club (CTC) promotes a series of 100 mile rides throughout the UK which are open to veteran riders i.e. over the age of 50. During February I noted from the CTC's magazine that in June one of these rides was being organized by the CTC Group in Cumbria to which I used to belong. In a moment of recklessness and, taking into account that I was sufficiently into my dotage to qualify, I decided to enter. In the cold (very cold!) light of day I realised that I was asking myself to ride 100 miles in the day for the first time for seven years and that, after an exceptionally severe winter which limited cycling opportunities, I was outside my comfort zone if I did more than 30 miles in the day. Serious training was called for!

I tried to get out for what I call "a decent ride" at least once a week during the rest of February and March and by the end of March my highest daily total was 56 miles. I pushed this up to 69 miles by the end of April and did two more rides of similar length in May. I would not want you to think that these training rides were all hard work and suffering. There was a bit of that of course but I had some wonderful days out in our glorious Galloway countryside watching a cold, but often sunny, spring develop. I visited places as far apart as Thornhill and Isle of Whithorn, sometimes car-assisted for part of the way.

I did not consider it necessary to ride a full 100 miles before the event but felt that I should have 80 miles under my belt. I achieved this on Spring Bank Holiday Monday by doing a circuit from New Galloway taking in Dalry, Carsphairn, Dalmellington, Straiton, the Tairlaw Toll road over to Glentworth, Minnigaff and the Queen's Way back to New Galloway. Would it be enough?

Wednesday the 16th of June was the big day. The event headquarters were at Dalston to the south of Carlisle and a scheduled start time of 8.20 a.m. meant that I was on the road (the bike on the back of the car) at a time when I would normally still be in bed dreaming of winning the Tour de France! A total of 27 riders were taking part and we were split into groups of five or six and set off at ten-minute intervals. At 8.20 a.m. on the dot our group of five were waved off. We had three of the promoting club's (Eden Valley CTC) members riding with us: one to lead and two to look

after anyone who dropped behind - more of this later! We were very grateful to our leader on this section as he steered us through a complex of minor roads heading south in the general direction of Penrith. The first village of any size which we passed through was Greystoke and here we swung westwards. Soon we had a splendid view of the north eastern fells of the Lake District, Blencathra being prominent. We sped downhill to Mungrisdale where the ladies of the local W.I. were to provide our "elevenses" in the impressive new village hall. I knew we would be well looked after by the W.I. and we weren't disappointed! Each rider received a plate containing a scone, a tray bake and a piece of fruit cake. Now this may seem excessive for elevenses but I had noted that we were not likely to get our lunch until well after 1.00pm so I happily made a pig of myself. There was, of course, unlimited tea or coffee to wash the edibles down!



The next section of the ride, from Mungrisdale back to Dalston, was going to be the hardest. At Faulds Brow, to the north of Caldbeck, we would climb to 980 feet. I duly clambered up this climb a little in arrears of the rest of the group. From the top there was another terrific panorama laid out before us, the whole of north Cumbria up to the Border hills; but there was no time to take it in as straightaway we were plunging down a long, fast descent with all eyes on the road ahead to spot any potholes. Yes, they have them in Cumbria as well as in D & G!

Back at Dalston the catering team from the Eden Valley CTC did a wonderful job. We had jacket potatoes with a selection of fillings (I had all three!) accompanied by an attractive salad. More cakes and tea followed – lashings of it.

I think that most, if not all, the riders would have said that the weather on the day was well nigh perfect: sunny and warm, but not too warm, and with a gentle breeze from the west. Our afternoon loop was to take us out to the Solway Estuary and back. During the morning I had been finding the pace of the group quite fast. I estimate we were doing 12 to 13 mph whereas I usually trundle along at about 10 mph. Apart from the climb of Faulds Brow I had kept up but I knew, beyond doubt, that if I continued to try to keep up with the others I would, in cycling parlance, "blow up". I eased off and tried to hold a pace that I was comfortable with. I wasn't on my own because Chris and Len from the Eden Valley were carrying out their "sweeping" duties very conscientiously. The group did wait for me to catch up every now and then.

After miles of quiet country lanes Wigton was rather a shock to the system – people and cars everywhere. Our afternoon refreshments were taken at the Highland Laddie pub in Glasson - it seemed an unusual name for an English pub! After our break we retraced a short distance before carrying out a circuit of Bowness Common which juts out into the Solway, passing en route the transmitter station at Anthorn with its many masts. Criffel was prominent on the other side of the estuary. From Bowness on Solway we kept close company with the Solway all the way to Burgh by Sands. At Burgh we turned inland for the last few miles back to Dalston: gently undulating miles but even the gentle hills were beginning to hurt now! The rest of the group were kind enough to wait for me one last time in the centre of Dalston and we rode to the finish together.

To put my ride in perspective, stages in the Tour de France are usually well over 100 miles long and some involve climbing mountain passes. Despite this the overall average speed is between 26 and 27.5 mph. Ah well ----- dream on!

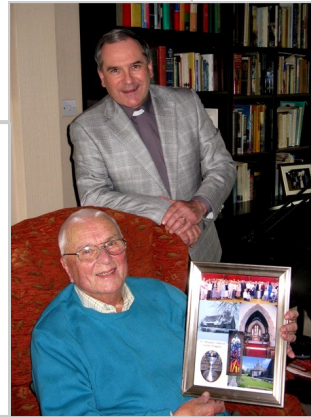
I hope to have raised just over £700 for Abbas Rest, of which more than half was donated by people from St Ninian's. I am grateful to all those who sponsored me so generously.

John Dewhurst



Geoff and Jeannie Allen, who have left Castle Douglas to be near their family in Hampshire, because of Jeannie's failing health.

Leslie Scarborough, prior to his departure to be near family in Suffolk/Essex, being presented with a photo-montage of St Ninian's by the Rector



A PRAYERFUL LIFT

Whilst attending the General Synod, as one of the 70 lay representatives, I stayed at a nearby Travelodge.

The lift had a wee electronic lady, audible but not visible, who announced the floor levels and advised on the opening and closing of the doors. To my surprise, when going down to the ground floor, the little lady said "Lord, hear us" to which I automatically replied "Lord, graciously hear us", as you do. This happened each time, but I never heard the prayer which would normally have preceded the plea. It wasn't till the Saturday morning I deduced she was *actually* saying "Floor zero"! (I am waiting for an appointment with the Audiology Department at DGRI.)

Clem Gault

Two excerpts from 'Inspires Online – June 2010' (Anyone can receive 'Inspires Online' regularly via email by signing up at: <http://www.inspires.org.uk/subscribe>)

PRIMUS RESPONDS TO SYNTHETIC BIOLOGY HEADLINES

In responding to headlines about recent advances in synthetic biology the Most Rev David Chillingworth, Bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld & Dunblane and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church says "The creation of a Synthetic Cell marks a significant step forward in scientific research. It promises an enticing range of possible outcomes: new bio-fuels, clean water, new ways of cleaning up pollution, new vaccines and drugs, new sources of food. For our over-crowded planet, such possibilities are a tempting prospect. It is all too easy either to over-hype the possibilities or to reach for doom-laden language about scientists 'playing God'.

"Yet this new discovery raises difficulties and dilemmas which are all too familiar in the important dialogue which must continue to develop between science and ethics. Those who wish to raise ethical and other questions have difficulty grasping the complexity of the science. Those who lack expert scientific knowledge find it difficult to arrive at a measured understanding of both the possibilities and the dangers of what is on offer. The scientists, on the other hand, are at risk of being intoxicated by their achievements and are less willing to engage whole-heartedly in moral and ethical questioning. In the mix also are the funders who have commercial and other interests in what has been discovered.

"What is needed now is a period in which, as the research develops, it is possible to take a

measured view both of the possible applications and their benefits for human society and of the potential dangers. Only as a result of that dialogue will the true and long term benefits for humanity become evident and be developed in such a way as to ensure the maximum benefit for the whole of humanity while avoiding the dangers.”

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF LAY READERS

Over fifty Lay Readers from across Scotland gathered for their first national conference at the National Police College, Tulliallan. Together with Diocesan Wardens of Readers, Readers in training, the Primus, Bishop Bob and a couple of visitors from across the border, the conference explored what it means to be a Lay Reader in the SEC in the 21st century.

Under the leadership of Brian Woodburn (a Reader from Galloway), the conference was organised by a steering committee drawn from across the Province. The committee’s vision for the conference was for Lay Readers to have an opportunity to meet, worship and learn together and to consider what contribution Lay Readers could make to the ministry and mission of the church.

The conference was well served by a series of excellent speakers and workshop leaders. Dr Christina Baxter, herself a Reader and Principal of St John’s College, Nottingham led the conference in bible study and preached at the closing Eucharist on the theme of the Emmaus road experience – the passage on which the worship group had based the various acts of worship throughout the weekend. The Primus provided the keynote address and led an animated discussion on the place of Reader ministry within the church and Scottish society.

The conference was also able to compare its experience in selection, training and deployment with our sister churches with presentations from the Church of England, the Church of Scotland and the Methodist Church in a session called ‘A View over the Fence’. The Revd Darren McFarland (Convener of the Liturgy Committee) explored the development of the planned Ministry of the Word worship material while a series of workshops were offered to provide practical skills and advice in subjects ranging over Bereavement and Funeral Ministry; Preaching in Visual Age; Godly Play; Faith in Older People; and Powerpoint and Internet Resources.

The excellent facilities at Tulliallan allowed the participants to relax and meet each other and links were formed which will last into the coming years. As they left to travel back to their home churches and dioceses, the overwhelming response seemed to be ‘When are we doing this again?’.

More photos from the Mothers’ Union: Marjorie and Audrey/Jeannie and Jenny



A PREACHER, noted for his long sermons, announced that he was going to preach on ‘The Milk of Human Kindness’. A voice from the congregation was heard saying: ‘I hope it’s condensed!’

Contributed by Alan Stewart

A NEW COURSE FOR GALLOWAY

For the past three years, *Aig Fois*, in Kirkcudbright, has been offering Quiet Days which provide a space to reflect on our experience of God and how we might like to respond. Earlier this year, in collaboration with the Epiphany Group, we organized a Retreat in Daily Life (RDL) for churches in the Galloway area. Following the RDL I was asked what my dreams were for *Aig Fois*. I didn't hesitate. I wanted us to host **Growth in Prayer and Reflective Living (GPRL)** which was a course I did in 2004 in Edinburgh and which was run by the Epiphany Group.

No particular experience of prayer is required, and it is genuinely a course for anyone who has a desire for God. When I did it participants included both church ministers and people (like me) who were questioning their faith. I found it a place where my hopes, fears, doubts and dreams could be expressed openly and without judgment. I felt very affirmed.

This course aims to help participants develop and deepen their experience of prayer and live more reflectively. It offers opportunity to explore faith and come to a deeper, closer relationship with God. In doing so, it provides the space to examine our desires and to move towards the fullness of life we all long for.

The purpose of the course is personal faith development and it is complete in itself. However, it is also the foundation course for training in Spiritual Conversation, which is offered in a number of other Ignatian centres.

The Galloway course team will be led by Alison Moody and Sr Margaret Fielding, both of whom were prayer guides on the Retreat in Daily Life in February 2010. Alison is based in Edinburgh and is Training Co-ordinator for the Epiphany Group. She is very experienced. Sr Margaret is currently part of the GPRL course team being run at the Glasgow Ignatian Spirituality Centre. I'm thrilled that they are both involved.

The monthly sessions, comprising three 2½ hour sessions held on Friday evening and Saturday, will take place in St Ninian's Church Hall in Castle Douglas.

Course dates for 2010-2011:

1 st - 2 nd October	5 th - 6 th November
3 rd - 4 th December	4 th - 5 th February
4 th - 5 th March	1 st - 2 nd April
6 th - 7 th May	

A detailed leaflet with application form will be available in your church from July. For more information please contact Rachel Inglis on 01557 331548 or info@aigfois.co.uk. I am excited that we are able to host this excellent course in Galloway and I look forward to seeing you there.

Rachel Inglis, Aig Fois

Those who listened to Clem Gault's report of his first General Synod on Sunday 11 July might be interested to read the following:

PRIMUS' CHARGE DELIVERED DURING THE OPENING EUCHARIST OF THE GENERAL SYNOD OF THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH ON THURSDAY 10 JUNE 2010

It is fitting that the readings (Genesis 9.1, 8-17; Romans 8.18-27; Luke 12.16-31) at this Opening Eucharist of our General Synod should lead us to focus on God's creation and our relationship with that creation. In a world which fears rising sea levels, the story of Noah speaks clearly to us. But we should also hear the challenge to think about our place in the great purposes of God - not just the ground on which we stand. The gospel reading addresses the complacency of those who believe that they have done what is responsible and necessary to secure the future. In present financial circumstances, we have little about which to be complacent - but we crave security. We should be haunted by the words, 'So it is with those who store up treasures for themselves but are not rich towards God.'

As we gather for this General Synod, we bring different feelings and expectations. Earlier on this morning, I met those for whom this is their first General Synod. You are particularly welcome among us. Others are veterans – anoraks of synodical life – waiting for the triumph of hope over experience - fearing that we shall find ourselves yet again worshipping the God of small things. So let us together lift our eyes, our hearts and our prayers. Let us use this time to measure faithfully and in faith the movement forward of our church by God's grace. Let us celebrate and give thanks for vision and spirit-filled creativity as we see God at work among us and in the world we serve. Let us also give thanks for the week by week meticulous faithfulness of people right across this church where, as I believe, God can also be found in faithful attention to the detail. And in everything let us ask the question whether we are 'rich towards God.'

The business before us over the next few days will give us plenty of opportunity to talk about the life of our church, our society and our place in the majesty of God's creation.

We shall visit questions about what it means to be fully human – for example in the Gender Audit. The Anglican Covenant of course arises from the stresses and strains in our life around the issues of human sexuality – the continuing questions about what it means to be human and about the nature of God himself. But it also leads us to ask how we can continue to express a common faith in Christ – to recognize one another as disciples – within the rich diversity of the life of our church and of the Anglican Communion.

The Church in Society Committee invites us to consider our place in society and indeed our place in the whole of God's creation. Our concern for the fragility of the created order is one of the great issues of our times. Our responses often seem puny and inadequate - but we are puny and inadequate before the grace of God. Here too we are called to be rich towards God.

Most of all today, I think of the work of mission – of our part in the work of God whose spirit moves within the whole of creation. I think that we are gradually learning that a church which makes itself the focus of its own life is fated to decline. A church which is prepared to transcend difficulties and challenges is a church which is open to being transformed by the spirit of God – a church which seeks to be rich towards God.

We have been going through a season of Episcopal Elections and I have been privileged to work with the clergy and people of the Dioceses of Glasgow and Galloway and of Argyll and The Isles. I learnt there what I have learnt elsewhere in my life as priest and bishop - that the church is energised when we begin to explore what mission means. Even to talk about it brings to people a feeling that they are handling what faith is about. No longer is the discourse about the church - no longer is it for insiders alone. The church becomes a Pentecost place where everybody can speak in their own language the wonders and the richness of God in their lives.

My movement around our church leads me to be hopeful. The easy security of the past has gone. But in our cities, in the beautiful and sparsely populated spaces of Scotland, in the new and fluid demographics of the Central Belt and the Central Lowlands, we are thinking positively about the future. We have riches of liturgy, preaching, prayer and shared ministry. Our very diversity is a sign of our openness to people of all kinds. And what they seek, I believe, is the chance to be touched by and experience the life of a people who are rich towards God.

The Most Rev David Chillingworth, Bishop of St Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane and Primate of the Scottish Episcopal Church

Please note: the next edition of 'St Ninian's Review' will be published for Advent and I would welcome any contributions. The deadline for material will be mid-November.

I don't mind whether material is typed or handwritten, or emailed to me at:

johnsteph@mkcotton.wanadoo.co.uk

Thank you, Stephanie Dewhurst

THURSDAY CLUB SUMMER OUTING



The group enjoyed a pleasant afternoon exploring Richard and Carola Cliff's beautiful garden at Stockarton, near Kirkcudbright, rounding off with afternoon tea at The Schoolhouse Tearoom, Ringford

GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR

One thing can always cheer me,
When I'm feeling sad and low;
When I tire of daily trials,
That I have to undergo;
When those who should seem close
Seem like people I don't know,
One thing can always cheer me,
I know that God is near me.

One thing can always cheer me
When I don't understand;
How pain and sadness in our lives,
Can get so out of hand;
When the best of human efforts,
Doesn't meet the days demands,
One thing can always cheer me,
I know that God is near me.

One thing can always cheer me,
More than anything I've known;
And show me I will never
Have to struggle on my own.
For no matter what might happen,
I will never be alone,
The thing that always cheers me
Is just knowing God is near me.

Anon (submitted by Muriel Marsden)

LAST WORDS

There is talk that chaplaincy services to hospitals are to be cut for financial reasons. Here are my conclusions especially with regard to the terminally ill.

Dying patients in a hospital ward for the terminally ill all have one thing in common: they are aware that by dying they are stepping into the unknown. No mortal has ever come back to tell what, if anything, exists on the other side of the barrier. It is likely that they all have some emotional reaction to this very major happening, from mild curiosity and acceptance to outright anxiety or fear. This is a very heavy burden to bear at a time when they are at their most vulnerable, but who is there to share it with – indeed, is there anyone? The first priority for clinical staff is their clinical duties. Relatives will be coping with their own problems; visiting friends, in whom life is still strong, can at best only be onlookers. What they need is a truly hearing ear, but where to find it?

It has been said (Sir William Osler) that to listen to the patient is to be told the diagnosis, but being listened to can also have a powerful therapeutic effect. This sort of listening means listening with the inner ear as well as the outer ear, and listening to what is *not* said as well as to what is said – not a job for the uninitiated. The object of such listening is to help the speaker to come to terms, if possible, with his/her own problems and work through to some degree of resolution. Dying, like living and being born, is a very personal affair – no one else can do it for us.

At present, hospitals have a chaplaincy service which is now under threat. In England, many hospitals arose out of religious foundations and were promoted and endorsed further by nursing sisters. Today, the intention of hospitals in the UK is to care for the patient and as a Christian foundation a spiritual input is, as one patient put it, 'a God-given duty'. How chaplaincy services are managed and administered no doubt varies greatly, but they all have one common feature – though the uptake or otherwise of it is entirely the patient's decision. I hope the service remains and receives the support which, in my opinion, it not only deserves but needs.

Margaret Ewart

Who's Who

Rector	:	The Rev Canon David Bayne	503818
Hon Assistant	:	The Rev Canon David Main	504669
Lay Readers	:	Mr Alan Stewart Mr Douglas Allison	660215 504279
Hon Secretary	:	Mr Robert Greenshields	680217
Hon Treasurer	:	Mr Fred Coulthard	502965
Property Convenor/Lay Representative	:	Mr Clem Gault	502583
Alternate Lay Rep	:	Mr David Steward	502804
Third Lay Rep/ Freewill Offerings Convener	:	Mr Ian Mather	505910
Trustees	:	The Bishop; Mr C Gault; Mr D Steward	
Vestry Members	:	The Rector (Chairman), Canon David Main, The Trustees; Hon Secretary; Hon Treasurer	
Elected	:	Mrs Sue Lindsay Mr Ian MacQuarrie Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst Mr Ian Mather	01644-420891 01557-820122 502736 505910
Organist	:	Mr Maurice Till	620619
Sanctuary Guild	:	Mrs Audrey Pointon Mrs Audrey Slee	670494 01644-420466
Thursday Club	:	Mrs Ann Gault	502583
Magazine Editor & Webmaster	:	Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	
Magazine Distributor	:	Mr John Dewhurst	502736
Child Protection Co-ordinator	:	Mrs Rosie MacQuarrie	01557-820122
MU Branch Leader	:	Mrs Alison Bayne	503818
Men's Group Chairman	:	Mr David Steward	502804
Hall Bookings	:	Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	502736
Sunday School: Leaders	:	{Mrs Rosie MacQuarrie {Mrs Ann Gault {Mrs Roz Stevens	01557-820122 502583 503589
Assistant	:	Beth MacQuarrie	
Little Fishes	:	Mrs Roz Stevens	503589