

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



*November Sunset, Mersehead*

*St Ninian's Review*

*Issue No 38*

*Advent 2010*

# **SERVICES FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE**

## **Sun 19 Dec - Advent 4**

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

## **Thu 23 Dec - St Thomas**

10.15am Holy Communion

## **Fri 24 Dec - Christmas Eve**

4.00pm Christingle  
6.30pm Roman Catholic Mass  
11.30pm Midnight Eucharist

## **Sat 25 Dec - Christmas Day**

8.30am Holy Communion  
11.00am Family Service  
12 noon Holy Communion

## **Sun 26 Dec - St Stephen**

11.00am Matins  
12 noon Holy Communion

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

10.15am Holy Communion

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

10.15am Holy Communion

## **Thu 30 Dec**

10.15am Holy Communion

*Dear Friends,*

It had been my intention to deliver myself of a jeremiad on the subject of the migration to Rome of a small gaggle of English “flying Bishops” but, on reflection, this is a matter of little significance puffed up by the press. Let’s simply bless them on their way, and move on ourselves.

The Church’s year moves inexorably on and, as the annual cycle brings us again to the brink of Advent, so we are reminded that God is continually creating and renewing. Scripture makes the point all the way from the first Creation of Genesis, through the new song of the Psalms, the “new things” of Isaiah, the new covenant in Jeremiah (fulfilled at the Last Supper), the new heart and spirit of Ezekiel, and Jesus’ own New Commandment, to the divine declaration at the end of Revelation, “Behold, I make all things new.” God is not static and unresponsive, like some stone idol, but dynamic, eternally shaping and reshaping the universe – and its inhabitants. Whatever mess we make – whether it be the way we have sacked the planet, or the brutality with which we treat our fellow human beings, or the little fankle in which the Anglican Communion finds itself - God takes it and reworks it to his purposes.

Nowhere is that creative impulse more-apparent than in God’s choice to live among us as one of us, renewing through the Incarnation the age-old covenant with his people and extending it to all who accept Jesus. Indeed, as Paul avers, each of us becomes in Jesus Christ a new creation. And each Advent marks the beginning of the re-telling of the story of Emmanuel – “God with us”, our guide, companion, saviour, as we struggle to let go of the past and dare to hope for the future. As the hymn says, “It’s from the old I travel to the new; keep me travelling along with you.”

Yours in his service,

*David Bayne*

## FROM THE REGISTERS

### Funerals:

23.07.10	Douglas Bremner
3.08.10	Nan Brown
18.10.10	Iris Wright
10.11.10	Mary Mitchell
22.11.10	Ronald MacKenzie

## A VOICE AND VIEW FROM THE PEWS

I would like to express my delight and appreciation at the a period of quiet and reflection, introduced in recent months by the Rector, before the start of our 11 o'clock morning service on Sundays. It gives one a chance to personally prepare and at the same time to listen to Maurice playing a short and well selected piece on the organ. Thank you very much.

*David Steward*

## ST NINIAN'S MEN'S GROUP

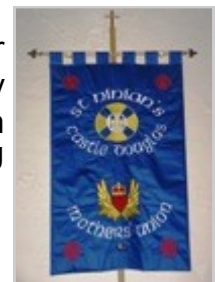
The Men's Group met on Monday 20<sup>th</sup> September when 22 of us sat down in the Gordon Memorial Hall for our usual excellent dinner provided by Brian Haining Caterers. Our numbers included two guests, one of whom was coming back for a second time. Commander Clem Gault RNR (that's right - our very own Clem) gave a fascinating talk on his time serving on 'mine hunters' and, in particular, of one amazing journey around the north of Scotland, starting at Edinburgh and ending at Faslane.

Our next gathering will be on Monday 17th January 2011 when we will be privileged to welcome the Rt Hon Alex Fergusson MSP as our speaker.

*David Steward*

## MOTHERS' UNION NEWS

Once again our new season of Mothers' Union began in September. Our Rector led the Service of Dedication, which was well attended. On Sunday 29th August, we were delighted to welcome Anne Glenesk, our Diocesan President, on a visit to St Ninian's where she spoke about the work of MU in the world.



We were all saddened to hear of the death of two of our members, Mrs McQuaker, who had been a very active member and Mrs Archer, whose visits lately have been restricted to special events since her transfer to Goldielea Nursing Home. When she lived with her daughter in Rhonehouse she was not only a frequent visitor but she supplied us with her delicious home baked cakes, a remarkable contribution from someone in her nineties! The next blow was to hear that we were losing Jane Murray but for a happier reason this time. She is moving south to be near her family and young grandchildren. These folks will all be greatly missed. Our treasurer, Pat Murdoch, continues to improve after her operation and we look forward to seeing her as soon as she is fit again.

In October we had a most interesting talk by Rosemary Green on "My Life with Otters". Our next talk will be given by Liz Cutler on "The Loch Arthur Community". Also in November we shall have the Regional Rally at St John's in Dumfries, meeting friends old and new. In December, one of the highlights of the year will be the Christmas Party, when we shall enjoy a splendid home made lunch and entertainment. There is a very interesting and varied list of speakers scheduled for the New Year but more of that later.

May we wish you all a very happy and blessed Christmas!

***Jessie Lockhart***

## **THANK YOU SUNDAY SCHOOL**

I would like to thank the children for the mystery plants they gave to the congregation on Mothering Sunday. Ours was a nasturtium which produced a beautiful colourful corner in the garden and grew so tall it reached beyond the hedge into the neighbour's garden. Thanks are also due to the children for their other activities in church, such as the plays they perform, which are all much appreciated. Carry on with the good work.

***Edna Taylor***

## **PILGRIMAGE**

On 25<sup>th</sup> July, St Ninian's celebrated the feast of St James the Great – known affectionately in Liverpool as Big Jimmy. In his sermon the Rector showed how St James's name had changed as it moved through different countries, first in Germany to Jacob and then to Iago when it reached Spain, where it is memorialised in the great pilgrim city of Santiago de Compostela.

St James's connection with northern Spain is tenuous to say the least. The early church decided that he must have preached in Spain before returning to Jerusalem where he was executed; and then, as the story goes, his body was carried by sea in a stone coffin to the Field of the Star. There it was venerated by Bishop Theodomir in whose See it had landed and the King of Asturia and Leon built a sanctuary over it which became the core of the great cathedral and city of Compostela to which pilgrims in their thousands still travel today.



Legend, however, had not yet done with St James. When the Spaniards went to war to throw off Moorish rule, St James appeared in battle brandishing a sword and urging the Spaniards on to victory. And so he received a second name, Matamoros, Moor Slayer. Artists now could choose between two images to represent St James: the Warrior Saint carrying the Oriflamme and the Pilgrim Saint leaning on his staff and wearing the palmer's broad-brimmed hat and cockle shell.

Whatever the grounds for these presentations of St James it is likely that, in investing Compostela with this legend, the early church was, in fact, taking over an area held sacred by pre-Christians. The Field of the Star lay at the tip of the then known world and as such would have had religious significance for earlier people. Certainly at the summit of a desolate pass on the Pilgrim Way itself there stands a giant cairn topped by a five metre stake of wood bearing an iron cross. Whenever pilgrims add to these stones, they are following an ancient tradition which predates the Romans. Bleak and exposed, the spot is charged with an otherworldliness that is missing from some of the overtly Christian sites along the route.

Pilgrimage was probably at its most popular in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries when people from every class of society took the pilgrim route to some centre of holiness – perhaps the tomb of a revered saint or the site of a beatific vision. In conquering the physical challenge and facing the dangers and privations of the route they would hope to receive some grace at the end of their journey, but they would also be escaping the narrowness of their everyday world and having fun and adventures on the way. Certainly Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims were a merry band as the undertook the not too onerous pilgrimage from London to Canterbury to venerate the tomb of St Thomas à Becket. This was the Wife of Bath's eighth pilgrimage: she had already been to Jerusalem three times and also to Rome, Boulogne, Compostela and Cologne.



Nowadays I associate pilgrimage with the Roman rather than the Anglican Church, perhaps because many of my Roman Catholic friends have been to Lourdes either as pilgrims or as helpers of the countless frail and sick people who journey there hoping, if not for a cure, then at least for some spiritual relief. There are, however, pilgrim sites that are honoured equally by Roman and Anglican. The shrine at Walsingham is one such while Iona draws many regardless of specific creed to visit this island "where prayer had been valid". We live very close to the pilgrim route between Edinburgh and Whithorn and on to St Ninian's Cave, the final stage of the annual walk organised by Christian Aid. St John's Town of Dalry probably owes its name to a group of hospitalers who build a refuge there to minister to the needs of the pilgrims following this route.

The concept of pilgrimages is perhaps missing in the lives full of busyness which we live today. I doubt if "Pilgrim's Progress" is read in many schools; there is a generation which will know nothing of the Slough of Despond or the Delectable Mountains although "To be a pilgrim" is still probably sung regularly in school assembly. Certainly today's equivalent of Shakespeare's groundlings are unlikely to recognise the imagery in the first exchange between Romeo and Juliet:

If I profane with my unworthiest hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this;  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Perhaps we are about to witness a revival in pilgrimage. This year's Wigtown Book Festival had two items devoted to the subject. Eric Robson described a new long distance walk, "The Saints and Sinners Trail", from St Bees in Cumbria to Whithorn and, the following day, Peter Stanford spoke about "The Extra Mile", describing how he travelled to some of the most ancient religious sites in Britain, asking if today's pilgrims go simply in search of history or if they are seeking something beyond it.

Several years ago Ronnie and I followed the Camino to Compostela. The walk was a physical challenge even though we had the support of a minibus and stayed in some luxurious hotels en route. It was exciting to walk through the suburbs of Compostela knowing that we had nearly reached our destination and then to step through a double archway and see the great cathedral towering above us. Although we had been greeted as we walked by the local people saying, "Go with God", I had not been very conscious of any religious significance in our journey. Even when we had queued to venerate the image of St James, I could manage only a rather restrained and British pat on his head and envied the stout Spanish lady in front of me who had flung her arms around him in a warm embrace.

Some years later we followed another long distance route, this time to Assisi. Our leader was a lovely young Italian woman called Chiara (the English equivalent is Clare). As we walked, her devotion to St Francis and St Clare became more and more apparent. For her the journey was indeed a pilgrimage and she wanted us to share in her experience. She made sure that we visited all the religious sites in Assisi, finally escorting us to San Damiano, the monastery where St Clare established her community of Poor Clares. The building was dark, with small rooms and a narrow staircase. The furniture was quite primitive and I had the sense that St Clare and her community had left the building only yesterday. Afterwards, sitting in the sunlit courtyard, one of the group read St Francis's hymn to creation. For that moment time stood still and we all experienced a particular grace at the end of our journey.

***Sheila MacKenzie***

### **OUR OCCASIONAL SERVICES ON THE 5<sup>TH</sup> SUNDAY IN THE MONTH**

Some time ago I put a short article in The Review about, to me at any rate, the wonderful and beautiful services the Rector conducts on these Sunday evenings. They are sometimes from the Iona community, or from the Taizé tradition allowing you to unwind at the end of the day and to pray and reflect in a tranquil atmosphere. They have the added advantage of hearing the Reflections by the Rector, during the short service, which as we all know are always worth our full attention. On the last occasion we were but 7 in the congregation and I have to say, to those who prefer the comfort of their own chairs at home, you are really missing out on something special in our church life. Do come along next time and dip your toe in the water; you will find it very warm.

***David Steward***



## HILDA – AND HER PIANO



We recently bade farewell to Hilda Wallach as our organist – though thankfully not as a member of the congregation! Hilda always says that she isn't really an organist, but that she 'just plays the piano'.

From childhood, Hilda remembers that there was always a piano in the family home and she believes that her own interest in playing was thanks to her mother, who used to play and sing for the family – in the days when they used to make their own entertainment instead of watching television – and who encouraged all the children to learn an instrument: one sister played the violin very well while the other three girls all learned to play the piano.

Hilda was eight when she started to learn, her teacher being the then organist at Craignair Church, who lived in what is now Christ Church Rectory, and she continued to learn throughout her schooldays at Kirkcudbright Academy, passing her Higher music exams. Her aim was to become a primary school teacher and, in those days, she was able to continue into the sixth year at the Academy doing teaching practice with the junior school while still able to learn a whole variety of subjects at her own level. The Rector of the Academy also used to teach Education. She subsequently went to Jordanhill Teacher Training College (a two-year

course because of her previous teaching experience) returning to teach at Dalbeattie Primary School from 1950 until 1965.

Hilda's oldest sister was a very good pianist and had always been promised that she would be given the family piano in due course. Eventually she married, moved to a house in Dumfries and took the piano, leaving Hilda with nothing on which to practise. Undaunted she took herself off to Christ Church in Dalbeattie to play there. In 1953 she married Robert and bought her own piano. She originally intended to get a secondhand one but succumbed to a new Bentley piano in walnut to match their dining room furniture! Their daughter, Hilary, was born in 1957. Hilda says that she was a 'modern mother' at that time: there being a shortage of teachers, she went back to teaching while Hilary was a tiny baby; her mother was living with them then and was very happy to look after her grand-daughter.

Then Robert, who was a plumber, suggested that they should go to Australia and, together with the eight-year old Hilary, they emigrated on the £10 scheme. They had been renting their home in Dalbeattie and got rid of most of their furniture before leaving, but Hilda desperately wanted to take her piano with her – and was only reluctantly persuaded that such a long journey would not be good for it and might even damage it. In the end, Hilda's sister disposed of the old family piano and made room for Hilda's instead.

So they embarked on their long journey by sea via the Suez Canal all the way to Sydney. Hilary was duly enrolled in a primary school and Hilda applied for a job in the same school. Apparently the headmaster was rather dismayed, saying that it was a difficult class and he had wanted a male teacher ... he didn't suppose she could play the piano? Of course, Hilda got the job – and the children were no worse than any other class –



though they scared her a few times by bringing in things for her to see ... two huge bright green frogs, which completely filled a shoe box; another time it was cicadas ... She discovered that some of the supposedly difficult children in her class had Scottish parents/grandparents and so was able to establish a bond with them. She remembers them by name and talks about them as though it was only yesterday that she was in the classroom with them.

One day, some three weeks after Hilda had arrived in Australia, she was shopping for food and the Italian lady shopkeeper asked where she was from. When Hilda replied, 'From Scotland', the Italian complimented her on her 'speaking very good English!' Another time when she was shopping in a bakery, she noticed that all the cakes in the window were covered in ants. When she mentioned this, she was told, 'Oh, they're just sugar ants.' Ants could be a problem!

Of course, she needed a piano and decided to rent one. This was quite expensive but one of the teachers at the school showed how she could legitimately reclaim the cost from her income tax as the piano was used 'for business purposes'. Hilda said she got the money back, but she was never able to make a similar claim from the Inland Revenue back here! She and the family returned to Scotland just over two years later, this time completing the circuit of the world via the Panama Canal. Once home, she went back to teaching at Dalbeattie Primary School, and her sister returned her beloved piano to her – it still has pride of place in her cosy sitting room.

A postscript to this tale is that Hilda and Robert returned to Sydney for their ruby wedding anniversary and stayed with the teacher who had negotiated her income tax rebate for the piano. They had a party to celebrate their anniversary, and that same headmaster who had really wanted a man to teach his 'difficult' class was one of the guests.

***Stephanie Dewhurst***

## **A GREETING FROM THE BORDERS**



We arrived in our new house in the small village of Eccles on 16<sup>th</sup> September. Already it seems quite a long time ago because, as it is with every move, we have been pretty busy. However, the arrival of our removal van was not unmarked – firstly by a passing traveller from Galloway, who relayed it back and secondly by a nearby farmer here, who has since become a friend and who invited us to attend the Parish Church that Sunday and to come to lunch afterwards. That invitation led to us being given recommendations to the best local tradesmen who have been superb and work as a team as the kitchen is being redesigned to Alison's satisfaction.

Eccles, as a name, had struck us initially as slightly odd, but we have since discovered that it is short for Ecclesia and that the name occurs in other places, all in England. There was once a nunnery and medieval church on the site of the eighteenth century present building and traces of it can still be seen. It suffered from devastation at the hands of the Reformers; earlier in the 16th century, the nuns made perhaps a mistake in spying for the invading English armies!

Kelso is six miles away, as is the Border, at the village of Coldstream, and it is there rather than to the Episcopal church in Kelso that we now go every second Sunday. It is a small church about a hundred years old with a friendly congregation of around 20. Its historic predecessor (Lennel) was the chapel to where the bodies of those slain at nearby Flodden were brought. The alternating Sundays we worship in Eccles at the Parish Church.

There is much of history in the air around here ; at the next village, Birgham, the Treaty was signed in 1290 agreeing to the marriage of the infant Maid of Norway (the heiress to the Scots throne) to the equally young Edward II of England. Her death en route from Norway to Scotland led to fighting between the two countries for many years to come. It is commemorated in the village, but most will think of Birgham today as the location of an excellent pub owned by the village to which we have taken ourselves when we have had no heating or no access to the kitchen!

Kelso is our Castle Douglas in that it is to there we gravitate for shopping. There is no big supermarket, but there are a lot of small shops and it is a friendly place with enough 2-hour parking and one cheerful traffic warden. One gets used to the (historic!) cobbles in the centre and we are slowly finding the way in an initially baffling medieval layout of streets. I (Robert) can also go on Saturday to watch Rugby, although, alas, Border teams are no longer the force they once were and Kelso in particular are having a hard time of it.

We miss you all, but we are happy in our new home, church(es), and village and hope that you will all have a very happy Christmas.

***Robert and Alison Greenshields***

## **MORE FAREWELLS ...**



In September, our Server for many years, Louisa Dewar, was presented with the Simon Ingall Bursary as she left for University in Aberdeen. (News from Louisa on p.14)

Then, at the beginning of November, Nick and Jane Murray moved from Borgue to Hertfordshire to be nearer their children and growing family of grandchildren.

At the end of the Service on 31st October, they were presented with a photo-montage to remind them of St Ninian's. We are sorry they have left us but all wish them well in their new home.



## ADVENT IN NEW ZEALAND 2009

It hardly seems that a year ago my wife and I had our own advent when our second granddaughter was born in late November far away in Auckland, New Zealand. That resulted in a long journey out to spend some ten weeks being general dogsbodies for the family, i.e. grandparenthood. There was also another long journey back which was taken with heavy hearts leaving that bit of our family behind. Fortunately there is Skype to keep us in touch visually and audibly but without that important aspect of touch.

Our travels always throw up some interesting church visits and this trip did not disappoint. Advent in the southern hemisphere really is different. It is summer for a start so songs about winter snow are a bit hard to fathom. Mind you we did read about you folk having rather a lot of it!! The first notable event was the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols in Auckland Cathedral. The building is quite something for a start having been built in the usual stop/start manner over about 40 years. It is quite recent though having been first designed just before WWII. The west window is yet to be completed. Have a look at [www.holy-trinity.org.nz](http://www.holy-trinity.org.nz) to get a feel of the place. Into the brilliant nave some 1500 plus people gathered as the procession of choir and clergy walked in from the courtyard in traditional manner and full festival dress. Three different bishops added special glamour, though the Dean and his assistant, a young woman, were not to be outshone! The service was truly memorable with some good singing for the punters as well as the choir and a magnificent organist. At the end all processed out and we stayed for a further while to hear the closing voluntary from the organist. And the final surprise was to walk out at 9pm into a balmy sunlit courtyard with folk standing about chatting in summer clothing. It was also a bit disconcerting to realise that we knew nobody and had to slink off back to base.

My second visit to this Cathedral was for sung Evensong. I was hoping for the full works, but it was after all the summer holidays, so the regular choir was away. Their place was taken by past choristers, some more "past" than others, but still a formidable singing group. The Cathedral Deacon gave the sermon which I part heard (hearing loss plus the accent!) but still got the gist of. Afterwards I spoke with the Dean who had just been chosen as the new Bishop of Auckland. Unlike our Dean he was "of the Cathedral" rather than of the Diocese, as is the normal system in England. (In case you were not aware, our Scottish Deans have their own charges and act as helpers and advisors to their Bishops, a task taken by an Archdeacon in England. Our cathedrals are in the charge of a Provost.) I told him I brought greeting from Glasgow and Galloway and that our Dean was about to be our new Bishop. He found the parallel amusing. He at least had a period of transfer to his new post as the current Bishop still had three months to go and the two Deans were in fact consecrated within a couple of weeks of each other last April!

The summer holiday is taken with ferocious enthusiasm down under. We tried to visit another Anglican church for Evensong one Sunday only to find that they were **shut** for a month. We eventually took in a morning service there billed as more relaxed. It sure was!! No liturgy and very little form. Lots of young people with children, a sort of University crowd. They reminded me of St Columba by the Castle in Edinburgh when I was a student. It was an experience but not one we would repeat!

In fact our most memorable service was in Pahia, a holiday town north of Auckland. We had gone out for a meal on the Saturday to a restaurant which had Christian music playing quietly. The proprietor told us of a Baptist church right next to our hotel. That Sunday they had the baptism of an elderly farmer which was most moving. A great

sermon and some fine singing made it a very worshipful time and we came away well refreshed.

On other Sundays we visited the Elim church I referred to in my last travelogue. Somehow it felt a little flat this time. There was a sense of trying too hard and a Pentecostal church that leaves no time for the Spirit has lost its way. But then how do you deal with nearly 2000 folk some with English not as a first language? It was a very clockwork service though, timed to the minute with a heavy emphasis on preaching. We have made friends there, one of whom felt rather like us that something was missing.

There is a tremendous wish for spiritual experience in New Zealand and the Maori/Polynesian influence is strong. Quite how the traditional churches like our own Anglicans can survive and prosper is a challenge, for the nature of the population is changing with more and more non-Europeans coming to live there, with different concepts of worship, society even of God - a challenge that makes our struggles back here seem rather straightforward. It was fascinating however to see just how our church does adapt itself to the society it serves. That is one of the strengths of the Anglican Communion - and of course one of its weaknesses as it is accused of fudge and loss of direction. We try to be all things to all men, but so long as the living Gospel is proclaimed we have a future. Lose that and we lose all.

***Douglas Allison***

**Leslie Scarborough** has now moved into his own flat  
at:

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***The next edition of 'St Ninian's Review' will be published in time for Easter 2011.  
The deadline for material is the end of March.***

***All contributions are welcome - typed or handwritten, or emailed to me at:  
johnsteph@mkcote.wanadoo.co.uk or via the 'Contact the Webmaster' link from the  
website.***

***Many thanks, Stephanie Dewhurst (01556 502736)***

***The Review can also be read on the St Ninian's website as a PDF  
download - see:  
<http://episcopalglasgow.co.uk/castledouglas/st-ninians-review>***

## **ABBAS REST REPORT**

As you already know, the plight of the disadvantaged children found in the outlying regions of Malawi (main centres at Chiringa, Ngabu and Muona) has seemed to me a very worthwhile project to support and was first introduced to me by Peter and Kirsi Poole in 2000. They began this work after a holiday visit to Malawi, exploring the hills; they came across these starving and naked children wandering aimlessly around and decided to do something about them. I immediately wanted to be involved and invited members of the congregation to support me and soon knitted jumpers, hats, blankets, skirts and dresses, plus sewing and knitting machines, were on their way to Malawi and were much appreciated. Since then, donations, fund-raising events and sponsorship for the orphans has doubled in strength and interest.

It is too expensive to send containers often, so any money received is used mainly for buying maize and food, for training managers and teaching skills e.g. farming, education and living standards. This has enabled the Centres and Sub-Stations to be more self-sufficient.

I invited members of the Mothers' Union to give their support on a voluntary basis and it was decided to sponsor three children: Dorine, Humfury and Zione. However, Zione recently moved away with extended family to a more stable future, so may I introduce you to our new child, Kelvin.



### **KELVIN**

He was born in 2006 and is in good health.

Height 110cms, waist 56 cms, chest 59 cms.

Guardian is his grandmother and he is under Muona Centre.

He is from the village of Makhapa

Several other members of the congregation sponsor their own child and may I invite anyone else who would like to help in any way to support the Abbas Rest Orphanages.

Donations, and 25% of sales of Jenny Armstrong's cards, are sent regularly and used to buy chickens, seeds, medicine etc. I, and all the sponsors, are in monthly contact with the Centres and their Newsletter is displayed on the notice board, or see their own website: [www.abbasrest.org/](http://www.abbasrest.org/) There is also a page devoted to Abbas Rest on our own website: <http://episcopalglasgow.co.uk/castledouglas/activities/abbas-rest-orphanage>

We are all asked to give, give, give to charities, especially at this time of year, and I do appreciate all everyone does to help, but please give it some thought. I hope to begin a new challenge in 2011 as more children are found every day. Let us continue in the ways of Dr Livingstone (b.1859) who discovered Malawi and the hills, and continue his vision for the future.

Many thanks for your support since 2004.

***Jenny Spence***



## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY



Having lived in Galloway all my life, the thought of moving so far north to a city was quite daunting. I literally had no idea of what to expect and especially how I would feel with all the various changes that were ensuing.

My first impression of the city was that it was 'big'! The streets are wide and surprisingly clean looking. I was impressed when I visited the campus and delighted when I first saw my flat, which is situated only a ten-minute walk away from the sea. The openness of the streets helps to make the city appear very bright, although it does draw attention to how cold Aberdeen notoriously is when the wind blows!

I was expecting my first night to be a shock to the system, but it just felt natural and homely already. The first thing I immediately noticed was how friendly everyone around me is. There are people who are so willing to help everywhere and other students appear happy to assist if they can. Overall it is a very welcoming city filled with individuals who are eager to make you feel a part of something.

Freshers' Week was a great big blur of activity that I enjoyed thoroughly! I had great fun meeting many new people and was so relieved to see that I was not the only one who felt nervous about being alone in a completely new environment.

My subjects are brilliant and so interesting and my lecturers work hard to make the classes and tutorials lively and creative. King's College is a very beautiful old building and I am lucky to have most of my lectures and tutorials within it. I also have access to the very striking Divinity library where I can find most of the reading material needed for my course.

Aberdeen is a great city to be a student in. It is an easy place to get around and one in which I feel very safe. As Christmas draws near, it is gradually getting colder and I am looking forward to coming home again and seeing all my friends at St Ninian's.

I would like to take this opportunity to once again express my gratitude to the Church for the award in memory of Simon Ingall. It was a great honour for me to receive it and it will make such a difference to me for my future here at Aberdeen University. Thank you all so much.

**Louisa Dewar**

***Penelope Bain thought you might enjoy the following:***

Dear Lord and Father of mankind  
Forgive our foolish ways.  
For most of us, when asked our mind,  
Admit we still more pleasure find  
In hymns of ancient days.



The simple lyrics, for a start,  
Of many a modern song  
Are far too trite to touch the heart,  
Enshrine no poetry, no art,  
And go on much too long.

O for a rest from jollity  
And syncopated praise!  
What happened to tranquillity?  
The silence of eternity  
Is hard to hear these days.

Send thy deep hush, subduing all  
Those happy claps, that drown  
The tender whisper of Thy call.  
Triumphalism is not all,  
For sometimes we feel down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness  
Till all our strummings cease.  
Take from our souls the strain and stress  
Of always having to be blessed,  
Give us a bit of peace.

Breathe through the beats of praise guitar  
Thy coolness and Thy balm.  
Let drum be dumb, bring back the lyre,  
Enough of earthquake, wind and fire  
Let's hear it for some calm.

(Sing it to the tune: Repton!)

### **THE NEW ALPHABET ...**

A's for arthritis; B's the bad back,  
C's the chest pains, perhaps car-di-ac?  
D is for dental decay and decline,  
E is for eyesight, can't read that top line!  
F is for fissures and fluid retention,  
G is for gas which I'd rather not mention.  
H high blood pressure--I'd rather it low;  
I for incisions with scars you can show.  
J is for joints, out of socket, won't mend,  
K is for knees that crack when they bend.  
L 's for libido, what happened to sex?  
M is for memory, I forget what comes next.  
N is neuralgia, in nerves way down low;  
O is for osteo, bones that don't grow!  
P for prescriptions, I have quite a few,  
just give me a pill and I'll be good as new!  
Q is for queasy, is it fatal or flu?  
R is for reflux, one meal turns to two.

S is for sleepless nights, counting my fears,  
T is for Tinnitus; bells in my ears!  
K is for knees that crack when they bend.  
L 's for libido, what happened to sex?  
M is for memory, I forget what comes next.  
N is neuralgia, in nerves way down low;  
O is for osteo, bones that don't grow!  
P for prescriptions, I have quite a few,  
just give me a pill and I'll be good as new!  
Q is for queasy, is it fatal or flu?  
R is for reflux, one meal turns to two.  
S is for sleepless nights, counting my fears,  
T is for Tinnitus; bells in my ears!  
U is for urinary; troubles with flow;  
V for vertigo, that's 'dizzy,' you know.  
W for worry, now what's going round?  
X is for X ray, and what might be found.  
Y for another year I'm left here behind,  
Z is for zest I still have ... in my mind!  
I've survived all the symptoms, my body's deployed,  
keeping twenty-six doctors fully employed!

*sent in by both Wendy Mullen and Marjorie Wright*

**The following was given to me by Christine Elvidge:**

### **HOW TO KNOW YOU ARE GROWING OLDER**

Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt doesn't work.  
The gleam in your eyes is from the sun hitting your bifocals.  
You feel like the night before and you haven't been anywhere.  
You get winded playing chess.  
Your children begin to look middle-aged.  
You finally reach the top of the ladder and find it's leaning against  
the wrong wall.  
You join a Health Club and don't go.  
You know all the answers but nobody asks you the questions.  
You look forward to a dull evening.  
You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going.  
Your knees buckle but your belt won't.  
You're 17 around the neck, 44 around the waist and 105 around  
the golf course.  
You can't stand people who are intolerant.  
Your back goes out more often than you do.  
You stop looking forward to your next birthday.  
You burn the midnight oil after 9pm.  
You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.  
You regret all those temptations you resisted.  
The little old grey haired lady you help across the road  
is your wife.

You get all your exercise from being pallbearer for your friends who exercised.  
You remember today that yesterday was your wedding anniversary.  
You start a sentence but forget what .....

**Anonymous**

**Now, for all of us who feel only the deepest love and affection for the way computers have enhanced our lives, read on ... ..**

At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated, 'If GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving \$25 cars that got 1,000 miles to the gallon.'

In response to Bill's comments, General Motors issued a press release stating, 'If GM had developed technology like Microsoft, we would all be driving cars with the following characteristics:

1. For no reason whatsoever, your car would crash ..... twice a day.
2. Every time they repainted the lines in the road, you would have to buy a new car.
3. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason.
4. You would have to pull to the side of the road, close all of the windows, shut off the car, restart it, and reopen the windows before you could continue.
5. For some reason you would simply accept this.
6. Occasionally, executing a manoeuvre such as a left turn would cause your car to shut down and refuse to restart, in which case you would have to reinstall the engine.
7. Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast and twice as easy to drive - but would run on only five percent of the roads.
8. The oil, water temperature, and alternator warning lights would all be replaced by a single 'This Car Has Performed An Illegal Operation' warning light.
9. The airbag system would ask 'Are you sure?' before deploying.
10. Occasionally, for no reason whatsoever, your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you simultaneously lifted the door handle, turned the key and grabbed hold of the radio antenna.
11. Every time a new car was introduced car buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.

You'd have to press the 'Start' button to turn the engine off.

PS - I'd like to add that when all else fails, you could call 'customer service' in a foreign country and be instructed in a foreign language how to fix your car yourself!!!!

# 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
	followed by	
12.00	Holy Communion Shorter Prayer Book Liturgy	} only
6.00pm	Evensong (2nd Sunday only)	
7.00pm	<b>The Sunday Evening Alternative</b> (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
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***Services for Saints' Days and other Occasions are detailed in the weekly pew sheet and on the Church website:***

<http://episcopalglasgow.co.uk/castledouglas/service-times>

***The Church is open daily for private prayer.***

# Who's Who

<b>Rector</b>	:	The Rev Canon David Bayne	503818
<b>Hon Assistant</b>	:	The Rev Canon David Main	504669
<b>Lay Readers</b>	:	Mr Alan Stewart	660215
		Mr Douglas Allison	504279
<b>Hon Secretary</b>	:	Mrs Jenny Wright	502184
<b>Hon Treasurer</b>	:	Mr Fred Coulthard	502965
<b>Property Convener/Lay Representative</b>	:	Mr Clem Gault	502583
<b>Alternate Lay Rep/ Freewill Offerings Convener</b>	:	Mr Ian Mather	505910
<b>Third Lay Rep</b>	:	Mrs Ann Gault	502583
<b>Trustees</b>	:	The Bishop; Mr C Gault; Mr D Steward	
<b>Vestry Members</b>	:	The Rector (Chairman), The Trustees (except the Bishop); Hon Secretary; Hon Treasurer	
<b>Elected</b>	:	Mrs Sue Lindsay	01644-420891
		Mr Ian MacQuarrie	01557-820122
		Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	502736
		Mr Ian Mather	505910
<b>Organist</b>	:	Mr Maurice Till	620619
<b>Sanctuary Guild</b>	:	Mrs Audrey Pointon	670494
		Mrs Audrey Slee	01644-420466
<b>Thursday Club</b>	:	Mrs Ann Gault	502583
<b>Magazine Editor &amp; Webmaster</b>	:	Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	502736
<b>Magazine Distributor</b>	:	Mr John Dewhurst	502736
<b>Co-ordinator for Protection of Children &amp; Vulnerable Adults</b>	:	Mrs Rosie MacQuarrie	01557-820122
<b>MU Branch Leader</b>	:	Mrs Alison Bayne	503818
<b>Men's Group Chairman</b>	:	Mr David Steward	502804
<b>Hall Bookings Convener/ Admin Assistant</b>	:	Mrs Stephanie Dewhurst	502736
<b>Sunday School:</b>		{Mrs Rosie MacQuarrie	01557-820122
<b>Leaders</b>	:	{Mrs Ann Gault	502583
		{Mrs Roz Stevens	503589
<b>Assistant</b>	:	Beth MacQuarrie	
<b>Little Fishes</b>	:	Mrs Roz Stevens	503589