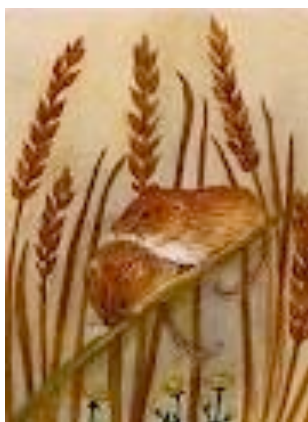


# ST MARY'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

NEWPORT ON TAY



## AUTUMN 2014

# ORGANIST

## Organ Scholarship

Needed  
an organist  
for about one Sunday a month  
& possibly to help at Festivals

Is there anyone - perhaps a pianist -  
who would like to  
develop skills playing the organ?

Contact the Rector  
if you are interested  
in finding out more.

# AUTUMN - LIGHT AND SHADE

It is a very long time since the last magazine, which came out before Easter and now we are heading fairly quickly towards the end of the Church's year. Unfortunately requests for material for a Summer magazine yielded little as apparently many people were tied up with family visitors and being away in sunny places. I had hoped to get this done before the Harvest Festival but failed. Most of the news of the Church will be in the Rector's report for the AGM but I thought it worth touching on one or two items here, so decided to start with the social aspects.

## SOCIAL EVENTS

We had a good gathering of flock for a Midsummer Social at the Brig on Mid-summer's day 24th June and again for a Harvest Supper on 2nd October - Leta fed us well and we all had a jolly time so we shall look forward to planning the next one. Another social event, which regrettably had to be cancelled because of heavy rain, was the visit to Dunbog to walk and then have tea at the Ingrams' home.

We also had a coffee morning on 28th June but it was not that well



attended, so Vestry has reconsidered this and after some discussion with Rio the next one will be on a weekday afternoon - Wednesday 26th November at 2 p.m - proceeds will go to SECMA (SEC Mission Association). I am very glad to report that SECMA has been most generous in

giving donations to both the Raphael Centre and Holy Cross school in South Africa. Whilst thinking about this Betty, who previously has written about the

Newport Knitters, tells me that they have sent a few parcels of knitted goods to both places and I took some little jumpers to Holy Cross School when I went to South Africa in May this year.

#### **THOSE IN NEED - ESPECIALLY EDUCATION**

We read of so many places of need in the world it is so difficult to decide where one's donations should go - but the advantage, perhaps, of giving to places such as the Raphael Centre and Holy Cross is I can keep an eye on how the money is used and am pretty sure it does not end up in a back pocket! However, South Africa should not be a poor country but the distribution of wealth is still very wide with a number of very rich people both Black and White and a great many poor people and sociologically we are told that it is very difficult for the poor to escape their situation. Also the Black and Coloured people lived through so much trauma for decades that it will take a very long time for this dreadful affliction to be overcome. A lot of work is being done in various

places but there is masses still to do. The so-called "born frees" that is those born since Apartheid came to an end are entering adulthood now so we hope that things will start to improve but it is a long hard road before a real change is seen. Crime, is a huge factor with rape becoming so common - it is appalling especially when it is the rape of children.

The important thing is education and SECMA is very keen that the money they donate goes towards education and particularly of girls who are often considered second if a family has to pay for education, as is the case in South Africa. Malala Yousafzai the brave and very articulate Pakistani school girl has made it clear how important education is for children everywhere - and she almost lost her life advocating the right for girls to receive education as much as boys. So I am thrilled to report that SECMA has given a very substantial donation to help towards the school fees for two young girls, at present attending Holy Cross School, who have won a place at Victoria Primary



School in Grahamstown. Their families will have to pay for their books and school fees. The two girls were victims of ongoing rape from the age of 6 and with the psychological care they have had funded by the Scottish Borders Africa Aids Group they have blossomed considerably so going to this state school in Grahamstown should give them a great chance to have a far better life than they might have had - often the rape victims end up as prostitutes as it is all they know. We have heard horrendous stories of this sort of thing happening in our own country and it is an appalling situation.

#### **LITURGY AND SPIRITUALITY**

Liturgically and spiritually the Church continues to move forward - or at least I hope it is. Despite the intention to have a Sunday afternoon Taizé Service of Evensong each month with the continuing absence and busyness of so many during the summer months we have limited these Sunday afternoon services. However we did have a Choral (perhaps Sung is less grand) Evensong on the Eve of the Birth

of St Mary, 7th September - the 'choir' having gathered the previous Friday for a practice and it went well, which encourages us to continue with this even if it is quarterly or when there is a Feast Day to celebrate.

Combining the thought of rained off events and liturgy a plan was made to have a Eucharist at Balmerino Abbey at one of the picnic tables and to take our packed lunch to eat afterwards. It rained! In fact it rained very heavily but one faithful member turned up so to glorify God in the sacred place and with the Angels, Archangels and the whole company heaven with, no doubt, the spirit of the Cistercian Monks joining in the heavenly choir the Eucharist was celebrated. Betty writes about this elsewhere in the magazine. Having moved to the Gauldry I did have the idea that I would regularly walk down to the Abbey to say the Evening Office - so far I have driven down once! This is because I have discovered how steep the hill is to walk up again - and it all takes time. But as I am sure I have said previously it is so

important - I feel - to continue the worship in these sacred places and often I like to say the Office at Balmerino and have done so too at St Andrews Cathedral, sitting in the choir stalls with Japanese tourists and so on wandering around the ruined walls taking photos.

Regarding Sunday worship this continues faithfully and numbers rise and fall depending how many people have gone to France, or not! Betty produces a graph every now and again and it is interesting to see over the years that the numbers actually do not decline but keep a slow but steady rise, with the odd peak and trough. We were to have a visit from Bishop David in September and many came to church that day - a few crestfallen faces when I came up the aisle alone - Bishop David had hurt his foot walking the pilgrim route of Camino de Santiago, the last bit from Sarria to Compostela - it is also known as the Way of St James and is a pilgrim route which has become extremely popular with people from all areas of life - including, I understand, non-Christians as

much as Christians. It did cross my mind it was a good way of getting people to church by announcing that the Bishop was coming! He eventually came on Sunday 12th October.

Another liturgical occasion was to have a Eucharist and time of prayer on Scottish Referendum Day - a few came and we prayed that we might have a right judgement in all things. Those who fiercely wanted Independence were saddened by the result and many are still hoping to achieve that in the not too distant future. Personally I found it a very difficult decision to take and only finally voted about 9.20 in the evening. The Bishops had asked the Clergy not to be partisan so it was necessary to contain one's views on the subject. I recall that Archbishop Desmond Tutu said that his clergy (and I was one of them!) were not to join any political party nor express our party political views but preaching "politics" was another matter because if we preach about justice and mercy this is about people and politics is about people.

And to quote Archbishop Desmond :

“The church of God must always be vigilant because no matter how popular, no matter how democratic a government is, that government is made up of human beings. they are not God and therefore they are not infallible. the church of God must always be there to say: ‘Thus saith the Lord.’ The church of God will always be the church that speaks for the hungry, the little ones, the powerless ones, the ones who have no clout’. (Zimbabwe 1991)

#### **DAYS DRAWING IN**

So a brief overview of the summer which had some gloriously sunny days but also some very wet ones - September was mild and lovely as the leaves started to turn to their autumn colours, hedgerows full of hips and haws, hardly surprising after the magnificent spring blossoms this year and it is a delight even to walk to church along the Nature Trail from Wormit to Newport, which I try to do every Saturday and Sunday. Blackbirds chatter when disturbed, a robin sings creamily from a tree branch high up - Lords and Ladies with orange berries sit hidden in the hedges. There is always such a richness in creation and walking gives us a chance to stop and stare and to thank God for these wonders - not least the beautiful sunsets we see over the Tay. Soon it will be the end of the Church's year when we celebrate Christ the King Sunday. And with luck the Christmas magazine will appear in early Advent.

Enjoy the autumn and pray for a mild winter!

*Denise*

#### **Letters received by the DHSS:**

I am sending you my marriage certificate and six children. I had seven and one died, which was baptised on half a sheet of paper by the Rev. Thomas.

[submitted by Chris Peacock]

## ANCIENT WORDS OF WISDOM

“My dear Laelius and Scipio, we must stand up against old age and make up for its drawbacks by taking pains. We must fight it as we should an illness. We must look after our health, use moderate exercise, take just enough food and drink to recover, but not to overload, our strength. Nor is the body alone that must be supported, but the intellect and soul much more. For they are like lamps, unless you feed them with oil, they too go out from old age.

...The fact is that old age is respectable just as long as it asserts itself, maintains its proper rights, and is not enslaved to anyone. For as I admire a young man who has something of the old man in him, so do I an old one who has something of a young man. The man who aims at this may possibly become old in body – in mind he never will.”



*Cicero, On Old Age*

“I think I’ve got to do better in making clear what the message is, and I think I can do better. But I think there’s so much noise out there that I’ve got to figure out how to make it clearer that we are for the things that I have advocated that would help.”

*George W. Bush*

**SUBMITTED BY FRANCES HEADLEY**

## RENDERING UNTO PINEAU DE RE

In early March Ruth and I went to Kent to spend a week with our family who had travelled from Lyon to meet us half way. We had, of course, heard about the flooding there but Kent's problems had been somewhat submerged, if you'll forgive the pun, beneath our concerns for the people of the Somerset Levels. What we observed astonished us.

### FLOODS & LANDSLIPS

We had rented a "cottage" near Tunbridge Wells. As we found our way to it we passed a village green: an open space with park seats, surrounded by a scattering of houses. "Nothing strange about that", you may say. But the seats were half submerged in a large pond. This did seem a bit odd. That was only the first of many indications of difficulty. There was fallen timber. Roads had been blocked by landslips that needed careful negotiation. Nor was it easy to find the correct road, for Kent has a network of lanes, often deeply sunk in the landscape and surrounded by dense woodland.

On this visit the customary problems of Kentish navigation were made worse by difficulty with the direction signs, for the lettering on these was so covered with green slime as to be almost illegible.

### JOY OF TAXATION!

About a month later, on 4th April to be precise, the *Fife Herald* carried an item that caught my eye. The headline read - "MP Welcomes Budget Tax Cut". Apparently, from April 2015 £100 extra will be put in the pockets of 34,560 taxpayers in NE Fife. This will be additional to the £700 tax cut already delivered. An increase in personal allowance was mentioned, meaning that the item was all about income tax.

The following day the Prime Minister was at Dawlish attending the reopening of the railway connecting Cornwall and west Devon with the rest of the UK. This is familiar territory, at least on screen. It's the seaside line, with puffer, that one sees at the start of the television programmes called *Coast* and, if you wish to visit Plymouth and

points west by a civilised mode of transport, there is no alternative. This was a pity because the line had to be closed at the height of the storms in southern Britain after its foundations were washed away by ferocious wave action. The closure caused great inconvenience and economic dislocation



in a part of the country where social difficulties and

unemployment seem to be endemic.

In his speech Mr Cameron also alluded to the Government's efforts to lighten the burden of income tax. Like Sir Menzies Campbell, he referred to it with satisfaction. I wonder!

One Sunday in February, when the problems in Somerset were at their height (or perhaps their depth), I had a brief conversation with a friend after the Eucharist. We wondered how it would be possible to rectify the damage caused by the extreme weather.

We both had in mind the government's need to balance the nation's books. We had, it seemed, independently concluded that one solution might be by way of increases in our taxes. We had also concluded that it would have to be personal taxation, and that perhaps the background of events might make this not altogether a bad time to start getting used to the idea.

“What lunacy”, I hear you say. Perhaps it is, and certainly I don't much like personal taxation either (using the term to refer to taxes on the income and wealth of individuals). But the problem is that the alternatives don't really work all that well, especially at a time like this when the recession has become a real challenge to many folk. Those whose poverty obliges them to use the facilities of the recently opened food-bank in Cupar cannot afford the “indirect taxes” that their more affluent compatriots might scarcely notice. Taxes on income and wealth are less unfair since they bear more heavily on those with deeper pockets.

## **VAGARIES OF WEATHER**

I don't want to get into issues about wealth distribution, or not this time anyway. So I'll concentrate instead on the familiar topic of the weather.

The advent of extreme swings of weather conditions is not a surprise in scientific circles. In the textbooks published around 1990 it was already being predicted, which means that the scientific community had known about it since around 1980. It's one of the consequences of global warming. Whatever the cause of this phenomenon the reality of it is not in dispute, except by a few people with axes to grind. So in consequence we have to face up to the costs of dealing with it, which will be enormous.

Take the Somerset Levels as an example. Plans are afoot to dredge the rivers that run through the area. These flow sluggishly anyway because their gradients are very gradual. Dredging is on the menu, not because it will solve the problem, but because it will be relatively cheap and might make the victims of the

flooding think that something is being done: an example of the dishonest politics of the pork barrel. The only solution that will really work would involve digging a canal right round the Levels. This would intercept runoff from the higher surroundings, together with the sediment it carries, before it enters the Levels. It would resemble the collector channel that protects the great area of drained fenland south of The Wash by a method first suggested by the Romans, so it would actually work.

Dawlish is also interesting. Isambard Kingdom Brunel had to build the railway close to the shore there because the corridor of suitable land south of Dartmoor is so narrow. There used to be an alternative route north of Dartmoor. Dr Beeching closed it in the 1960s; his decision may have to be reversed.

None of this stuff will be cheap. It does, however, starkly underline the challenges we face from climate change: challenges that need honesty, imagination

and courage if they are to be overcome; challenges that will also affect Scotland, where the frequency of road and rail blockages by landslips following torrential rain (to say nothing of flooding in urban areas that makes such good television news) are likely to become more frequent; challenges that need money to be spent that is unlikely to be forthcoming from the generosity of private individuals.

#### **BACK TO TAXATION**

This brings us back to the taxes we don't like. People have a right to expect that government will defend them from their enemies, ensure the rule of law and, on a good day, promote social cohesion. In return, governments have the right to expect us to pay for these benefits, hence the taxes.

The Gospels present some significant material about tax. This starts with the passage we hear each Christmas Eve during the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. St Luke's account of our Lord's ministry begins: "And it came to pass in those days, that

there there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed..."

Later, St Matthew has an account of a Pharisee's attempt to entangle Jesus in controversy by asking - "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not?". Perceiving their wickedness he said "Why tempt me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money." So they brought him a penny. He said "Whose is this image and superscription?" They replied "Caesar's". He responded "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

It may have a long history but there is, indeed, something rather unflattering about our attitude to tax. We dislike paying it, yet are fond of much of what it pays for. In our better moments we appreciate that its ends can be things that enable us to participate in a civilised society, yet we grumble so loudly at the means that our elected politicians are too scared to face reality, even though this marks us all with the shameful badge of the



food bank. Perhaps it would be better if we thought of tax as part of our love for other people and as a token of our gratitude for sharing our lives with them.

And it's not as though our society cannot afford what it takes. If you doubt that, it's worth reflecting on something else that happened on that Saturday when the Prime Minister went to Dawlish. That was the day of the Grand National. That was the day on which the (non-food-bank?) part of the population placed bets on the race to a total of about £200,000,000 (two hundred million pounds in case

you think I have miscounted the zeros). The race was won by a horse named Pineau De Re. You



m a y  
n e v e r  
h a v e  
h e a r d  
o f  
h i m ;  
h e  
w a s  
a  
r a n k  
o u t s i d e r ;

the odds were long; hardly anyone won their stake back.

Are we really unable to afford some extra personal taxation?

Hugh A P Ingram



## PILGRIMAGE

*Then you walk on your way securely and your foot will not stumble.*

[Proverbs 3:13-23]

On the 21st September Bishop David was planning to be with us at St Mary's, but having gone on the pilgrim route of Camino de Santiago, the last bit from Sarria to Compostela - his feet could not keep up with his enthusiasm and he came back to Scotland with a nasty case of cellulitis of his foot and leg. As I ended up having to preach it seemed a welcome moment to ponder pilgrimage especially as Betty Evans, Anne Meiland, from the RC church, and I were about to set off for Iona for a Retreat/Pilgrimage.

The Camino de Santiago is also known as the Way of St James and is a pilgrim route which has become extremely popular with people from all areas of life – including, I understand, non-Christians as much as Christians. Bishop David in his Blog wrote about meeting a plane load of Irish on the pilgrimage - “The stories are often of people with deep spirituality who have parted company with institutional religion. That’s why pilgrimage is important – the journey is more important than the destination; relationships are more important than dogma. I’m learning a lot”!

### ST NINIAN

The 16th September was the Feast of St Ninian – who is described as a forerunner of the Celtic Church in the British Isles. He was born of noble parents on the banks of the Solway Firth in about 360AD. As a young man he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome where he was made a bishop by the Pope and is said to have visited Martin of Tours and was inspired by the monastic principle of monks setting themselves apart to pray. Much of this information comes from the Venerable Bede and some scholars



contest it now. It is claimed that Ninian established a monastery and school at Whithorn in Galloway. Its fame spread drawing people from all over the Celtic world and St Patrick is said to have spent time there. It is also said that Ninian served amongst the southern Picts (that is the people of Forfar, Perth, Sterling and Fife) but this is considered questionable. Despite the lack of concrete knowledge, nonetheless there are many dedications to Ninian in different parts of Scotland and some in northern England. In the 12<sup>th</sup> Century Aelred of Rivaulx, the Cistercian Monk, wrote a Life of Ninian, which is said to be a statement of how Ninian was regarded and respected in Scotland. Apparently Ninian's shrine at Whithorn became a place of pilgrimage until the 16<sup>th</sup> Century, but today many will travel there, perhaps not on foot, to see where this Celtic Saint lived his monastic life of humility and prayer. I found one lovely reference regarding Ninian and a catechism he is supposed to have written – where he claimed that the fruit of study was to “perceive the eternal word of God reflected in every plant and insect, every bird and animal, and every man and woman”.

## IONA

The journey to Iona, as those who have been will know, is by boat across from Oban to Mull, then a bus across Mull and another little ferry to Iona - it takes several hours to get there. But despite the easier way of travelling, as Caledonian McBrayne is infinitely more comfortable, and probably safer than a coracle, the journey is an important part of the 3 days. For it reminds us of the journey of life but focuses our attention on our Creator and Source of all being who ever accompanies us. It is interesting to note that anthropologists consider that both the journey and the destination have great significance – providing a sort of threshold where one sees life in a divine perspective. It also gives a break from routine, an opportunity



to reflect and perhaps to put life in perspective again. It is also, and importantly, a time to be silent. Bishop David, in his Blog, wrote that he enjoyed meeting the Irish (hardly surprising) and talking about things. But for me a pilgrimage and a retreat is also about silence – we have enough noise and clamour around us all the time – we dash to the computer to check our emails and we send text messages and make phone calls – we tend to keep in touch with people almost non-stop. So being on a pilgrimage, also once you have arrived at the place you were travelling to, is a time to keep silence, to ponder sacred things, to reflect even on one's own life or of those around one – and in relationship to God.

For me, walking is a spiritual exercise - and Iona lends itself for that because it is quite possible to get away from the crowds who come for the day without getting lost! And then to sit and ponder - to gaze silently at the rocks, the flowers and the birds – absorbing God's created world and thanking God for the gifts that God endlessly gives us. Like the sunset last night over the Tay! All is gift. It is practicing the presence of God. It is 'being' rather than 'doing' – which is what being contemplative is about.



Iona, as I am sure you have heard before and I know I have said before, is a “thin place” where one feels that heaven is there but for the finest veil. As I imagine Whithorn is also, though I still have to get there. I found this at Melrose Abbey in the Borders, and often these “thin places” are where there has been a great deal of prayer.

Whilst pilgrimage is important so also is the sacred space. Philip Sheldrake in his book *Spaces for the Sacred* comments on this and says - “In a more general way, the developing Christian tradition substituted the holiness of people for the holiness of sacred places.

Places could be said to be sacred by association with human holiness.” And he continues - “Holy people and their stories, more than any other medium, localized the Christian God. In acts of healing, of intercession with God or with human power structures, not to mention in offering good advice, holy men and women from late antiquity to the Middle Ages and beyond personalized the forces of the cosmos for ordinary believers.”

On Iona there is Columba’s Bay - and there is a pilgrim path across Iona to get there - along the way there is a cairn of stones and my guess is people have used this as a beacon for prayer. Holding someone in prayer does not actually tell God what is wrong, or how the world should be organized – it is holding the person we are praying for by their hand, as it were, and bringing them to God in silence and then putting them into God’s safe care. That is all, it is that simple and it is that loving - so I also added a stone and then when in Columba’s Bay I collected stones as a way of acknowledging my pilgrimage. I still have them and they are by my prayer chair at home.

### **SACRED PLACES**

The importance is simply being in the sacred space that will bring our hearts to God. Should the clouds part and we see a bit of blue sky and a ray of sun it is always a bonus and perhaps will remind us of the wonderful poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins, the Jesuit Priest and Poet.

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil –

It is that sense of awe and wonder and gratitude that God is here with us – Incarnated and earthy – yet resurrected and glorified. St Paul reminds us that we proclaim Jesus Christ as Lord – and adds that “it is the God who said ‘Let light shine out of darkness,’ who has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.”[2 Cor 4:1-6]

It is also seeing God in all things in creation, and stopping and wondering, and keeping silent and still, and bowing in awe and wonder and gratitude. Philip Sheldrake, who has written a lot about Celtic spirituality, in his book *Living Between Worlds* says : “In the fourth stanza of St Patrick’s breastplate the rocks and sea are actually invoked as spiritual powers. This may be thought by some to be close to animism! [a heresy]. Perhaps the Celtic Christian view of the natural world does at times walk something of a tightrope”. “My sense”, Sheldrake says, “is that something quite subtle and important is being maintained. God’s indwelling Spirit is not merely in humankind or even in animate objects. The Spirit dwells in all things without exception. In that sense the elements such as earth and water are powerful spiritual forces because they have within them the creative energy that is God’s own”

#### CONTINUING THE JOURNEY

So it is with visiting holy places, going to Cathedrals or ruined monastic sites, such as Balmerino – it is important to stop and pray and be silent and remain in the heart of God for those precious minute. “Happy are those who find wisdom, and those who get understanding - for the Lord by wisdom founded the earth; by understanding he established the heavens; by his knowledge the deeps broke open, and the clouds drop down the dew”. [Proverbs 3:13-18]

DH

[It is hoped that others will consider a pilgrimage-retreat next year and at the moment we are looking at going back to Iona or to the Franciscan Friary at Alnmouth - please seriously consider coming]



### *Picnic with Cistercians*

Denise thought it would be a good idea to have a Eucharist followed by a picnic in the beautiful setting of Balmerino Abbey. There had been one arranged two years ago, but it was rained off. This year, July

was such a good month weather wise, that we had high hopes of the event taking place, and a pleasant afternoon would be had by all. The date was set for 2<sup>nd</sup> August. I watched the weather forecast all week. At the beginning of the week it was forecast to be “perhaps the odd shower”. Later on, it was to be ‘light rain’, but not till after 2 p.m – which was acceptable. However, on the morning of the picnic, it was a case of will it? won’t it?, as the rain played tricks, one minute pouring, the next minute fair. However, I set off and arrived at Balmerino at about midday to the accompaniment of light rain. Denise arrived a couple of minutes later, but unfortunately everyone else had thought better of it – maybe they were the wise ones!

#### **TALK ABOUT FAITH, HOPE AND TRUST!**

Undaunted, Denise set up for the chalice and patten for the Eucharist on one of the picnic tables under the trees and in view of the large cross in the Abbey. She celebrated the Eucharist with me as the congregation but with the Angels and Archangels and the spirits of the monks and Queen Ermengarde, and it seemed really meaningful in that setting. Queen Ermengarde was buried here and was the person who in 1229 invited the Cistercian monks of Melrose to set up the abbey at Balmerino .

Afterwards, we put up our umbrellas and ate our picnics and let the rain wash the plates! We weren’t the only ones there, though. Two cyclists were exploring the abbey whilst the Eucharist was being celebrated, and a couple with two dogs were walking in the wood behind us. When we had packed up and were leaving, we found that the couple with the dogs were also having a picnic in the rain!

Denise reckoned the quote “mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun” should be rewritten as “mad dogs and Scotswomen go out in the midday rain”. After all, this is Scotland, we know what rain feels like.....and are used to it. So where was everyone else??

Betty Evans

*[we shall try again next year - wellies provided!! Ed]*

## DIARY OF EVENTS

FROM 12 AUGUST TO 20th SEPTEMBER 1914

Hilary and Andrew Mylius found the name of Andrew's uncle Roland James Corbet in the Register of Baptisms at St Mary's. He was the son of Caroline Stewart who laid St Mary's foundation stone. He fought and was killed in the First World War. He kept a diary from when he left for France on 12 August 1914 until 24 September when he had been injured and returned to England. He returned to France on 22nd December 1914 and was killed on 15th April 1915.

A copy of some of his communications is in the Church should anyone like to look at them, but below are some extracts.

~~~~~

*August 12th* Having mobilized on 7 August, received orders to go on active service with the British Expeditionary Force. Nos. 1 & 2 Coys. Left Barracks at 8.30 a.m. Nos. 3 & 4 Companies at 11.30 a.m. Queen Alexandra saw us march off. Embarked at Southampton on Castle line cargo boat Cawdor Castle. Left about 8 p.m. for unknown destination. A.T and self slept in a life-boat, deck being very crowded and no cabins available.

*August 22nd* Left 3.30 a.m. marching with advance guard, as we were nearing the enemy. We

heard gun fire in the distance. Arrived at La Longueville after a long march. I was sent out with my platoon to guard the main road. My first duty under real active service conditions. I put up an obstacle of wire across the road, and arranged it so that it could be unhooked. This had to be done very frequently during the night - as staff motors and motor bicycle orderlies were continually coming through. Heard several shots during the night but it was only some of our sentries firing on our own orderlies, etc. I was recalled about 3.30 a.m. and secured a couple of boiled eggs before we moved off.



There is a long entry for *25th August* --- to my mind the most trying part of the whole business were the wounded. There was some poor devil quite near me who had been badly wounded and he was crying out for a long time for someone to come and blow his brains out, but of course one couldn't do anything. The noise was tremendous.

*Sept 6th* Off about 5 a.m. -- after the shelling had ceased we got up out of the trenches. We then heard that Walter de Winton had been wounded, and very shortly afterwards we heard he was dead --- he was buried close by in a little cottage garden and Percy Wyndham and Huggan read the burial service over him.

*Sept 8th* Off about 4 a.m. --- we were ordered to advance and just as we had got through a little village called La Tretoire we were told to get into Artillery formation. Half my platoon under me, went on down the road, and the other half went off the right. I was just starting to

double when BANG -a German shrapnel arrived and burst just right over us. It knocked down every single man in the half platoon, I believe. I went over with the rest and found myself on my hands and knees in the road not quite knowing whether I was killed or not. However as I saw the others crawling away, I thought I had better do so too. ---As I was lifted up, I noticed the trunk of the apple tree I had been behind was quite studded with shrapnel bullets, so it was lucky I had been able to crawl behind it.

I had been hit in three places. One in the right forearm; one in the right upper arm, and one in the eighth rib on my left side --- my pain came in short stabs under my rib and made me groan a bit. --- We waited here some time, while more wounded were collected and Ulick Alexander, and my servant Whitehorn also appeared - the latter taking charge of my kit. At length the ambulance started and we went on by slow stages until it was quite dark. We eventually were taken out and I was carried into a farmyard and placed in a covered

barn for the night. There was a long row of wounded and I was two from the end.

*Sept 9th* : As the bullet was supposed to be in my stomach I was taken out and lay in the sun for some time. There were a number of German wounded prisoners and various things of interest to be seen. A nice Padre produced a Field Post Card which I addressed to my mother and he dispatched for me.

*Sept 11th*. I felt much better the next morning but having still had no food was weak and again had to have catheter. However, about midday they decided I might have something to eat: so having had no food or drink for 81 hours, I had a big thick slice of bread and butter and a hard boiled egg given me!!

Roland Corbet then wrote of his return to England over several days - still wearing his pyjamas and dressing gown together with a pair of khaki knickers and the woolly he was wearing when he had been hit. On 20th September he arrived at Waterloo and was sent to the Sister Agnes Hospital in Grosvenor Gardens - where he had an X-ray and was found to have a small splinter in his rib wound. He was discharged on 24th September and went to his Mother's house on leave. He was on leave until 28th October and returned to light duty. He was promoted to Lieutenant on 9th December and ordered to take out a draft of two hundred men and three officers on 22nd December.



### *Harvest Festival at*

#### *Riverview Nursing Home -*

The residents made these pretty leaves from tissue paper. A few of the St Mary's 'choir' came along to help with the singing.



# COFFEE AFTERNOON

Wednesday 26th November 2014

2 – 4 pm

St Mary's Church Hall,  
High Street, Newport on Tay

Admission £2

Includes tea/coffee and cake

Proceeds to SEC Mission Assc  
and the building fund.

Raffle and Cake stall

The Rio will also have some stalls



Harvest Festival with  
the children



## ***CHURCH OFFICIALS***

Rector            Revd Denise Herbert, 43 Bridieswell Gdns, Gauldry    01382 330411  
Lay Rep.        Mrs Jean McGuinness, 39 Queen Street, Newport        01382 541734  
Alt. Lay Rep    Vacant

### Vestry Members

|                    |                                    |              |
|--------------------|------------------------------------|--------------|
| Mr David Brex,     | 3 Beach Road, Wormit,              | 01382 782502 |
| Mrs Betty Evans,   | 31 Cupar Road, Newport             | 01382 542273 |
| Mrs Jane Campbell, | 28 Linden Ave Newport              | 01382 542343 |
| Mrs Hilary Mylius, | St Fort Farm, Newport              | 07580480708  |
| Mrs Janet Rule,    | Carse Vista, Main St., The Gauldry | 01382 330854 |

Treasurer/Acting Vestry Sec. Mrs Betty Evans,  
Property Convener            Mr David Brex,  
Organists                        Mrs Judith Wilkes and Mrs Ruth Ingram  
Altar Guild                      Mesdames Marina Bailey, Betty Evans, Janet Rule  
                                         Jane Campbell, Doreen Williamson  
PVG Officer                      Mrs Jean McGuinness  
Web Editors                      Mrs Jean McGuinness and Mrs Betty Evans  
Sunday School                  Vacant  
Flowers                          Mrs Hilary Mylius

**Web Address** <http://stmaryschurchnewportontay.org/>

## **CHURCH SERVICES**

### **SUNDAYS**

10.45 a.m Sung Eucharist    1982 Scottish Liturgy

**WEEKDAY EUCHARIST:** on important festivals and saints days.

See notice boards, Sunday leaflet and website

### **ST SERF'S CARE HOME**

WEDNESDAY 11.00 Communion [1st & 4th wks - with occasional changes]

SC 003380 CCLI 570663

## **FESTIVALS & SAINTS DAYS**

|        |                      |                 |                    |
|--------|----------------------|-----------------|--------------------|
|        | 23 Nov               | Christ the King |                    |
| 1 Nov  | All Saints Day       | 30 Nov          | Advent I           |
| 3 Nov  | All Soul's Day       | 1 Dec           | St Andrew          |
| 17 Nov | Margaret of Scotland | 8 Dec           | Conception of Mary |