



April 2017 Magazine

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The Cradle of Christianity

Ian Gilmour

What comes into your mind when you focus on the word 'cradle'?

It is not a word often heard during Lent. Yet it may be a helpful word if what comes into your mind is similar to what comes into my mind?

The word cradle brings into my mind in no special order; infant(s), changing mats, colourful furnishings, clothes, cots and all these accompanied with noise - gurgling, laughing and crying. To open a nursery door and view a cradle is to witness life personified - it can be a really special encounter, full of potential, it can take one's breath away.

Now my breath can also be taken away when I visit a tomb where someone has been buried! Any pyramid, cave or stone structure

which has been used for burials impresses me. At the Tomb of the Eagles, in Orkney, they used to let the tourists hold human skulls and bones and strangely this made the past seem very close and the distance between birth and death, just a narrow stream.

Where is this leading? It leads to the contrast within our celebrations of Christmas and Easter, both have their place. Christianity could be described as a journey from a manger (cradle) to a grave (tomb), both have much to teach.

While we work for four weeks through Advent to arrive at a cradle on Christmas Day, we take six weeks to arrive via a cross at Holy Saturday. That is the one day when God is dead and buried – entombed. In the writing of one of our greatest theologians (Alan Lewis) this is the central day for Christianity. We can find new breadth and depth for our journey if we take a few moments to contemplate that particular day.

However, we should not set camp there or find any joy there, just mark it as part of the journey of our Lord from the crucifixion to the incredible story of the empty tomb.

The empty tomb seems to me much more like the cradle than any grave I have visited so far. From sunrise, women and men are coming and going, with laughter and tears, in a garden with a large rolled stone, – a place infused with LIFE, of extraordinary potential, for today and forever. This is a place for

contemplation, it is good for human beings to begin afresh from this place of love, joy and peace.

Paradoxically the cradle of Christianity is a joy filled tomb!

Enjoy a delightful Easter, lan



In case you missed it... Donna and Ian Gilmour celebrated 40 years of marriage on 19 March.

Congratulations!

Holy Week and Easter at St Andrew's and St George's West



3pm Palm Sunday, 9 April: A Celebration of Music

Come for cake, musical entertainment and Desert Island Discs with a special guest to celebrate the launch of **Songs of Longing**, the choir's CD. **Songs of Longing** celebrates diverse connections and journeys to Africa, America and Europe - and back again.

7pm Music & Reflection for Holy Week

Monday 10 April, 7pm The Woman (John 12:1-11)

Music for male voices - music by SS Wesley and Carvel

Tuesday 11 April, 7pm The Grain of Wheat (John 12: 20-36) Music for female voices of the choir – music by Bach and Tavener

Wednesday 12 April, 7pm Judas (John 13: 21-32) Vocal ensemble – Bach and Croce

Thursday 13 April, 7pm Maundy Thursday Communion The New Commandment (John 13:1-17,31b-35)

Good Friday 14 April, 7pm The Cross (John 19) Choir of St Andrew's and St George's West music by Sweelinck and Carvel

Easter Day at St Andrew's and St George's West

Sunday 16 April
7.30am TOGETHER Dawn service (at St Cuthbert's)
9am Communion Service
9.45am Easter Breakfast
11am Easter Morning Worship with Communion

Sundays at STAGW

Sunday 2 April First Sunday of the month

On the first Sunday of each month you are invited to bring dry goods* to contribute to Fresh Start's Starter Packs

There is usually a simple social lunch of soup, bread and cheese and home baking after the 11am service, for a suggested minimum donation of £3. Proceeds go to local charities.

9.45am All Age Service
10.30am Adult Discussion
11am Morning Worship
The Way of the Cross (the meaning of Holy Week)
12 Stated Annual Meeting
All members are welcome
12.30 Fellowship Lunch for Caledonian Woodlands
2pm Albany Deaf Church

http://www.freshstartweb.org.uk/goods

Sunday 9 April

Palm Sunday

9am Communion 9.45am All Age Service 10.30am Adult Discussion 11am Morning Worship

The Mind of Christ Philippians 2:5 – 11

2pm Albany Deaf Church 3pm Choir CD Launch with Afternoon Tea

Sunday 16 April Easter Day

7.30am TOGETHER Dawn
Service (at St Cuthbert's)
9am Communion
9.45am Easter Breakfast
11am Easter Worship
2pm Albany Deaf Church

Sunday 23 April

9am Communion
9.45am All Age Service
10.30am Adult Discussion
11am Morning Worship
It is True! John 20:19-31

2pm All Age Messy Church with Albany Deaf Church

^{*} eg pasta, rice, cereal, tinned beans, tinned meat, UHT milk, instant coffee, teabags. Find the full list at

Sunday 30 April

9am Communion
9.45am All Age Service
11am Morning Worship
Followers of the Way
Luke 24:13-35
3.30pm "Push n Shove"



Sunday 7 May All services are held in the Undercroft

9am Communion
9.45am All Age Service
11am Morning Worship
Glad and Generous Hearts
Acts 2:42-47
2pm Albany Deaf Church

Sunday 14 May All services are held in the Undercroft

9am Communion
9.45am All Age Service
11am Morning Worship
Stand Firm
Acts 7:55-60
2pm Albany Deaf Church

Worship Strengthens and Transforms

Worship is helpful for our growth as followers of Christ, so consider joining us Sunday by Sunday. You can attend Communion at 9.00am, the All Age service at 9.45am or enjoy our progressive pattern at 11.00am or come to all three!

Life is all about practising for heaven.....Richard Rohr

Praise him with trumpets. Praise him with harps and lyres.

Praise him with drums and dancing.

Praise him with harps and flutes.

Praise him with cymbals.
Praise him with loud cymbals.
Praise the Lord, all living
creatures!
Psalm 150

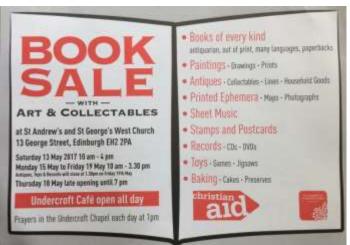
Start by doing what's necessary; then do what's possible; and suddenly you are doing the impossible.

Francis of Assisi

April - May 2017 Diary	
_	
Sun 2 April	9am, 9.45am, 11am services.
-	Stated Annual Meeting
	Fellowship Lunch for Caledonian Woodlands
	2pm Albany Deaf Church
Mon 3 Apr	6.30pm AHSS Lecture
Thurs 6 Apr	All Day Conference Sanctuary
Sat 8 Apr	Practical Pilgrim Day (Café Camino)
Sun 9 Apr	9am, 9.45am, 11am services
Palm	2pm Albany Deaf Church
Sunday	3pm Choir CD launch
Mon 10 Apr	7pm Music and Reflection for Holy Week
Tue 11 Apr	7pm Music and Reflection for Holy Week
Wed 12 Apr	7pm Music and Reflection for Holy Week
Thur 13 Apr	7pm Maundy Thursday Communion
Fri 14 Apr	7pm Music and Reflection for Holy Week
	Undercroft Café closed
Sun 16 Apr	7.30am Dawn Service at St Cuthbert's
Easter Day	9am, 9.45 Easter Breakfast, 11am services
	2pm Albany Deaf Church
Man 47 Annil	2pm Easter Play, Princes Street Gardens
Mon 17 April	
Mad 40 Apr	10.30am Book Group meets, Chapel
Wed 19 Apr	Edinburgh Quartet Rush Hour Concert
Sun 23 Apr	9am, 9.45am, 11am services
Man 24 April	2pm All Age Messy Church (with Albany)
Mon 24 April	12.15pm Undercroft Amnesty Group 2.30pm Evergreens David Todd, Arts Chaplain
Wed 26 April	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Sun 20 Apr	7pm Amazing Grace Film and Discussion
Sun 30 Apr	9am, 9.45am, 11am services From 3.30pm "Push'n'shove" to clear and set
	up the church for the Christian Aid Sale
	up the chartin for the Chinstian Alu Gale

May 2017		
Mon 1 –	Christian Aid sorting and pricing	
Fri 12 May		
Sat 13 -	Christian Aid Sale	
Fri 19 May		
Sun 21 May	9am, 9.45am, 11am services (11am with BB	
	Silver Band and Guard of Honour)	
	Heart and Soul, Princes Street Gardens	
Wed 24 May	2.30pm Evergreens	
Sun 28 May	BBC service (no 9am service)	
	9.45am and 11am service	
Mon 29 May	Bells Conference All Day	
	Undercroft Café closed	
Wed 31 May	7.30pm Kirk Session Meeting	





Deaths

Cicely 'Sue' Marion Stanley Holman on 6 March Jennifer Stoddart on 29 March

New Member

Diana Thurston-Smith

Thriving and generous

Crispin Longden, Finance Convener

"Each of you must give as you have made up your mind, not reluctantly or under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver." 2 Corinthians 9:7

The 2016 Annual Report and Congregational Accounts bear witness to the fact that St Andrew's and St George's West is a thriving and generous church.

We are a **thriving** congregation: the Accounts reference no fewer than 15 separate organisations, from Albany to Workplace Chaplaincy, with whom we have a close link.

We are a **generous** congregation: the Accounts detail 16 organisations, from Christian Aid to Streetworks, we have supported financially in 2016.

What makes us a thriving, generous church is YOU, your time, your talents and your money. Over the past couple of years we have reviewed how members give of their time and talents. The cycle now returns to money. Please consider prayerfully your financial contribution to the rich and full life of St Andrew's and St George's West.

All Age Messy Church Sunday 23 April at 2pm



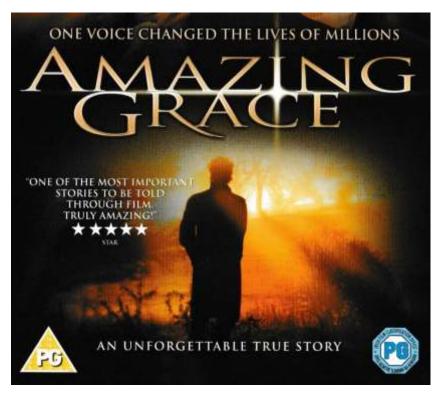
Come along to an all-age messy church to prepare our tent for Heart and Soul!

Joint with Albany Church.

Everybody welcome.

Amazing Grace Film Showing and Discussion David Todd

Greenside Arts & Entertainment Outreach in partnership with Edinburgh City Centre Churches Together.



On Wednesday 26 April 2017 at 7pm there will be a showing of the film *Amazing Grace* in St Andrew's and St George's Church followed by a short discussion.

The film lasts just under two hours and there will be refreshments afterwards for which a donation of £1.50 is suggested.



This follows on recent trips to cinema and theatre and the recent showing of the film *Billy Elliot* in St Andrew's and St George's West Church led by **David Todd**.

David is Arts Outreach Project Leader for Greenside Parish Church in partnership with Edinburgh City Centre Churches Together.

Amazing Grace is the incredible true story of William Wilberforce who tirelessly led the campaign to abolish slavery in Britain. At a time when the slave trade was not only perceived as acceptable but as a necessity for the economy, Wilberforce and his fellow abolitionists dared to speak out against a massive injustice, fighting long and hard for the freedom of others.

Apart from the obvious issues raised in the film the discussion will also look at where God is in the story.



All Things Bright and Beautiful, All Creatures Great and Small...

Pat McKerrow's Wildlife Diary

We hear them, we see them, many of us possibly feed them, yet can we identify them? Importantly, do we take time to really look and appreciate them? The splendour of their markings and colours? The fragility of their tiny limbs? The beauty of their individual voices and songs? I am referring of course to our garden birds.

"The kiss of the sun for pardon, the song of the birds for mirth, one is nearer God's heart in the garden, than anywhere else on earth." 1

From four floors up, the garden I see is a shared one that backs on to a naturally wild area. This in turn forms a riverbank for a section of the Water of Leith Walkway and gives me an unending and varied supply of birdlife to enjoy every single day. Obviously the wetland area offers mallards, goosanders, mute swans, moorhens, grey herons, even the occasional Canada goose, and cormorant.

^{&#}x27;God's Garden', extract, Dorothy Frances Gurney

But, a constant source of beauty, wonder and joy, is the garden formed by boxes and feeders at the lounge window. There are regular visits from blue tits, great tits, long-tailed tits, chaffinches, bullfinches, goldfinches, greenfinches, blackbirds, robins, dunnocks, and siskins. I recently acquired an interesting book of collective nouns for land, air and water creatures, so perhaps I should claim sightings of a 'charm' of goldfinches, (I love that term), or even a 'bellowing' of bullfinches.

This book now sits alongside my impressive library of bird guides, all well-thumbed, and all helpful in discerning the very subtle differences between some of the individual species. And, it isn't just identification between species, add to that the differences between the males, females, and juveniles of same species, plus others that can take on winter/summer plumage changes...bird-spotting is not straightforward!

"Each little flower that opens, each little bird that sings – he made their glowing colours, he made their tiny wings..." Cecil Frances Alexander

Over the years, there have been several memorable window box moments, including a fledgling greenfinch who opted to make it his home, encouraged I think by a parent who clearly knew about the bird buffet on offer there. This little one lived there for a few weeks, completely oblivious to either my careful watch or the presence of my cats performing their own brand of lookout from the windowsill. I know not what befell this little bird, one day he simply disappeared, but in typical Pollyanna style, I like to think that he is now one of the adults who visit regularly.

Other special moments include seeing a dunnock and chaffinch not exactly huddled up, but certainly using the space together as a snowstorm shelter. Then there were the adult goldfinches who regularly brought their fledgling family to feed; a wonderful sight and dare I say, a very 'charming' sound too.

I find it interesting to watch the little birds gather on the trees below and then springboard up to my window. A hierarchy is normally evident, with the chaffinches, the males so colourful with their pinkish-brown cheeks and breasts, hovering with wings beating faster than the eye can see, then driving away the much smaller blue tits. That said, I have also seen a feisty blue tit take on a much larger greenfinch to secure the prime spot for mixed-seeds.

So I am awaiting with interest the results of the Big Garden Birdwatch 2017. This annual survey, run by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (RSPB), is the largest of its kind in the world, is now in its 38th year, and sees over half a million people across the UK spend an hour watching and recording the birds in their gardens on a chosen day and date each January.

In 2016, the British Trust for Ornithology reported the lowest number of blue tits in more than a decade. The thought of species decline or worse, joining endangered lists, saddens me, particularly as we humans are more often than not, responsible. I therefore take heart from work in hand by organisations such as RSPB, and the Scottish Wildlife Trust to help protect and safeguard not just vulnerable, but all native species for the benefit of future generations.

And God said, "...let birds fly above the earth across the dome of the sky." So God created...every winged bird of every kind. And God saw that it was good. God blessed them, saying, "...let birds multiply on the earth."

Genesis 1:20-23 (part)

Can you imagine your garden without a favourite or indeed any birds? I for one would definitely rather not.

Every blessing, Pat McKerrow





Arthur Chapman of St Andrew's and St George's West is helping to lead this day of information on walking the Camino de Santiago.

Please pop in and say hello. You might find yourself at the start of a journey...

STAGW Walks

Mary Scott leads our monthly walking group on the first Friday of the month.

Get in touch if you would like to come along.

On Saturday 3rd and Sunday 4th June, students, staff and the local Edinburgh community will unite to walk 15 miles from Edinburgh to the ruins of St Brigid's Church, Dalgety Bay, before camping overnight and then boarding a boat to Inchcolm Island. We will walk remembering the journeys taken by many refugees during the recent migrant crisis and their need for sanctuary and we will recall the Celtic prophets of the 6th St Brigid and St Columba who practised hospitality.

Participants in the walk will raise money for a new University Fund which will provide financial assistance for refugees wishing to enter higher education at Edinburgh University.

Register your interest by visiting the event Facebook page https://www.facebook.com/events/766128860200985/

It will soon be possible to sign up on this webpage http://www.ed.ac.uk/chaplaincy/sanctuary-walk-for-refugees
Rev Ali Newell, Associate Chaplain, Edinburgh University Chaplaincy



Liturgical Colours

Morven Cross

As we move from winter into spring, the Church moves into Lent and then Easter. The colours outside change through the seasons; inside the Church changes through her liturgical colours.

In a Presbyterian church the colour changes are less dramatic than other denominations. The most obvious changes are the pulpit fall and the Minister's stole.

These colours have symbolic meanings so that we can absorb information both by the ear and the eye. This is all very well if you know the colour codes, if not, all you notice is that someone has changed that bit of cloth again.

Purple or violet is used to symbolize penitence and preparation – Advent and Lent.

Rose pink is for joy and happiness – Third Sunday in Advent and Mothering Sunday.

White or gold is the symbol of glory, purity or joy (again) and is for the major festivals – Christmas, Epiphany, Easter and Trinity Sunday.

Red is used to symbolise fire and blood and is used during Holy Week and Pentecost.

Black the colour for death and mourning, used for Good Friday.

Green is the colour that we see for most of the year. Green is for 'ordinary time', the Sundays after Pentecost and before Advent. Green stands for growth and for hope and for life eternal.











Andrew Gregg

City Centre Workplace Chaplain

I grew up in in Northern Ireland during "the troubles". My family has a strong Christian heritage, and the churches of my youth had packed Sunday School classes, and unaccompanied Psalm singing.

What I learned at home and in church was about a God of justice and mercy, a God of love, compassion and grace that was not always seen in the culture of the Province at that time. In the early 1980's



I became part of a house church group that sought to live as described in the scriptures in a contemporary context.

I worked briefly as a civil servant before joining a local University as a member of staff – where I met my wife Heather. While completing my MSc I worked in an academic department where beyond my work I enjoyed providing pastoral support to both students and staff. I took a two-year secondment to the Executive office of the fledgling University of the Highlands and Islands in Inverness as a project manager. Returning to Northern Ireland I worked on the senior management team for the University, tasked with developing and leading a programme of change. During this time, I trained as a Life Coach and in leadership development.

My twenty-year career track in Higher Education ran in parallel with another in church service and eventually I moved completely into Christian ministry. I have served as a coordinator for Inverness Street Pastors – developing partnerships between the Police, local government, local businesses, the NHS and the church, and latterly with Work Place Chaplaincy (WPCS).

Together, my wife and I led a contemplative group, and developed half nights of prayer for the city. Our ministry together has included curating, and mounting art and poetry exhibitions expressing faith and having the joy of seeing these reach many unchurched people and tourists. (Story at www.reconnected-place.org) We have also encouraged a further two church-based art/poetry exhibitions, one in Inverness, the other in Fife.

We have had a wide variety of experience in church expressions both denominational and independent including a church plant in Belfast but also the well-established Episcopal Cathedral in Inverness. We have often been trusted with various areas of responsibility in those faith communities. I particularly enjoy public speaking both in teaching at university and sharing about WPCS and Street Pastors, but also in pulpit support.

My involvement with Work Place Chaplaincy Scotland began as a volunteer, then sessional worker and then employment. In the past two years I have been running a pilot project on helping people discern a calling to full-time ministry, involving mentoring, placements, training and developing an undergraduate university module on chaplaincy.

Three years ago, I had a key conversation with an influential local businessman who asked the question "What does the church do for the City?" In response I introduced him to the work of WPCS, and the next week he introduced me to two hundred businessmen at a BID breakfast. Since then I have been regularly visiting and supporting shops, offices, local government and the fire service in Inverness. I recently followed up on the businessman's question and he replied that he now saw that the church was alive, and active in the city.

I see that each office, each store and every conversation is a sacred space. Serving people in their work place is a deeply humbling experience as many people struggle there: some with illness, some financially, some with mental health, some with supporting their families and some with deep questions of value and meaning.

In this the chaplain is often a welcome guest, a peacemaker, confidential listener at whatever level the person want to engage in. The Chaplain is a transformative influence by revealing hope, light and clarity in situations, and expressing the intrinsic worth of that person in the light of God. As a follower of Christ, he leads me into these places. My service is to both the workplace and the church – to translate the work place for the church, and the church for the work place.



Letter from Arizona

Bill Clinkenbeard

It's a beautiful day in Arizona today: A bright blue and cloudless sky with temperatures due to rise to the upper eighty degrees. The desert is unusually green because of recent rain. Some of the cacti are blooming. However, the atmosphere seems politically charged and Arizona residents are somewhat tense. News of Russian interference in the election, of the failure of the new American Healthcare bill and of progress on The Wall has put people on edge.

The most immediate issue for Arizonians has to be The Wall, due to be constructed only about one hundred miles south of us here in Fountain Hills. More than thirty contractors have expressed an interest in constructing the new barrier between the United States and Mexico. The government now wishes to extend the time limit permitted for the expression of interest in the project. Various

groups are bound to be inconvenienced by The Wall, and I report the concern for them with the seriousness that it deserves.

First of all, the Jaguars. There are reckoned to be about seventeen or eighteen Jaguars (not cars but mountain lions) on the border. At the moment they can roam freely between Mexico and the United States, hunting for food and water and for mates. Naturally enough, even as undocumented travelers, they have a long history of crossing the border without restriction. That will now be curtailed. They wouldn't even be able to see over The Wall, let along scramble over it. How will they survive? The same is true, of course, for deer and coyotes and other animals. None of these species is able to climb ladders or tunnel under The Wall.

I have not yet touched on the question of human beings. How will people in Nogales, Arizona cross the street (The Wall) to Nogales, Mexico to dine or buy groceries or see their friends and families? What about all the Arizonians who travel to Mexico to buy prescription medicines and have their dental work done because it is so much cheaper?

As you can see, there are too many unanswered questions in the ate these days. The most difficult one to answer may be posed by the fact that the biggest plant available to produce the concrete for The Wall is located in Mexico! How are the drivers of the cement trucks supposed to get to Arizona and back? So, as you can imagine, it's no wonder that people facing such issues are tense and uneasy and on edge.

Many of them keep thinking they will wake up.

Bill Clinkenbeard March 31, 2017

In Praise of Sue Holman

Michael Holman

It was not how Mum's life was supposed to end. At least, it was not as I had envisaged our parting. For three weeks my brave mother battled to stay alive, while Gabrielle and I sat by her hospital bed and held her right hand - the left side of her body had been paralysed by a crippling stroke. The stroke had left her unable to talk. On top of all this, she was also profoundly deaf.



We communicated by a simple squeeze of her hand. She responded with an answering squeeze. Initially we were devastated by our distress - distress that verged on anger as her ordeal continued. But half way through our vigil I had what might be called an epiphany, for it was sudden and unexpected, with implications that brought comfort.

Blinded by grief, I had failed to understand that her squeeze of our hands was the last and the greatest gift a mother can bequeath her child. It was more than an acknowledgement of our presence. It was an assertion and a demonstration of her mighty and unconditional love for me.

Soon she was to set off on the final leg of a journey that had begun in the small South African town of King Williams Town, 95 years ago. Some journey!

She lived through the Second World War, serving on Robben Island before it became a prison. She followed with enthusiasm the near-miraculous revolution that ended apartheid South Africa. And she supported the transformation that led from Rhodesia to Zimbabwe. Through all this she never forgot the sound from her childhood that reverberated through the years - the blare of the horn that signalled the start of the curfew for her black fellow citizens in King, warning them that they were expected to be out of the white areas and back in the 'townships'.

Barely out of her teens, she volunteered for military service after war broke out, and enlisted as a naval observer, based on the island that was to become forever associated with Nelson Mandela.

She met and married my Dad, who was serving with the RAF in Queenstown. They left for Cornwall, mum travelling by troopship. Cornwall was home for Dad, and it was where I was born. But we did not stay long. Dad was offered a teaching post in South Africa, and we set off for Durban, Natal. Soon after the birth of my dear brother Peter, the family moved again, this time to neighbouring Rhodesia, where a small town called Gwelo was to be our home for the next 25 years.

There was no curfew klaxon to be heard, but the underlying attitudes of the two white-ruled countries were much the same. Segregation ruled. From the institutional to the petty, life was determined by the colour of your skin. The town was divided into 'European' and 'Native' areas. In many stores there was a special counter for blacks. Schools and hospitals were racially separated. The town cinemas were for whites only.

It was in this society that my mother communicated her values to her two sons.

She quietly defied convention, and alarmed the neighbours by inviting itinerant black hawkers to approach the house by the front door, and not the back. More shocking still, she would offer them a cup of tea. And perhaps most shocking of all, she insisted that her sons were addressed as Michael and Peter, and not as 'baas'.

Thus she followed her principles - unremarkable today, but revolutionary in the context of her time. They were based on simple values: respect for her fellow citizens, treating them with dignity, irrespective of race, colour or creed. They were reinforced by a gift for pithy observations.

A neighbour complained, once too often, about the early morning chorus of whistling delivery men, calling with the newspaper, the post, the milk, bread and assorted grocery orders. The neighbour was silenced with a single line: "It's when the whistling stops that you should start to worry."

Her journey then took her from Gwelo to Salisbury, the Rhodesian capital, with fresh challenges. To her quiet but intense pride, both sons turned out to be what the government called 'trouble makers': Peter, the talented advocate who defended the guerrillas fighting white rule, Michael the journalist. The death of Peter at 24 was a shattering blow.

It would have been understandable if our mother had thrown in the towel and opted for the quiet life. Instead she continued to support me. On one occasion she was questioned by the police, who were attempting to track me down following a clash with the authorities.

The move to Edinburgh some 25 years ago brought a blessed period of happiness for them both - but she never forgot the sound of those curfew klaxons nearly a century ago.

What a democrat was my mother! ...feisty in her opposition to racial discrimination;

What a citizen of the world! ...fiercely proud of her African heritage;

What a staunch friend! ...loyal and steadfast;

And what a mother! ...she bestowed her gift of love on friends, and family and sons: a love all embracing, all-comforting, ever enduring.

In the words of that time-honoured southern African blessing:

Hamba gahle, dearest mother, hamba gahle. Go well.



SLA Volunteer Administrator

Scottish Love in Action is looking for a part time Volunteer Administrator as our dear Barbara is moving south. She will be a great loss as she is so much part of the team and

loves the work. Anyone interested, enjoys administration and would like a worthwhile, stimulating voluntary job in a happy atmosphere, please do be in touch with the SLA office, 0131 629 9112.

Have a wee look at our web site www.sla-india.org

WE ARE ALL CITIZENS

AN EXHIBITION OF ABSTRACT DRAWINGS BY LUDMILLA ANDREWS

Undercroft Café, St Andrew's and St George's West April 2017

A while ago I created a series of abstract dot drawings and then tucked them away, waiting for an appropriate time to show them. As with these drawings, my work is often process-based, where the way it is made has bearing on its meaning. A technique I often employ is to cut or manipulate the surface of the material I am using (usually paper) in order to probe beyond the surface to what lies beyond.

In this instance, I conscientiously drew around or highlighted indentations or protrusions made in the paper as a means of recognising their existence. I found that the soothing, repetitive nature of the task felt very therapeutic and described a more personal internal dialogue. This much needed activity was a departure from my usual references that often reflect my fascination with the dynamics of human interaction.

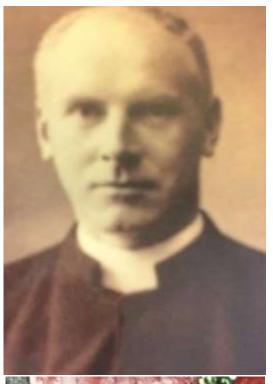
Today, in this current climate, where intolerance to outsiders has started to become disturbingly common rhetoric, I felt these artworks took on a new relevance. It was now the right time to name and show them.

Noticing and giving recognition takes effort and time. In paying attention to each individual we allow them to feel valued despite - or may be in spite of - the differences and similarities. Now, more than ever, we need to be able to see the value in each other, nurture this, and proclaim with open generous hearts, "WE ARE ALL CITIZENS." These drawings, in their method of making, reflect this sentiment.

It gives me great pleasure to show these drawings in Edinburgh, where I grew up and went to school. My heritage is Dutch-Trinidadian and I now live in London where I currently work as a Learning Mentor in a Secondary School. It is also where I studied a BA in Film and Video at LCC and an MA in Printmaking at Camberwell College of Arts.









Remembering Rev. Gavin Pagan

Minister of St George's Church, 1909 – 28.4.1917

Alec Hope

As the Minister of St. George's Parish Church in Charlotte Square, Gavin Pagan's name was at the head of the War Memorial doorway into the sanctuary at St. George's, which commemorated the 69 members of the congregation who died on active service in the 1914 - 1918 war. Friday 28 April 2017 will be the 100th anniversary of his death in action as a Captain in the 15th Royal Scots at Arras.

The Scotsman published an obituary on 19 June 1917, which includes some account of how he came to enlist as a combatant and of his service during the conflict. The Minutes of the Kirk Session of St. George's, at Register House, also contain some information on this, which this article follows.

On 14 October 1914, at a meeting of the Kirk Session which he had called, with 19 elders present, Gavin Pagan informed them that "after much thought he felt that it had become his duty to apply for admission to Lord Kitchener's Army, as the only course by which he could do his utmost to defend his own liberty and the interests of the Church and country in the present grave national danger". With Presbytery permission being required for him to do so, for service in the Army of three years or until the end of the war, he said that he was prepared to resign the charge should Presbytery decide that St. George's should

not be left for such an indefinite period without a settled Minister, but that he was willing to provide a substitute if a temporary arrangement was sanctioned. He expressed his regret if the work of the Church suffered but said that it was a dislocation to which every interest in the country was being subjected, and his belief that, with the co-operation of the Kirk Session and members of the congregation, the Church could be kept going until the danger was averted. In response, while the Kirk Session indicated their regret at hearing of his decision, they would make no objection to him in the course he felt it his duty to take, and would inform the Presbytery of their desire that the Charge should not be declared vacant, and of their acceptance that a temporary arrangement should be made in the meantime.

Following Presbytery approval, Gavin Pagan duly enlisted, as a Private initially, since his existing role as an Army Chaplain made it the only way to proceed. From this, he then gained a commission, and promotion, to being a Captain.

One elder not present at the Kirk Session meeting in October 1914 was James Clark, who had already enlisted, being Lt. Colonel in the 5th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. (Originally from Paisley, he had become a K. C. in 1908, and a C. B. in 1911.) If the reality of the conflict was not already becoming very clear by the spring of 1915, the news of the death of Col. Clark in action near Ypres on 10 May, aged 56, must certainly have made the reality all too clear for the congregation. The Kirk Session Minutes of 7 June record that a memorial service for Col. Clark (ordained as an elder in July 1897) was held in St. George's on 19 May, with the General Assembly being suspended for it, the Moderator attending and conducting the service with, it seems, Rev. Gavin Pagan himself.

During Gavin Pagan's war service, Rev. Alexander Fiddes was Interim Moderator, with Rev. Bruce Nichol and then the Rev. Prof. Paterson being the main replacements for the absent Minister.

In the confusion of action at Arras, Gavin Pagan's fate was initially uncertain, and was only confirmed later by the Red Cross. On 7 May 1917, the Kirk Session, with Mr. Fiddes and with Prof. Paterson as Minister in Charge, conveyed their sympathy to Mrs. Pagan and to Mrs. Pagan Senior in their hour of trial at the news that Gavin Pagan was missing in action. On 2 July there was an expression of appreciation to Prof. Paterson "for the manner in which the memorial and Funeral"

services in connection with Mr. Pagan's reported death had been conducted", without indicating the dates of these services. In mid August, the Church and Parish were declared vacant at Presbytery.

Following his death, a letter from Mrs. Pagan to the Kirk Session was noted on 3 December "offering to present to the Kirk Session, in accordance with her husband's wishes, his Sword. She also offered to the Kirk Session an enlarged photograph of him. The meeting agreed to accept these, to be hung in the Session House".

The following resolution was agreed to on 19 December 1917:-

"The Kirk Session desire to record their highest appreciation of Mr. Pagan's personal worth and of his earnest ministry in St. George's. Coming to the congregation and Parish in the prime of life and with a record of high attainment and useful service in the Church, he proved himself a zealous and faithful Minister and won the affectionate regard of those among whom he laboured. His unselfish devotion revealed itself most fully when the crisis arose which has proved of such stupendous importance to the Nation and the world.

Perceiving early the grave significance of events and the imperative call for personal service, he was ready to sacrifice all that life held dear for him, if only he might help so far as lay in his power to avert the dangers that threatened the country. He had been called upon to lay down his life in this noble cause, and his memory will remain an enduring example of devotion and self-sacrifice for the good of others."

The Session directed the Clerk to send Mrs. Pagan Senior and Mrs. Pagan Junior a copy of the Minute, with an expression of their profound regret at the loss sustained by the Church and their sympathy with them in their bereavement. At the January 1918 meeting, sketches were considered, submitted by Gavin Pagan's widow, showing how his sword could be displayed, with the Clerk being asked to suggest to Mrs. Pagan that, in the meantime, the sword might be hung for display in the Vestibule of St. George's. On 8 May, by which time Rev. C. W. Taylor had been inducted as Minister, this location for Gavin Pagan's sword was restated, with the photograph of him to be in the Session House. A further item was mentioned in July, when the Clerk indicated that he had received a box of tokens from Mrs. Pagan, in accordance

with her husband's intentions. This was considered again in February 1919, as a collection of Communicants' Tokens in a small Mahogany Box, with proposals for the display of specimens of the different tokens found in the box.

While Gavin Pagan's name understandably stood at the head of all those on the War Memorial doorway, he would surely have been the first to insist that every one included was of equal significance.

Of the 69, 26 were Royal Scots; one, Sqt. Fred Pratt, was also in the 15th Battalion, and it appears that he also died in action on 28th April 1917. With no known grave, Gavin Pagan's name is inscribed on a panel at the Faubourg d'Amiens Cemetery, in Arras, one of over 30,000 names commemorated there; Sgt. Pratt's name does not seem to be included on the panel, so possibly he has a grave in the Arras Cemetery, or in another one nearby. (This cemetery also has the main R. F. C. memorial to all British airmen listed as missing on the Western Front.) In April 1920, Mr. Taylor asked members of the Kirk Session to think about what form a War Memorial might take; a committee of the Minister and 5 elders was set up in May to consider proposals, with these and estimates being considered by December. At the meeting on 10 October 1921, it was agreed that the War Memorial Doorway should be unveiled on 23 October, with Mrs. Pagan to be asked to perform the unveiling and Prof. Paterson, if available, or Mr. Taylor, delivering the address. The Architect, Mr. Paterson, subsequently thanked the Kirk Session in June 1922 for a photograph of the Doorway which they had sent to him.







War Memorial Doorway at St George's Charlotte Square

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