

**THE MAGAZINE OF
SAINT NINIAN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH
(Corner of Albert Drive and Pollokshaws Road Glasgow)**

**www.stniniansglasgow.org.uk
www.facebook.com/StNiniansPollokshields**



September 2019

Service Times

Sunday Services

8am Morning Prayer (1st Sunday in the month only)

8.30am Eucharist (said)

10.15am Sung Eucharist

Weekday Services

Thursday 9.30am Morning Prayer

10am Eucharist (1970)

First Saturday of each month: 10:00 am **Healing** Service

Saints' Days Eucharist as announced

Clergy and Ministers

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Eucharistic Assistants:

Mrs Liz Booth,

Mr Vivian Davey

If you would like your copy of the magazine sent to you by email, please email info@stninianglasgow.org.uk

Rector writes

Welcome home! I hope (despite a somewhat watery summer) you have had a good holiday break and are ready for a new season of life at St Ninian's. We may be small in numbers but there is a rich life amongst our members and a rich liturgy to sustain us. We all have different talents to display and in the light of that truth we are having, later this month, our first Arts Festival, to display to the world what talents exist. This is an important opportunity to have people visit the church who would not normally darken the doors of such places.

I do not have any expectations of "capturing" new members (fabulous though that would be) but I am coming to the conclusion that this generation are wrapped up in an unhealthy obsession with electronic gadgets to the exclusion of appreciating two of the great pillars of our civilisation; namely, the arts and architecture. The great Victorian masterpiece which is our building is not just for the private enjoyment of members of the congregation but needs to be appreciated by everyone, whether they be religious or not. Society will be greatly diminished if buildings like ours are abandoned because society perceives them as having outlived their usefulness. This, then, is a wonderful opportunity for us to "sell" the concept and to get out there and encourage and bring people to our Arts Festival. I am anxious that non-church goers appreciate that we are not specimens in a museum but that our membership is alive and above all *talented*. This is a marvellous opportunity to show the world that being a member of St Ninian's adds value to life. It shows that you are not a disparate bunch of folks who just turn up on a Sunday and in a completely private way attend the Eucharist and then disappear until the following Sunday. Your lives are interconnected, and you share with each other the journey of faith with all its ups and downs, triumphs and failures.

Of course, there is no point in visitors arriving to see a moribund and lacklustre congregation going through the motions. In the Anglican liturgical tradition, the role of the congregation is equal in importance to that of the priest. One without the other just does not work and both need to speak with precision and enthusiasm. If a visitor observes me

mumbling or being lackadaisical in my duties, then the obvious conclusion is that I am not really all that bothered. Now I know that is not true because we are loyal to God through our regular attendance at St Ninian's and we (me included) must never fall into the trap of allowing familiarity to breed contempt. A large part of our attraction is the high standard of our music and liturgy. To enhance that and to add to our repertoire, at the end of this month we will start rehearsing the new setting to the Eucharist – Richard Shepherd's "The Addington Service". Shepherd was born in 1949 and is currently the Director of Development and Chamberlain of York Minster. He is a leading composer of church music. He composed the setting in the early 1970s and his aim was to produce a congregational setting with support from the choir rather than the congregation listening to a choral concert, so to speak. It is a tuneful setting which is calm and serene in its atmosphere. In keeping with our desire to be "thematic" in our liturgy, the most fitting time to sing this setting will be between Christmas and Lent. In due course, when we have the hang of The Addington, we will be able to sing four different settings which will cover the different liturgical seasons rather than concentrate on one setting ad infinitum. All in all a quite remarkable achievement for a small congregation! So, plenty to do in the new season. Let's up and at 'em!

The Rector

DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER 2019

*** indicates use of incense

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------------------------------|
| 1 Sun | <i>Pentecost 12</i> |
| | 8am Morning Prayer |
| | 8.30am Eucharist 1970 Liturgy |
| | 10.15am Sung Eucharist 1970 Liturgy |
| 5 Thu | 10am Eucharist |
| 7 Sat | 10am Healing Service |

DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER 2019 cont'd

*** indicates use of incense

- 8 Sun** *Pentecost 13*
8.00am Morning Prayer
8.30am Eucharist 1982 Liturgy
10.15am Sung Eucharist 1982 Liturgy
- 10 Tue** **12.30pm** Men who Lunch
- 12 Thu** **10.00am** Eucharist 1970 Liturgy
- 14 Sat** **10.00am-12.00noon** Coffee morning
2.00-5.00pm St Ninian's Arts Festival
- 15 Sun** *Patronal Festival*
10.15am Sung Eucharist 1982 Liturgy***
- 18 Wed** **7.30pm** PCT meeting at Sherbrooke Mosspark
- 19 Thu** **10.00am** Eucharist 1970 Liturgy
- 20 Fri** **10.30am** Prayer Circle meeting & Eucharist
- 21 Sat** **10am-4pm** Doors Open Day
- 22 Sun** *Pentecost 15*
8.30am Eucharist 1982 Liturgy
10.15am Sung Eucharist 1982 Liturgy and
baptism of Edith and Jack Seenan
- 26 Thu** **10.00am** Eucharist 1970 Liturgy
- 27 Fri** **7.30pm** The Wonderers at the Rectory
- 29 Sun** *Pentecost 16*
8.30am Eucharist 1982 Liturgy
10.15am Sung Eucharist 1982 Liturgy



Coffee morning
Saturday 14 September
10.00am – 12.00

Prayers for healing

Please pray for Karen, Moira Watson, David Williams, and Ian and Twinks Read. Very many thanks, your prayers are always very much appreciated.

Alva Caldwell



Doors Open weekend

St Ninian's will be opening its doors on Saturday 21 September from 10am until 4pm. As the Gurdwara is featured on the cover of the programme and on the posters, we hope many people will come to Albert Drive and visit us as well. Anyone who would like to welcome people for some part of the day, please speak to me.

Rosemary Anwar

Lent hymn competition

One entry received so far - are there any others? Please submit by 1st December 2019 - thank you.

DS

Men who lunch

The next lunch is on Tuesday, 10 September 2019, at 12.30pm at the White Cart Inn, Busby. Intimations to me by the preceding Sunday, 8 September 2019, please.

Graham Vahey.
 0775 481-2836
 gvahey@mac.com

Save the Children

From the time that BBC correspondent, Michael Burke, broadcast from famine-struck Ethiopia in 1984, St Ninian's has raised thousands of pounds in support of Save the Children. As a member of staff with Abbey National (now Banco Santander), I was able to double the amount raised at the coffee mornings through a matched donation scheme. This was a great boost to the total we raised. It is a great disappointment to me personally that I have now received notification that, as of June this year, the bank has withdrawn this support from retirees but is to continue its charitable work amongst current staff. Once again, from October to December, I will be selling Christmas cards, calendars and Christmas gifts at the coffee mornings. So please remember Save the Children when you buy your Christmas cards this year.

Sandra Whitton

Cover photo

View of the St Ninian's garden in all its glory. Many thanks to Joyce and David for their hard work in the garden, and to Susan for the photo. If you have any photos suitable for the front cover, please send them with a brief description. Credit will be given for all photos used - thank you.

IS

September mindings

1	Lilian Ramage	14	Mary Catherine Marr
2	Grant Lacerte	15	Phil King
3	Elsie Corney		Elsbeth Cormie
4	James Cleland, priest	17	Violet Low
5	Francis Moncrieff, bishop		Mary Alice McMillan
8	Mary Watt		Ivy De Laet
	Myra Scott	21	Chris Turner Smith
	Phyllis Black	26	Margaret Gilchrist
	Ewan Latona	27	Peter Swinbank
11	Edith Turner Smith	29	Helen Godley
13	Norman Hackwood	30	Charles Moule, priest
	Elsie Hackwood		



Peter Falconer, 1943-2019

Peter was a war-time baby, born in McLellan Street, Kinning Park, Glasgow, on 7 December 1943, the first child for Ethel and Peter Falconer.

His dad, Peter, was serving in the army in India at the time and first met his son a year later, in 1944. Dad Peter was then sent to Japan and was not demobbed until 1947. Peter was by then almost four years old.

A family story, often repeated, tells of how Peter had never seen, never mind tasted, a banana until well after the war had ended. Unfortunately, when he was eventually presented with the gift of a banana, no one thought to tell him the skin should be removed before eating and Peter attempted to eat this exotic fruit, skin and all - hence his lifelong dislike of bananas.

Four years later Peter's brother David arrived, followed a further four years later by a sister, Anne. By this time the room and kitchen in Kinning Park was becoming very busy' shall we say, so the family moved to a new housing scheme on the south side of Glasgow where, at three or four year intervals, sisters Shona, Fiona and Alison arrived.

Peter and his siblings were all baptised here in St Ninian's Church. As Peter grew up he attended Bellahouston Primary School followed by Shawlands Academy.

He was involved from an early age in the church; he and his brother David were choir boys, angelic most of the time. Other childhood pastimes included going off with David on their bikes. They would leave the house fairly early on the days of the school holidays, taking a picnic of bread and jam, some biscuits and diluting orange juice and disappear for the day, being told to be back home in time for dad coming in at teatime.

Peter left Shawlands Academy at the age of 16 and joined the Merchant Navy as a Cadet Officer with the Paddy Henderson Shipping Line, which became part of the Elder Dempster Shipping Line. He was very handsome in his uniform and enjoyed travelling the world on various merchant ships. During this time, he started dating Kitty Leslie who also was a member of this church. Kitty was a very beautiful girl and they made a dashing couple. Peter was the Skipper of the Sea Scout troupe which met here in the church and he roped Kitty into helping too. Part of their holidays always involved camping trips with the Sea Scouts to different camps, the favourite of which was in Corrie on the Isle of Arran. In the years before they married, young sisters Anne and Shona were invited along as chaperones to share a tent with Kitty. As you can imagine, they were very lively holidays, full of highjinks from the boys and with all the cooking being done on open fires and canoes carried up and down from campsite to the beach. The group that arrived smart in uniform with well-organised gear in Arran returned home a motley, exhausted crew, ready to sleep for a week. And what a lot of organisation and responsibility it must have been for Kitty and Peter.

They were married here in St Ninian's on 6 September 1968 and they were the first couple to have a wedding reception in the then brand-new Redhurst Hotel in Giffnock. Last September would have been their 50th wedding anniversary. Peter left the Merchant Navy and over the years worked in the offices of Babcock and Wilcox and then as Estates Manager for McKays, covering the West of Scotland.

Peter always, always took his duties as the eldest child in the family very seriously. He was the head of the family. He bossed everyone about, but would also hand out advice, which was usually very sound advice. And he wasn't just all talk. He was a very hands-on son, brother, husband, uncle and friend. He was gifted with DIY skills, carrying out not only home decorating tasks, but also plumbing and joinery - a very handy person to have around! This support for others carried on into the next generation as he helped nephews and nieces by fitting kitchens, replacing skirting boards, hanging doors and so on. And he didn't just do the work, he also patiently taught, passing on his skills and knowledge. He never looked for reward in any way but was greatly loved, looked up to and admired by all.

He and Kitty loved dogs, in particular Labradors and collies, although they did have a few mongrels in the mix over the years. Until they retired, they always had between one and three dogs at a time. Because of this they choose not to travel abroad very often, but bought a caravan so that where they went, the dogs went too, mostly venturing to places around Scotland - Dornoch was a favourite, along with the Black Isle. They were always happy to have company on holiday and had many adventures with Peter's mum and dad, and often Shona and boys, in tow. Other family groups would also join them, hiring their own caravan on the same site or pitching a tent.



In the days before mobile phones, Peter and Kitty once met up with Peter's mum and dad in Fort William and, in two cars, set off for the Isle of Harris. During a good old Scottish rainstorm, on a remote winding road, Dad's windscreen wipers packed in. Peter ended up getting into the car beside him, leaning out the window and manually working the wipers till they reached civilisation!

Kitty and Peter's all-time favourite place to visit was Gairloch in Wester Ross, where they would rent a croft which slept around 20. Over the past thirty years they spent an annual week's holiday there along with many of the extended family, who all grew to love it too. Again, Peter, with the help of Kitty, did most of the organizing and everyone else just turned up, enjoying days in Inverewe, Polewe, Aultbea, going off on day walks, occasionally having a boat for the week and generally messing about. Peter never lost his love of the sea and was an absolute fount of knowledge about ships, shipping lines and all things nautical. He was content to sit at the big picture windows using his binoculars to track vessels, from small fishing craft to cruise ships, cargo boats and military vessels.

In his retirement, Peter decided to do voluntary work one day a week and soon became involved in the Glasgow City Council 'Care and Repair' scheme. He really enjoyed this, getting to do DIY all day to his heart's content by carrying out jobs for the elderly and infirm. He also enjoyed the fellowship of his fellow volunteers. Peter also became involved in property maintenance of the church, again using his skills in joinery, electrical work and general DIY, being on call both day and night.

Another of Peter's passions was his garden. Right at this moment it is just beautiful, with climbing roses, pergolas, huge pots of glorious red geraniums with lobelia trailing over the sides.

Peter was diagnosed with rheumatoid arthritis two years ago. He was not going to let this get the better of him so, although he did slow down a bit, he continued to carry out all his own work in the garden and in the home. Everything Peter did was done to perfection.

In the past two years Peter has missed Kitty so much. Kitty organised him, planning their days and enjoying visits to Garden Centres together, or drives to the coast where they would have a walk and an ice cream.

As a brother, uncle and great uncle he was very much the Patriarch of the Falconer family. As the family extended through marriage, he and Kitty readily accepted all the new members without hesitation and they were treated from the beginning as welcome additions to our close-knit initial family group.

Peter was funny and silly, but also had a serious side. He was fiercely loyal to his family, and was a strong-minded person, with a strong sense of moral justice. It has crossed more than one person's mind that the character of grumpy Victor Meldrew was based on Peter but, as Kitty and Peter's friend Marie said, 'he was *our* grumpy old man'.

Peter may not be with us now in person, but thinking of him will bring many a smile to the faces of his family, friends and former colleagues as they remember their own stories and shared jokes.

We are sure Kitty will be smiling too, awaiting him with a list of things to do and see.

David Falconer Jr, Peter's nephew
Photo supplied by Peter's family

Peregrinatio

(leaving one's homeland and wandering for the love of God)

I was reminded of a pilgrimage I made as a teenager when watching the TV series on modern pilgrimages by groups of people and how it changed them. Pilgrimages are more common than we think, and not just by religious folk. We have pilgrims who visit St Ninian's from time to time. Some are on holiday and are seen as visitors, but they are really on their own, spiritual journeys. Others come because we are on the no. 6 bus route and they visit other Episcopal churches along the long bus route. One comes fairly regularly from St Augustine's, Dumbarton called Tony. We know him as Tony the Augustinian!

Towards the end of the War in about 1944 that two of us in the St Catherine's Church Scouts decided to cycle and camp in North Wales and follow the North Wales Pilgrims' Way visiting the Holy Well of North Wales. I might add that the over-riding memory was that it rained solidly for most of the trek.

We were well equipped with stout hike tents from Blacks of Greenock, carried most of our food in rucksacks and side saddles, together with clothes, and voluminous gas capes from the Army & Navy Stores, to shield us from some of the rain. We had Ordnance Survey maps and an old book on the Holy Wells of North Wales. We also carried two Primus stoves for cooking. However, we forgot to take meths to prime the stoves and on Sunday had to knock at the back door of a pub near Denbigh to ask for alcohol. North Wales, being mainly Presbyterian, was 'dry' on Sundays and all pubs etc. were closed for drinking, but we knew the locals got around the idea. We were offered a bottle of Grouse whisky at an enormous price but we had enough between us to buy it, no questions asked. We primed the stoves and cooked meals. At the end of the pilgrimage most of the whisky was still in the bottle so we threw it in a bin as we never thought of drinking it!

We visited St Seriol's Well at Penmon. It is built into a rock structure and had a roof and a rusty grill over it. Our book said it was the site of an Augustinian Priory but a lady who was visiting told us that it pre-dated that and referred to it as a wishing well. Dominating the un-inspiring well was an old Celtic Cross. It left a damp, un-inspiring impression upon Vic Kennedy and me.

At Ffynnon Peris, Nant Peris we found a hole, overgrown, surmounted by a rusty iron gate in the garden of a private house called Tynyffynnon. St Peris seems an obscure saint from the 6th century but the hole attracts many visitors seeking healing, even during the War years when we were there.

St Winifred's Well, Holywell. Winifred, known also as St Gwenfrewi, was taught by the monk Bueno. After a suitor assaulted her and cut off her head because she rejected him, Bueno replaced her head and prayed over her body and she was restored to life. She eventually became Abbess at Gwylfherion. Where she was beheaded a spring grew up and is still there, now within the Church in Wales' Parish church of St James. Arms of patronage by Margaret, Countess of Richmond and mother of King Henry VII and Catherine of Aragon adorn the walls. 1,350 years of bathing are recorded there as pilgrims come to seek healing. No, we didn't bathe either, being very wet from the steady rain. We saw Bueno's stone by the spring, where it is said Bueno knelt to revive St Winifred.

After leaving the more interesting well spring of St Winifred we asked permission to camp within the grounds of the **St Bueno's Franciscan Friary at Pantasaph Friary Church**, which was why we went there. The Guestmaster of the Franciscan Friary offered us accommodation but we politely declined and he gave us permission to camp. We chatted with him for a while before leaving. He asked for our names and the name of our church and so on and said he would offer prayers for us. He was most interested in our damp pilgrimage and invited us to join the Friars for the evening office of Compline. Now we chanted Compline regularly in church so we knew it by heart. However, as young lads we were unfamiliar with the different musical paintings of Plainchant. After a few lines and verses we got used to it and enjoyed chanting with the Friars, but what I mostly recall after all these years is feeling damp and chilly in the Friary church. What was curious, and I only learned this later upon return home, where my father told me that his uncle, Father Gilbert Vahey, lived at the Friary, and he visited him annually. Now why didn't the Guestmaster mention that? I had vague family awareness that Father Dennis Vahey was a monk somewhere. His professed name was Fr Gilbert, and he became a Benedictine for a while but returned to the Franciscan Friary within a short while. I never met him, but now being a Companion member of a Benedictine Community I think it is an interesting link.

St Dyfriog's Well, Llanrhaeadr, Denbigh. We were on familiar camping area as we had camped around here on numerous occasions. St Dyfriog was a 6th century saint who, it is said, belted himself with an iron chain whilst standing beneath a waterfall. Such masochism was beyond us as teens. The well was a square pool, then overgrown, in an overgrown churchyard. The pool was fed from a stream at one end but seemed more like what we expected of a Holy Well. An elderly man (well, younger than me now!) carrying a shepherd's crook and having a friendly Welsh Collie dog passed by and stopped to chat in Welsh. He soon realised that we had no Welsh and reverted to lilting, North Wales English. He was interested in our journey as he was the Rector's Warden at the local Parish Church. He asked if we wanted healing. Now as young teens we had no idea whether we wanted healing or not but just gave an unknown gesture. He said that many RAF men from the nearby RAF Valley Airport came for the healing waters of this well. He said that his Parish Church had an annual pilgrimage to the well and had a healing service there. He announced that he would offer a prayer of blessing to us in Welsh. Holding up his right hand he offered the prayer in dramatic Welsh. We answered Amen in English afterwards. He waved and called the collie to him and then he and his dog were off across the fields towards a flock of sheep.

Of all the places we visited St Dyfriog's gave us the most meaning. Looking back was it because of the human contact with a fellow Christian, the dramatic Welsh

speaking Rector's Warden? It all seemed to come alive. Were we healed by the experiences? I honestly don't know, but what I do know is that the damp experience had a lasting effect and still does as I continue on my lifetime pilgrimage. The unknown was reflected in many of the modern-day pilgrims seen on TV, and all said that it was important to them but they didn't know why. I agree with that. My last thought is that on our life journey the Holy Spirit guides us but does not give us the insight yet as we are still on pilgrimage. The spirit we did recognise, the Grouse whisky, was not taken inwardly but used to assist on our journey. The overall sense of that pilgrimage was that it was disappointing yet strangely intriguing. The people we met – in the rain – were a mixture of folk, yet each had something to give us, including the pub landlord near Denbigh and the Rector's Warden who prayed dramatically for us and our journey in the lilting North Wales accent whilst his collie looked up at him with awe. I now believe that I am still on that pilgrimage journey, as we all are, I suppose.

Graham Vahey CCR

Getting to know you - Liz Booth

What is your name?

Elizabeth Paterson Booth

How long have you been coming to St Ninian's?

I first came in the 1970s when Douglas Reid was rector and I was staying one weekend a month with him, Janet, Alasdair and Stewart (my Godson) at the rectory. Monthly visits became fortnightly and soon I was at St Ninian's more often than I was at my home church, Holy Trinity, Ayr. When Ron and I married in 1979, I moved to Ron's hometown Rotherham, South Yorkshire, and attended our little village church. We came to live in Glasgow in 1986 when Ron was transferred to the Glasgow office. Lindsay and I started attending St Ninian's in 1987 and it was good to be back with friends I had known from my visits years earlier.

Please tell us something about your faith journey

I am a cradle pisky, having been baptised, confirmed and married in Holy Trinity, Ayr. My Mum and Gran were very active members. My dad, on the other hand, attended at Easter and Christmas. I attended Sunday School and thought it unfair that it was in the afternoon, as having already been to church at 11 o'clock with my mum and sister having to go back at 3 o'clock seemed too much! In my teens I was in the Youth Group and sang in the choir at the 9.15am service (in those days of course females were not allowed to be in the 'real' choir at the 11 o'clock service). In my twenties I ran the Youth Group with my dear friend Stewart Webb



(known to many at St Ninian's). My mum was always doing something for church, attending meetings, cleaning or knitting and sewing for the big Christmas Sale. I remember one day as a teenager saying to her as she was up to her eyes getting ready for the sale the next day "you are mad mum, don't expect me to be doing this when I'm older, you even go to a church service midweek, well I won't be doing that either". She just smiled and said something like "we'll see". Did she know something I didn't?

What is/was your job/profession?

I started as office junior in the local branch of a national Finance and Banking Company and ended up Manager's Secretary/PA and was there for almost 20 years until I left for Rotherham. I got a transfer to the Rotherham Branch, which was situated within our Head Office where Ron worked, and I was there until Lindsay was born in 1982. I was very happy in my job in Ayr and don't think there was a day that I couldn't face going in to work. We were a small team who worked well together, supported one another outside work and took an interest in each other's families. Happy memories, some of us are still in touch.

What did you want to be when you were growing up?

A cowboy, a jockey, a footballer, a P.E. teacher. Can you tell I was a tomboy?

Who or what is the greatest love of your life?

Who: You mean other than Cliff Richard?!! Obviously Ron, then Lindsay and Luca and our grandchildren Cameron and Madeleine.

What: Sport.

What do you owe your parents?

A great deal.

What would your superpower be?

Being able to make Ron and me 25 years younger to have more time with Cameron and Madeleine.

When were you happiest?

Difficult to say. I have had many, many happy times, especially family births, baptisms etc., and playing sport. However, very special occasions were Lindsay's graduation from St Andrews and The Law Society and Bishop Gregor's Consecration. Both were emotional, a mixture of smiles and tears.

What is your earliest memory?

My dad coming home from work on Friday with a very small paper bag of sweets for my sister Isabel and me to share. We sat at the table counting them out, one to you one to me. Sweet rationing was on so it was probably a two ounce bag.

What is your favourite book/piece of music/artwork?

Bach's Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring.

What is your favourite hymn, and why?

One of many is Now Thank We All Our God. We had it at our wedding, we both liked the words.

What is your guilty pleasure?

Jackets.

What keeps you awake at night?

Usually Ron's snoring!

Who would you invite to your dream dinner party?

It would be Afternoon Tea with the Queen, Cliff and Bishop Gregor, who like me is a devotee of the Queen. Alas he's not such a devotee of Cliff!

Where would you most like to be right now?

At the seafront in Ayr, watching the sun setting over Arran, my favourite view.

Photo: Susan Walker

Any volunteers for next time? Please let me know. IS.

All the right notes will return in the next issue. Here is another picture of the garden instead. Thanks Susan!



DUTY ROTAS

Date	8 September Pentecost 13	15 September Patronal	22 September Pentecost 15
Sidespeople	G Vahey E Laurie	L Arrol J Arrol	J Sinclair D Sinclair
Readers	G Vahey	T Baylis	R Anwar
Readings	Dt 30.15-20 Philem 1-21 Luke 14.25-33	Jer 1.4-9 1 Thess 2.2-12 Mt 28.16-20	Is 55.10-13 Rom 8.1-11 Mt 13.1-9,18-23
Servers	(r) R Anwar (l) P Whitton (th)	J Whannel R Anwar I Nairn	I Nairn P Whitton
Intercessions	Rector	S Walker	Y Grieve
Elements	E Graham A Forrest	N Gordon T Baylis	R Anwar L Arrol
Coffee	J McLean C Shearer J Maxwell	D Sinclair J Sinclair A Forrest	A Marr Y Grieve V Rodgers
Welcomer	E Graham		C Graham

DUTY ROTAS

Date	29 September Pentecost 16	6 October Pentecost 17
Sidespeople	J McLean M Montgomery	E Graham C Graham
Readers	V Davey	Y Grieve
Readings	Amos 6.1a, 4-7 1 Timothy 6.6-19 Luke 16.19-31	Hab 1.1-4; 2.1-4 2 Timothy 1.1-14 Luke 17.5-10
Servers	(r) S Whitton (l) R Anwar (th)	R Anwar P Whitton
Intercessions	P Whitton	E Rodgers
Elements	L Booth E Graham	A Forrest N Gordon
Coffee	A Forrest T Baylis V Rodgers	J McLean C Shearer J Maxwell
Welcomer		



Lay Officers

Lay Representative	Thomas Baylis
Alternate Lay Rep	Vivian Davey
Regional Council Rep	Joyce Maxwell
Rector's Warden	Liz Booth
People's Warden	Vacant
Vestry Secretary	Irene Nairn
Vestry Treasurer	Vivian Davey
PVG Officer	Rosemary Anwar
Property Convener	Peter Falconer

The Vestry

The Rector, Liz Booth, Irene Nairn, Vivian Davey, Angela Forrest, Thomas Baylis, Joyce Maxwell, Eileen Graham, Catherine Cumming, David Spottiswoode, Nancy Bain.

The Church

At St. Ninian's, as in nearly all Episcopal Churches in Scotland, we reserve the sacrament of the Eucharist. From this reserved sacrament Holy Communion is given to the aged, sick or infirm at home, in hospital or in hospice to assure them of Christ's love and presence and to enfold them in the communion and fellowship of the church. The sacrament is also reserved to assure us all of Christ's constant presence with his people.

For baptism, visitation of the sick, funerals, marriages and confession, please speak to the Rector.

At St. Ninian's, we meet our needs largely through planned giving envelopes. Every member of the church is urged to pledge a definite amount and, if possible, to Gift Aid their offering. Please apply for information and envelopes through either the Recorder or the Treasurer.

The Vestry has reluctantly decided that it is unwise to keep the church open on weekdays. If you need access at times other than the services and events posted on the notice board please phone the Vestry Secretary.



Life at St. Ninian's

General enquiries to info@stniniansglasgow.org.uk

Organisation	Contact
Bible Reading Fellowship	Rosemary Anwar
Choir	David Spottiswoode choir@stniniansglasgow.org.uk
Christian Aid	Rosemary Anwar
Coffee Convenor	Yvonne Grieve
Flower Guild	Sandra Whitton
Hall Convenor	Joyce Maxwell hallbooking@stniniansglasgow.org.uk
Library	David Pritchard, Isabel Stainsby
Magazine	The Rector (Editor) rector@stniniansglasgow.org.uk Joyce Sinclair (Sec & Treasurer) Isabel Stainsby (Copy Editor)
Mothers' Union	Lesley Lucas (Branch Leader) Aileen Grieve (Secretary)
Paperback Book Club	Rosemary Anwar
Pew Sheet	Valerie Rodgers
Pollokshields Churches Together	Vivian Davey
Prayer List	Alva Caldwell
Recorder	Sandra Whitton
Sacristy Guild	Christine Shearer
Sanctuary Guild	Sandra Whitton
Servers' Guild	Paul Whitton
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