

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

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**October 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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**Deacon:** Mr Paul Whitton,

**Eucharistic Assistants:**

Mrs Liz Booth,

Mr Vivian Davey

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## *Rector writes*

My attention was drawn to a recent newspaper article and I have to say I was rather shocked to read the following - "Anglican priests in Scotland are having to rely on charity handouts as they struggle with bank loans and credit card debts, it has emerged. Grants of £30,000 have been paid to priests in the Scottish Episcopal Church who are facing financial hardship. The funds have been provided by the Clergy Support Trust, a centuries-old charity which helps destitute Anglican clergy....three of the most vulnerable clergy who asked for help were said to have long-term disabilities and 'caring situations within the household'. Financial support grants totalling £22,800 were given to 7 Scottish clergy... and two received a total of £5748 in disability aids and equipment. The Scottish recipients were among 459 clergy across the UK given a total of £1.8 million in grants by the trust in 2018."

I had known that there had always been an element of "genteel poverty" amongst the clergy, but never realised just how long-standing and endemic the issue was and only when I researched the Clergy Support Trust did I realise the extent of the issue. The Trust itself has a fascinating history and its most modern manifestation is an amalgamation over time of several Anglican support organisations. Its history starts in 1655 with the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy followed by, in 1678, the Governours of the Charity for Releefe of the Poor Widdowes and Children of Clergmen. There then followed in 1751 The Clergy Orphan Society to maintain and educate the fatherless children, of both sexes, of Anglican clergymen. In 1809 came the Clergy Orphan Corporation closely followed in 1820 by The Clothing Society for the Benefit of Poor Pious Clergymen. The later Victorians then created a veritable explosion of societies with, in 1849, The Friends of the Clergy Corporation; in 1856, The Poor Clergy Relief Corporation; in 1866, The Curates Augmentation Fund; and finally, in 1900, The Poor Parochial Clergy Society.

All this history demonstrates that the clergy have always (in modern history) required financial support and that the Victorians had an amazingly strong sense of philanthropy, despite the modern view of them all being grim, avaricious, Scrooge-type characters. Coming to the present day, do you not feel that this situation of clergy poverty requires to be addressed? Surely the primary responsibility must remain with members of Anglican congregations who cannot wish to see their dedicated clergy descend to undignified levels of poverty that would be scandalous if it were to befall any lay member of a congregation. The whole matter of the clergy stipend has always been a delicate issue. Some firmly believe it is not to be the equivalent of a secular salary to be pegged, say, to one of the professions, but is meant to cover the exigencies of living, thus freeing the cleric to dedicate time and energy to the congregation. Others seek to argue that such an approach merely institutionalises modest poverty and that the clergy ought to be paid the "going rate".

I make no comment on this debate, but I feel that there never should be a situation whereby clergy fall into such need, most particularly if the clergy or their loved ones are disabled. However, such pious thoughts on my part are unrealistic as levels of clergy stipend will remain as they are. The next best thing is the work performed by institutions like the Clergy Support Trust. It is self-evident that such an institution would not be able to operate without the financial support of individuals or charges, as a group, adopting the Trust as their preferred charity to support on a regular basis. We at St Ninian's have a great reputation for being generous to organisations both local, national and international. Do you think it would be possible to set up a fund whereby we could collect on a regular basis for the Clergy Support Trust? Please let me or members of the Vestry know what your thoughts on the matter might be.

The Rector

### *October mindings*

2	John Guild	19	Jessie Hannay
	Sybil Reid		Richard Thomas
	Thomas Stead	21	Andrew Banks McMillan
	Nellie Carlisle	22	Archibald McFarlane
3	Joseph Bullough, priest		Connie Lang
	Allan Clark	23	Frederick Goldie, Bishop
6	Clement Yates	24	Geoffrey Ipgrave
	Cecily Frances Nash	26	Davie Watson
11	Evangeline Maugham	28	Graeme Tully
	Frank Quinn		Alan Forrest
12	Bill Liddell	29	Roger Elmhirst
13	John Vincent		Richard Kissell
14	Nette Duncan	30	Marion Jack
15	Julie Miller	31	Ethel Sinclair
16	Isabel Hedley		



# *DIARY OCTOBER 2019*

\*\*\* indicates use of incense

- 3 Thu** 10am Eucharist 1970 liturgy
- 5 Sat** 10am Healing Service
- 6 Sun** *Harvest Festival*  
8am Morning Prayer  
8.30am Eucharist 1970 Liturgy  
10.15am Sung Eucharist 1970 Liturgy
- 10 Thu** 10am Eucharist 1970 Liturgy
- 12 Sat** 10am-12 Coffee Morning
- 13 Sun** *Pentecost 18*  
8.30am Eucharist  
10.15am Sung Eucharist 1982 Liturgy
- 17 Thu** 10am Eucharist 1970 Liturgy
- 20 Sun** *Pentecost 19*  
8.30am Eucharist  
10.30am JOINT REGIONAL COUNCIL  
EUCHARIST AT ST MARGARET'S
- 24 Thu** 10am Eucharist 1970 Liturgy
- 27 Sun** *Pentecost 20*  
8.30am Eucharist  
10.15am Sung Eucharist 1982 Liturgy\*\*\*

### *Coffee morning*

Many thanks to the coffee morning team who made the September coffee morning such a lovely occasion. There were bakers, coffee-makers and pourers, stall-holders and donors, takers of money, quiz and raffle tickets sellers, tidy-uppers etc etc. Magnificent work, and we even made over £200 pounds! Well done.



Allan and Paul

### *October coffee morning*

**Saturday 12 October**

**10:00 – 12:00**

### *Prayers for healing*

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

Alva Caldwell



### *Lent hymn competition*

Any more entries? There are just 2 months until 1st December now! Thank you.

DS

### *South Regional Council joint Eucharist*

Our joint Eucharist this year will be at St Margaret's on Sunday 20th October at 10:30am. It has been become our custom that at each

service any money not in a church envelope put into the offering plate would go to a charity. At a recent meeting of the Regional Council it was agreed that this year the money would be given to what was agreed to be a very worthy cause; namely, the ELPIS Centre – Housing Support. This charity is for women and accommodates the homeless and vulnerable between the ages of 16 and 25 and who have a connection with the Ruchill area of the city. Up to nine service users with medium to high needs can be housed in the main “core” building which has a managerial presence 24 hours per day, 365 days per year, together with associated professionals and vetted staff. Vulnerable women with less complex needs are accommodated in nine scatter flats within the surrounding streets. Support is offered on an individualised basis. The charity runs group sessions for specific issues such as education, sexual health, drug and alcohol issues.

The Rector

### *Cover photo*

The St Ninian window in Glasgow Cathedral. Photo: Alison Gifford.

*If you have any photos suitable for the front cover, please send them with a brief description. Credit will be given for any photos used. Thank you!*

IS

## *Aileen Grieve 1937-2019*

Aileen. Mum to Eleanor and me. Mama to my kids, a wife and soulmate, a sister, an aunt, a loyal friend to many. Warm, kind and loving – a ‘people person’; she will be greatly missed.

Born in Flowerbank Nursing Home, Kilmarnock (1st October 1937), Aileen was the first child of Dorothy and Joseph Bullough. Some may know of her father as a former rector of this very church. The Bulloughs moved here to Pollokshields and the Rectory in Glencairn Drive in '44, now joined by brother Colin and sister Carolyn. Six years after settling into the southside, new neighbours were to arrive, breaking the tranquil peace and casting an ominous shadow over the rectory. One morning the Canon was setting off on his bicycle when the cab door of the removal van swung open, knocking him clean off the bike. The Grieves had arrived, and had already made quite an impact.

But although a young Roy was just over the hedge, romance was far from Aileen's heart at this time. She had her hands full being so active in the community. She sang in the choir, taught in the Sunday school, was Akela to the cubs, was a regular at the Youth Fellowship, being very much involved in their activities here at St Ninian's and elsewhere - including Dalmahoy, and Diocesan Youth Conferences at Maryhill; she also participated in various conferences in places such as Leicester, Auchendennan and St Andrews. She enjoyed Scottish country dancing which was held in the church hall. She attended the Girl Guides where she made many friends including Rena who has happily lived across the road at Kenilworth for many years. We also are grateful that so many other long-standing friends, Katharine and Marion, and her St Ninian's pals, are remembering her today.

In the early 1950s she used to go skating at Crossmyloof Ice Rink, a Saturday morning tradition I carried on much later. Sadly the only skates you'll see at Crossmyloof these days will be at the fishmongers at Morrisons. She also attended the ironically-titled Miss Cramp's Dancing School in the afternoons. At this time, the Canon, in lieu of a summer holiday, usually acted as a locum Rector, which led to fondly-remembered 4 week-long family holidays up and down the country, from Derbyshire to Dunoon, Cruden Bay to Northumberland whilst the Canon covered for the absent clergymen. In the 1950s, Billy Butlin sought to enhance the image of his holiday operations by encouraging clergy families to become ‘campers’: in 1956 the whole Bullough family went for a hi-de-hi week at Filey.

Aileen was then studying at the Glasgow High School for Girls (where many years later I would also study despite not being a girl, but by which time it had been liberated by the GSA). There she specialised in French and Latin, was captain of the hockey second XI (and later played for Cartha). She continued her studies at Glasgow Uni, reading French and Moral Philosophy, a philosophical combination in itself. Graduating after three years, she went on to get her MA teaching certificate from Jordanhill.

In 1959 she started teaching, at Lorne Street Primary School. However, since she wasn't at that point expecting to get married, and wished to focus on French which she really enjoyed, she made the decision to embark on a career in Modern Languages teaching in secondary schools. This required an extensive residency in France in 1963, tutoring the children of a wealthy industrialist near Rouen. Richard Holloway, who would go on to be bishop of Edinburgh, caused Aileen much consternation by sending her a postcard of romantic advice, which, when delivered, was left sitting in plain view where the whole family could read it. It was a close shave: she might well have been - I believe the expression is - 'black affronted'.

Having qualified as a teacher of French, she took up that role, first of all in the old Queen's Park at Langside - a particularly happy period - and then in the school's reincarnation at Toryglen. Her time at Queen's Park coincided with the era of British India school cruises, and Aileen shepherded parties of school children to the Mediterranean in the later '60s, aboard the *Dunera* and the *Nevasa*. At this time she was also studying German at the Goethe Institute.

The family moved to Uddingston in '63, and although this led to a brief sojourn to the local church there, Aileen attended St. Ninian's for most of her life, no matter where she lived. In recent years she played her part in the activities of the Mothers' Union, and (beyond St Ninian's) helped with charity work for education in Bangladesh.

Despite Mum being the classic Girl Next Door, it wasn't until she had moved away that Roy finally asked her out. A conundrum. She had been asked out by someone else that day as well. Choices choices . . . It could have gone badly for any number of us here. However, Dad offered her a choice of three 'dates' to choose from. I believe a Polish concert swung it for Team Grieve.

1968 was the year of the Paris Strikes, the Prague Spring and the Black Panthers. The world was being turned upside down. Nothing would be the same again. This was also the year that Aileen and Roy married, despite Aileen saying that

she could only envisage marrying a city gent with a bowler hat. Regardless of the lack of bowler hats, Eleanor was born in 1971, and the annoying little brother followed in '74.

But Mum didn't hang up her tools, and carried on working as a supply teacher all across Glasgow, teaching at (amongst other places) Lourdes Academy, Bellarmine, Bannerman High, Paisley Grammar and, to my abject horror, regular stints at Shawlands Academy. I shied away from the French department at this time.

She had a sense of adventure. She and Roy travelled, and travelled hard. In Tokyo they stopped for dinner at an ordinary looking fish restaurant. Unbeknown to them, this particular establishment was only for thrill seekers of the most carefree or careless disposition. For they had stopped at a place specialising in Fugu Pufferfish, the fish famous for being unforgiving if not prepared extremely carefully by expert chefs. Having survived the pufferfish, she suggested another Eastern foray, specifically a Russian winter. Despite the minus twenty temperatures of St Petersburg, she crossed the frozen Neva River on foot. Years of skating at Crossmyloof had paid off.



East again. We all crossed into East Germany when the Wall was still up, venturing to Eisenach and Weimar, Mum teaching me to ask for coffee in the Elephant Hotel 'ohne Sahne'. She followed the coffee trade to Brazil, to the (still-operational) São Paulo Railway, built by her great-great-grandfather and namesake Sir James Brunlees to facilitate the exportation of coffee; this dramatic line, once famed as a triumph of British engineering, links São Paulo with the port of Santos, zig-zagging 3000ft down the steep coastal escarpment.

Timbuktu, a place I was told I was going to be sent to when I misbehaved, so is a name that naturally strikes existential fear into my heart. They sailed down the River Niger on a steamer better described as a floating village, with the sustenance on offer - to passengers not cooking for themselves - prepared in the river water. Mum subsequently took a taste for beer, though being served often involved having to wake up the sleeping barman.

They travelled by camel to the Tuareg, the 'blue men' of the deserts beyond, where they spent a night sleeping under stars in the sands of the Sahara. Not the typical night out for someone in their sixties. Apart from all this, francophone Africa provided Aileen with opportunities to practice her French. She, not Dad, was - of necessity - the spokesperson. Again, in Africa, she got a bit off the beaten track in reaching Lake Albert and the Mountains of the Moon. Elsewhere, as regards mountains, she flew in a light plane from Kathmandu up to Everest, and, not so long ago, in the West Indies, scrambled to the top of a smoking volcano, which was probably a bit higher than Ben Nevis.

Mum became quite at home in Beijing whilst Dad was teaching there; she made several good friends amongst staff and students at the University. Nipping down from the flat on the campus to shop in the local supermarket posed no problems for her. She successfully fished for piranha on the Amazon with a stick and bit of raw meat on a string. She saw John Paul II give Good Friday Mass at the Vatican, and, years later, being in Warsaw on the very day of his funeral, witnessed - and indeed participated in - the mourning of a nation. On the centenary in 2016 we all visited the Battlefields of the Somme, following the very path through the fields taken by the Glasgow Highlanders (amongst whom was her uncle by marriage) from Crucifix Corner to High Wood and their deadly confrontation with German machine guns.

The stories could go on . . .

Grandchildren first arrived in 2007 with Casper. Aileen wasn't sure if she wanted to be Granny, Gran, Grandmother or simply Nan so we left it to Casper to work it out. He fell upon 'mama' and mama she became to Huey as well, and adored them both. A few years ago Adama entered our lives, and soon her son Muhammed Hamish was calling Aileen his 'Scottish Mama'. We're very grateful for the support of the Scottish Gambian community at this time.

It was only last December, in happier times, that we celebrated Aileen and Roy's Golden Wedding anniversary. Proposing a toast, Roy affirmed that



Aileen was the star of the show fifty years ago and, as a wife and mother, had remained a star ever since.

Mum's illness was unexpected and thankfully brief. She never complained. Not once.

Her last conversation with Eleanor was with El telling her how beautiful she was, and how she was her best friend. Mum's response was that that was the nicest thing Eleanor could have said, wholly agreeing that they were best friends and adding that this could be told at her funeral. Mum would joke in that last week how fussy Eleanor was about men.

My last conversation was in private. She asked me to look after the family, especially Eleanor who, she reminded me, was such a fusspot about men.

She never stopped to dwell on her situation, and even through her last days she was constantly asking for others, with only care, concern and love. Mum had one last message for us all. She wanted us all to look after one another. I promise that we will.

On behalf of us all, thank you for the support... indeed for the lovely things that you have said - so truly - about Mum. We're grateful to all who have come, especially those from afar... Joanna and Neil from Australia, Ruth from Ireland, Luke from Shetland, the Diers (not) from Slough, Alison from Cambridgeshire, the Brunlees from Cheshire...

Robert Grieve  
Recent photo: Susan Walker  
Older photo: Grieve family

## *Getting to know you: Lesley Lucas*

### **What is your name?**

Lesley Alison du Clos Lucas. Please note it's Lesley. The du Clos is from my French great grandmother.

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

I came to St. Ninian's in 1975. I had bought a flat on Pollokshaws Road opposite the boating pond and was looking for a church so I went to St Margaret's in Newlands one Sunday. When they heard where I was staying they said I should go to St Ninian's, so I did, and have been here ever since then.

**Please tell us something about your faith journey.**

My family background was Gaelic church/Salvation Army/Church of Scotland on my father's side and Anglican on my mother's side. Due to various complexities I only occasionally went to church during my childhood, when on holiday down south with my grandparents or with friends and their families. Most of my church experience was the weekly Friday services at secondary school. I went to Queens Park, having grown up in the Southside of Glasgow, in Cathcart.

For a while I shared a flat in Govanhill with two sisters, friends of mine from teenage days and when one of them left to get married we had three music students who came in to share the flat. They were Christians and they had prayer meetings of The Navigators regularly in the flat. I started to go along to these and decided at one to give my life to Jesus. I decided to look for a congregation to join. I decided that I was more drawn to the Anglican form of worship although I happily go along to all sorts of churches when on holiday. I always thought that as an Episcopalian I held out one hand to my Roman Catholic friends and the other to my Church of Scotland/Methodist/Quaker friends and was a bridge in the middle. I'd rather be a bridge than a wall. My volunteering at the Well and with P.C.T. Holiday Clubs encourages me to mix and work with other Christians. I have also enjoyed working with the children at St, Ninian's for many years.

I was baptised as an adult in St. Ninian's, married there and my children were christened there.

**What is/was your job?**

I was a primary school teacher before we had the children. Then I worked in a Jewish nursery. I did some supply teaching for a while till I started having more problems with my eyesight then I became a carer for my mother and brother after my father died.

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

I wanted to be a cowboy as a small child. There were lots more boys in our area to play with. We played cowboys and Indians a lot. The lone Ranger was very popular.

**Who or what is the greatest love of your life?**

Peter and my children and now my little granddaughter.



**What do you owe to your parents?**

A happy home life and a love of music, reading and nature.

**Cat or dog?**

Both. I love animals. Now that our little dog has died, I realise how much I valued those walks. I do love having our rescued cat though. At times I think he thinks he is a dog, but a more superior one!

**What would your super-power be?**

The ability to make folk see the best in other people.

**What is the most surprising thing about you?**

That I am alive. As a premature twin in 1951 my chances of survival were slim. We were put in incubators which saved my life but damaged my eyesight. There was an outbreak of pneumonia in the ward. I survived but my twin brother did not. On returning to the hospital [Rottenrow, in Glasgow] my mother was told by the Matron. 'Every time you look at that child, you are looking at a miracle'. I have always thought that it is a lot to live up to.

Photo supplied by Lesley

*Any volunteers for the next issue? Please let me know - thank you.*

### *Canon 35 and the Fire*

It was breakfast time in the Scottish Episcopal Church, and all the Canons were arguing again.

"I'm sorry," Canon 3 had said, "but there are no sausages this morning."

Canon 3 looks after the Primus, which is where the Canons do all their cooking. A Primus is a kind of old-fashioned stove, which some people use when they are camping. It is possible to cook quite well on a Primus if you know what you are doing, and if you do not know what you are doing then you can sit in a circle and blame all the mess on the Primus.

"But I asked for sausages!" said Canon 58. "And everyone in the Scottish Episcopal Church is supposed to render due obedience to the Canons. Where are my sausages?"

"Can't you just have another roll instead?" asked Canon 41.

"No! I want sausages!"

"In any case," said Canon 12 smugly, "promising obedience to the Canons of this Church implies only obedience to their requirements, and not necessarily approval of everything therein contained, or that may be supposed to be inferred therefrom."

"What can you infer from sausages?" asked Canon 53.

"What?" asked Canon 12.

"What can be supposed to be inferred from sausages?" asked Canon 53 patiently. "You said 'or that may be supposed to be inferred from sausages'."

"No I didn't" said Canon 12. "I said 'therefrom'. Not 'sausages'. Anyway -"

"I'M COLD AND I WANT MY SAUSAGES!" wailed Canon 58.

"Well, it's not Canon 3's fault that we're all cold", said Canon 60. "We should complain to the Vestry."

There was a murmur of agreement from the other Canons; all except Canon 35.

The Vestry, you see, are a group of people who spend most of their time worrying about how to keep the Scottish Episcopal Church warm. They meet in a small room, which is also called the Vestry and is full of big warm woolly vests. When the Vestry are not worrying about how to keep the Scottish Episcopal Church warm, they are usually arguing with Canon 35.

Canon 35 was very eager not to have to ask the Vestry for anything.

"The problem", thought Canon 35, "is that all the heat in the Scottish Episcopal Church starts down here and then it goes up to the roof where it is colder, and then it all leaks out. So if we could make the roof warmer and the pews colder, then all the heat would start at the roof and then come down to the pews, and everybody would be happy."

Maybe this thought was not quite as clever as it seemed to Canon 35, but he was very impressed with it and before anyone could stop him he had taken action.

He snatched up the Primus!

He jumped on a pew!

He scrambled onto a little ledge at the top of a pillar!

There, Canon 35 stood tottering for a moment, and then with a great burst of courage he jumped, and as he jumped he grabbed the chain from which the lamp hangs in the sanctuary, right below the very highest part of the roof.

His idea was to climb up the chain all the way to the roof. But he had forgotten that he had the Primus in one hand; and rather than being slender and wiry like a monkey, Canon 35 was a very round little Canon and quite incapable of pulling himself any higher. Meanwhile he was swinging backward and forward on the chain, and hot oil was being flung out of the Primus in all directions and starting small fires wherever it landed.

Down below, the little Canons were in uproar. Canon 27 was splashing water at the fires and trying to put them out. Canon 30 was shaking her fist at Canon 35. "Wait till I get my hands on you!" she cried.

"Admit it, it's all your fault!" shouted Canon 29.

"I'll tell General Synod!" threatened Canon 52. "And he'll promulgate you *mutatis mutandis*! He might even repeal you!"

Now, repealing is what happens to Canons when they have been very naughty. They have to go and live in a dusty building called the Archives in a far-away city called Edinburgh, and nobody will listen to them ever again.

"I think I'm falling" said Canon 35 quietly. His hand had started to slip on the oily chain. He shut his eyes and tried to remember a prayer. Down he slipped; down and down – and then his hand left the chain altogether and he was falling – and suddenly, instead of landing smack on a hard floor covered with burning oil, he went softly plump into a thick pile of warm woolly vests.

"We found them in the Vestry!" said Canon 60 triumphantly. "They've smothered all the fire!"

Canon 35 wondered if he should argue about this, but he thought that maybe, just this once, it might be polite not to object to the Vestry. After all, he thought, if the Scottish Episcopal Church were to burn down, there would be nothing left for him to say No about.

But Canon 58 never did get any sausages that morning.

Revd. C. Balls

## DUTY ROTAS

<b>Date</b>	<b>6 October</b> Harvest Festival	<b>13 October</b> Pentecost 18	<b>20 October</b> Pentecost 19 <b>10.30am at</b> <b>St Margaret's</b>
<b>Sides-people</b>	E Graham C Graham	A Marr A Caldwell	
<b>Readers</b>	Y Grieve	D Pritchard	
<b>Readings</b>	Deut 8.7-18 1 Timothy 2.1-7 Mt 6.25-33	2 Kg 5.1-3,7-15 2 T 2.8-15 Lk 17.11-19	
<b>Servers</b>	(r) R Anwar (l) P Whitton (th)	I Nairn P Whitton	
<b>Intercessions</b>	E Rodgers	I Nairn	
<b>Elements</b>	A Forrest N Gordon	T Baylis R Anwar	
<b>Coffee</b>	J McLean C Shearer J Maxwell	D Sinclair J Sinclair A Forrest	
<b>Welcomer</b>		E Graham	

## DUTY ROTAS

<b>Date</b>	<b>27 October</b> Pentecost 20	<b>3 November</b> Pentecost 21
<b>Sides-people</b>	G Vahey E Laurie	L Arrol J Arrol
<b>Readers</b>	I Stainsby	L Lucas
<b>Readings</b>	Jer 14.7-10,19-22 2 T 4.6-8,16-18 Lk 18.9-14	Is 1.10-18 2 Th 1.1-4,11-12 Lk 19.1-10
<b>Servers</b>	(r) R Anwar (l) P Whitton (th)	I Nairn P Whitton
<b>Intercessions</b>	Rector	S Walker
<b>Elements</b>	L Arrol L Booth	E Graham A Forrest
<b>Coffee</b>	A Marr Y Grieve V Rodgers	A Forrest T Baylis E Laurie
<b>Welcomer</b>	C Graham	



## *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	Vacant

## *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](mailto:info@stniniansglasgow.org.uk)

Organisation	Contact
Bible Reading Fellowship	Rosemary Anwar
Choir	David Spottiswoode <a href="mailto:choir@stniniansglasgow.org.uk">choir@stniniansglasgow.org.uk</a>
Christian Aid	Rosemary Anwar
Coffee Convenor	Yvonne Grieve
Flower Guild	Sandra Whitton
Hall Convenor	Joyce Maxwell <a href="mailto:hallbooking@stniniansglasgow.org.uk">hallbooking@stniniansglasgow.org.uk</a>
Library	David Pritchard, Isabel Stainsby
Magazine	The Rector (Editor) <a href="mailto:rector@stniniansglasgow.org.uk">rector@stniniansglasgow.org.uk</a> Joyce Sinclair (Sec & Treasurer) Isabel Stainsby (Copy Editor)
Mothers' Union	Lesley Lucas (Branch Leader)
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
Traidcraft	Catherine Cumming
Web Page	Susan Walker <a href="mailto:info@stniniansglasgow.org.uk">info@stniniansglasgow.org.uk</a>

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