

NEWS & VIEWS



April & May 2015

St Peter's Scottish Episcopal Church, Luton Place, Edinburgh

The Anglican Communion in Scotland
in full communion with the Church of England.

DIOCESE OF EDINBURGH

Bishop: The Rt Revd John Armes

St Peter's Church Office

The Office is in the Church Lodge, 14 Lutton Place, EH8 9PE.
Charity No: SC017358

It is open from 9am – 2pm from Monday to Thursday.
Visitors are welcome to pop in and see our Administrator, Derek Harley
0131 662 9171 or office@stpetersedinburgh.org

Clergy Days Off:

Rector, The Revd Canon Fred Tomlinson - usually Monday

If you or one of your family are sick or have gone into hospital,
please let the clergy know as soon as possible
and, if you want them for any reason, please do not hesitate to
telephone.

Please consult the Rector before any arrangements are made for
Baptisms, Weddings or Funerals.

If you would like to have a copy of sermons please let the Rector know.

Notices for the Sunday Newspaper

Need to be with the office by noon on the preceding Wednesday.
Additional notices may be passed to the clergy to read out at the
various Sunday services.

Contributions to *News & Views*

Articles and advertisements are welcome and can be emailed to
office@stpetersedinburgh.org and cc'd to
rector@stpetersedinburgh.org

Copy in the body of the email or Word documents, please do not send
PDF's. Handwritten or typed articles can also be left at the Church
Office (address above). Photographs and drawings are also welcome.

The DEADLINE for articles for the June & July edition of *News & Views*
is Thursday 21st May for publication on Sunday 31st May.

Rector's Letter April & May 2015

Dear Friends

Welcome to our Easter edition of the magazine! This is the keynote season of the Church's year. In many ways it defines who we are – a community of people seeking to be filled with the new and resurrected life of Christ. In this we follow in the footsteps of those first Christians who were literally new people – and others couldn't help but recognise it when they encountered them.

In the magazine you'll see tributes to members of the congregation who have died and who have now gone on to experience the life of heaven. Don't be tempted to skim over these tributes – they bear witness to people who have lived good lives here with heaven in their sight.

It was one of the great traditions of the early Church to hear and reflect on the lives of Christians who had died – people who had simply taken Christ at his word and gone on to live for him. It brought hope, courage and encouragement to those first Christians – may it do the same for us!

Lastly, Sue, Janet and I are suggesting that like other churches in the area St Peter's considers putting on a brief service in the afternoon on a weekday perhaps twice a month. The idea is that we'd have a simple communion service at perhaps 2pm followed by tea and cakes/biscuits. We'd try to arrange for lifts to be provided for those who need them. We'd want to make sure everyone was able to get back home safely by perhaps 4pm. Let me have your thoughts on this.

Happy Easter!

Fred

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Monday Group

The Monday Group meets regularly at 7.30pm in the choir vestry during the winter months – October to April – on the first and third Mondays of the month. Please note that membership is now open to all – both men and women.

On Monday February 2nd members greatly enjoyed Derek Harley's illustrated talk about his visit to Borneo, working with the Lun Bawang people. Then on Shrove Tuesday the Pancake Party and Silent Auction raised over £500 – many thanks to all those who donated items for sale and to those who came to the event. The money raised will pay for the Monday Group May Drive and the St Andrews Party, both for senior members of the congregation. On Monday 2nd March we were again guests of Anne Tomlinson at the Rectory. As always, she organised a great quiz and delicious goodies to eat and drink. On 16th March Mark Cooper from the Maggie's Centre gave a most interesting illustrated talk about the very valuable and worthwhile work done by this organisation which supports cancer sufferers and their families.

At the time of writing we are hoping that "The Second Best Exotic Marigold Hotel" will still be showing at the cinema (they don't announce their programmes until Thursdays) for our annual outing to the movies on 6th April – a last minute re-think will be required if it's no longer on! Our AGM will be on 20th April when we will decide which charities we will support this year and also the details for the May Drive and the "members" dinner in June.

We would very much welcome new members. Members of St Peter's of all ages and their friends are most welcome to join the group; we are a friendly bunch and have an interesting variety of speakers.

Liz Philp

.. and to those who still don't know, St Nicholas was born to Greek parents in Patara which is in modern day Turkey and he became Bishop of Myra (also in Turkey) in the fourth century.

St Peter's People

Over the next few months, the Community Outreach Group will be interviewing members of the congregation. Our aim is to produce profiles of as many of you as would like to take part and these will appear in News and Views with a photo. In this way we'll get to know each other better, strengthening the family of St Peter's people. The photos will also appear on a board at the back of the church with the person's name and any church groups and committees they're involved with. Please volunteer to talk to either Glo, Mark, Nicholas or Liz so you can appear in the church magazine and enjoy your 'fifteen minutes of fame'!

Fiona Smith

Born in Perth, Fiona spent her first four years on the Isle of Bute, Rothesay. One of her earliest memories was when family friends got locked out and wee Fiona was posted through the larder window! Like Oliver Twist, the three and a half year old was given instructions through the letter box so she could open the front door.



Lost keys!

Fiona's dad was a doctor and often drove round to make home visits with three year old Fiona and her younger sister in the car with him. He only lost the car keys once. They turned up later where she had put them - in her shoe!

School days

Being the eldest sibling in the family was fine. Fiona liked to look out for young Carol and Hilary – as she still looks out for so many people. When she was four years old, the family moved to Liberton and came

straight to St Peter's. It was the natural choice as Fiona's grandfather, James Moffat, had been curate here. He had married her parents who worshipped at St Peter's before she was born. Fiona went to St Peter's Sunday School and the Guides with Ann Stevenson. She attended St Hilary's School and has happy memories although the choice of subjects in such a small school was quite limited. Then her dad was moved to Banffshire when she turned sixteen. Fiona finished her education in Banff Academy, a brand new co-ed comprehensive whose facilities seemed amazing after St Hilary's. She became head girl at Banff Academy.

Chosen Career

With a doctor for a dad and nurse for a mum, Fiona always knew she would do something medical. They taught her to observe and listen to people. However her schoolteacher made disparaging comments on her exam results when it was time to fill in her university admission form. The girl next to her had the same qualifications. She was going to study pharmacy so Fiona did too, at Robert Gordon's University in Aberdeen where she studied for four years and met up with childhood sweetheart, John. They got engaged in her second year and married in 1975 just after Fiona's graduation. The newly-weds lived in Aberdeen, then when their son Christopher was four and Jacqueline was two they moved to Tarland, Deeside, and finally returned to Edinburgh. At first Fiona and John worshipped at St Cuthbert's Colinton then, after her father's death, moved to St Peter's – the family church – with her mother, the much-loved Topsy Black.

Family

Most important to Fiona is her family and extended family. They all get on extremely well and are very close. She is a proud granny to Lauren (seven), Zander (nearly five) and Ethan (six months).

St Peter's

As a keen member of the choir, it's no surprise to learn that Fiona's great love is music. St Peter's has always been 'Family'. She still meets some of the same people here who were her parents' church friends. She likes the traditional services. The church is a really important part of her life.

Joan Steven

Childhood

Joan was born in London in 1930 of Scottish parents. Her mother was a strong character. When she was widowed, she moved up to Callander in Perthshire with Joan and her brother to avoid the Blitz. Ten-year-old Joan took everything in her stride – including the move to a big country school full of Scots kids! There were many other mothers in the area, who had been evacuated to



Scotland, so there was a happy social life. Joan recalls walking and cycling. She lived in Callander till she was fourteen then finished her education in Edinburgh.

Life at Church

Joan feels at home on both sides of the Border. She was married in Edinburgh at Mayfield Church then moved down south again, only returning to Edinburgh when she was widowed. Joan first came to St Peter's in 1966 because her mother was here. She played an active part in the life of St Peter's, till quite recently a member of the walking club; she attended the Monday Group when her daughters were young, and also served on Newington Joint Churches Council. Joan has happy memories of church outings to Iona and Lindisfarne, as well as walks for Christian Aid and the Haddington Pilgrimage. She also remembers regular church events especially the Easter Sunday walk when a big cross was carried up Arthur's Seat. She served on the Pastoral Group, was on various rotas and enjoyed meetings at Joan Taylor's house.

Joan has always enjoyed lots of contact with young people. For years she worked as secretary for Edinburgh University and was a student

landlady. She has three daughters, all active members of their churches, seven grandchildren and one great grandchild. Joan is always out and about, and involved in plenty of activities, including the WEA reading group.

Although a church is bound to change, she does feel St Peter's looks after its 'seniors' with the summer outing, strawberry tea and St Andrew's Party. The church remains an important part of Joan's life.

Community Outreach Group

A date for your diaries: The next All-Age Community Walk is after service on 19th April. After a bring-and-share lunch, Mark Rowe of COG will lead a walk from St Peter's, round the Radical Road in the Queen's Park, lasting about an hour and a half.

St Columba's/Mayfield Salisbury/ St Peter's Discussion Group

You are invited to a **Saturday morning talk** on 25 April at 10.30am. Hazel Watson, the convener of the Scottish Churches anti human trafficking group, will talk on "Human Trafficking - People are too precious to be bought and sold".

Coffee will be available from 10am in the Middle Hall of St Columba's.

Electric Chair

We have an electrically operated reclining/rising chair, suitable for somebody with mobility difficulties, for disposal to anyone who can make good use of it. It is approximately 12 years old, but in good condition with salmon pink upholstery.

Contact Rupert Forbes: 0131 664 3030.

Music Notes

Wednesday 29th April at 7.30pm:

Mark Spalding, from Dundee, is giving a recital of 20th Century and early 21st Century organ music together with the percussionist, Haworth Hodgkinson. Haworth is a poet, playwright, composer and improvising musician, whose work often involves collaboration with other writers, musicians, dancers and visual artists.



They will be playing Stockhausen's *Tierkreis* (Zodiac) in a version for organ and percussion, as part of a year-long project marking the 40th anniversary of this most popular and accessible of Stockhausen's compositions. Haworth will be improvising interludes on an array of Chinese gongs between the movements of each star sign.

Mark's organ recital will also include: Michael Bonaventure: *In Orbit II* (2013), Jean Langlais' 2nd *Symphonie "alla Webern"* (1977), Messiaen, Schnittke and others. It sounds like it will be a fascinating evening!

Wednesday 3rd June at 7.30pm: Michael Bonaventure and Huw Morgan are returning to give an unusual recital of organ and electronics being mixed together to create a completely new kind of tonal experience. The concert is entitled 'Automatronic', and further details can be found on the web at: <http://automatronic.co.uk/>
<https://soundcloud.com/michael-bonaventure/dog-ym-hocatford-1>

Please do put these two dates in your diary!

Update from Vestry

St Peter's Vestry met on Wednesday 18th March and among items discussed were:

Charitable Giving: Having considered a number of charities the Vestry agreed that we should support *Water Aid* at Harvest, *Richmond Hope* at Christmas and *Bethany Christian Trust* on St Peter's Day.

Vestry was pleased to note the excellent response to the after service refreshments in the hall each Sunday, the Rector having counted only six members of the congregation not going to the hall following a recent Sunday service.

Revised Constitution: The Church Constitution drawn up in 2004 is now outdated and needs to be revised. The AGPC is undertaking this task and once completed the new Constitution will require to be approved by the Vestry and then "read" to the congregation on two successive Sundays for their consideration and approval.

Rectory Burglar Alarm: The two quotations obtained were considered and the Vestry agreed that we should accept that of The IQ Company at the quoted cost of £475 plus VAT for installation, and £150 per annum plus VAT for a signaled service and maintenance.

Fire and Rescue report: The formal report has been received from the Scottish Fire and Rescue Service following their recent inspection. An action plan requires to be submitted to them within 28 days of receipt of the report. The requirements place an obligation on the Vestry to undertake a number of regular weekly checks etc., as well as installation of various safety features.

Older Members of the Congregation: Janet tabled a paper outlining a concept and practicalities to be considered for providing a weekly afternoon service followed by refreshment for older members of the congregation.

Next meeting of the Vestry is on Wednesday 22nd April at 7.30pm in the rectory.



Children and Youth Work



Our children are continuing to work their way through the bible and our P5-7 class are using a set of DVD's called 'What's in the bible'.

The series is the brain child of Phil Vischer, the creator of VeggieTales. While VeggieTales allowed Phil to communicate certain bible stories to children he recognised that it had limitations and set out to create a series that would allow him to tell children, parents and Sunday school teachers the story of the bible from Genesis to Revelation.

What's in the Bible tells the story of God's rescue plan and fits all the pieces together, even the difficult bits that are often avoided! With an all new cast of puppet characters including TV presenter Buck Denver, gospel minister Brother Louie, a pirate called Captain Pete, a scientist called Dr Schniffenhausen and of course the indomitable Sunday School Lady!

The content ranges from songs to stories, from comedy to serious reflection and has been a big hit with our children and Sunday's Cool teachers. I have no hesitation in recommending the series to anyone who is looking for a family friendly way of learning about the bible. More information can be found on the uk website:

<http://www.whatsinthebible.co.uk/>

Finally, please continue to pray for our children, teenagers and all of the adults who work with them. My current contract with St Peter's ends in September and I would also appreciate your prayers as I discuss the future with Fred and Vestry.

Derek

childrenandyouthwork@stpetersedinburgh.org

07578132568

Thanks From Bishop Bob

The celebration of the Silver Jubilee of my Consecration on 22nd March was a wonderful experience for me. I am full of gratitude to those who made it possible – the Rector for giving me a free hand with the service and leading the first half of it; the clergy and Lay Reader who participated in it; Rupert, Sheila and the Choir; the Verger, the welcomers, the servers and the Sacristan (who, like those who clean the church, is never seen but always needed); Derek our Administrator, who did so much of the work in the hall (before, during and after) that the lunch just couldn't have happened without him; Maggie Bryant, my daughter Fiona and son-in-law Steve Clark for serving the food, David and Janet Jenkins for transporting all the wine, and the folk who voluntarily involved themselves in helping on the day, including the young people who black-bagged the rubbish and young Emily Coom who served fruit salad galore. The food was prepared and delivered by À la Carte, 156 Bruntsfield Place (next door to Papilio).

Visit to Crichton Collegiate Church

Once again we're grateful to Trustees at Crichton for their kind invitation to hold our Communion service on Ascension Day (14th May) in their beautiful church at 8pm.

For those who have never been to the chapel before, a visit is a wonderful way to celebrate this festival.

If you would like a lift, please contact Derek in the Church Office (662 9171).

Anne Margaret Boase 1924-2015

I am speaking today on behalf of my sisters and brother as we give thanks for our amazing Mum, who was also a wonderful sister, daughter, grandmother, wife, aunt and friend.

Mum was born in Wiltshire where her father was farming, and she grew up there with her three sisters, and with their nearby cousins – with whom they shared a governess. This may not have been the privileged start to life which it sounds as Mum had stories – which she told very matter of factly - of being locked in a wardrobe as a punishment.

The family moved to Oxford in 1936. During their time in Oxford my grandfather became involved with the Oxford Refugee Committee which helped Jewish academics to escape from Germany – the start of a movement which later led to the creation of the organisation now known as Oxfam, and one to which Mum was always very committed. Mum went to school in Oxford until her father returned to farming in 1942 – this time in Somerset – and after leaving school she joined the Land Army. She never lost her love of the land, and was delighted when Will became involved in the farming business in recent years. She never missed a chance to demonstrate her prowess with a scythe – we have some pictures downstairs in the hall, and you can see one of Mum tackling a meadow in the Alps, as well as milking a cow on a holiday in Kilchoan. We enjoyed several family holidays in Orkney, and one holiday landlord was surprised to find an overgrown garden completely cleared, while Dad had set to work clearing the flues on the old oven so that Mum could bake bread!

After the war Mum went to Barnett House in Oxford where she studied social administration – the forerunner to social work training – and went on to work as a children's welfare officer in Fife, and later as a social worker in some of the toughest council estates in Dundee. Perhaps more importantly it was in Oxford that she met Dad through their shared love of music, when Dad famously asked if he could carry her cello after a concert on May morning. They became engaged and wrote to each other every day throughout their two year engagement.

By the time they were married in 1951, Dad was working in Dundee, and they bought and renovated a cottage in Newport and set off on the adventure of married life. Seven years in Newport and three babies were followed by 16 years and another baby in Invergowrie. Mum said in recent years that she left her heart in Dundee, and these were happy years, full of energy and involvement in different spheres – singing in the choral, church, work and family. Mum would often collect us children after school and after a day's work, and there was almost always a cream bun or an empire biscuit in the car to keep us going till we got home.

In 1974 the family moved to Kirkcaldy and another chapter of life began. Here again, Mum threw herself into the life of the community, working in the Oxfam shop for many years, and managing it for part of this time, helping in a women's refuge, joining the Choral and continuing to provide a central focus for the family, which now extended to her parents and aunts in Liff, and latterly having her mother living with the family, with the two aunts down the road. This was a time when she became particularly interested in the spiritual life, becoming a member of the Iona Community, and completing a training for ministry course for those intending to become deacons. Sadly, the still very male oriented church never took advantage of this.

In 1999, Mum and Dad down-sized and moved into a one bedroom flat in Seton Place, near Will and his family. Mum had fallen in love with the garden, and she took great pleasure in renovating this, planting the treasured Irises which had come from her father, and many other treasures from other places. The garden continued to be a source of joy for Mum and last summer she spent many afternoons sitting in the sun, often starting to sing an old favourite from the musical Salad Days which ends with the lines 'I might be in love by the end of the season' which she would sing with a twinkle in her eye.

The Edinburgh years were a time of concert-going, musical holidays, and enjoyment of their grandchildren who all loved to visit Seton Place and have one of Grannie's legendary teas when it was impossible to

escape without having at least one more of everything. Mum and Dad got enormous pleasure from following the interests and careers of their grandchildren, whatever they were – highlights were hearing their grand-daughters Frances, Laura and Ellen singing, following whichever football team the Boase boys were following, keeping up to date with the careers of Rory, Charlie and Fiona, and even becoming experts on the life of a DJ through grandson Ben. In the days before she died she would still always have the energy to ask about the grandchildren, and they in their turn loved and deeply respected her – for her wisdom, her humour, her turns of phrase, and her passions – which were sometimes irrational – but always entertaining.

Mum's generosity and hospitality were legendary. Visiting relations would not be allowed to leave without a generous packed lunch for the train and plenty of reading material. There was always cake in the cake tin, and home made soup in the fridge, and inviting people for a meal, for tea or for a glass of sherry and sharing with them any happiness or sadness they were going through was an important part of life. Mum was a wonderful cook, and baked bread regularly until a few years ago. For special occasions there would be pulla – a Finnish bread she had learned to bake from the long-lasting family friendship with a Finnish family which started in the 1940s. Even when she could no longer do her own shopping or cooking she always wanted to give you something to take home – a packet of chocolate biscuits or some of her favourite cheesy biscuits.

She loved talking to people, finding out where they came from, listening to their stories and making connections. She couldn't go on a long train journey without getting the life stories of her companions.

Mum was brave and often strong willed. When she came to visit us in Hong Kong in the early 1970s she was determined to see the real China and organised a trip to Canton at a time when it was still very difficult for foreigners to get in. Sarah remembers us all travelling to Orkney in the car while Dad was still at work, and getting a puncture in the middle of nowhere. Mum got out and changed the tyre without the

slightest fuss – her attitude was that you had to get on with what had to be done.

In the last few years life became more difficult for Mum. Osteoporosis limited her mobility, and macular degeneration made it difficult to do many of the things which she had taken for granted. Her greatest pleasure was to see someone walking up the garden path, or to get a phone call – to make human contact. Her interest in those around her continued into her last weeks in Ashley Court nursing home, where she wanted to know all about the people who worked there.

Mum was someone who embraced life with passion – she lived life to the full, and had an unflinching interest in the life around her. She was the loving heart of our family, selfless in her generosity and support of us all. She will always be with us.

Thomas Leslie Usher 1926-2015

My Dad: 4 Aug 1926 to Feb 2015 – 88½ years

He was born into an utterly different era and a different world. Thomas Leslie Usher, son of Thomas, son of Thomas Leslie... prosperous Brewers of Edinburgh. An era of nannies, cooks and servants. He loved and respected them all. He had 2 sisters, Eileen and Audrey. Some of these memories are from his younger sister – my Auntie Audrey.

Attending boarding schools from an early age, he loved the holidays when he could live outdoors at the Hyndehope Farm, the hills, the streams; perfecting his fishing, shooting and golf. He loved the farm people too.

He had a large layout of Trix© electric trains and would do precision construction of all the stations in white cardboard in considerable detail, including the windows out of clear plastic. He occasionally allowed Audrey play with them - under strict supervision. Audrey recalls them riding their bikes through Edinburgh and getting the wheels stuck in tram tracks.

In senior school Dad and his friend Maudent got a tandem bike and whizzed wildly round the country lanes exploring – indeed they were away on this contraption together when his call up papers came through towards the end of the war. He served in the ‘Gulf’ mostly dealing with mopping up the end of the craziness of conflict. He ate with the Arabs, because he preferred their wonderful desert food and he spoke German to the Prisoners, befriending all. For he was a man who could not help befriending those he met.

He was a rogue too. Several times he told me of the night that he offered a girl a lift home so that she did not have to leave the dance early – when he took her to his transport she discovered that it was a push bike. But he did take her home! He honoured his proposal – don’t think that he got a second date though!

Dad loved to dance and was a member of the Edinburgh Reel Club. Sometimes he would take his little sister with him as her special treat.

Home and decommissioned he really wanted to become an engineer. He would have been a great one – methodical, pedantic, rule loving and meticulous. As an Architect I know that the best ones are all like this, even if they drive me mad simultaneously! But the family wanted him to be a Brewer. He complied and started the task of learning every trade in the brewing, delivery and selling process. He loved all those trades from the night shift to the cooperage. Audrey remembers with fondness helping to make up his sandwiches at 10 in the evening! And he loved the people, remembering many of them by name to the end of his life. He delivered the beer and later became a travelling salesman. Wherever he went the sales soared – and I can believe that because he was so personable.

In the middle of this time, he met my mother. The very lovely Lorna; and they fell for each other. She loved him because he was cheeky and fun. He did not seem to have a sex agenda like the medics that this gorgeous nurse had brushed aside before. She was also able to deal

with his father: the story goes that when Lorna was taken home for a posh dinner Thomas had dealt the plates to the table by throwing the first one to her – she caught it cleanly and threw it straight back to my Dad's father.

Another attribute came with Lorna – that was her mother, my Granny 'B'. My mum was a nurse and sometimes she was on night duty when my Dad was free – so he'd just go round and spend some time chatting to Barbara. She was affirming and blessed him with her calm and non-judgmental company. She was a person of substantial presence. I think that that relationship promoted the type of family life that Jane and I enjoyed as children and teens.

Their wedding was a pretty fabulous affair – a real society do! It must have been a time of tremendous promise for them both. He was immensely proud of the beautiful woman who had consented to be his wife and she had secured a prosperous future in the arms of an amusing and lovable man. He might have been a skinny, baldy guy; but they laughed much together – so why would that matter?

Dad continued to work at the brewery. I was born. Then they moved to Broughty Ferry near Dundee as he took on the role of sales rep for the North East. That was where my cute little sister was born.

A couple of years later we were back at the maisonette at 8 Mayfield Terrace in Edinburgh. Our childhood home. Dad started to work at the head office, a shortish walk from our house. I remember him coming home with different company cars – and one day even rolled up in the brewery lorry: pretty exciting, I thought!

They still had dray horses back then and I recall a lorry load of horse pooh driving up to the back garden and dumping all this smelly fertilizer into our garden. I remember him building us a sandpit in the garden. I remember the meticulously cut and painted roads that he made for me one Christmas. I remember the smell of the curry that mum made for him regularly.

And Jane remembers: At aged about 6, Mum taught her how to knit. Once she'd mastered the basics, she decided she wanted to knit dad a scarf. So with dayglo colours she did just that, with a few dropped stitches and very uneven knitting. And then she gave it to Dad and he tied it round his neck and set off for work in pinstripe suit and bowler hat. She recently talked to him about it and said how lovely it was that he did this for his little girl, even though he would have taken it off when he was out of sight. 'Oh, I didn't take it off', he said, 'I wore it to work, and then put it on again when I was leaving to keep me warm on the way home'. That is love, it moves us even now.

I remember that home seemed like a place of safety – somewhere I could return to from the rigours of school. It was a happy place – creative, in a sort of organised way. I remember that we shared the telephone line with downstairs – and that there was a bell connecting us to them which was not to be pressed! This was a good time, I think.

Then some years after the death of my grandfather, there was a knock at the front door. It was Dad's uncle. In simple terms, he informed Dad that the family had sold their share in the brewery – it was no longer Ushers – from now on it would be Vaux. My father's future had just been sold. Vaux did not want him. For years he persevered, but he could see that this was not going to work. He left and used his small remaining share to buy a hotel in Dunbar – the nightmare part of his life began, although we can remember good times too – on several Christmases Audrey and family joined us at the hotel, including one where the chef walked out on Christmas Eve and Dad had to step in to cook.

My mum and dad put a brave face on this, but it did him terrible harm – long, long hours and only 2 weeks holiday a year. I saw him change – this lovely man who was my father became so distant and aloof as he was worn down by work and stress. Eventually I refused to go to Dunbar, staying in the Mayfield Terrace refuge whenever possible.

One term into my course in Architecture the hotel was sold. I was stunned! Then I realised something profound – my father had taken it on to create a new family business for me to be part of. As soon as he saw that I was taking my own way forward, he sold it. He had done this for me! He had gone through all that for me! I wrote to him to thank him – I never received either confirmation or denial. Recently I asked him again. He smiled at me.

It took him a long time to recover from that before he entered the wine trade and then later retired at 57 – by which time he was the granddad of my 4 children. But by now my mother was in the grips of Multiple Sclerosis, sapping her strength and reducing her mobility.

For the next 20 years he tried to combine looking after her to an increasing degree along with living out some of his engineering dreams through model airplanes and 1 gauge railways – later on he also engaged with some skill in PC based Flight Simulators. This all proved to be both stimulating and frustrating – after all he was a natural Engineer and modelling was just a hobby. He could not make up for the loss of a career that should have been his, but was not.

So he took great pleasure in mine. Latterly we would sit late into a Friday or Saturday evening discussing my business, long after Jenny had given up on us and gone to bed. He was always concerned that my business knowledge was insufficient - with some reason. But he had given me something very special – he had married the very tough person who was my mother. The person who would not be defeated by MS. The person who stunned me as a child when the garage had not done a very good job on her car – she took it back, glaring, angry, terrifying – she demanded immediate action – and she got it. You did not cross her twice because once was quite enough. I have some of his niceness and a lot of her steel! So he enjoyed the ups and the downs of my business life.

When Mum died I was extremely worried about how well he would cope with himself without her. But he coped remarkably well. He was still recovering from his own throat cancer, speaking with remarkable clarity

despite the removal of his larynx. I was unable to explain what had sustained him through this terrible time of loss.

Then my son Duncan phoned me one day. He'd just been up to Edinburgh to see his Granddad. "Wow!" says he. "Granddad just told me about that amazing thing that happened on the night that granny died!" Well I was none the wiser! I'd not heard this story. But I did get told it a few months later as My Dad became a bit more comfortable about sharing it.

But this part of his life started a long way back, when we lived in Broughty Ferry. I'd always wondered why the Pawson family were so important to my parents – they were the Minister, his wife, son and 4 daughters who lived just along the road from them. Dad attended the church and sang in the choir. As it turned out this had been a time of spiritual awakening for him – but the troubles of life, and the disappointments, had worn him down and he had lost that foothold on the ladder of faith. But he recalled it with pleasure and would occasionally surprise me with his insights.

So on the night my mother died he had arisen and gone to the care home. He entered the room where her body lay and immediately sensed God's comforting presence and felt that God was saying to him "It is all right Leslie, I will look after her now!" So God in his mercy reached out to him in his greatest need. And My Dad chose to tell Duncan first – which has always been a delight to me, as faith spanned the generations.

So my father made his peace with God and through Christ I can be assured of his eternal safety. In the end it turned out that we did share a Christian faith that informed what we did. He enjoyed attending my church even though it tended to be pretty different from what he was used to! And in sharing this faith I consider him to be my brother as well as my father. He did not necessarily like to agree with the simplicity of my beliefs. In some ways right, I'm sure. But one thing is certain – Eternal life awaits.

I have the certain hope that death is not the end – we will meet again in that Perfect Eternal Place, welcomed by our Loving Father God. But for now I have to say goodbye to this lovely man who enjoyed other people so much. This is not really goodbye, but see you again.... Dad – goodbye – until we meet again.

Tribute Jennifer Watt (3rd February 1925 - 4th March 2015)

Janet Watt, known as Jennifer was taken ill on the 26th of February and died in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh on the 4th March. She was a long-standing and much loved member of the St Peter's community from the 1950s onwards. In recent years health problems had prevented active participation, but she kept in touch, received Communion in her flat and was always interested in what was going on. Her funeral took place on the 12th of March. Her family would like to thank the Church and those who attended to share their condolences. For those unable to attend but who remember Jennifer with affection, here is the tribute read by her son Ernest.

Who was Jennifer? I knew her as Mum. Our family knew her as Jenny. She was once a daughter, a sister, a schoolgirl, a sports player, a worker, a wife and a mother, more recently a granny, and always a neighbour and a friend. She was an expert at creating the most delicious pancakes - for which she was rightly famous - and she was extremely knowledgeable. She could create jumpers and cardigans to keep her family warm. Many recent tributes have described her as kind and welcoming. According to my Dad, she was the very person you'd want in charge in a crisis. After her sudden illness and passing I have been able to see her more clearly through the eyes of others. Everyone has been so kind and positive. This has been quite humbling. It's also a blessing. I'm afraid that up until just over two weeks ago I always treated her as my mother: that is to say, with insufficient regard. Sorry, Mum. There's a beautiful sepia photo that was passed around at her 90th birthday party, just over a month ago, in which 3 year old Jenny

peers from atop the coal bunker by the back door, holding on to her brother, Allen, and sister, Esther, accompanied by their wee dog, Lady. She looks so cute as she peers into the camera lens and towards the rest of her life. Jenny was a much-loved wee sister, and daughter to James and Elizabeth Cowper. After the cramped conditions of her birthplace at Dunlop Terrace, in the shadow of Esk Valley Paper Mill, Penicuik, she moved with her family across town to Cranston Street and then Jackson Street. As a little sister, one of her roles was to act as chaperone to Esther when she entertained her boyfriend, Jim. Under the pretext of piano practice her presence ensured that nothing other than polite conversation took place. There was always room for fun and her lifelong friend Reta told me that as youngsters they would hang around waiting for a particular paper boy to come round on his deliveries. For a laugh, they would compete to help him with his task. They often took the papers to the big house, Craigiefield, and would race each other up the drive to ring the bell. Jennifer often won this race as she was the faster runner. Many times this would end in a scuffle. Jenny left school at the age of 14 when war broke out and went to work in Duncan's chocolate factory in Edinburgh. An important contribution to the war effort. She also trained as a nurse in the Red Cross and worked for a while at the Deaconess, but decided that wasn't for her. Mrs. Cowper was ambitious for her children and Jennifer studied to work as a comptometer operator, a forerunner of the computer age back in the 1940s. This saw her gain employment at Nelson's, the publishers, also in Edinburgh. Here she met Isobel who became another life-long friend. Jennifer was very active and engaged in many sports; of note: keeping goal for the hockey team. With her best friends, Avis and Reta she would go for big bicycle forays over the countryside near and far, sometimes to Linlithgow to visit relatives there. Her brother, Allen, was a notable cricketer for Penicuik, who through the club network had become friends with Dick Watt, a regular player. Now, there was a stroke of luck! A year or so later she was inducted into the Watt family through the initiation rite of a holiday in Tighnabruaich. Recently I came across a postcard to her mother reporting the holiday to be along the lines of "food good, weather awful". An important ritual had been established. Back in Penicuik, the responsibility of caring for her mother

- as well as for a succession of grannies and aunties, who were all in need of attention - caused her to postpone marriage until 1958. One day short of a year later, I was born. In 1964 a second child, Elspeth arrived, who sadly died only 3 weeks old. How my parents coped with this awful loss is a testament to their strength of character and, I am sure, the community that then inhabited St. Peter's. But miracles do happen occasionally. Dick and Jennifer were rewarded the following year when Ruth was born. At last, the family was complete. Jennifer enjoyed being a housewife and mother but also found time for other activities. A regular appointment was with the Scottish National Orchestra at fortnightly concerts in the Usher Hall, where she introduced her niece Rosemary and cousin Margaret to orchestral music. She took her place in the St. Peter's community and participated in the Young Wives' Club until it really couldn't carry on under that name given the average age of its members. It would be wrong to consider Jennifer to be exclusively high-minded. Back in the day, she along with the majority of the population, smoked cigarettes and was known to enjoy a wee sherry or two at parties. I have fond memories of family gettogethers at which Uncle Jim played the piano in a melodious, waltzing style and my older cousins cracked open the Tennent's. As I've said, we would holiday in Tighnabruaich. Well, after a few years I became aware of package holidays in Spain and I asked for something different. I had sunshine and sand in mind. My parents relented and sought out alternative locations. In 1972 we sailed to Belfast to visit her old Penicuik friend Alex. Armed soldiers, tanks on the streets and the sight of the famously bombed-out frontage of the Europa Hotel was certainly different to the Kyles of Bute. A cherished memory of my second cousins Donna and Suzanne is when my parents and my aunt and uncle took them for a walk over Blackford Hill. For some reason Dad led the party down a steep, gorse infested slope which prompted Jennifer and her sister to remove their stockings to prevent snagging and they slid, squealing with delight, down to the bottom. After the effort of keeping the show on the road while Ruth and I were growing up, Mum was able to spread her wings and fly with Dad to Canada, the Soviet Union, and Zimbabwe to visit her old friend Reta. She kept reasonably fit and well, by swimming - often with her cousin, another

Esther - and yoga in the Church Hall. A hip operation didn't cramp her style. Once done she gained a fresh lease of life for the 1990s. At the end of that decade, when my Dad became ill she managed to visit him every day in the hospital and care home. Life became difficult, but she carried on. She had arranged to move from the family home in Lygon Road into a cosy wee flat at Blackford Grange before Dad died. The original plan was that he might come too. Sadly, she moved in as a widow. Jennifer spent nearly 15 years at Blackford Grange where she grew old gracefully. Again, she made many new friends, Moira, Nancy and Morag especially. She made good use of her free bus pass, traveling around the city with Nancy and Isobel, her old friend from Nelson's. She was so happy for Ruth when she married Simon and her grandchildren Paul and Stephen were born. Her main regret was that she had become too old to be an active granny for them. In her last decade Macular Degeneration robbed her of her sight. However, she still peered at Flog It and Coronation Street and could see a crumb on the floor or a hole in my socks as some peripheral vision remained. She was able to keep herself occupied by listening to Audio Books, but got frustrated that she could no longer be more active and productive. The jumpers and pancake supply dried up. However, she was still able to produce tasty soup right up until a month or so ago. I don't know how she managed that. Jennifer's health had clearly not been good in recent years. She kept herself reasonably independent until the end, with the help of her Carers. They were the last people that she made welcome. They were all fond of her as Mum's mind was sharp and focussed and she was good company. To visit her in any capacity was a pleasure. To return to the beginning: who was Jennifer? I hope I've not left you in doubt. Looking back over 90 years lived well I think that she was a good person who meant a lot to a great many people. She had many facets and performed many roles. She will be greatly missed. But she made a difference to us all and in our hearts she will live on.

Tribute to Dad by Nigel Somner

Many people talk about a life 'well lived' and, without any shadow of a doubt, this applied to my Dad. He wasn't for a rose tinted view of things, but he contributed a great deal and he touched the lives of many.

Dad was a quiet, unassuming, man. He had presence; he stood tall and he wore a warm and caring smile. I see his life as a huge umbrella, with Dad holding the handle, and with his family and friends sheltering beneath. He was a man of many interests and talents, and he cared deeply about all of those who came into his world.

Dad, Alan as I called him, Pappy as he was known to all of his grandchildren - he was a gentleman, in the real sense of the word. And his gentle, heart felt, approach to relationships made him special

Most of you know his history - he was born and lived in Trinity. He went to school at The Academy and he studied medicine at Edinburgh University. He talked to me about the long walks home from school, about calling his father 'sir', and about their family summers in Gullane. Most surprisingly to me, though, was his love of gardening - he was in touch with nature and he loved it with a passion.

He met Mum, a defining moment, and he never looked back. They were married, happily, successfully and lovingly, for 65 years. Not many couples achieve that. He spent time in the army, as part of the Royal Medical Corp. He was based in Austria, from where he wrote countless letters to his mum and to Joan. He kept so many things from those days - kit bags, papers, identity cards and the like - he treasured the memories, the smooth as well as the rough. He made friends, he worked hard and he had to deal with adversity. No fuss, no heroics, but lots of stories that he regaled to us for years.

His early career was in Edinburgh, where he developed a keen interest in the treatment of tuberculosis. This was to be his life's work. He wrote many papers and he immersed himself in research. He delivered his research papers at home and abroad and, in his usual professional but modest way, he made a real difference in his field.

Dad's career took him to Tyneside in the 1960s. I'm not sure how keen Mum and Dad were, initially - those were hard times in the North East - but, with typical energy and enthusiasm, they grew to love it. It's where Carol and I spent our formative years and it was a happy time. The beach at the bottom of the road, the rendezvous cafe for ice cream, good schools for us to go to, great work colleagues and a full social life. The latter, as you'd expect, was largely driven by Mum! Dad worked hard and long hours. He immersed himself in the needs of others and his time as President of the British Thoracic Association, in the early 1980s, was his proudest career moment. Back at his hospital, there were Ward rounds on Saturday mornings and visits to his patients and colleagues on Christmas Days. It was different then! The bottom line was that Dad believed passionately in the NHS. He was there when it was created and he served it and his patients, tirelessly, for 45 years. He never abandoned the principal; he was never lured to private medicine. He was an old fashioned physician and a true clinician.

In Whitley Bay, they created a lovely home. But, in moving to Ponteland, Mum and Dad got the big garden they had yearned for and, over the next 30 years or so, they worked tirelessly to create - well - a sort of parkland. It was amazing and they loved it.

During the holidays, whilst we were studying, Carol and I came back to Ponteland and helped. Our friends were always made very welcome and they really enjoyed visiting. There were trees to lop, bonfires to tend and the famous wall that we all built together. Dad's interest in growing vegetables was reinvigorated. Slowly but surely he cultivated, then he built a greenhouse and finally he purloined a strip of a neighbour's garden. Before long, he made sure they he grew all the veg that they could consume. It was wonderful to see and Dad was proud.

Green fingers, yes. But he loved cars, too. And tents. And then caravans. And photography and meticulously arranged albums. And pop music. And trams. And cooking. And, of course, kilts. Kilts, which means Scotland, which is where his roots lay, which was about the Highlands and Islands. Oh, how Dad loved coming back to Scotland, when they moved back here in 2007. They'd always travelled, holidays

to the continent and further afield. But their road trips around Scotland were Dad's forte. They got to know the hotels, they became friends of the owners and of numerous guests, and they went back time after time and even stayed in the same rooms. There was a great sense of loyalty with all of this and, of course, they all became close and life long friends.

For all the professional contributions, for all of his passionately followed pastimes, it always comes back to the umbrella, his family. Dad had a lovely relationship with every single member of our family. Right down to the youngest, they loved him, because he was kind, humorous and warm. He had broad shoulders and a listening ear. Many of the family are here, of course, but he would want to know that we include Alex, Andy & Natascha & Sophie & Zoe, Gray & Jen, Romain and Sandy & Mona. And I mention each and every one because he had a special relationship with them all. Without exception.

And so to my main message. Dad quietly and sincerely asked all of his family, often repeatedly, to do just one thing. And that was, above everything else, to be tolerant. He meant it and of course he lived by this mantra, always.

So It's time to say goodbye, Dad, Alan, Pappy. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your care, for your interest, for your umbrella and for your enduring love. What a wonderful legacy.

Fresh Start

Sponsored Walk

Last year's Sponsored Walk raised our highest total ever – over £10,000! We hope to raise even more money this year – so we need you!

When: Friday 29th May 2015 at 10am

Where: Meeting at Jubilee Gardens in Stockbridge

What: An 8 mile route – leaving from Stockbridge, along the Water of Leith, around the Colinton Dell and then onto the Union Canal towpath. We will finish at the Fresh Start Food Station at Harrison Place where lunch will be served.

Cost: No registration fee, but we ask all entrants to raise a minimum of £25 per person

If you would like to register a team or walk as an individual, please contact us on 0131 476 7741 or emailadmin@freshstartweb.org.uk. You will also receive registration forms in the Spring newsletter, out soon!

Fundraising Sale

Please promote this within your congregation and pop up the poster which is attached!

When: Saturday 9th May 2015 from 10am-12pm

Where: Food Station, 1 Harrison Place, Edinburgh EH11 1SF

What: The next Fresh Start Sale! As usual we will be selling on the high-quality items we can't put into our Starter Packs, as well as fresh produce from the growing space, baking and hot drinks.

We are always looking for people to help both on the morning of the sale and with the set-up on the Friday afternoon, so if there are willing volunteers within your congregation please tell them to get in touch with Jenny Baird on 0131 476 7741 or jenny@freshstartweb.org.uk.

Lorna Bowry

Volunteer Coordinator - Provision of Goods

Fresh Start

0131 476 7741

www.freshstartweb.org.uk



Virtue (and a few vices) in art

a course of four lectures

Canon Anne Dyer

The representation of virtue in art predates Christianity, but is an important aspect of religious art in the West. We will look at the use of the female form to depict and carry ideas of virtue, and vice, in the Christian tradition. We will explore the impact of the enlightenment and rationalism for the depictions of virtue through the male form. We will also look at how portraits and images of the self can be used to signify inner virtues.

Venue: Royal Overseas League, Princes Street, Edinburgh

Dates: Thursdays on 28 May, 4 June, 18 June, 25 June

Time: 2–4pm, refreshments provided

The image is a detail from 'A convent garden: Brittany' by William John Leech



st Peter's
SINGING
Club

presents

No, No, Noah

Thursday, 21st May 2015 5.30 pm

St Peter's Church Hall



Entry free. Refreshments at the end of the show.

Retiring collection



Dates for your diary

April	
6 th – 14 th	Fred on holiday
Thursday 9 th	Lunch Club meets at noon in the Reverie.
Sunday 19 th	COG walk
Wednesday 22 nd	Vestry meets at 7.30pm in the rectory
Wednesday 29 th	Organ Recital at 7.30pm in the church
May	
Sunday 3 rd	Bring and share lunch in the hall.
Thursday 7 th	Lunch Club meets at noon in the Reverie.
Sunday 10 th	Christian Aid Sunday
Tuesday 12 th	Newington Churches Together AGM at St Peter's at 7.30pm
Thursday 14 th	Ascension Day at Crichton. 8pm
Wednesday 20 th	Vestry meets at 7.30pm in the rectory
Thursday 21 st	Singing Club concert at 5.30pm in the church hall
Sunday 24 th	Pentecost All Age service
Saturday 30 th	Summer Fair from 11am to 3pm

Sunday Services at St Peter's

5st April. Easter Sunday

8.30am Holy Communion
(Scottish Communion Office)
10.45am 1982 Communion with
Sunday's Cool for children
6.30pm Compline

12th April. Easter 2

8.30am Holy Communion (1929)
10.45am 1982 Communion
6.30pm Compline

19th April. Easter 3

8.30am Holy Communion (1929)
10.45am 1970 Communion
6.30pm Compline

26th April. Easter 4

8.30am Holy Communion (1929)
10.45am 1982 Communion with
Sunday's Cool for children
6.30pm Choral Evensong

3rd May. Easter 5

8.30am Holy Communion
(Scottish Communion Office)
10.45am Sung Mattins
Hall Service
6.30pm Compline

10th May. Easter 6

8.30am Holy Communion (1929)
10.45am 1982 Communion with
Sunday's Cool for children
6.30pm Compline

17th May. Easter 7

8.30am Holy Communion (1929)
10.45am 1970 Communion with
Sunday's Cool for children
6.30pm Compline

24th May. Pentecost

8.30am Holy Communion (1929)
10.45am All Age Communion
6.30pm Choral Evensong

31st May. Trinity Sunday

8.30am Holy Communion (1929)
10.45am 1982 Communion with
Sunday's Cool for children.
6.30pm Compline

Sunday Services at St Peter's

8.30am Holy Communion

This spoken Morning Prayer and Communion follow the 1929 Prayer Book. There is no music and, on the first Sunday of each month, there is no sermon.

10.45am: Sung Mattins

Held in the Church with the choir and organ: This follows the 1929 Prayer Book, and sometimes includes a choral version of a Canticle.

10.45am: Hall Service

An All-Age Communion service that is held in the hall. It is contemporary in style and music, uses a simple Liturgy and is led by an informal choir and instrumentalists.

10.45am 1982 Communion

This Communion service follows the 1982 Liturgy, with choir and organ, and the congregational Communion Setting is by David Sanger, Noel Rawsthorne or David Jenkins (James MacMillan in Advent and Lent).

10.45am 1970 Communion

This Communion service follows the 1970 Liturgy, with choir and organ, and the Communion Setting is by Merbecke.

Sunday's Cool is held during the 1982 and 1970 Communion services with the children leaving at different times depending on their age. Everyone returns in time for Communion.

All Age Services

All Age services follow a simple Liturgy and mix traditional with contemporary music using both the Organ and Instrumentalists as appropriate.

6.30pm Evening Services:

Compline follows the 1929 Prayer Book.

Choral Evensong is a sung evening service that follows the 1929 Prayer Book.

People

CLERGY:

Rector The Revd Canon Fred Tomlinson 667 6224
3 Bright's Crescent EH9 2DB

Associate Clergy

The Rt Revd Bob Halliday 28 Forbes Road EH10 4ED 221 1490
The Revd Sue Whitehouse 157 The Murrays EH17 8UN 672 1308

Lay Reader Mrs Janet McKinnell,
The Mill House, Newmains, Dunbar EH42 1TQ 01368 850604

DIOCESAN REPRESENTATIVES:

Lay Representative Pam Dugan 07765218757
Alternate Lay Representative Fiona Smith 449 4830

CHURCH ORGANISATIONS and GROUPS

Director of Music Rupert Forbes 664 3030
Organist Sheila Chisholm 629 9085
Choir Warden Fiona Barton 663 0283
Sunday's Cool (Term time) Derek Harley 07578132568
Sanctuary Guild Ann Wotherspoon 445 4611
Servers' Guild Bill Polson 667 6628
Parents & Toddlers Mondays 9.30-11.30am Derek Harley 662 9171
Parents & Toddlers Thursdays 9.30-11.30am Derek Harley 662 9171
Monday Group 1st & 3rd Mons 7.30pm Elizabeth Philp 667 1191
Prayer Group Tuesdays 7pm Revd Marian McKean 667 4573
Thursday Group 1st Thurs at 11am Delia Keir 667 3865
Singing Club Thur 3.30pm Vreni Fry 441 1207
Magazine subscriptions Nancy Smith 443 2736
Magazine distribution Elizabeth Philp 667 1191

CHURCH OFFICERS:

Vestry Secretary Ronnie Munro 669 3953
Hon Treasurer Duncan McKinnell 01368 850 604
Gifts Secretary Jim Phillips 667 1107
Administrator Derek Harley 662 9171
Sacristan Liz Mackay 343 2216
Verger Javi Gallarin tbc
Hall Bookings Derek Harley 662 9171
Finance convenor Ralph Garden 221 1235
Works convenor Liz Mackay 343 2216
Admin & Gen Purposes convenor Alison Mowat 667 2295
Social/Outreach COG convenor Liz Hare 337 8570