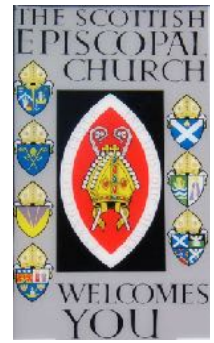


In Touch



*with St James the Less Church, Penicuik
& St Mungo's Church, West Linton*

**A quarterly magazine for all of us
Issue 21 - August 2025**

***Harvest - St Francis - All Saints -
Remembrance***



Reflections from the Rectory

This last Sunday's Lectionary readings were all rich in content from which many sermons could have been written. I must admit there are some Sunday's when the Lectionary seems to offer minimal content from which to offer a word or thought, and then comes along the rich readings for Proper 17 in Year C!

Both Peter Woodfield and I chose to preach on prayer. Even on that one topic there were so many ways to have approached it and offer something that I hope would inspire or challenge.

Prayer is something we are all encouraged to do, and I encourage people to pray daily. But I know many find it challenging. Does prayer really change our world? Does my prayer encourage God to influence things? Does God fix all the many wrongs in our world? The evidence before me suggests much of my prayer to God doesn't make bad things stop, heal wounds in our society, let alone heal people. For instance, my fervent daily prayers for the end to the suffering of the people of Gaza and the West Bank, and changing the hearts and minds of the Zionists in Israel doesn't seem to have had much effect.

Maybe we are looking at prayer and praying in ways God didn't intend. Have we misunderstood prayer? Prayer seldom changes God, because God is love now, always has been, and always will be. However, when I truly pray I believe God changes me. It opens my heart to the realities of our fallen world, and provokes me to consider what I can do. When we pray the Lord's Prayer we ask that we be given what we need for today, not what we want. So, not a surplus, an over abundant showering beyond our needs. When we ask God to forgive us, are we honest with God about our lives, the wrong or selfish choices we have made that require forgiveness?

When we ask for God to lead us and deliver us, are we truly saying that we want God to guide us in our lives and admit that when we solely want to do it on our terms we believe we don't need God in our lives, but cry out for help when we are in a crisis?

Asking God's help in a crisis to fix the situation is understandable. However, maybe our prayer should be for God to be close by us, to be in relationship with us, for the Holy Spirit to guide us, to give us discerning wisdom, and hopefully clarity. In Luke's gospel, the passage on Sunday reminds us that how much more will the heavenly father give of the Holy Spirit to those who ask him. So, we need to ask for that relationship to be strengthened and present, not to expect God to provide the outcome or result we are looking for or a neat and tidy answer. God is willing to give us the Holy Spirit, or said a different way, God yearns to give us God's presence and the gifts of the Spirit, of God's love so we can also offer that to our neighbours.

Frankly, it sounds arrogant to bend God's will to our little problems, although admittedly at times our wants seem to be met through our prayer. Surely, a major aspect of prayer is to open ourselves up to God's influence on us, to further shape us in God's image, to be charged up with God's love and care.

Prayer isn't primarily to change God's mind. Prayer is primarily so God can change our hearts and minds, to do God's work in the world.

We pray in anguish asking how God can allow so much suffering in the world and allow children to starve. Maybe the prayer back to us from God is how do we allow these things to happen, and what are we willing to do about it, to make the necessary changes?

Prayer is powerful, it can really change us and the world for good, if we are ready to listen and enter into a deep relationship with God.

My fervent daily prayers about Gaza have changed me. I have learnt more about the situation, the history, the context, the facts, and am more able to discuss it with people who have a contrary view. I have also committed more of my financial resources to support Medical Aid for Palestinians. I still pray for a radical change in the Israeli government's approach to Palestinians and their land, and hope something will come of that, too.

Nick Bowry

News from the Congregations

Welcoming Strangers...



Strangers, in the form of Swedish Scouts, knocked on our door looking for accommodation on the night on Sunday 27th July. We were a full house, but realised that St Mungo's Undercroft would be an ideal resting place for their weary heads.

A quick phone call to Nick confirmed this would be no problem.

Vanessa and Jack loved our beautiful church and were so grateful for our hospitality and kindness. They wanted this to be passed on to you all.

They had walked that day from Peebles and were slowly heading on to Stirling. The trip had been organised by the Swedish Scouting organisation.

They were so, so appreciative and we pray for their adventure in Scotland.

Markie Woodifield

Kathy Kennedy RIP

The congregation of St James the Less were very sad to hear of the death of Kathy Kennedy on 3rd June 2025. She was a lively, much loved lady and an active member of our congregation for many years. Our thoughts and prayers are with Kathy's family. Her Eulogy can be found on page 19.

Scripture Union (SU) Holiday Club

This took place from 29th July to 1st August 2025 in the Trinity Community Church Hall. Ruth Aird was the overall leader, supported by Derek and Claire Harley from the Scripture Union, other leaders, assistants and Galley staff. Altogether, there were twenty volunteers from Penicuik Churches Together, and twenty children attending.

The theme was Deep Sea Divers with appropriate action songs. There were stories from various important parts of Jesus' life. Each group had to make up a chant for their group. John Urquhart's team called their corner the Yellow Submarine and in the first photograph on the next page they were singing and acting out their chant. Other groups were the Dolphins and the little ones were the Octonauts.

John Urquhart and Derek Harley also dramatised the effects of Flotsam and Jetsam (these were their "stage names"). There was a Beach-combing game to find significant articles and a Marine Biologist (Daniel Fawcett) gave wee talks about deep sea creatures. Work-outs and games were enjoyed outside in the garden.

Crafts were on offer - doves, jellyfish and other underwater creatures were the subject of magic painting. Salt water crocodiles were constructed from various body parts and decorated, and there was also a chance to weave little wall hangings.

A delicious buffet lunch for children, parents, staff and volunteers rounded off the week.

Many thanks to Trinity Community Church for the venue, to the Galley Staff for the catering, and to all the leaders and assistants for their hard work and enthusiasm. It was a rewarding and enjoyable week.

Gillian Little and Marion Mather



Dramatic Effect! John Urquhart and Margaret Barrie (Trinity Community Church) sing and act their group's chant.



Games in the Garden



Marine Biologist (Daniel Fawcett) in action



Immersed in the activities!



Preparing for deep sea drama



Some cheery crocodiles!

New publication

Our latest booklet using material from St James archives and other resources attempts to relate how the Episcopal School, known as the Tin School, developed into Cornbank St James Primary School.

The Tin School once stood on the site of the Rectory, and was initially very successful. There are some fascinating insights into children's life during Revd Elrington's tenure. Eventually, dwindling attendance and a deteriorating building led to new premises being needed. Although I have done quite a lot of research, there are some gaps in the history, and I would be most appreciative if anyone could supply extra information for a possible later edition.

The booklet should be available by the time we hold our Doors Open event. It is the result of not only conserving our archive collection, but using it to bring alive the history of our St James the Less church family.

Georgina Phillips

St James the Less Hall Bookings

We are now getting lots of bookings for our hall from other groups outside St James. So, if you are looking to book the hall please give me plenty of notice.

We have an online diary on our website and our wall planner in the hall, but please check with me first to save any double bookings.

Anyone can access the online diary by going to
stjamesthelesspenicuik.org

Click on *What's on?*

Monthly listings

View our full calendar, so you can have a look for yourself.

But only Nick and myself can insert the dates.

Thanks for your cooperation.

Val McGavin

Doors Open Day 2025

A date for your diary ...

St James is participating in Midlothian Doors Open Day, **Saturday 13th September 2025**.

As well as exploring the church building, visitors can follow the Labyrinth. There will also be a display from the archives in the Hall, and light refreshments will be available. Other attractions might be included.

We shall be open 10am - 4pm, with setting up on Friday. This is a good opportunity to welcome neighbours and folk from the wider community, and to share with them our beautiful building and our friendly church family. Volunteers will be asked to help with stewarding and refreshments, and, crucially, setting up and clearing away afterwards.

Please tell Marion Mather when you might be free to help, and to Charlotte Kemp if you would like to help with the display. Thank you, and remember - many hands make light work!

Charlotte Kemp and Marion Mather

St James the Less Fundraising August 2025



Our Strawberry Tea on Saturday 14th June 2025, though not as busy as we'd hoped, raised an amazing £630 on the day and, after donations on the Sunday, the total reached £727.46. It was lovely to have so many helpers on the day and there were lots of positive comments for those who attended. Grateful thanks to all who donated goods and baking and/or who helped on the day.

On Friday 3rd October at 7:30pm, Nick will give a talk in the hall about the Taizé Christian Community which he visited this summer. Please keep the date free and invite your friends and neighbours.

Alan and Gill will hold a Quiz Night on Saturday 15th November at 7:30pm in the hall. Please do come along and test your knowledge. More details later.

Funds raised at Fellowship Lunches:

4th May 2025 for Christian Aid: £445.75

1st June 2025 for church defibrillator: £220

6th July 2025 for church defibrillator: £136.26

3rd August 2025: for church defibrillator: £144.73

There is a new notice on the noticeboard for Fellowship Lunches for the next few months. Please consider signing up to help organise one for your chosen charity. You don't need to do it all by yourself! Others will make soup or bring bread or cheese, and all for a good cause.

We're always looking for new people to join the Fundraising Committee and for new ideas to raise funds. Do let me know if you can help or perhaps you have an idea that we can work on together.

All suggestions gratefully received!

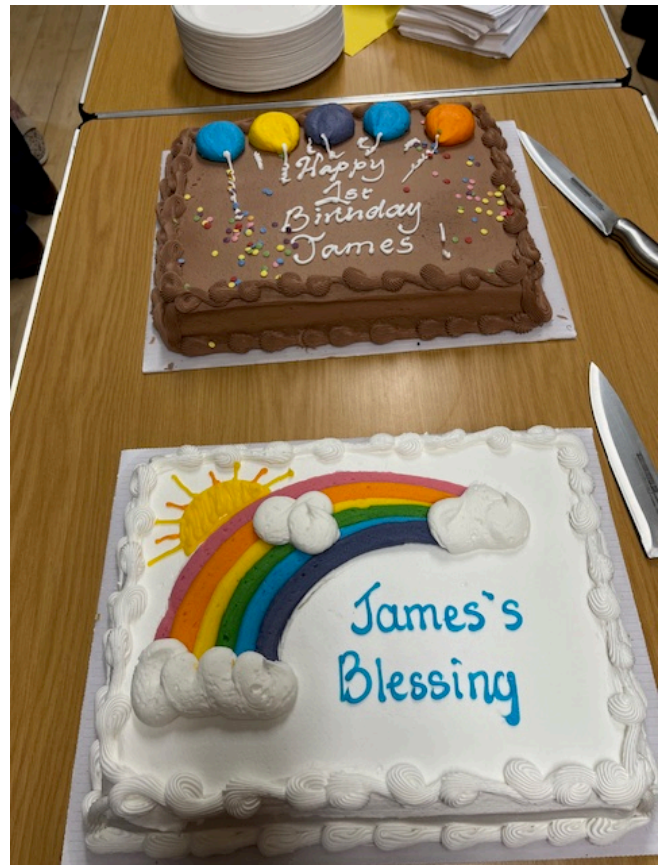
Marion Mather

A blessing on our patronal day of St James the Less

Baby James came to the Sunday morning service at St James the Less church on 1st June 2025 with his parents Jonny and Claire. Jonny is Scottish, Shannon Forbes' nephew. Claire is French and the family lives in France. Baby James was baptised in France earlier in the year and the family travelled to Penicuik to receive a Scottish blessing at our Church where his dad's family has worshipped for many years.

After the service, the family joined the congregation for a Fellowship lunch, and two cakes were on offer! As well as celebrating James' blessing, we were also celebrating his first birthday!

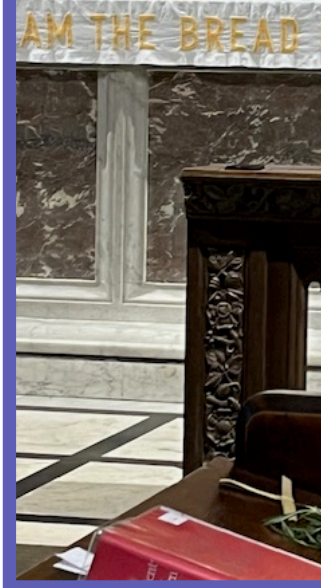
(Thank you Marion Mather for the photographs!)



Wedding of the Year at St James the Less

Gillian Little and James Hepburn-Scott were married at St James the Less church on Saturday 17th May 2025. It was a glorious sunny day, and the church was full of well-wishers for the happy couple.

(Thank you Marion Mather for the photographs!)



Farewell Tree!

In early June, the deciduous tree in the church grounds near the wall bordering our neighbours was felled. Many of us were sad to see its demise, but probably good to have the church less shaded.

(Thank you Marion Mather for the photographs!)



Taizé Trip, July 2025

I was asked by Bishop John to be one of two leaders supporting a group of fourteen young people going to the ecumenical Christian Community of Taizé. I agreed as I wanted to return to Taizé, having been there only once before in 2008. The other leader was Rev Janet Spence, currently based at St Mary's Cathedral in Edinburgh, but who will be installed as Rector of Holy Cross, Davidson's Mains on 1st September. Janet has been to Taizé many times with her family and one of her daughters has recently finished a year volunteering at Taizé. Most of you will be aware that I like the music that is written and published by the Taizé Community, and offer a service each month at both St James and St Mungo's.

Taizé is the name of a small village, well a hamlet really, in the Burgundy countryside about 100 km north of Lyon, and not that far from the more famous village of Cluny which had the largest Benedictine monastery in the world, at one time.

I will say more about the founding and history of Taizé in a talk I will give at 7.30pm on Friday 3rd October in the church at St James. Do come along.

On this trip I was looking forward to the three daily services in the church, the daily talks given to us by one of the brothers (who were classed as *less young*, i.e. over thirty five years old), the conversations in the group I was allocated (where we discussed the brother's talks and the questions he posed), and free afternoons to read and rest. I was also looking forward to being in a warm climate where sitting outside during the day and the evening was pleasurable, and the chance to speak to the young people in our group each evening in the bar and socialising area called *Oyak*.

In each of the church services, we sang from the Taizé book of Chants in a variety of languages. There were normally one or two readings in French and English, with written translations in other languages, and a time of silence, of about five minutes. The church has very few seats.

The vast majority of people sit on the hard floor (a concrete floor with a very thin carpet providing little cushioning). Some people use a prayer stool which you rest your backside on while kneeling, tucking your feet and lower legs under it. Not good if your knees give you gyp! There are some steps around the sides which people use as seats. The 08:20 service each morning included communion; the elements had been consecrated at a eucharist/mass earlier that morning. I had agreed with the young people where we would sit at each service, so we could sit together, although chatting was not possible as silence was maintained (well mostly) before the service started as people gathered.

Each year, the Taizé book of Chants has one or two new chants which had been church-tested during the previous year at Taizé before being added to the book. Some would need some revisions during the year and some wouldn't make it into the published book. The 2016 book had one hundred and fifty seven chants in it, the 2025-6 book has one hundred and seventy five. That shows what care the Community has in adding chants, that less than two a year are added to the published book.

After the morning service we '*less young*' people gathered to the north end of the site for our breakfast. It was very continental and consisted of a fresh roll and butter with some chocolate and a bowl to have coffee or lemon tea in.

At ten each morning we had a teaching for about an hour, with the brother speaking in English and French, halting every sentence or so whilst translators spoke to people in their native languages. I find it a very effective way of learning: a sentence or two, followed by a pause whilst the translators get to work, which gives some time to reflect on what has been said. The hour's talk may really contain only thirty minutes of teaching, but I find I take far more of it in and have more time to reflect on what is said. The brother who led our sessions came from Korea, and spoke English and French fluently, and he often spoke fluently in German to the German translator. I was very impressed.

After the brother's talk our discussion group met for an hour, and that was always very interesting. Our group included people from Chile, USA, Spain, Netherlands, Germany and South Africa. It was supposed to be an English-speaking group but we often used Spanish as one of the Spanish members of our group had less English than I had Spanish. The couple from the Netherlands had worked in Columbia for three years and had very good Spanish. In fact, this couple knows an Iona Community friend of mine, Liz Paterson, as they worked together in East Africa forty years ago. Liz walked El Camino Inglés in 2022 when I led the group, and also was part of the Ramblings episode I did in April this year. A small world...

The second service of the day was at 12:20pm, and lasted about thirty-five to forty minutes. I usually left at 12:55pm as my allotted task was to serve up dinner at our '*less young*' site. That entailed collecting trays, plates, bowls and cutlery from the washing up area and taking them on a trolley to the large tent we had our talks in, and setting everything up. The food arrived from the central kitchen and we served it up to the '*less young*' people. Lunch was normally a vegetarian meal with rice or pasta, and fruit or yoghurt, and more fresh rolls or bread.

The afternoons were very hot, 38 degrees C most days, so I retired to my room to read. It was cooler there, but not cool. Most afternoons I succumbed to tiredness and had a siesta. A cup of lemon tea and a slice of cake was available at 5pm, and dinner was at 7pm, followed by the evening service at 8pm. The day slowly got cooler after about 5pm, and by 9:30pm, soon after the evening service had finished, when the bar opened up in Oyak, it was lovely to sit out and chat with the young people in our group and hear about what they had been doing during their day.

There is a shop in Taizé where you can buy gifts made by the brothers, as a useful income source for the Community. I bought a few small wooden and enamelled Taizé crosses in the shape of a dove, to be used as necklaces, along with some bookmarks and at the other end of the scale, two large posters of the Taizé crucifix to bring home and use to make new crosses so there is one for each church.



That will save me taking the one cross to and fro between the churches, and the existing poster on the cross is very tired.

Unbeknownst to me, one of the young people in our group, Katherine, was a good artist. She drew a picture of each one of us and sent them out when we got home. My picture is of me on the homeward bound trip, two large posters under my arm that somehow made it back in one piece despite being on two buses (in Burgundy and in Edinburgh), one Paris Metro, and three trains (Burgundy to Paris, Eurostar from the Gare De Nord to St Pancras, and LNER back to Edinburgh).

The time in Taizé felt like a mini retreat, with sufficient balance between lovely services, teachings, group discussions, reading, praying, silence, and time with the younger people discussing their experiences and the challenges of life for them in this age. I came back feeling relaxed and spiritually refreshed, and surprisingly a kilo heavier. I put that down to the diet of mainly carbs and not much exercise, unless like the South Africans in my group who went for a run at 5 am... I also came back with a few chants in my head that I had not sung before. We are shall be singing one of them (in Swedish) in our August Taizé services.

Taizé is a wonderful place to visit, and yes, the over thirty-fives can attend, but Taizé don't like group bookings of '*less young*' people. I will go back, God willing, and once again encounter God in the services, the teachings, the silence, the prayers, and in the other people who gather on a small hill in Burgundy, in a spirit of reconciliation and hope for our world.

Nick Bowry

Announcement from John Urquhart - Penicuik Trinity Community Church

Vacancy for a Community Researcher for mapping provision for children and families in Penicuik

An honorarium of £1,000 will be available for the person to undertake this short-term research. Some experience of this kind of project is desirable; but the ability to plan and work diligently and produce a coherent report is necessary.

The timescale for this is two to three months starting as soon as practicable.

We want to recruit a person to help develop a record of what we know already, (including schools, social work, and similar agencies, but also informal groups, local food pantries, advice and information services, uniformed organisations, toddlers' groups and churches).

The aim is to find out, through personal interaction, what is being done for our target group (children and families) and what gaps there are in provision (and when they occur) with results presented in a report.

More information is available from:

John Urquhart

Parish Minister, Penicuik Trinity Community Church

Website: www.penicuiktrinitycommunity.church

Home address: 10 Fletcher Grove, PENICUIK EH26 0JT

Telephone: 01968 382116

Email: JCUrquhart@churchofscotland.org.uk

Penicuik Trinity Community Church (Church of Scotland) is a registered Scottish charity, Scottish Charity No. SC 005838

Kathleen Mary Kennedy RIP

8th June 1939 - 3rd June 2025

Kathleen (Kathy) Mary Kennedy was born on the 8th June 1939. Kathy was one of seven children born to Charlie and Alice Moore in Letheringsett Holt. Kathy had a unique start in life by spending some time in what she classed as the 'Greenhouse'. This was a special wing in the local hospital, as they could not at the time understand why she was so unwell. She was later diagnosed as having Coeliac disease.

Kathy married David Kennedy aged nineteen, and went on to have two children, Elizabeth and Nicola (Nikki).

Kathy, David and family moved to Leicester in 1963, before moving to Scotland in 1974 where they settled in Penicuik, calling it their home.

Kathy lost David in 1986 when he took a sudden heart attack. Her heart belonged to him and she stayed loyal to him ever since.

In 2021 Kathy was diagnosed with dementia.

Although she was able to stay at home with the help of family and a carer in March 2025 this became too much and a care home was found for her.

She broke her hip not long after going into the care home, and with having bouts of pneumonia, she was taken to hospital on the 29th of May. Kathy sadly passed away on the 3rd of June with Nikki and Emma by her side.

Every member of the family has different memories of Kathy. Her sister Jenny recalls them playing in the ford back home. She also remembers the time that she (Jenny), Kathy and the rest of the siblings helped dig out a family in the bad snow of 1947.

One thing as grandchildren we always remember was her cakes; Gran loved to bake and always had cakes ready to go for anyone who was visiting. As her grandchildren grew up and had children she kept the treats going for Jack and Rory, always making sure she had a sweet treat in for them.

She would spend Saturdays teaching Alice and Emma to bake and letting them lick the icing bowl once all the cakes had been iced.

Grandma enjoyed some family holidays camping with her daughter Elizabeth and family: Derek, Liam and Adam. On returning to Norfolk with Nikki, Alan, Alice and Emma, she loved showing us all the places she played, visiting old homes and different places where people worked when she was a child.

Nikki recalls when we visited the old mill in Letheringsett, she and Kathy began speaking to the owner of the mill. Kathy was surprised at having to pay to enter the mill she once played in as a child and she recalled some of the memories she had from playing there. The owner insisted that he could not charge her as the mill had given her so many happy times.

Kathy was always willing to help, she even tried to help Emma when she had to read a book for school, suggesting they took a chapter each, however on finishing her chapter grandma was not impressed to see Emma had fallen asleep.

Kathy loved to sew and knit. She would enjoy a weekly natter and a knit with her friend Angela Sibley. However, from what we were told it was mostly a natter and not very much knitting.

Kathy enjoyed sewing many different things, one being the *Twelve Disciples* tapestry that sits in the little chapel within St James the Less church.

Adam remembers as a child when visiting grandma on a Sunday, she would put on the highlights of the football so he could see the highlights of his team. While everyone else was in the kitchen he was sitting on the floor seeing how his team had done.

One of Kathy's pride and joy was her garden; she loved being in the gardening pottering and making it look beautiful. She was always trying to teach Emma and Alice about flowers and weeding. However they were soon demoted to grass cutters when they would pull out what they believed to be weeds but were fact flowers.

Emma and Alice remember spending many nights having sleepovers at grandma's, her teaching them card games, doing jigsaws and being allowed to stay up a little later than at home.

Emma McBride and Alice Demynn



Kathy Kennedy (centre) with her daughters Nikki (left) and Elizabeth (right)



Kathy Kennedy with her great-grandson Rory (Emma's son)



Kathy Kennedy with her granddaughter Alice and Nessie the beagle.

Renew 26 Report Summer 2025

It was a sad day when Renew 26 hosts and guests gathered at the Glencorse centre for the last time. At our recent AGM it was decided this is the right time to close Renew at the Glencorse venue. A few factors have prompted this decision. A new cafe is opening there in early July being run by a lovely couple as a business and this would impact our private space. Sheila has decided it is time for her to stop making regular visits to Glencorse and focus on setting up a Renew Wellbeing centre in her local community and will still remain a local link for East Central Scotland. Caroline is also stepping back from Renew 26. We had discussed running the Thursday Renew at a different venue in Penicuik but there was no-one available to lead it at present.

The space has welcomed many different people over the last four years and helped them during low periods of their lives, through joining in with hobbies and games, the prayer time and just sitting & being.

Thank you to everyone who has been involved and for helping make it the warm welcoming space that is the essence of Renew Wellbeing. Thank you also to everyone who has supported us financially, through prayer and by bringing guests along. We thank God for all the blessings He has poured out throughout our time at Glencorse.

Sheila recently attended a webinar for Glasgow presbytery where it was mentioned there is a growing interest in Renew Wellbeing across Glasgow, Fife and Perth presbyteries. It is good to know that Renew at Glencorse was the pioneer for this.

Renew 26 will still continue at Penicuik North Kirk (PNK) back café every Friday from 10am to 12 noon, led by Eunice with help from Ann, Jackie and Linda. There are many regular guests attending and they would welcome any new people. If anyone feels they would like to get involved, more help would be appreciated. It would be best to go on a Friday to experience how it runs. Please continue to pray for Renew 26.

Caroline Toms

Baby Boomers - Part 2

Continuing Richard Phillips' memoir - part 1 can be found in Issue 20

As I went about town, to and from school, there were gaps and bomb sites with rubble, and air raid shelters; that was just the way the world was, as it was for many of my generation. Next to the new 1930s Town Hall, the first plot had no house. Instead, there was a sunken fire-fighting water tank. After the war, the wall was broken down at one end so it would no longer hold water, and anyone who fell in could easily escape. It remained for some three decades; many years later, visiting my hometown, I saw a modern house on the site, and wondered if it had a ready-tanked cellar-basement.

At eight years old, I changed to a new junior school. The first day was a foggy autumnal day and the cloakroom Nissen hut at the top of the playground was nearly as damp inside as the weather outside. The master who took the line-up was a fierce little ex-submarine Commander RN; most of the masters were ex-servicemen, from WWII or Korea. Half the playground was still loose ash/cinders, parking space for the (by then) disused ambulance station at the end of the site. It was a couple of years before the old ambulance station was demolished. Towards the end of the Michaelmas term, it was growing gloomy as I waited at the nearby bus stop for the bus home. The lamp-lighter used to cycle past silently, through a nearby small public park, lighting the gas lamps with a long pole, without even dismounting. It seemed very autumnal, but there were more fogs in those days, though actual 'pea-soupers' were rare in my town.

There was no bus service into the estate until years after I left home, and I had a half-mile walk to the bus stop. On the other side of the road, was the towering ruin of the Jezreel's Tower, one of those unfinished fantasies that became a folly after its original purpose had failed.

This architectural extravaganza was built as home to the *New and Latter House of Israel*, a religious group founded in the late 19th century which had a short and colourful history, and left behind a unique shell of a building. Final demolition began in 1960 and took thirteen months, but its name survives in the name of the bus stop.

My first summer, no longer such a new boy by then, I ventured into some nearby bombed ruins, terraces of bombed houses. Rhubarb and fireweed (rosebay willow herb) flourished in the back yards. My enduring memory, though, is the columbine (or bindweed) creeping over the broken walls and rubble heaps, with large white trumpet flowers. One house front porch had piles of unbroken beautiful decorated Minton tiles, shaken off the walls by the concussion. There were more around the fireplaces, worth a small fortune today! In one ruin, with no front or back wall, upstairs floor, or roof, there was an alarm clock on the mantle-shelf of an upstairs bedroom; it had been there since a stick of bombs fell in the 1940/41 Blitz. There was broken furniture scattered about; the occupants had left one night and never returned. I was aware there had been 'a war', but had no understanding of the destruction and death it caused.

For some reason one summer term, not all boys could have lunch in the school dining room. So an arrangement was made with a local cafe to provide lunches for the overflow. About twenty older boys were marched in a crocodile down to a nearby dingy cafe. Although construction of the national electricity grid had been started in the 1930s, still there were many buildings which did not yet have electricity, and we ate by dim gaslight in a semi-basement. Of the food, I have no memory; it was presumably satisfactory. Probably the place had not changed much for three quarters of a century. Living without any electricity must seem an unimaginable world away to today's youngsters. A few years earlier, in Arundel, I had even gone to bed by candlelight, as the hotel did not even have gas. It also had a Bramah water closet still in service in the 1950s: invented in 1778, sales ceased in the 1890s. Original Bramah water closets are still working in Osborne House, Queen Victoria's home on the Isle of Wight, but that is a museum.

My paternal Grandfather, who also lived nearby, had a car in his garage, but it had been on blocks since 1939; as far as I know, he never drove it again. One day when I visited, the garage was empty. Immediately post-war, car ownership was still small, and much new car production went for export. Many would-be car owners could only buy a second-hand pre-war car. My maternal Grandfather bought my parents a car in 1950, so we could take them out for occasional excursions. It was a pre-war black-and-cream Daimler with huge wheels, running boards, and a leaky convertible roof, which we only had down twice. It was relatively inexpensive to buy because it was expensive to run, so it was only used on rare occasions, especially holidays and occasional excursions. On one of those, to the seaside, my Mother was stopped by police on the way home. My brother was then learning, so the car showed L- plates. The policeman asked to see my Mother's driving licence, expecting it would be a provisional one. He was embarrassed to find it had renewal labels stuck in to the cloth-covered booklet, going back to the mid 1930s! There was a garage at the bottom of my road, owned by an irascible Mr Jones (though he could be kind-hearted), who had a bad-tempered dog which bit me one day. One Christmas pantomime, I had won a bright red scooter. As a sad commentary on British industrial production, it proved unable to take the weight of a small boy, and the frame broke under the platform, but one of Mr Jones' mechanics welded a repair for me.

In 1956, the Suez Affair brought petrol rationing. As we were setting off on holiday to drive to Cornwall, we filled with petrol. My Father asked how many coupons were needed. *Coupons?* barked Mr Jones (petrol pumps were not self-service then) *I'll give you coupons!* and he did — thrusting a fistful into my Father's hand. Surely not the way rationing was meant to operate!

Richard Phillips

Thanks for the Memories, Richard

Oh Richard Phillips, what memories! It was with great difficulty that I proof read Richard's article for the last issue of In Touch. I kept stopping, thinking "*I remember that - but not exactly like that*". The real memory awakener was the exploding boat. I had one too, but I was lucky enough to have had one that did come from a shop. It was accompanied by a submarine into which a torpedo could be loaded. Loading compressed a spring which, when released, would fire the torpedo. If you got the aim right and hit the target on the side of the ship, it would explode just as Richard describes.

Being a few years older than Richard, I do have a slight memory of the war. I remember sleeping in the air raid shelter in our garden and I recall lying in my parents' bed being comforted by them after a flying bomb (a precursor of a drone bomb) had overshot London and exploded a few hundred yards up the road. Luckily, it was on ground that was empty, apart, ironically, from the local air raid siren. The only damage was that some local windows were broken by the blast. It was said that High Wycombe escaped with little bomb damage because it is located in a steep sided valley difficult for bombers to attack. Maybe that is why the USAF and RAF Bomber Command were both located in and around the town. The American airmen must have thought the locals particularly hospitable when they moved into the dormitories of the girls boarding school that had been requisitioned for them. The girls had, of course, been evacuated elsewhere, but above each bed was still a small notice saying "*if you need a mistress during the night, please ring the bell*".

As with Richard's Medway town, High Wycombe helped manufacture war planes. Ercol, and no doubt some of the other furniture factories in the town too, used their expertise in glueing, steaming and shaping timber and plywood to make parts for the Mosquito and other planes. The town also had a large factory manufacturing air compressors, the large beasts that powered pneumatic road drills. This was turned over to making tanks.

At night, we could hear the rumble as they took the tanks for a test drive round the concrete circuit behind the factory, and which was down in the valley behind our house.

My Father was a medical officer in the RAF during the war and one of his postings was to Aberdeen to look after the medical needs of all the radar stations sited right round the north of Scotland. That is how I came to be born in Aberdeen and in a nice bit of history repeating itself, one of the stations he had to visit was at Sullom Voe in Shetland, a place I frequently visited thirty-five years later during the construction of the oil terminal. He was later posted to the Gold Coast (now Ghana), then being used as a staging post for flights to the middle and far east, flights which, understandably, were being diverted away from flying over Europe. A favourite story of his time there was of golf being disrupted by land crabs who would suddenly appear, grab the golf ball and scuttle back down into their burrow bearing the ball aloft in their pincer claws. Unfortunately he contracted malaria there and was invalided out of the RAF and back to his GP practice. But it did mean I was lucky enough to have my Father around for the rest of the war.

Being a GP, my Father was entitled to some perks. At that time GPs visited many of their patients rather than the other way round. This meant that he was able to jump to the top of the waiting list for one of the few new cars that became available, but it also meant that he had to take what came. What came was a Triumph Roadster - a convertible with dickie seats - like Richard's tenant's car. If you are old enough to remember the Triumph sports cars of the 1950s and 1960s and wondered why they started at TR2, the short-lived Roadster was, in effect, the TR1. The *steamers* that Richard mentioned were still going years after the one he used to see. I saw a couple still working in Liverpool Docks in 1961. On the way to school in the Roadster, we were often slowed by a procession of heavy wagons carrying into London the stopgap solution to replace the bombed housing before housebuilding proper could recommence, as Richard says, in the 1950s. It was common to see lorry after lorry, each with a precast concrete '*prefab*' house.

They were all identical and were plonked down on bomb sites in regimented rows, leading to the Punch cartoon showing an aerial view of one such large estate, with a man standing at the entrance to the estate scratching his head and saying "*I wish I could remember if I'm the eighth house in the fifth row or the fifth house in the eighth row*".

Like Richard, I remember my Father winding wire - but for a rather different purpose. As with many people with gardens, we kept chickens to supplement what ration cards allowed us to buy. The chickens had to be fed and the feed had to be constructed by mixing all manner of things (including eggshells, potato peelings and bran) all mashed up together. The masher was a forked stout stick (think oversized catapult) with wire stretched between the two forks near their ends - at the points where the elastic would be attached on a catapult. First, string was wound between the ends of the fork and twisted, tourniquet-style, to draw the forks together. A length of piano wire was then wound once round the forks, pulled as tight as possible and tethered. The string was released and the forks in trying to return to their original position would pull the wire very taut. This made an extremely efficient tool for pounding up and down in the bucket containing the ingredients, cutting through them all and reducing it to a mush that could be fed to the chickens.

I, too, can just remember trolley buses in London; whenever my grandmother took me to visit some cousins, it was a trolley bus ride. I can also, even more hazily, remember trams in London. My strongest memory of the them is that whenever we went to my grandparents who lived in Kent, we passed the point where they changed from overhead to third rail power supply. The conductor had to get down, pull the collector down from the overhead wire, secure it and attach a collector shoe to run in the third rail - or vice versa.

As well as the glass one pint bottles of milk delivered to houses, every morning crates of one third of a pint bottles were delivered to schools and every child had one free of charge, usually at morning break. Each bottle was sealed with a waxed cardboard disc, which had a hole scored in the middle for pushing a straw through.

These tops were valuable children's currency - as ammunition. Not all my toys came from a shop; some were definitely homemade, including the snappily named 'milk bottle top gun'. This required three bits of wood, two nails, one elastic band - and a supply of milk bottle tops as ammunition. The bottle tops had notches cut into the perimeter; a top was put in a slot at the back of the 'barrel' with the elastic band hooked into the notch. When the 'trigger' pushed the top up free of the slot, the elastic band propelled the bottle top 'bullet' across the room. Many years into adulthood, some friends who had amassed a large collection of toys set up a small toy museum within the Bletchley Park heritage site. Appropriately for a place so associated with WW2, it included a display of wartime and post-war toys. I can't remember whether or not they had an exploding ship, but they definitely did not have a milk bottle top gun and were lamenting the fact one time I saw them. It did not take long to knock one up and rectify the omission for them. Odd bits of wood for the gun were easy enough but cardboard having long ceased to be used for milk bottles and neither plastic nor foil being a suitable substitution as ammunition, I did have to make some unauthentic 'bullets' by cutting circles out of card. It's a nice feeling, knowing that something one has made is on display in a museum! Sadly, age and poor health forced the museum to be closed several years ago. I wonder what happened to my gun.

Thanks for the memories, Richard.

Ian Fuge

RAILWAY 200 - What's it all about?

I suspect there are a few members of the congregation who know what it's all about, but for the benefit of the rest read on.

Railway 200 marks the bicentenary of the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway (S & DR) in NE England on 27 September 1825 with celebratory events across the country. However, a modern study of 18th and 19th century UK rail facts (Brennan, 2025) has established that this was quite late in railway 'firsts' chronology viz:

The first railway following an Act of Parliament was the Middleton Railway (near Leeds) in **1785**.

The first to use iron rails was the Coalbrookdale Ironworks Railway in **1767**.

The first public line to be authorised under its own Act of Parliament was the Surrey Iron Railway in **1803**.

The first to use steam locomotives rather than horses was the Penydarren Tramway in **1804**.

The first authorised to carry passengers was the Swansea and Mumbles Railway in **1807**.

The Middleton Railway also became the first sustained commercial Steam Railway in **1812**.

Brennan (2025) also reviewed the first railway bridges and noted that the Skerne Bridge on the S & DR line has been regarded as the oldest such structure still in use, but the real first is the nearby Causey Arch on the Tanfield Railway.

So why is the opening of the S & DR being celebrated? Because it incorporated most of the firsts listed above, namely using steam locomotives on iron rails, its carriage of both freight (mainly coal) and passengers for increased efficiency, and also because it was designed and built by the visionary George Stephenson and Timothy Hackworth.

In designating the route, Stephenson changed the original route in places to avoid steep gradients and tight curves, so it turned out to be much more like modern railways.

Some people think that we should instead be celebrating the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830 since it was the first intercity line, a more financially successful operation than Stockton and Darlington and one that kick-started the railway network of the UK. However, the facts that the Stockton and Darlington Railway's centenary and 150th anniversary were both celebrated by locomotive parades at Shildon on the S & DR line does support its claim to be the birth of modern railways.

You may question whether a church magazine is an appropriate vehicle for such a secular article, but I might remind you that there is a longstanding association between Anglican clergy and railways: most notably the Revd W Awdry, creator of the Thomas the Tank Engine books (which were partly responsible for developing my interest in trains), Eric Treacy, former bishop of Wakefield who is acknowledged as one of the best railway photographers of the 1950s, and the Revd Teddy Boston who built and ran a railway in the rectory garden at Cadeby in Leicestershire. And in that delightful 1950s film *The Titfield Thunderbolt* the footplate crew at one stage comprised clergy, one of which was a bishop.

Reference

Brennan, J. 2025. First among equals. *Railway Magazine*. January, 16-23.

Graham Smith

Music has charms

The months fly past, and already June (and July!) have faded into the past. The second Sunday of June had been designated Music Sunday, when we might recognise the importance of music in our church life, and how it affects each of us in our personal life. Where to start?

From the very beginning of St James the Less, music has been in evidence. It's unclear as to when a homegrown choir began, but the newspaper article from the opening in 1882 reports that the choristers from Dalkeith led the procession into the church from a house in the lane; who, as they entered the outside ground commenced singing the hymn *Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war.*

St Mary's, Dalkeith, has an impressive musical tradition and it is possible the *Duke's Singers* were invited to attend (evidence is shaky, but it's a nice story!) The report does, however, mention a choir at the evening service the same Sunday, when "*processional and other hymns were sung, the main feature of the service being a metrical Litany, the verses of which were chanted alternately by Mr. Majendie ... and by the choir ... prayers, psalms, Quam dilecta, Laetatus sum and Laudate Dominum were rendered to Anglican chants. The canticles were elaborate "services". O Word of God above, was next sung. Then more prayers, and the hymn Angular[is] Fundamentum (Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation)*"

There was no organ yet, but "*a harmonium, supplied by Messrs. Wood of George Street, Edinburgh, was also a special gift from three young ladies ...*"

Which brings us nicely to organists/choirmasters, for Rectors come and Rectors go, but organists go on forever! And aren't we blessed! For twenty-five years, the organist at St James was George Franklin, and during his time the present organ was installed. In early 1938 he fell ill, and a certain Mrs Lily Macfarlane took his place for one month until he was better. Sadly, his health deteriorated, and he had to resign. Mrs Mac accepted the role on a permanent basis.

A presentation was made to Mrs Mac in 1963, honouring twenty-five years service to the church, and in 1978, there was a further presentation to Mr and Mrs Macfarlane for forty years loyal service to the church and choir. Then along came Mike Hay, who retired from the post at the end of June 2009.

In December of that year, Mike was presented with a specially engraved RSCM medal to mark his retiral as Choirmaster. We are now in the safe hands of David McGavin, who had already greatly assisted Mike with playing the organ and organising the choir. History is repeating itself, as David is related to George Franklin! We are also most fortunate to have had over the years several assistant organists, including Jennifer Edge and Jean Hindle.

So much has been achieved over the years, but to save the Editor's time, I'll speed travel!

- Radio and TV broadcasts,
- 1930 affiliation to School of English Church Music (now RSCM),
- the series of *Music for a Summer Evening* concerts,
- reciprocal visit with German choir,
- fundraising concerts,
- special services,
- taking new hymnals and tunes in our stride,
- Alan Murray's compositions ...

The list is endless, but at the heart of it is the regular worship in St James on a Sunday morning. A quote from *A Song for St Cecilia's Day* (Joseph Addison 1672-1719) seems most apt:

*Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.*

Led by the indefatigable David, who never seems to rest, we sing a wide variety of sacred music from over the years - not all the old songs are the best, and, conversely, not all the modern ones are the best thing since sliced bread, some being somewhat inaccessible for congregational singing!

David doesn't just turn up on a Sunday morning, sit down and start to play. Each church season has its own particular needs, and the planning is immaculate: his trusty spreadsheet, vast knowledge and experience of music ensures that what we sing is not only enjoyable, but spiritual, worshipful and uplifting. Long might the wonderful tradition of music be continued at St James the Less. Indeed, David - in the words of a certain popular song - thank you for the music!

A light-hearted view of our choir members?

How many tenors does it take to change a light bulb? **Three – one to do it and two to stand there and tell each other how they could have done it better!**

Two basses walk past a pub ... **Well, it could happen!!!**

How many sopranos does it take to change a light bulb? ***Just one – she holds the bulb and the world revolves around her; or two – one to change it and one to watch and say ‘don’t you think that’s a bit high for you?’***

What's the definition of an alto? **A soprano who can sight read!**

Let us not forget the boss: How many conductors or choirmasters does it take to change a light bulb? **One – but then again, who's really watching!**

Georgina Phillips

(please see the next page for an appreciation of the music by a recently deceased member of the church family, written at the time of publication of Up the Lane).

An appreciation of the music at St James

This article was originally an appendix to chapter 8 - 'It's very uplifting: Music at St James' - in the booklet 'Up the Lane' (copies still available at back of church or ask me).

We thought it might be helpful to hear the independent views of one of our long-standing members of the congregation who was not involved in the interviews or directly with the production of the music at St James.

For many centuries music has been an important part of Christian worship beginning, perhaps, with the monks at prayer when one among them expressed his joy spontaneously chanting and it grew from there: tradition spreading from place to place by Christians preaching the Gospel.

Today, in churches everywhere, we are beneficiaries of this long tradition with such a rich variety of music and words. Hymns which have stood the test of time and whose words are a familiar comfort and newer hymns which are quietly comforting or joyful singing - each reminding us to think of the words as well as enjoying the music.

We, in our church here in Penicuik dedicated to St James, have a threefold blessing. The serenity of the church itself, with its beautiful stained glass, and the carved screen, then the sound of the church organ and the singing of the choir.

I find listening to the church organ before the service helps to clear the mind of everyday thoughts and prepare for worship. The choir is inspiring and we are indeed fortunate to have such talented musicians and singers.

Sometimes, I don't sing all the hymn but follow the words and enjoy the organ and the choir offering praise. Sometimes, we have the added pleasure of an anthem during the service.

The splendour of the music and singing at Christmas is especially beautiful and is appreciated by the congregation. In the summer, we have had many *Music for a Summer Evening* events, looked forward to with anticipation and enjoyed not only by the congregation but by many other people from Penicuik and West Linton.

So much dedication and hard work goes into all these things. The choir practices, and the new hymns, Christmas carols and *Music for a Summer Evening*, time all given freely because of their love of church music, singing and worship.

I deeply appreciate all these things and thank God that I am able to see, hear and worship at St James the Less.

At the time of publication, the writer preferred not to be identified, but now seems an appropriate moment to recall her love and appreciation of music. St James will surely miss the constant support of Mona Bennett.

Shared by Georgina Phillips

Poetry Corner

The Perfect Church

If you should find the perfect church
Without one fault or smear,
For goodness sake don't join that church,
You'd spoil the atmosphere.

If you should find the perfect church
Where all anxieties cease,
Then pass it by, lest joining in
You'd spoil the masterpiece.

If you should find the perfect church,
Then don't ever dare
To tread upon such holy ground,
You'd be a misfit there.

But since no perfect church exists
Made of perfect men,
Let's cease looking for that church,
And love the church we're in.

Of course it's not the perfect church,
That's simple to discern.
But you and I and all of us
Could cause the tide to turn.

What fools are we, to flee the past
In that unfruitful search
To find at last, where problems loom,
God proudly builds His church.

Anonymous

Shared by Gordon MacDonald

Image from www.freepic.com

Patterns of song

When we lived at West Linton, I belonged to a writing group. We were regularly set homework and exercises to encourage our writing. Below is the result of taking a particular form of poem, the most fiendishly difficult of all, and attempting to compose in the same style. The Villanelle originated in Italy and France, initially as songs, and later became a formalized poetic form. I have left in the formula to show the pattern. An interesting experiment which appealed to my puzzle-orientated mind, but think I'll pass on attempting more!

Sometimes, older pieces of sacred music we sing have interesting word as well as rhythm patterns. These are subtle, and do not intrude on the spiritual value of the piece, often staying hidden until we later look more closely at something we particularly enjoyed.

VILLANELLE

The Choir

Tercet 1

A1 The lilting music upward soars on high
b lifting my faint spirit on its wings,
A2 And, O, my soul does with contentment sigh.

Tercet 2

a As in life, each bears a part, together try
b to make the heavens with our praises ring
A1 with lilting music upward soaring high.

Tercet 3

a Music sounds the depths of memory, sorrows vie
b with joy that only harmony brings,
A2 and, O, my soul should with contentment sigh.

Tercet 4

a Yet harsh discord can corrupt, false piety belie
b the mask of devotion, sear our deepest feelings;
A1 now the music falters, rises trembling high

Tercet 5

a until true faith and sincerity underlie
b our every word, and all our daily doings,
A2 only then my soul again can with contentment truly sigh.

Quatrain

a Earthbound worries all forgotten lie
b for we must strive for higher things;
A1 the lilting music upward soars on high
A2 and, O, my soul indeed does with contentment sigh.

Georgina Phillips
2008

St James the Less Vestry Notes July 2025

The Vestry of St James met on 10 June 2025. The discussions included:

- Finance. Financial status was stable. The accounts forecast a year-end surplus, though smaller than last year's. Vestry expects major upcoming expenses. Grants may help, but fundraising will still be necessary.
 1. £220 was raised at a Fellowship Lunch towards purchase and installation of a defibrillator.
 2. Gillian and James donated £1,017.14 from their recent wedding. The funds were to contribute to the felling of trees.
- Fabric
 1. The Quinquennial Review is underway. It has highlighted damage to the stained-glass windows. The architect will review the previous window report.
 2. The neighbour paid to remove the lime tree.
 3. There was no valid insurance claim for felling the trees since the building was undamaged.
 4. Vestry approved replacing the St James' notice board. The replacement is to be of a superior quality which will last.
- Developing a Provincial Strategy - a Survey for Vestries

Vestry discussed the questions in the survey and provided answers. This will enable Nick to submit the Provincial Strategy Survey, on behalf of the Vestry by 29 June 2025.
- Changes to Charity Law which will affect Trustees of Vestry

Nick confirmed that all Trustees of St James must now register under recent Charity Law amendments.
- Appointment of a Safeguarding Co-ordinator

Vestry was sorry to learn Andrew Gregg is imminently moving to Belfast. Not only will Vestry lose a member but our 'about to be appointed' Safeguarding co-ordinator. Vestry wished Andrew and his family well on their return to Belfast.

Vestry is looking for a Safeguarding Co-ordinator. If you have the skills required, please speak to Nick or a member of Vestry.

- Doors Open Day
The Church will be open from 10am to 4pm on Saturday 13 September 2025. Tea, coffee, and an archive display will be available in the church hall.
- Appointment of new Bishop
Nick advised Vestry of the process and timescale for the appointment of a new Bishop. Vestry was asked to give an updated summary of our church community for candidates.

The next Vestry Meeting will be on Tuesday 12 August 2025

Charlotte Kemp
Vestry Secretary

(Note 1 from the Editor: I'm sure that all in both congregations would want to join me in thanking Vestry members of both churches for their hard work and commitment in dealing with the many practicalities of running the churches. We perhaps don't think enough about what it takes to do this. THANK YOU VESTRY MEMBERS!)

(Note 2 from the Editor: There is no Vestry news from St Mungo's for this issue).

Many thanks for all your contributions to *In Touch*. Without them, there would be no magazine!

Special thanks to the proof-readers, Georgina Phillips and Ian Fuge. They read through each draft issue of *In Touch* with eagle eyes, spotting spelling and grammar errors that I always miss. I am particularly indebted to them this month because both of them are particularly busy at the moment.

Apologies for any errors remaining in *In Touch* - I take full responsibility.

Sue Owen
Editor



Community Arts Penicuik (CAP)

A Scottish Charitable Incorporated Organisation SC054024

Penfest 2025

Saturday 30 / Sunday 31 August

Open Studios and Art Trail throughout town (free)

Saturday 30 August - Saturday 6 September

Open Exhibition for the mini Penicuik Turner and People's Choice prizes at the Storehouse (free)

Saturday 30 August 10am - 4pm and Sunday 31 August 7 - 9:30pm (during cinema)

Artists Out and About: an exhibition by Penicuik Sketchers in the Town Hall (free)

Saturday 6 September 10am - 4pm and Sunday 7 September 7 - 9:30pm (during cinema)

Artists Out and About: an exhibition by Penicuik Sketchers in the Town Hall (free)

Saturday 6 September 3 - 4pm

Closing event for the Open Exhibition and prize giving at the Storehouse (free)

Saturday 6 September 7:30pm

Local Musicians Concert at St James the Less church hall (£10/£5)

Saturday 6 / Sunday 7 September

Open Studios and Art Trail throughout town (free)

Sunday 7 September 7pm

Paper Portraits screening at the Town Hall (£6)

Saturday 13 September 10.30am - 1pm; 2pm - 3.30pm

Writing workshop with Gerda Stevenson at Trinity Community Church Hall (£30/£15)

Saturday 13 September 7:30pm

Festival concert - Community Choir & friends in North Kirk (£10/£5)

TICKETS FROM PEN-Y-COE PRESS
AND ONLINE (www.penicuikarts.org/shop/)

Last Word

In Taizé, the group that I was allocated to (to discuss the daily teachings by one of the brothers) had a real mix of denominations, cultures and languages. We had some excellent conversations, and found a lot in common between us. We all appreciated a range of practical theologians, including people such as Martin Luther, Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Gustavo Guitierrez.

On my return I saw the following quote attributed to Dietrich Bonhoeffer, "*Your life as a Christian should make non-believers question their disbelief in God.*" Now, he didn't actually say this, but it is a reasonable paraphrase of some of his teachings. He often emphasised that Christians should live out their faith in a way that was compelling to those outside the church, and Bonhoeffer urged people to follow the Beatitudes and be salt and light in the world.

The quote "*God does not need your good works, but your neighbour does*" is attributed to Martin Luther. It is a fair summary of his doctrine of justification by faith, but not a direct quote from his work.

When I see famous theologians quoted I always tend to check the veracity of the quote. Often they are accurate, some are paraphrases purporting to be the actual quote, and a few are completely made up. So, be on your guard when you see quotes, and do check them out.

To come back to the meaning of the Bonhoeffer and Luther paraphrases, how might you be salt and light in this world? And who is your neighbour that needs your good works?

Nick Bowry

Contact details



Revd Nick Bowry

The Rectory
23 Broomhill Road
Penicuik EH26 9EE

01968 678254
email: [rector.pandwl\[at\]gmail.com](mailto:rector.pandwl@gmail.com)

For donations to any of the causes mentioned in this issue, please contact the treasurer for St James the Less, John McCulloch ([treasurer\[at\]stjamesthelesspenicuik.org](mailto:treasurer[at]stjamesthelesspenicuik.org))

Websites

St Mungo's: <https://stmungoswestlinton.org/>

St James the Less: <https://stjamesthelesspenicuik.org/>

Next Deadline

Please send copy to Sue Owen at the email address below by **Sunday 2 November 2025**

The next issue of *In Touch* will be distributed on **Sunday 23 November 2025**

Email: [intouch\[at\]stjamesthelesspenicuik.org](mailto:intouch[at]stjamesthelesspenicuik.org)