



Diocese of Edinburgh      St Martin of Tours  
Scottish Charity No: 011137

Living our faith in our community  
through prayer, reflection and action



**February March 2025**

**St Martin of Tours Episcopal Church**  
is part of the Worldwide Anglican Communion  
[www.stmartinsedinburgh.org.uk](http://www.stmartinsedinburgh.org.uk)

## Who are we?

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## Rector's letter

**‘Learn to do right; seek justice, defend the oppressed, take up the cause of the fatherless, plead the case of the widow’ (Isaiah 1:17)**

The highlight of President Trump’s inauguration last month was the sermon preached by Bishop Budde in which she asked the new administration to show mercy to those who are oppressed: echoing the words of Isaiah, Bishop Budde follows in a long line of prophets who have the courage to speak truth to power.

Not unsurprising was Trump’s reaction in which he accused the bishop of bringing politics into religion, describing her sermon as ‘nasty’. The House of Representatives subsequently felt moved to draft a legislation which condemned the Bishop’s message describing it as a ‘display of political activism’ and condemning what they called its ‘distorted’ message. The Vice President, JD Vance also entered into the debate, suggesting that there was a hierarchy of responsibilities, something which St Augustine writes about in his book, City of God and later developed by St Thomas Aquinas – that our duty is to those closest to us, and then spreads outward. There is much sense in this because we are social animals and at an instinctive level we have a greater sense of duty towards those closest to us.

Yet when it comes to those with responsibility to both a nation and the world, such a hierarchy can’t apply; it would result in legislating so that family come first, then friends and neighbours and so on, just the kind of political power wielded by dictators who live in luxury while the country suffers in poverty. Responsible leadership is directed towards all people and shaping legislation so that the most vulnerable and weak are protected.

Jesus is asked, ‘who is my neighbour?’ (Lk 10:29) and he explains by telling the story of the good Samaritan. The simple answer is everyone is our neighbour, and that being the case, draws them closer into our hierarchy of responsibility.

Bishop Budde only asked her political leaders to show mercy to the oppressed, marginalized and poor; hardly controversial and a theme that will have been preached many times in her cathedral and a theme which Trump and his supporters will have heard in their own churches. Yet even this has rattled Trump; speaking truth to power is never an easy option, especially when that power is bullying, divisive, and self-obsessed and Bishop Budde has endured much abuse and hate speech which she has carried with dignity and strength.

Christians only really have two rules to try and follow: Love God and love our neighbours as ourselves. Empathy and compassion are consequences of a life lived in this way, rooted in the fact that we are all children of God. We are called to seek justice for all and defend those who are oppressed: perhaps The Trump Administration has unexpectedly given the church an opportunity for a renewed sense of purpose and a louder and more relevant prophetic voice to speak up for what is right and fair, and fight for God's vision of a just world for all.

## **John**

### **Lent Course**

#### **Edinburgh Diocese Lent Course 2025**

##### **Christ has no body now but yours**



This year we invite you to reflect on two key prayers of our tradition - “Christ has no body but yours” - attributed to Teresa of Avila; and God be in my head from the Sarum Primer. These two prayers build on the central Christian theme of the Church - us - as the Body of Christ. As we reflected, we were aware that through the body - and the imagery of God's body - we could explore something of the characteristics of God and of the invitation to follow and work with God each day. Christianity is an incarnate faith, we bless and serve through our bodies - we live our faith through our bodies. We follow Christ, often without big gestures, but through small every day moments of grace. In our bodies we experience our frailties and infirmities, and we often struggle to ‘love’ our bodies, as we live in a culture which emphasises certain ‘good’ bodies or ‘beauty’. However, it is through our bodies that we show love, that we build community, that we experience changing health and aging, and it is our bodies and their development that teach us dependency both in childhood and in old age. Together, as the church, we are formed into the Body of Christ - each of us using the bodies we have been given, which are then transformed into God's Body together.

Although clearly God does not have a body in a literal sense, we follow a God who so values and loves the human body that God came to us as a human. The imagery of being human relies on imagery of God's body and in Scripture we can discover how God in Jesus used his body. Through Lent the discussion will help you to take these prayers to heart and perhaps to hear where your next steps in discipleship may be. We also hope that through it you may come to love and value this amazing resource that God has given you - with all its 'imperfections' and grow in understanding about how God is calling you to serve with this body.

*Every Tuesday in Lent 1030, alternating between St Martin's and Gorgie Church. There will also be a weekly evening session alternating between The Cathedral and Palmerston Place. Exact timings and locations still to be decided.*

### **Sharing a secret joy**

The first two chapters of Luke's Gospel set the Nativity story against the background of Old Testament Scriptures, including the words of the prophet Zephaniah: 'The Lord says: 'I will leave in your midst a meek and humble people. And they shall trust the name of the Lord... Sing, O daughter of Zion... be glad and rejoice with all your heart, O daughter of Jerusalem... The Lord your God in your midst, the Mighty One, will save. He will rejoice over you with gladness; he will quiet you with his love, he will rejoice over you with singing'

Mary, a Daughter of Israel, belongs to the 'meek and humble people' who trust their God. She brings the Lord of the Covenant to birth and nurtures him. Luke gives us portraits of whose faithful waiting prepared the way for the Messiah: Mary and Joseph, Elizabeth and Zechariah, Simeon and Anna. They are all people so pregnant with hope that they, in a faith-sense, 'birthed' the Messiah.

Mary is 'meek and humble' – and strong in trust and joy. She is confident that 'the Lord the Mighty One will save;' and stakes her whole life on that great truth. She is ready to face shame and scandal. Mary has to learn to 'let go and let God', not just once, when the angel came, but many times. She holds the Infant Christ in her arms; she quiets him with her love. Her path, like our own, leads to Calvary where God comforts her at the foot of the cross. She allows John the beloved disciple to lead her into a new faith-family - which will nurture her towards Easter and Pentecost. Hers is a multi-faceted role within the drama of faith.

As Lady Julian of Norwich says, 'Love makes might and wisdom full meek to us.'

Love encountered Mary of Nazareth with might and wisdom when the angel answered her questions most meekly. Love made Might and Wisdom full meek within her womb.

And ‘then the angel left her.’ These are perhaps some of the most poignant words in the Gospel story. Mary is left alone with the consequences of her ‘yes’. Nothing will ever be the same again. She must take her secret glory out into the world, where the pressures of life will threaten to quench her inner fire, where misunderstandings will arise and doubts will drown out that first great hope.

Mary must have been caught between fear and joy; afraid of the changes within her, afraid of what others would say. Especially Joseph, to whom she was betrothed. She could hold her head high among gossips, but his opinion of her, his bride-to-be counted for everything. She needed someone to talk to, someone who would understand. In her need and loneliness Mary sought the only person who could help her, the person the angel had mentioned. She went to stay with her cousin Elizabeth.

During her journey, bumpy and tiring as it must have been, Mary’s thoughts would have been full of her encounter with the angel. She was radiant with the knowledge that God had blessed her in such a special way, and, like every young mother, she longed to hold her Baby in her arms. What would he be like, she must have wondered, this Child of the Most High? But there must have been many hard questions troubling her too. She was glad to escape from gossiping tongues to the seclusion of her cousin’s home.

We’re not told how Mary travelled to her kinswoman, nor how long the journey took - it was a distance of about 120 kilometres from Nazareth to Jerusalem. We may imagine a three or four day journey, in the company of other travellers, merchants or pilgrims maybe. Mary seeks a woman’s wisdom and longs for blessing, not blame.

Even in the years before the collapse of Communism, Russian people travelled great distances to seek spiritual counsel from hermit monks, or elders, who had made themselves so paper-thin that the reality of heaven shone almost visibly through them. Possessed with spiritual gifts which could never be explained in material terms, they officially didn’t exist in State-controlled religious life.

One such elder was called Tavrion. Born in 1898, he ran away from home but not to see the world or make his fame and fortune. The young Russian boy ran away to God and became a monk. When he was thirty years old he was arrested and spent the next twenty-seven years in labour camp or exile. Set free only in 1956, Tavrion later spoke of those years of privation and imprisonment with joy. In fact it’s thought that we owe the words of the hymn *How great Thou art* to Tavrion – and if not to him to others like him.

The vast forests of Russia have been hallowed by its saints who cared for birds and even bears and toiled with their own hands to wrest food from the soil while they turned the everyday into prayer. Mary found this balance between work and wonder in her daily life in Nazareth. She ‘kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.’

So now Mary seeks out a hidden person, her kinswoman, Elizabeth, the only person of that name in the whole of the New Testament. She’s a descendant of Aaron and her name derives from that of Aaron’s wife, Elisheba (Exodus 6, 23). It means ‘God is my promise’, or ‘God is my vow’. Elizabeth’s husband is also from the priestly caste. They are both

known to be ‘upright in the sight of God’, blameless in their strict observance of all the commandments and now they have been blessed with the promise of a son.

Long past the first flush of youth, Elizabeth in these last months of her late and unexpected pregnancy may well have been the butt of gossip, a kind of nine months’ wonder. I imagine her sheltering at home, hiding from prying eyes. Secluded, possibly more than a little frightened of the coming trauma of birth, Elizabeth must have felt very lonely - her husband can no longer speak. But now God visits her in the most tender, acceptable way possible. We may picture her pushing back her greying hair and turning wearily when light footsteps run to her curtained threshold and a young voice calls her name.

The joyful meeting of these two women is one of the most moving and significant encounters in Scripture.

The keynote of Elizabeth’s joy and Mary’s response is faith. Elizabeth unreservedly accepts the young girl and her unborn Child. At the sound of Mary’s greeting, Elizabeth’s baby who will ‘go ahead of the Lord to prepare his road for him’ leaps for joy within his mother’s womb. Elizabeth, filled with the Holy Spirit blesses Mary with the authority of an anointed prophet: ‘Blessed are you among women and blessed is the fruit of your womb....’

No one, not even Mary herself, has told Elizabeth that her young kinswoman is pregnant. There could of course have been no hasty phone calls, no electronic messages. But Mary does not need to speak. The Holy Spirit has overshadowed her. She is flooded with holy, secret joy, the hidden life of the Son of God within her. Elizabeth sees it, and blesses the mother and adores the Lord within her womb.

Elizabeth, the older, married woman, the priest’s wife, a person of status, so mysteriously touched by God, blesses the unwed girl three times. ‘Blessed are you among women, blessed is the child you will bear. Why is this granted to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? Blessed is she who has believed that what the Lord said to her will be accomplished.’

There is great power in blessing. Criticism is destructive and inhibiting. Blessing, approval and praise bring peace and healing.

Elizabeth’s cry of wonder and the movement of the baby in her womb both acknowledge Mary’s role as ‘the mother of my Lord’ – a clear statement that Jesus, the Child to be born of her, is none other than the Holy One of God, Christ the Lord. How that acceptance must have heartened Mary! She must have felt cherished, ready to face whatever lay ahead of her, no matter how much pain she would have to bear, no matter the personal cost to her.

Their encounter throbs with prophetic vision and messianic hope.

A poet and theologian in sixth century Syria, Jacob of Serug, compares the two women to the morning and evening, dawn and dusk. He writes:

The maiden and the old woman have granted me a tale full of wonder; love moves me, so that while I am marvelling I may speak of it. [...] The old woman is similar to evening which enshrouds and buries the light in its old age. The maiden is similar to the east, the mother of the early morning which carries the day in its bosom to bring it to earth. Morning and evening look at each other lovingly, so that in youth and old age a sense of wonder may increase. Morning carries the great Sun of Righteousness, and evening contains the star that proclaims the Light.

Mary stayed three months with Elizabeth. There is a lovely moment in the same poem from Syria in which Elizabeth shows Mary the exact words in the scroll where it is written that Emmanuel, the Servant of God will be born of a young woman.

‘For three months the sublime and divine story was being told in the house of the priest on account of Mary [...] Then while the old woman was meditating on Isaiah and reading, she explained to Mary everything which had been said: ‘Behold, my daughter, in the prophecy it is written that the virgin will conceive [...] Take with you also that scroll of the prophecy and give it to your betrothed to read all of it and to understand it.’

Elizabeth could have given Mary no better advice. Get Joseph involved, show him the actual words.

Elizabeth has given Mary full and free hospitality. She has offered her young cousin a place in which both women can share their mutual delight in Mary’s motherhood, and, doubtless, in Elizabeth’s pregnancy too. Out of this loving acceptance comes Mary’s great song.

The Magnificat stands within the prophetic tradition of the Old Testament. The earliest recorded woman singer was Moses’ sister Miriam, who led the women in a triumphant dance of praise after they had escaped Pharaoh and his chariots. Another great Mother of Israel was the prophet Deborah. Her war-like shout of praise is one of the earliest poems in the Bible. Unlike Mary’s Magnificat, it is addressed to the leaders of the land. ‘Hear, O kings! Give ear, O Princes.’ Her last verse opens up God’s covenant love which the Magnificat develops: ‘let those who love Him be like the sun when it comes out in full strength.’ Deborah understands that strength depends on commitment to God. Mary sees that it leads to spiritual victory: ‘He has shown strength with his arm. He has scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts,’ Deborah affirms God’s righteousness; Mary praises his mercy.

Mary’s song is close to Hannah’s song. Hannah takes her sorrow to the Lord and praises God in words which anticipate Mary’s Magnificat. ‘The Lord makes poor and makes rich. He raises the poor from the dust and lifts the beggar from the ash heap, to set them among princes and make them inherit the throne of glory.’

So Miriam, the leader of women, Deborah the prophet-mother and Hannah who, like Elizabeth dedicates her child to the Lord, anticipate Mary who stands on the boundary between the Old Covenant and the New. Mary is directly descended from the sweet Singer of the Lord, the Shepherd-King, David. Her song echoes the great praises of the Psalms and looks forward to the heart of the Gospel. Like Hannah, her thoughts go beyond her personal



joy to the poor of Israel. She rejoices in a revolution of love: the hungry will be fed, while the rich go away empty; the mighty shall be put down, the humble lifted high. Mary's Magnificat anticipates the Beatitudes. For Jesus will say in the Sermon on the Mount: Blessed are the humble, the despised, the empty, the broken hearted... (Matthew 5: 3 – 10).

Mary's song carries us into a dimension whose depths we can never fully understand. But we discover its truth when we welcome one another, as Elizabeth welcomed her young cousin, delighting in what unites us, blessing each other and enjoying the differences which make each of us unique.

Jenny Robertson

### **"SEC Ministry Discernment Process." Update from Liz**

Since late October until early January, I spent some time at St David's SEC, Royston Mains. The Priest in Charge is Brother Joseph Emmanuel (Brother Joe), a member of the First Order of Franciscans. He and fellow Franciscans, Brothers Cristian and Micael lead St David's congregation in worship and service. They live and work in the new Franciscan Friary, only a short walk from St David's, so they are visible and active in the community. The Friary is a place of welcome, hospitality and prayer - I found it to be calm and restful.

I had one full day of shadowing Brother Joe and Brother Micael. We began with morning prayer at 9am - 10. We were a small group sitting in the Sanctuary, facing each other. It was calm and peaceful. I then assisted Brother Joe as he prepared for the 11am Eucharist. This was held in an office just off the Sanctuary. It was a lovely intimate gathering of 10 as we sat around the table. It was friendly and prayerful. We passed the bread and the cup to each other. It was perfect.

Lunch was served where we sat and there was a lively atmosphere of chatting and laughing and listening. I was in my element. At 1pm the Brothers were heading across town to the Cathedral, so I followed. We got the bus. The passengers stared at the Franciscan Brothers, dressed in their brown habits, as they sat amongst them. On our walk towards the Cathedral, there were more quizzical stares. The service in the Cathedral was to welcome a woman into the Franciscan 3<sup>rd</sup> Order, as a Companion. We had communion in the chapel. It was joyful.

Afterwards, Brother Joe was attending a finance meeting and Brother Micael was invited out for coffee. I joined the coffee group before heading back to the Friary. As we waited for the bus, a member of the public verbally abused Brother Micael. There was no angry exchange; Brother Micael dealt with the situation calmly with words of kindness and Blessing.

We arrived back at the Friary and I enjoyed 20 minutes of peace whilst Brother Micael prepared for our next meeting. When Brother Joe arrived back from the Cathedral, he sat with me and we chatted for a while before heading out to the Ferrywell Youth Project which

supports young people to make the best life choices. The Brothers volunteer alongside the project team. There were 5 project leaders. The 1-hour session, which I attended (4.30 - 5.30pm) was for high school kids in years 1 and 2. A further 2 **sessions** followed covering years 3 - 6. The young folks were loud, lively, cheeky, funny, challenging and curious. One lad asked me, "Are you his mum?" - pointing at Brother Micael - "cos mums aren't allowed in!" It made me smile.

Hot food and drinks are provided for the duration and are made to order. There are a number of activities to take part in and the leaders are there to help with any difficulties which arise. Any signs of anger, bullying and aggression are dealt with patiently and kindly. It was great to be among them and to see how society is working to help young people through the difficult years. But it is a huge job.

The sessions usually finish with a gathering time, led by the Brothers but on this particular evening there was a special meeting to discuss the details of a weekend jaunt to the highlands. Brother Joe was jaunting too! Herding cats came to mind. I couldn't do it.

I drove home thankful to have my car. it was 6:30pm. The Brothers would be home by 9:30pm.

It was a Blessed day; the Franciscan way - humility, poverty and service. The brown habit - a symbol of their dedication to Christ, the Church and God's Kingdom. In the Royston / Pilton community the brothers are known and accepted. They are ready to serve; they "live knowing that all of creation is the place to encounter God." Amen

Liz Moir

## **Creation Reflection**

A prayer from St Ephrem the Syrian: The Lord of all, the treasure store of all things, through his creation gives us a glimpse of his beauty. He is the radiance who makes his creatures shine. He clothes Himself in language, so that He might clothe us in love.

The Creation story begins with a spoken word: God said, Let there be light and there was light. John's Gospel says, 'In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God.'

So words and creation are connected. Words help us understand creation while created things enrich the words that name them.

I love the poem which says, You've seen the world, The beauty and the wonder and the power, and God made it all! We're made so that we love when we see them painted, things we have passed perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see. Art's given for that; God uses us to help each other so, lending our minds out.

'Lending our minds out...' Art isn't private, it wants to be exhibited, it wants to be shared and it's the same with poetry and music, all part of creation. Jesus told us to 'Consider the lilies...even Solomon in all his splendour was not arrayed like one of these.'

Here's how Milton wrote about creation in his poem, *Paradise Lost*:

And God said, Let the Earth bring forth Beasts of the Earth, and living Creatures rose full grown out of the ground. Now the tawny Lion half emerges; he struggles to get his hinder parts free, then up he springs and shakes his mane.

C.S. Lewis knew that humorous picture and created Aslan, the Lion. In fact, Lewis and his friend Tolkien the author of *Lord of the Rings*, decided that since God is the supreme creator, stories, poems, music, pictures are all the work of sub-creators, human beings whose art belongs to the great surge of creation.

Such art by-passes the strictest censorship as I saw when I first visited Communist Russia in 1984. Stuart and I went as tourists with a list, carefully concealed, of people to visit, Christians under pressure who valued contact with the outside world. One person on our list was a Russian Orthodox Christian whose parents had put him into psychiatric hospital in order to cure his religious delusion, so now he couldn't get a job within the Soviet system. His daughter was learning English. She showed me her text book, 'English schoolgirls wear black stockings.' And, 'young Soviet athletes win every award.'

'What is life like in the Soviet Union?' I asked and our friend replied, 'This is the Land of Mordor, you are hobbits.' He was of course referring to *Lord of the Rings* which people copied out by hand and passed round their friends, because the truth which is written into God's created world has a power which even the secret police can't suppress. Later, we slithered over ill-lit icy pavements to find a Russian

Orthodox Church, one of the few that had been allowed to stay open. A door opened, a crack of light shone across the snow. Inside, the gold, the candlelight, the singing took my breath away. I had found Tolkien's Lothlorien, where a different set of values challenges the dark world of Mordor with its one all-seeing eye.

Amongst the soul-shivering poetry in the Book of Job there's a line that would give anyone goose pimples, 'A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up.' And that is what art, music and the written word do for us. Like 'apples of gold in settings of silver' they take us to another dimension and our lives are changed.

When I went for chemotherapy last week I had a pleasant surprise: the sound of music. A girl set up her concert harp – it weighed a huge 42 kilos and for the next two hours, with just a wee five minute break she played a whole variety of tunes, classical, traditional, including many old favourites. It's part of a project to help emerging musicians find a platform and use their skills as an extra dimension in therapy. 'Music touches the soul,' a friend said afterwards and I remembered a moment from my childhood. I was about eight years old, the radio was on and the song I heard was so sad longing that it made me cry. The song was, Way down upon the Swanee River. So, music that moves us doesn't have to be by Bach or Beethoven, although they do that too, just a simple song can strike such deep emotions that it makes a child cry.

Now, another big moment, the sort that makes 'the hair of the flesh stand up.' It happened in the most unlikely place, the weekly school assembly. The minister in his high pulpit thrilled me with words from St Brendon, In Christ is wonder upon wonder and every wonder true.

In his play, *The Voyage of Saint Brandon* by George Mackay Brown, the old man Brendon, or Brandon, tells a young scribe called Brian to write down the story of their strange, mysterious journey:

Always, says Brandon, when you come to write the story, keep a little room for the creator and the creation and the harmony between them. That gift is called imagination.

I'll try, Brandon, says Brian.

BRANDON: I think that's all I have to say to you. There are people in castles and counting houses – very clever men too – who have a different view of the world from you writers. When they read your manuscript, they'll sneer.

BRIAN: Surely not, Brandon.

BRANDON: Oh yes, they will. Never mind them. Imagine, say, a couple of country children on a roadside on a spring day. Tell the story as if it was for their ears only. Tell it so that the children will clap their hands and laugh, and go dancing away on the wind. There should be sunlight and greenness in every line.

Jenny Robertson

### *Your Giving*

I have been asked by members of the congregation who pay by standing order, for a form, so that they might increase their giving. In order to make it as easy as possible for people to increase (or decrease) their giving, there are a supply of Standing Order forms in an envelope, hanging on the notice board in the entrance vestibule. If any taxpayers would like to covenant the tax on their giving, there is also a supply of Gift Aid forms. Those who have already completed a Gift Aid form do not need to renew the form when they change their standing order though.

Gift Aid Secretary  
Stuart Campbell

### **St Martin's Church Rota**

We are looking for volunteers to go on the St Martin's Church Rota. We are especially short of people to do Loop or prayers. Alternatively, you might volunteer to help with Tea, Welcomer, Gospeller or Readings. If you can help please let John or me know.

Stuart Campbell

## **Walking group**

Hopefully some of the missed walks will be rescheduled for this year.

### **A Winter walk**

After a visit to Dobbies I felt like a walk and decided the usual walk I had taken by the Melville Golf Centre might be rather muddy so I walked on to join the old railway tract going towards Straiton Nature Reserve. Bob and Penny had first introduced this walk to our walking group going from Straiton to Shawfair. I decided to walk on to Roslin on the old railway. There were fine views of the Pentlands and the clouds were silvered by the sun, really beautiful. At first the way was noisy as going beside the busy bypass but after Straiton the line ran through fields and was peaceful. I crossed a viaduct over a glen, Bilston Glen Viaduct. “The viaduct is the longest span in Scotland to use this lattice-work design. The separate pieces were made in Glasgow and put together in situ like a piece of flat-pack furniture, held together with thousands of rivets. Each rivet had to be heated to nearly white hot, then driven in and fastened.” I obtained this information from a plaque near the viaduct. “After 100 years the bearings in the bridge had to be fitted in 1999, none of the rivets needed replacing.” It is fascinating the things you can learn on a walk.



**Felicity Murdanaigum**

## **Book Review Cairn by Kathleen Jamie**

This book of short essays and poems has a wonderful way of painting a picture of the countryside. Kathleen Jamie describes a quartz pebble wondering how long it has been below the ground, looking at its history and how it feels to hold it in your hand. The essay about the Bass Rock is so sad telling of the death of so many geese and gannets due to the highly pathogenic avian influenza H5N1, a poultry disease. This disease hit the Bass Rock at the peak breeding time, gannets seen dead by their nests of young. She points out that this disease may have developed due to intensive chicken farms. Will the gannets be able to recover? Her last words of the essay are to the flying birds “Stay alive”. This book was published in 2024 and is so relevant in this time of Climate Change.

Felicity Murdanaigum

### **The storm**

The recent storm caused quite a bit of damage for many of us. At home, we were lucky only to lose a few tiles and have the glass in a door smashed. Other flats weren't so lucky - four flat roofs were blown off, one of them landing outside our window, taking out the lamp-post and our neighbours' BT wire. It seems to have sailed under our own BT wire so we didn't lose our broadband. Luckily no-one was walking underneath or they could have been seriously injured or killed. Lucky, too, for St Martin's - it would appear that no damage was done to the Church building.

Diana

### **The craft club**

The craft club continues to meet at Monika's and Sonia's on Saturday afternoons, 2pm to 4 pm, with refreshments at 3pm.

Diana

## **Calendar: February March 2025**

### **February 2025**

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Sun 2 10.30am

**Celebrating Communion – Presentation of the Lord**

Preacher: John Vincent

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Sun 9 10.30am

**Celebrating Communion – Epiphany 4**

Preacher: John Vincent

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- Sun 16 10.30am **Celebrating Communion – Epiphany 5**  
Preacher: John Vincent
- Sun 23 10.30am **Celebrating Communion – Epiphany 6**  
Preacher: John Vincent
- March
- Sun 2 10.30am **Celebrating Communion – Sunday before Lent**  
Preacher: Eileen Thomson
- Wednesday 5 March  
Ash Wednesday  
Preacher John Vincent
- Sun 9 10.30am **Celebrating Communion – Lent 1**  
Preacher: John Vincent
- Sun 16 10.30am **Celebrating Communion – Lent 2**  
Preacher: Stuart Robertson
- Sun 23 10.30am **Celebrating Communion – Lent 3**  
Preacher: John Vincent
- Sun 30 10.30am **Celebrating Communion - Mothering Sunday**  
Preacher: Stuart Robertson

Water of Leith

