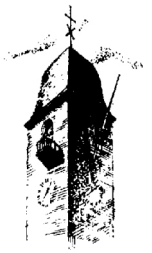


# St Columba's

October/November 2021



# ST COLUMBA'S CHURCH OF SCOTLAND



**Minister:** Rev. Angus MacLeod, MA BD  
**Pont Street, London SW1X 0BD**  
**Telephone:** 020-7584 2321 **Fax:** 020-7584 5446  
**e-mail:** office@stcolumbas.org.uk minister@stcolumbas.org.uk  
**website:** www.stcolumbas.org.uk

## Sundays

Please join us for worship at 11 am. The crèche is open from 10.30 am for babies and children up to four years. It can be found in the lower hall. Older children are invited to join the Sunday school classes appropriate to their age. They leave the service with their teachers following the children's talk. For teenagers, the senior study group leave with their teachers following the Bible readings. After the service, we warmly welcome everyone to the congregational lunch in the lower hall. The two-course lunch costs £3.50 and there is no need to book.



## Dear Readers,

The recent congregational survey invited us to take stock of where things stand in the light of our experience of many months of covid. Charlotte Bradford has taken the invitation literally and made a detailed investigation into the ground on which the church actually stands, coming up with a fascinating history of our site in Pont Street and discovering that our corner of north east Chelsea has catered in turn for market gardeners, sport enthusiasts and ambitious property developers before providing a plot for the building of the old St Columba's.

Prompted by the arrival of our Associate Minister William, Norman McRae writes about the many St Columba's links with Dundee. Getting away from it all, Catherine McDonald is the latest castaway in our Desert Island Discs series. Donald Lauder remembers the contribution to the life of St Columba's made by Mrs Coco MacLeod.

Nearly two years ago Gary Wallis, accompanied by two very excited small boys, climbed the stairs to the church tower and took the photo of the marching London Scottish soldiers on the cover of this edition. It takes us forward into November, and the rhythm of seasons and services that will surely help to centre us in times of uncertainty.

With best wishes,

## The Editorial Team

**Cover photo:** *Gary Wallis - The London Scottish Regiment arriving for their Remembrance Day Service*

ASSOCIATE MINISTER: Rev. William McLaren  
ORGANIST and DIRECTOR of MUSIC: Ben Lewis-Smith  
ASSISTANT ORGANIST: Catherine Olver  
CHURCH OFFICE: Lucy Llewellyn  
CARETAKER: Michael Dempsey  
SESSION CLERK: Charlotte Bradford  
BEADLES: Gary Wallis, Naomi Donaldson, Ronald Prince

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Copy for future editions should be sent to us at the Church Office, preferably by e-mail

## VESTRY LETTER



October/November 2021

Dear Friends,

“She completely changed the way I look at St Columba’s.” Words of tribute for Scottish artist and friend of this congregation, Gael Gorvy-Robertson, who died in September, following several years of illness with cancer. It is twenty years since Gael initiated that gift – of seeing things differently, more appreciatively, more profoundly.

In 2001 the images of New York’s collapsing Twin Towers were played over and over again. The reaction? Shock. Disbelief. Sorrow. Anger. Revenge. Fear. Gael did something different. She believed there was an alternative to those enormous buildings endlessly crumpling to the ground; a different response to the many angry voices and closed fists. In her part of London there were four buildings near each other – a synagogue, a mosque, a Roman Catholic church and a Church of Scotland. She asked each community if she could spend time in the four different buildings and make an exhibition of what she found. In time, she produced

28 photos, seven from each venue. None of the pictures showed people. They concentrated instead on the details, the space and light of each sacred place. If you knew the building you might recognise it. If you weren’t familiar, you might be struck by their commonalities. In time and in turn, the exhibition was mounted in each of the four buildings. If you saw it in your home building it helped you see and appreciate with fresh eyes. If you visited the exhibition in an away building, you had to cross a new threshold, maybe understand a little an unfamiliar neighbour. The exhibition, called *Breathing Spaces*, was something beautiful and creative, at a time when those things were in short supply.

There was a second collaboration between Gael and St Columba’s. In 2018, as part of the joint *Scots in Great War London* collaborations, Gael created *Naming the Beloved*, a series of installations, accompanied by the soundscape of St Columba’s member, Duncan Lang. With a gift for seeing things differently, we invited her to make her creative response to what she knew about the St Columba’s of one hundred years previously and the St Columba’s of today. She drew inspiration from the wartime church magazines. Each issue carried the names of church members who were serving in the Armed Forces – lists so familiar on later war memorials. In the same magazines however, Gael was drawn to other lists; the names of children baptised, and couples married, at St Columba’s during the war years.

From these reflections emerged the blanket, stitched with the names of those baptised, covering the font in the London Scottish Regimental Chapel. It has given rise to our current custom of collecting new names for the baptismal banners, displayed on pew ends each baptismal Sunday. Perhaps most striking was Gael’s representation of, or homage to, the weddings of wartime. Now in the chapel alcove window, housed in a transparent light box, through which morning light often dances, Perspex “wedding rings”, engraved with couples’ initials, are suspended on slim, scarlet threads – one for each couple. A solitary ring and its thread rests on the base, beneath its hanging counterparts – a hint or reminder of the fragility of marriage in wartime. Today, I invite wedding couples to look at the marital installation prior to their own “special day”. The combination of that prayerful space and a comprehension behind the artist’s vision often seems to leave a profound impression.

It was Gael’s wish that her small, family funeral service took place in the London Scottish Regimental Chapel. On that day we gave thanks for the artist who built bridges and breathing spaces and encouraged us to see better and appreciate more.

Angus MacLeod

# Dahlias, dung heaps and Pont Street Dutch

Charlotte Bradford looks into the history of the ground on which we stand

The land where St Columba's now stands is situated in the furthest north-east corner of the parish of Chelsea, nearer to the little village in the next parish of St Mary Abbots Kensington on London's major route westward than to the small rural riverside settlement of Chelsea itself. A little to the west was the hamlet of Brompton, straddling the road down to the Thames crossing at Putney. Over the years the ownership of the land passed into and out of ecclesiastical, royal and private hands but a constant was the underlying well-drained gravel, well suited to agriculture. The growth of London to the east will have provided a ready market.

In 1746 the area was all farmland and market gardens. Though London was expanding rapidly north of Piccadilly to the area round Belgrave and Grosvenor Squares, there were practically no buildings south from Knightsbridge almost to the Royal Hospital, and what is now Sloane Street was a lane leading from Knightsbridge only to fields.

Our land was owned by the Henry Smith Estate Charity: Henry Smith, a merchant and alderman, had left money in 1628 for the purchase of an estate, the rents of which were to be applied for the relief and ransom of 'the poore Captives being slaves under the Turkish pirates'. The charity (which is named on our trust deed) is still going, though for more general purposes, but the final parcels of land were sold in 1995 to the Wellcome Trust.

By 1813 Brompton Road had been built up and the Cadogan Estate, including Sloane Street and Hans Place, had been partly developed.

The Cadogan Estate developer, Henry Holland, built Sloane Place, a large house for himself overlooking Hans Place, just south of where Pont Street would later be cut through. It was soon nicknamed The Pavilion because of his involvement with the building of the Brighton Pavilion – hence Pavilion Road. Its amenities included a pigsty, hen house and dung heap in the forecourt and a lake and pasture for cattle and sheep behind. It vanished in the redevelopment of the 1880s.

In the early 1800s all the ground between the developments along the Brompton Road and that of the Cadogan Estate, including our site, was nursery gardens, laid out on the former Quails Field. The nursery gardens were leased to a man called Cattleigh in 1836, and there's a vermilion dahlia called Cattleigh Eclipse which must have been developed there. Nurseries in the area were also renowned for their pines, catering to the explosion of interest in gardens in the mid-nineteenth century. But at that time Pont Street was a tiny road the other side of Sloane Street leading nowhere; Walton Street didn't exist.

By 1871 the area was much more developed. Harrods was open for custom; Peter Jones would follow later in the decade. Walton Street had been put through on the nursery garden boundary and St Saviour's church over the road and St Simon's on Milner Street had been built - both backing on to Prince's Cricket Ground, where the nurseries had been. It was part of Prince's Club, a 'socially exclusive gentlemen's sports club', founded in 1853 by brothers George and James Prince. The

club's aspiration was to attract the upper classes: entry became more and more restricted until in 1878 it was announced that no lady could be admitted unless she had been presented at Court.

Though the club provided a variety of sports and even a permanent skating rink its main focus was on real tennis, and it was one of the earliest locations for lawn tennis when it was introduced in the mid 1870s. The cricket pitch was added in 1871 and for a few years it was the home of Middlesex County Cricket Club; WG Grace played there, as did the Australian tourists, and Wisden described it as 'grand and quick and one of the finest playing grounds in England'. But the cricketers didn't like it because it had no practice facilities and they moved to Lord's in 1876.

Bit by bit areas of the club's ground were gradually repurposed for building activities, as the newly-formed Cadogan and Hans Place Estate Ltd developed the area west of Sloane Street to Walton Street, leasing the west end of the area from Smith's Charity Estate to do so. Pont Street was extended, cutting into the large gardens of the southern Hans Place houses and across the cricket pitch, and Cadogan Square was put in, as well as Lennox Gardens and the Lennox Gardens Mews - both very clearly showing the curve of the earlier pitch. The architectural style Pont Street Dutch was born (though not called that then) and if you look up you can see that many of the houses display 1880s dates on their red brick gable ends.

By 1886 only the main rackets court and one of the tennis courts

# Dahlias, dung heaps and Pont Street Dutch

Continued

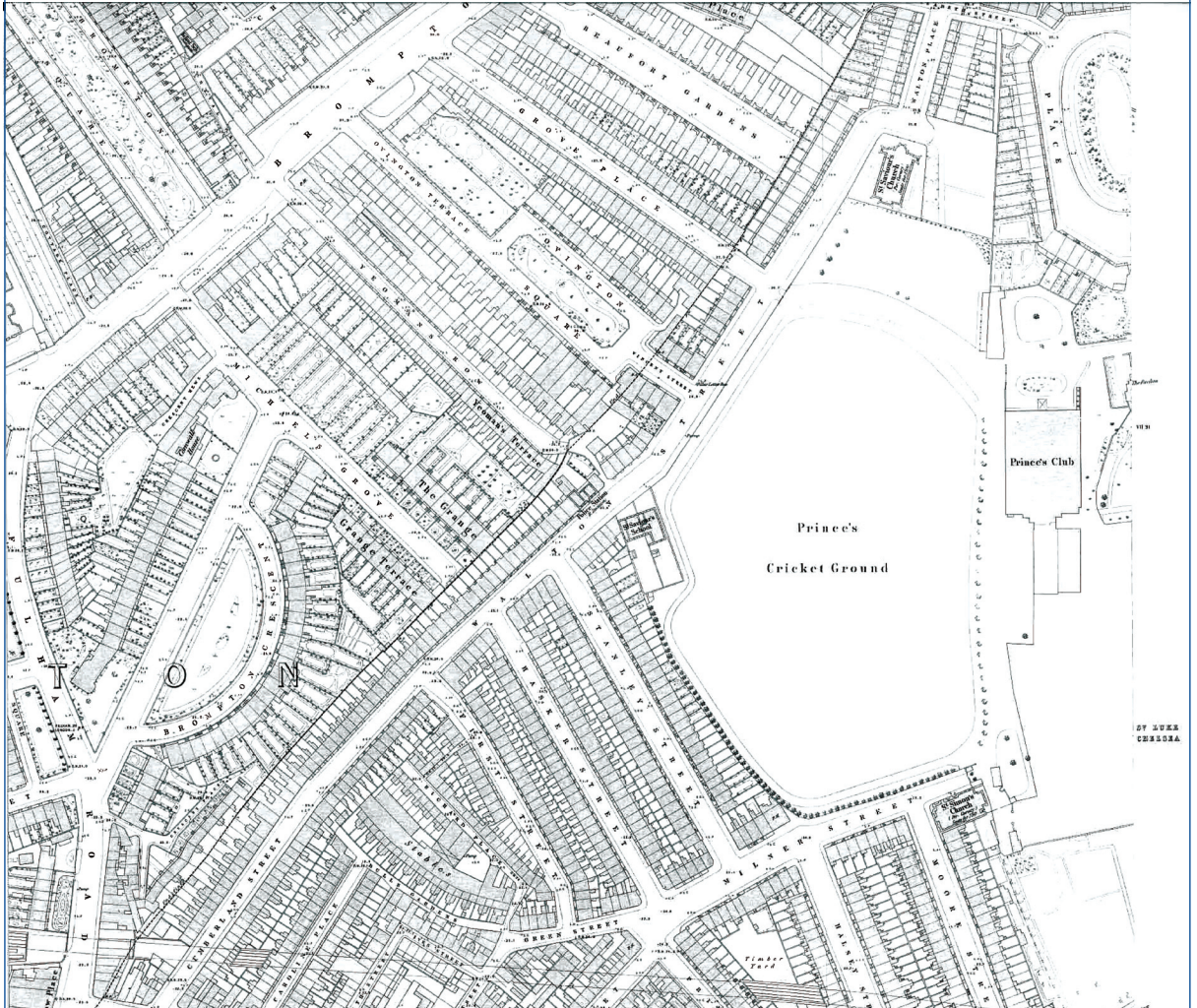
was left of Prince's Club, and it closed altogether in 1887. The lease of the cricket pitch had been given up a little before then, of course: before the end of 1881 the Session Clerk of Crown Court church, which was planning to move westwards, had identified an ideal plot of land for a new Presbyterian church, available on a 96-year lease for £6,000, with a ground rent of £70 per annum. The foundation stone was laid in May 1883 (you can see it now set

into the wall by the library in the entrance vestibule) and Crown Court's Minister, Session and most of the congregation moved to Knightsbridge to the new church, which was dedicated in March 1884.

As a postscript, the church was very nearly not dedicated to St Columba at all. It had always been planned that the new church would become St Andrew's, in honour of Scotland's national saint. But one

of the others of the four Churches of Scotland in London at that time already carried that dedication, and though it was scheduled for imminent dissolution, it objected. The Building Committee was instructed to find another name, which it took two years to do, and only after the new building had been in use for three months did the authorisation finally come through for a noticeboard identifying the building as *St Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street*.

*The 1862-72 yard-to-a-mile OS map of the area. Grove Place is now Beauchamp Place and St Columba's stands just south of the curve across the north end of what would have been the old cricket ground.*



# Sermon

## Sermon preached at St Columba's Pont Street on Sunday 22nd August 2021 at 11am, 13th Sunday after Pentecost

*"Because of this many of his disciples turned back and no longer went about with him.*

*So, Jesus asked the twelve, 'Do you also wish to go away?' Simon Peter answered him, 'Lord, to whom can we go? You have the words of eternal life. We have come to believe and know that you are the Holy One of God.' John 6: 66-69*

With the Tokyo Olympics recently concluded, and the Paralympics imminent, what images spring, like a gymnast-vault, to your mind's eye? Skateboarding, the newest event, or British diver, Tom Daley, knitting a cardigan poolside, in order to relax? Yet, it is probably *athletics* that remains the *classic* image of any Games. Which discipline or event is the most truly, representative Olympian? The highest leap or the longest throw? The explosive, 100 metre sprint, the world's fastest? Or is it the whippet-thin, grimacing, marathon runner who completes the 26 miles in the ultimate test of endurance? From such musings comes the wisdom, oft quoted: *"Remember, it's a marathon, not a sprint."*

Our congregation, in pew or listening from afar, may, or may not, have its Olympians, but it certainly represents both those at *start line* and those considerably *further down the track*. We have a couple who will be married at St Columba's this week, and we have a couple celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary – a wedding that also took place in this church. We have someone who begins studies and training towards Church of Scotland ministry next month and, as William wrote in this week's e-newsletter, this weekend marks the *thirty first* anniversary of his ordination. In any regular weekly congregation, there are those cradling babies or chasing after toddlers – and there are grandparents, and indeed great grandparents, who gaze and remember earlier times. The full range of life and its humanity.

If one asked the Olympian, or the *golden* couple or the experienced minister *What it has been like?* My guess is that they might report: It has been hard, but *it has been worth it*. The *sweeps* of life – the *marathon*, not the *sprint* – a skill or craft fashioned over many years, a vocation or loyalty to a cause or community, the parenting of a child, or any enduring relationship – can bring immense richness to life, source for great gratitude, but they come with a cost – they take, to coin a phrase – *blood, sweat and tears*. It is the honest recognition of *blood, sweat and tears* that resonate in today's readings; the metaphor of the *full armour of God*, required for the struggle for faith, love and

justice in an often-hostile world. And in the vignette of Jesus watching the departure of the crowds who once celebrated him, leaving now, only the twelve. (Ephesians 6 and John 6.)

Why the evaporation of previous effervescence? Jesus' claim: *Those who eat my flesh and drink my blood abide in me, and I in them*. This is the difficult teaching. The flesh talk is of course part of the bread talk. If today's gospel sounds familiar, it may be because the Revised Common Lectionary serves up five weeks of bread, slice after slice, from John Chapter 6 (the Eucharistic discourse) – today is loaf end. It began with the loaves and fishes to feed the five thousand – a story that appears six times across the four gospels; clearly, the event meant a lot to the early church. For the author of John's Gospel, this "sign" is a launch pad for a series of meditations on Christ's identity, via the metaphor of bread. *"I am the bread of life."*

21st century Christians hear these words, and mostly likely think automatically of communion – the bread broken at Last/Lord's Supper. But for the original listeners, Jesus' words about *bread come down from heaven* are all about Moses and the miraculous, life-sustaining *manna* in the wilderness – that which kept the children of Israel alive, amid their forty-year, refugee plight. To claim that Jesus himself was now new *manna*, his *bake*, more potent than that which gave their ancestors not only life, but their very sense of beloved *choseness* – was always likely to stick in the throat. Even more so when he spells out: *"Very truly, I tell you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you have no life in you."* Graphic and shocking; drinking blood of any kind was forbidden, never mind the idea of eating human flesh. Jesus is not advocating cannibalism, but his metaphor is making a claim about where life's true richness and meaning is found. It resides in his, the Christ-life; this is the heart of the matter.

So, comes the point of decision, perhaps around a campfire, flickering light and shadow, after a fractious day at the synagogue; a day of doubting voices and departing friends. Jesus asks Peter; *"Do you also wish to leave?"* *"Lord, to whom can we go? You have the words of eternal life. We have come to believe and know that you are the Holy One of God."* It is a beautiful moment of solidarity – a band of brothers (and sisters), smaller now, but tighter. *"We've made our choice – some might say we've burnt our boats. We are yours – because with you..."*

# Sermon

continued

*how can we say? With you we are alive, more alive than we thought possible. Now we know it's not the easy way – your way. But no other way will do. We follow.*” Peter’s words are not as emphatic as that other famous confession; the question and answer at Caesarea Philippi: *“Who do you say that I am?” “You are the Christ!”* But his lower-key moment says something very precious about the experience of faith. For the disciples there is a dawning realisation that to journey with Jesus is to embrace risk and leave behind old certainties. It will prove a bridge too far for some. *“Enough. I’m out.”* But on this occasion the Rock won’t budge, makes a choice – *why? Your words are life: some hungers can only be met in you. Where else can we go?* Despite the difficulties, drawn to Jesus – the choice, not to abandon, but to abide.

This week I was very happy to receive a slim volume entitled *Memories of Iona*, its author recalling seventy years of annual visits to that west coast Scottish island. It recalls the fact that every time we cross the St Columba’s threshold, we pass the block of Iona marble quarried from the seashore of the isle so closely associated with Columba. Island locals may describe things differently, but for many visitors Iona is a place of pilgrimage – a *thin*/spiritual place. (In the poet’s phrase – *where is no time, or more time.*) Pilgrimage is partly the seeking of an answer to the question: *“Where else can we go?”*

This week, it is difficult not to hear that question – *“Where else can I go?”* – in the desperation of crowds round the airport at Kabul; (or the search for safe passage across waters that divide nations or in the picking through homes destroyed by fire, flood or earthquake). Can thoughts of *serene* Iona speak to that?

Well, as another minister reminded this week: Iona is home to famous Celtic Crosses, outdoor witnesses to the Gospel, marking places of communal worship, from the arrival of Columba from Ireland in 563CE. But three centuries after Columba, the community was decimated by the Vikings. In the late eighth century, the Vikings began a series of raids on the island. In 806, 68 monks were slaughtered in Martyr’s Bay. Eventually, the remaining monks left with the relics of St. Columba and the beginnings of what became known as the ‘Book of Kells’, their illuminated Gospels.

Three centuries after that, the Benedictines came and founded the abbey. Three centuries later, the

Reformation decimated this. Three and a half centuries later, the Iona Community rebuilt it.

Perhaps the history of Iona sheds some light on the realities of faith and the perspectives of time. The road of Christ is hard, he never promised it would be otherwise. The choice to follow is not a one off – it is renewed in each generation, and in each generation, it is renewed each day, through the varying seasons of our lives. At the ordination service of Allan Wright yesterday at St Andrew’s, Newcastle, part of the speech given by the outgoing Moderator, Very Revd Dr Martin Fair was shared in the sermon. It was something of a rallying call to *all* who seek to follow Christ. Based on the Nazareth Manifesto – Jesus’ reading from Isaiah 61 in his hometown synagogue: “good news to the poor, liberty to the captives, sight to the blind” – the outgoing Moderator declared:

*“Until the last food bank in Scotland is closed – because there is no longer any need – We (the Church) have got work to do. For as long as there are lost souls sleeping rough in shop doorways or families in damp, substandard bread & breakfast style accommodation – there is work for us to do. For as long as we continue to pollute our rivers, poison our air and fill holes in the ground with our waste – there is work for us to do. Until every person in Scotland – and in all those places where the Church of Scotland is present – is treated according to who they are and not by the colour of their skin and not by the place where they worship and not by the language they speak – there is work for us to do. For as long as people – predominately young women – are trafficked into Scotland to work as sex slaves and in the off-the-books economy – there is work for us to do. And for as long as women – of any age and from anywhere – don’t feel safe walking home at night – there’s work for us to do.”* The list goes on. But you get the point....

Yes, the road is hard, its end far out of sight. But the promise is there is no finer route to follow, no better a collection of companions. For ultimately it is the journey with Christ – *“Do you also want to go away?”* By the grace of God, may we find our answer: *“No, we choose to stay – for you have the words – you are the Word – of eternal life.”*

Amen

# London St Columba's linked with Dundee

by Malcolm MacRae

Don't be alarmed, the long-standing unique linkage of St Columba's with St Andrew's Newcastle hasn't been dissolved. Although I still visit St Columba's from time to time, being back in Scotland has always given me an interest in the church's links with places here.

Nowhere has this been more relevant than in the ministerial links between St Columba's and Dundee. The recent appointment of the **Rev William McLaren** as Associate Minister and finding that he had been minister of Stobswell Church in Dundee and was a former assistant at Dundee St Mary's prompted me to think right away: 'Not another St Columba's association with Dundee'!

It goes right back to the **Rev Donald MacLeod**, the founding minister of St Columba's, who had been minister of the former St Mark's Church in Dundee from 1870 to 1877 before going to Jedburgh. He went from Jedburgh to be minister of Crown Court and from there became minister of the original St Columba's on its present site in Pont Street. The link with Dundee also includes Associate and Assistant Ministers.

**Rev Dr George Cameron**, Associate Minister of St Columba's from 1969 to 1974 was a minister of the former St John's Church in Dundee from 1946 until his move to Paisley Glenburn in 1958. Dr McLuskey recorded in his autobiography *The Cloud and the Fire* that he had invited Dr Cameron to be Associate Minister on his retirement from his church in Scotland. The former St Mark's and St John's Churches in Dundee have after several unions become the present Dundee West Church.

The next link between St Columba's and Dundee was with **Dr Scott**, the minister who presided over the rebuilding of St Columba's into the church we know today. From 1927 to 1935 he was minister of St Andrew's Church in Dundee, familiarly known as the Trades Kirk. From there he went to the Barony in Glasgow before moving to St Columba's in 1938. Dr Scott's connection with Dundee continued when in 1960 he left St Columba's to be minister of the country charge of Auchterhouse, in the Sidlaw Hills on the outskirts of Dundee. Now, along with several other country churches, it is one of what are commonly known as the Sidlaw Parishes.

**Dr McLuskey** claimed fame as the Parachute Padre but also had a Dundee connection. After the war and some time as a Glasgow University chaplain his first charge was Broughty Ferry East Church in the seaside suburb to the east of Dundee. He moved to New Kilpatrick Church in Bearsden Glasgow, then to St Columba's in 1960.

There will be those of us who will remember how it was announced on Sunday 1st November 1987 that the **Very Rev John McIndoe**, then minister of St Nicholas' Church in Lanark but formerly minister of Park Church, Dundee, would be coming to preach at St Columba's as Sole Nominee on Sunday 22nd November. The announcement was made at the evening service by the then Assistant Minister **Rev John Burns**, who had come from being Assistant Minister at Dundee St Mary's under the late Very Rev William B R McMillan, Moderator in 1991. It seems that our new Associate Minister also served as an assistant under Dr McMillan.

Long may this unofficial linkage flourish!

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## Coco MacLeod

by Donald Lauder

Coco and her husband Ian attended St Columba's regularly during the 1950s and 1960s, together with their daughter Andrea. They played their full part in the life of St Columba's.

Ian was an Elder and Andrea attended Sunday School. Coco was known for her twice-yearly congregational lunches, flower arranging, participation in the Women's Guild, and her hospitality to many international visitors to St

Columba's, particularly those from Africa and the West Indies. She also gave many hours of voluntary service to the church's social action outreach to the elderly, isolated and infirm, as well as projects supporting disadvantaged youth and immigrant populations in London. Coco was Honorary Treasurer of The Friends of St Columba's; Ian and Coco were Vice Presidents.

The MacLeods lived in Sanderstead, Surrey, then Dulwich, but had

to re-locate in 1970 because of work commitments in Belgium, before retiring to Worthing. Andrea now lives in the USA with her husband Steve and their family. Sadly, Ian passed away on 28 October 2018, and Coco on 6 August 2021.

Coco's funeral took place at Shoreham-by-Sea Cemetery on 19 August 2021. Readings were taken by Ian & Coco's family and the Commitment to Earth officiated by Rev Angus MacLeod.



# Desert Island Discs

And this month's castaway is Catherine McDonald

Many people start their conversation with Lauren Laverne by saying how difficult it is to select just eight tracks and, boy, they are not wrong. I thought I would knock this out in an hour or so. Such a joy to work through, though, and thank you to the magazine team for prompting me.

I'll kick off in the back seat of the family car, belting out *Copacabana* (*At the Copa*). It was a long way from Edinburgh to Mallaig on 1970s roads and where the boiled sweets completely failed to ward off car sickness, Barry Manilow succeeded. I don't quite know how we ended up travelling with Barry because the usual repertoire in Dad's Lancia was orchestral or choral (Bach if we were really unlucky) but for whatever reason, disco came to visit.

One particular wonder from the soundtrack of my young years that I will always love is *Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto number 4*. It is a swooshing, ethereal, romantic rollercoaster of a piece of music and my emotional response to it has not changed through all the years, which is quite remarkable. It also reminds me of how, at about age 11, I had to force myself to watch Top of the Pops and listen to Radio 1 and try to re-educate my ear to like what everyone else was listening to! Bit embarrassing that one, don't tell anyone.

Jump forward to my teens and my pop/rock education was well underway. I have to take *Pretty in Pink* by the Psychedelic Furs away to the island with me. Hearing it immediately takes me back to those years of angst and discovery, pretending I was just like Molly Ringwald and moping around to Jesus and the Mary Chain, and

Depeche Mode. This song helped me start to carve out who I wanted to be – my Wham moment was banished in horror. I was properly grown up now.

My fourth record, *'Til I met Thee* by *Cody Chesnutt*, I discovered by chance on 6 Music a few years ago like a special gift and it always makes me smile and wiggle my head around a bit. We all need a little R&B with a funky edge in our lives. It ends with the line 'I was walking in darkness with no sense of direction and you came...' which I think would bolster me on the lonely days.

I must, obviously, indulge my inner maudlin Scot so I will commission a special recording of *Highland Cathedral* from Ben and, without fail, cry happy tears each and every time I listen to it. It will transport me right back to St Columba's and I will sit in the sand and feel the serenity around me. And cry a bit more.

Continuing with the self-indulgent theme, I would also bring Aerosmith's *I Don't Want to Miss a Thing*. There is absolutely no defence of this choice. It is a truly, supremely cheesy rock ballad and it makes my entire family wince in pain but I freakin' love it. I spent a year in Michigan in the late 80s and I think it did something drastic to the soft-rock programming in my brain.

I'd also need to hit the dancefloor sometimes so I'd like to bring *Uptown Funk* by Mark Ronson. Always makes me move and cut some mortifying dance moves.

It is dawning on me that only my last two choices are by

female artists, so I may need to go back and do this all again. But not now, or this will never be finished. My penultimate track is *Not Ready to Make Nice* by the Dixie Chicks. This strong, unrepentant song from wonderful musicians stiffens my feminist backbone.

My final song covers two bases. First the beautiful, haunting voice of Karine Polwart, who is a supreme story-teller and, second, a touchstone back to my youth with this cover of the Waterboys *The Whole of the Moon*. As all good covers should, this takes the song and recreates it, while remaining true to the emotion of the original. It sweeps and swirls around and quite takes me away. It would be like a hug at the end of the day.

One single book... I am a lover of fiction and I think I would want some escapism. I will take *The Luminaries* by Eleanor Catton. I think I could find more in it with each re-reading and it's also nice and thick!

My luxury would have to be a really good pillow. Sleep is extremely important to me and I can be very particular about my bedding. There's going to be wild and crazy times on this island with me around! I hope I can read your Desert Island Discs soon...



# Baptisms • Marriages • Deaths

## BAPTISMS

*“Suffer the little children to come unto me”*

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| 8 <sup>th</sup> August     | Juno Loraine Hawkins-McKay, Surbiton, KT5<br>Douglas James Heath-Caldwell, Ashford, TN25<br>Hughie Noah Douglas Wales, Wimbledon, SW20 |
| 12 <sup>th</sup> September | Theodore Archibald Colquhoun Lancaster, London, SE13<br>Rory Philip Theodore Moore, London, W14  |

## MARRIAGES

*“Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it”*

- |                         |   |
|-------------------------|---|
| 26 <sup>th</sup> August | Clarissa Mary Rose Land & James Geoffrey Whittle,<br>London, SE24 |
| 11th September          | Poppy Susan Empson & Jonathan Christopher Harris,<br>London, SE11 |

## DEATHS

*“Blessed are they that die in the Lord”*

- |               |                                   |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|
| December 2020 | Mrs Fiona Shield, Aylesbury, HP18 |
| February 2021 | Mr Abdul Fady Othman, London, W6  |
| August 2021   | Mr Ian Simpson, Burgess Hill, RH1 |

## TAKE OUT A MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION

For information,  
please contact the Church Office

**St Columba's Church Office, Pont Street, London SW1X 0BD**

# Church Diary:

## 3<sup>rd</sup> October to 5<sup>th</sup> December 2021

At the time of publishing, we are live streaming via our website [www.stcolumbas.org.uk/livestream](http://www.stcolumbas.org.uk/livestream). Please keep in touch with the Church Office or website to check if services can be attended in person.

<b>3rd October</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Harvest Festival &amp; Baptisms</b> Revd William McLaren
<b>10th October</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Morning Service</b> Revd William McLaren
<b>17th October</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Morning Service</b> Revd Angus MacLeod
<b>24th October</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Morning Service</b> Revd Angus Macleod
<b>31st October</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Morning Service</b> Revd William McLaren
<b>7th November</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Morning Service</b> Revd Cameron Langlands
<b>14th November</b>	<b>10.45am</b>	<b>Remembrance Day Service</b> Revd Angus MacLeod
	<b>3.00pm</b>	<b>London Scottish Remembrance Day Service</b> Revd Angus MacLeod
<b>21st November</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Morning Service</b> Guest preacher
	<b>5.00pm</b>	<b>Annual Bereavement Service</b> Revd Angus MacLeod
<b>28th November</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Morning Service</b> Revd William McLaren
	<b>5.00pm</b>	<b>A service of music and words for Advent</b> <b>Lord Wallace of Tankerness, Moderator of the</b> <b>General Assembly of the Church of Scotland</b>
<b>5th December</b>	<b>11.00am</b>	<b>Morning Service</b> Revd Angus Macleod

# Prayer

## Prayers

*So I put them in the sink, for the cool porcelain  
was tender,  
and took out the tattered and cut each stem  
on a slant,  
trimmed the black and raggy leaves, and set them all -  
roses, delphiniums, daisies, iris, lilies,  
and more whose names I don't know, in bright new water -  
gave them*

*a bounce upward at the end to let them take  
their own choice of position, the wheels, the spurs,  
the little sheds of the buds. It took, to do this,  
perhaps fifteen minutes.  
Fifteen minutes of music  
with nothing playing.*

(Freshen the Flowers, She Said, Mary Oliver)

*“Friday mornings in the Sanctuary  
with sometimes,  
someone playing the organ,  
sometimes, just the quietness.  
Just generally tidying up  
and leaving it for someone else  
to put in the fresh arrangement.  
Peaceful time out from the busyness of Knightsbridge,  
and even the noises of the rest of the building.”*

(Member of St Columba's Flower Guild)

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**London SW1X 0BD**