Kirk News

St Andrew's Wallace Green & Lowick

Autumn 2026

(Registered Scottish Charity No SC0086

Minister	Revd Dr Adam Hood	01289 332787
Session Clerk	Miss Rita Inglis	01289 307421
Treasurer	Mr Brian Tait	Brian.tait@hotmail.co.uk
Organist	Miss Rena Telfer	01289 302080
Choir	Miss Rena Telfer	01289 302080
Church Flowers	Miss Rita Inglis	01289 307421
Churches Together	Miss Rena Telfer	01289 302080
Gift Aid	Mr Alan Irving	01289 308741
Kirk News	Mrs Joan Montgomery	01289 763151
Keep Fit	Mrs Susan Jordan	01289 306144
New Horizons	Revd Dr Adam Hood	01289 332787
Pastoral Care	Mrs Terri Bearhope	07521 585828
Presbytery	Miss Rita Inglis	01289 307421
Property	Mr Chris Budzynski	01289 305303
Safeguarding	Mr Dale Hall	01289 308944
Walking Group	Mrs Grace Tait	Gracetait@hotmail.co,uk
Website	Dr Nathan Hood	01289 302787

Kirk Session Sub Committees

Finance
Lead: Mr Brian Tait

Fabric
Lead: Mr Chris Budzynski

Pastoral
Lead: Mrs Terri Bearhope

Mission and Nurture
Lead: Revd Dr Adam Hood

Serving Elders

Alan Aitchison, Karen Aitchison, Linda Bankier, Terri Bearhope, Dale Hall, Fiona Hall, Rita Inglis, Alan Irving, Allison Longbone, Bryon Longbone, Joan Montgomery, Keith Montgomery, Brian Tait, Grace Tait, Rena Telfer.

Holy Communion

We will be celebrating Holy Communion on Sunday 13th September at 11.15am. There will be a retiral offering for **Brainbox** on that day. Brainbox is a largely North-East Charity that supports children and young people who have sustained an acquired brain injury.

Congregational Register

Baptism

Isla Rose MacGregor 14.6.26

Membership

Adam always welcomes enquiries from anyone who would like to join the membership roll of the congregation. Membership formalises a commitment to the congregation and our mission and allows for involvement in congregational decisions and leadership of the church. Those who have been members of, or confirmed into other churches can join by a simple process of transference. Those who have not been members of another church, are invited to take some simple vows of membership, which would be explored through informal gatherings.

Of course, all are welcome to participate in any and all of our activities regardless of whether they are formally members or not.

New Horizons

The new session begins on 8th September with a **Coffee Afternoon** at 2pm and continues on 10th October, again at 2pm, with the visit of **Revd Bill Wishart**, who will be giving a magic show. All welcome.

Dear Friends,

I was brought up by the sea and my heritage is partly of sea-going folk who made their livelihood fishing the waters of the Firth of Forth and North Sea. The seaside was the backdrop of my youth. Swimming in the sea during the summer months – we didn't call it *wild swimming* then – playing on sea-side rocks, collecting shellfish for sale and fishing in the ocean – on one memorable occasion, I over-balanced on the harbour wall whilst trying to disentangle my fishing line and fell into the sea fully clothed, losing one of my shoes into the bargain! (It's funny how you remember these little details.) So, the sea has a particular importance to me, as I know it has for many. When I have lived far from the sea, I pinned to be back by the open water – rivers are a fair substitute, but can't replace the ocean!

One of the things that often strikes me, when driving from Berwick to Ayton, is that in the lay-by, just before Burnmouth, there are nearly always people standing by or sitting in their cars peering out into the apparently unending waters of the North Sea. This doesn't surprise me, for the sea has an almost mystical ability to captivate our gaze. The sense of the vastness of the sea, impervious to our plans and seemingly going on for ever, makes us think of where our little lives fit into the bigger scheme and what lies beyond the horizon for us. No wonder that, in mythology, rivers and seas have been pictured as a portal to eternity.

In Tolkien's world, a sea voyage brings his heroes to the undying lands, a place of eternal light and beauty.

The off-times bleakness and wildness of the sea also casts a spell on our minds. This explains why artists such as Turner and Joan Eardley expended so much effort in capturing the moods of the waters. The ancient Hebrews were not alone in thinking of the sea as emblematic of the uncontrollable and dangerous in nature, the source of human peril. See how many of the dangers faced by Odysseus and his crew in the *Odyssey* are seaborne. So, when the Israelites cross the Red Sea, or Jesus stills the storm, these are more than mere passing incidents, but signs of God's power to bring us through, what we aptly call, the 'storms of life'.

In William James' studies of religious experience, he talks of the *oceanic experience*: the weakening of our sense of self-identity through an awareness of the Oneness or unity of all things. In this regard, God is sometimes called the ocean of Being, a term which raises our minds beyond the particular words, stories and pictures of the religious life, to the source and goal of all things. For sea creatures, the ocean is not one item amongst others, but the source and context of their whole lives and, in a like way, God is the One in whom all things live, and move and have their being. We are, in a real sense, related to God from the first, whether we recognise it or not.

There are so many things to enjoy about living by the sea, not least that it directs our minds, if we let it, to the deeper things of life.

Your Friend, Adam

Growing Young

You may have heard of our involvement in the Church promoted project, Growing Young and, indeed, we had a series of services earlier on in the year, based on the themes highlighted by the project. The project programme lasts for two years and the local project group from Berwick and Ayton have, after completing the first year, decided to suspend our involvement for the time being. We have learned many things thus far from the programme and hope to carry our gains forward, but the pressures of other commitments have led us to press the pause button for the time being.

For your diary

Church open for Heritage Open Days, Fri 11th, Fri – Sat 17/18 Sep

Sat October 3rd, TBC, Pet Blessing Service to coincide with St Francis Day

Remembrance Service, 9.30am, Nov 8th, SAWG

Kitchen Refurbishment Fund – August 2026

Even in the middle of summer, we can find things to sell to you all! The kitchen fund is now sitting at £4129.

Big thank you to Nancy for sharing her vegetable garden produce and for those of you who have bought them. You will agree, they were so much tastier than the veg in the shops. I believe her fruit harvest is being made into lovely jams which we can expect to see at the Christmas Fayre.

Carol and Malcolm have been busy chopping wood for kindling at a very reasonable price and they have been snapped up by the log fire folk to start them off for the winter.

So, remember when you are in church on a Sunday to stick your head into the session room to see what's on special offer and don't forget the books in the counting house!

Rita

Advance Notice

TO ALL FURRY / FEATHERY / SHELLED CREATURES

We are holding a special service just for you and your human pet in October.
Look out for the details and come along

Adam will be on hand to bless you (or your photo, if you are a bit shy).

Tell your human how much you want to go and make sure they look out for dates and times and come along and have some fun. It's not every day you get a chance to sing your favourite hymns along with the humans without being shouted at!

Christmassy Things

Just to highlight a couple of Christmas things and yes, I know it's early but some things do take a bit of time to prepare!
Perhaps, the talk of Christmas and cold winds and cosy nights will make the horrible heat of these last few weeks disappear into the dim and distant past.

Angels and Stars

Yes, we still need…….

ANGELS AND STARS

A few have already asked and we definitely need them – we need a few hundred for the Big Sing which we have early in December for the children from the local schools. In addition, we will be at the Dickensian Christmas market again this year and we were able to give them out to folk who visited our stall.
So, get the needles out – the nights are drawing in – and get knitting!
Anyone needing a pattern – see me.

Christmas Fayre

Don't forget to put this in the diary!

Saturday 28th November

If you are able to help – then we need the following: -

- Helpers setting up on the Friday
- Manning stall on Saturday
- Clearing up Saturday afternoon

Please consider helping – it's a lot of fun and raises much needed funds for the church.

Rita

Latest news from your Treasurer

The summer of 2026 has very nearly passed and what a scorcher it has been. I do hope you enjoyed all the warm weather, even if it was too hot at times, and not pleasing for all the gardeners.

The weather, however, does not stop the finances of the Church from working and we have moved on from May at a very steady pace. Offerings from members and open plate are at the same levels as before. Changes in other income is a small part of fundraising for the new kitchen project and a flow of income for the use of our rooms and building.
Nothing out of the ordinary happened.

A very similar story with expenditure. Some small items of repairs and annual maintenance was carried out to the Church and Manse. An instalment of £900 has been paid for the upcoming Church improvements.
I can say after a very quiet period we are in a better financial position this year than we were last year. But, we should not become complacent and be active in our Church activity which usually leads to better financial results.

I am always happy to answer any questions you may have and the best way to contact me, if not in person is by email brian.tait@hotmail.co.uk. This address is also at the front of the Kirk News.

Thank you all for your continued support.

Brian Tait
August 2026

Important notice for all Church Members who pay online

During the Summer the Kirk Session made the big decision of starting to move our banking transactions from The Bank of Scotland to The Royal Bank of Scotland.

We would like to invite all members who currently donate to our account with The Bank of Scotland to switch to the new account with The Royal Bank of Scotland.

For those of you who are familiar with online and digital banking this should be simple task. For technophobes like me I appreciate that this may be more daunting.

Our advice is to first set up your new payment to the Church from your bank account, and the details of our new account are as follows. The majority of bank account platforms ask the same questions when setting up a new payment and these should be the answers you require.

Account details / Recipient Type – **Answer – Business**

Name of account **Answer – St Andrews Wallace Green and Lowick Church of Scotland**

Sort Code **Answer – 83-06-08**

Account number **Answer 21640282**

Please then on your device / computer click on the button **check details.** Your bank will then check to see that the information entered above match our records. You should receive a prompt saying that the details match.

The next step will be to ask you the amount of which you wish to pay and the frequency of these payments. For example, weekly / fortnightly / monthly. Please take special care when completing this part as from experience this is when a mistake is likely to happen.

Once this information is saved on your account that should be matters fully taken care of.

The final step is also very important, please go to your existing payment to our Bank of Scotland account and click on delete or cancel, whichever is appropriate and this will stop any duplication.

We apologise for any inconvenience caused by this change of banks, but it was a necessary thing to do. We plan to run the two bank accounts for a few months to allow the transitions to take place, so immediate action

is not required. But we all know it is best to do things today and not put off until tomorrow.
We can offer limited support, but banking is very much a personal matter.

Brian Tait
August 2026

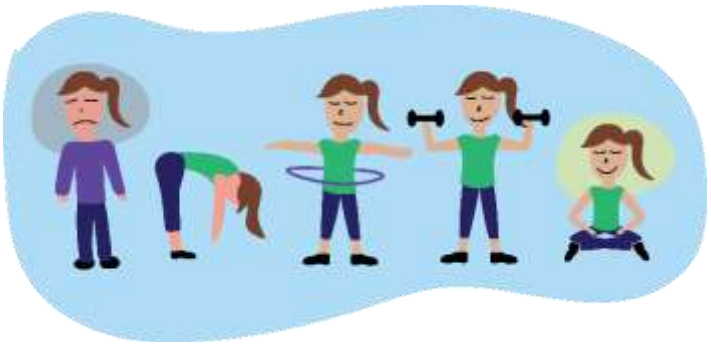
Walking Group Summer 2026

SAWG walking group has continued with the same regular attendees during the Summer. There have been guest appearances from family members and a member from Ayton joined us for the walk two weeks ago.
The time of the walk is now permanently 2.00pm on a Thursday afternoon, meeting at the Church through the side entrance from the Parade car park.
If the weather is a bit suspect the group usually still meet up, Grace will let people know if this is not the case as it is always good to meet up for a blether, cuppa of your choice and fellowship.

As a rule, the walks are usually around the town, Tweedmouth and Spittal. In keeping with the Kirk News theme, the walks undertaken are very close to the coast and riverside enjoying and appreciating the beautiful part of the world in which we live in.
If a walk out of town is arranged this is done well in advance and with plenty of notice. Transport is usually provided but better use of bus passes is under review. However, this is complicated because we have some who have Scottish bus passes and some with English bus passes.

We are very friendly group, and the pace of the walk is not too strong. Those at the front are always aware they need to look behind and see that all walkers are together. The group is full of talented bakers and do not waste any opportunity to make a cake or traybake to have with the customary cuppa after the walk.
There is a small donation asked for of £1 per week. There is no charge for the refreshments.
The group is not restricted to SAWG members, guests are very welcome on a regular or irregular basis.

If any further information is required, please contact Grace or Brian Tait in person. Our details are at the front of the Kirk News.



Keep Fit

Before finishing for the summer break, we all enjoyed going out for fish and chips at Coulls and a lovely time was had by all.
We shall be back in action on **Tuesday 8 September,** enjoying nice gentle exercise, friendship, fellowship, tea, coffee and biscuits.
This last year we have donated £210 to Church funds, £120 to Cancer Cars and £100 to the Air Ambulance.

If you are interested in joining our group, please contact me.

Susan

Our Coastal Heritage ~ Past, Present and Future

This Autumn we celebrate two important anniversaries in Berwick-upon-Tweed: 200 years of the Pier and 150 years of the Tweed Dock. These two famous landmarks are much more than reminders of our industrial and maritime past. They are part of the story of who we are as a town and continue to shape our lives today.

Living beside the North Sea and the River Tweed means that we are constantly connected to the water, whether we realise it or not. The tides influence the rhythm of the river and the coastline, while changing seasons bring their own patterns of weather, wildlife and activity. The sea and river have provided food, employment and transport for generations and they continue to draw visitors and local people to the waterfront.

The Pier and the Dock also remind us of Berwick's long relationship with sea and river traffic. Boats, fishing, trade and industry have all played their part in the development of our town.

The water has sometimes been a means of connecting us with the wider world and at other times, a force that demands respect.

Our coastal heritage is also about the remarkable diversity of life around us. From the birds and wildlife along the riverbanks, to the creatures living in the inter-tidal zone. The movement of the tides reveals a world that can easily be overlooked.
Each visit to the beach or river can offer something different, depending on the tide, the weather or the season. This morning it was a seal, so close to the shore at Spittal and how often do we marvel at the Dock when it is absolutely full of swans?

As we mark these anniversaries, perhaps we should ask ourselves what these landmarks mean to us now? How does living by the sea or river affect our daily lives? What have we inherited from those who lived and worked here before us and what responsibility do we have to protect this precious environment for those who come after us?

Our Coastal Heritage is not just history. It is something we live with every day.

The Tweed Dock

The sea and Tweed Dock could not have had a greater impact on my life. In fact, the life I have would quite simply not have been but for Tweed Dock and the sea.

I was born and raised in Glasgow. I left school at 17 years of age to become a Customs Officer and was posted to Berwick. I worked for 43 years and the Tweed Dock and the sea was my focus every working day. When I left the Customs in 1989, I went to work at Tweed Dock eventually becoming CEO at the Port. My whole life has basically been shaped by the sea and Tweed Dock.

Had I not loved my work so much I would not have stayed in Berwick and would not have met my wife of 40 years, would not have been married in St Andrews Wallace Green nor would my Son have been baptised there as well. It can be confidently stated that the sea has had the greatest impact on my life.

When thinking about Christian faith I think many folk would be perhaps surprised that faith remains strong amongst many seafarers who visit Tweed Dock. Most are Dutch seamen and many Dutch ships are family owned and the owner sails as Captain with his wife and children. These ships will not work on Sundays and if at sea will drop anchor for

the day. The day will be spent reading scripture and observing the sabbath. Ships are only earning when they are sailing so to anchor every Sunday is a significant act of faith and devotion.

I'm sure we all take in and enjoy the beauty of the River Tweed estuary and Berwick Bay and take it all for granted. I am the same but I am always aware of the awesome power of the sea and also of the dangers.

I once was involved with a near tragic incident which involved one of the Dutch family ships. I was enjoying Christmas Day with family when I received a call that a ship bound for Berwick was in serious trouble during a storm. The Captain was abandoning ship with his crew and family including a 10 month-old baby. Thankfully all were rescued by helicopter and were brought to Berwick. I was able to transport them all the Seaman's Mission in Eyemouth where accommodation was available. A Christmas Day I'll never forget.

So, while we all love the beauty of our seaside location, we must also respect the power of the sea as we enjoy living in our lovely town.

Alan Irving

Mordington Sunday School Trip

When I was young, we always went on an annual trip, not far, but always to the seaside and the picnic, sausage rolls, sandwiches and cakes were all packed in white paper bags.

One particular year we were taken to Coldingham Sands and to our surprise, no paper bags could be seen. Instead, we were taken in to the St Vedas Hotel and sat down to a slap up two course meal. We started with mince and tatties, superb and wolfed down by all. Then along came pudding, trifle which I didn’t like and refused.

The kind waitress then offered me another plate of mince and tatties, which I jumped at. So, there was I, tucking into. my second helping of mince and tats, while everyone around me eating trifle.
I have never forgotten that trip.

Incidentally, I now love trifle.

Neil

Ramblings by Confused of Berwick.com

So how did It get there?

You probably saw the photo as well. So how did it get there?

And how did it end up pointing towards the shore?

OK. I saw the post on Facebook (you possibly saw it as well) saying that the Coastguard had attended and helped someone who had fallen on the Pier.

But how did the Coastguard's vehicle get – and it is not small - along the Pier and how did it end facing back to the shore? Surely the Pier is blocked by a BIG concrete block and something else. Clearly, the eye which searches the part of my brain called memory is even more opaque than normal.

Nothing else for it ….. I will have to go and look before the puzzle drives me even more insane than normal.

Well, it was a lovely evening when Mrs Confused of Berwick.com and I parked at the end of the Pier and started our 'investigation' on your behalf.

Yes! The Pier is blocked with a huge (possibly WW11) concrete block. A telegraph pole prevents you from going around on the river side and there are a number of metal poles fixed in on the inland side. So how? And then my memory flashed back to Salmon Company Land Rovers driving along to Crabwater Batt. Ah! The bollard posts are removable, secured with padlocks. Puzzle (part-)solved.

I now know it is feasible to enter the Pier and, yes, it is wide enough to drive along. In the interest of my investigation on your behalf, we continued along the Pier. The changes to something which had seemed timeless and unchanging started almost immediately.

New ladders in steel-coloured metal are affixed to the side. Surely, they are too soon on this journey to be designed to service 'Crabwater.' That is the case as, a further distance, there is said fishing batt - no longer used – but the inner eye still gave me the picture of the men plying their trade. Blue and black boats, wide and flat at the stern being rowed out into the mouth of Tweed in a clockwise direction as the net falls off behind them as a 'bag' is formed to catch or net salmon. The pull on the net as it is brought in, the fishermen dressed mostly in 'bib & brace' overalls with thigh length waders and flat caps with a couple of younger men reliant on jeans and old shirts. An old wooden bench behind them for quite times and, of course, the windlass they had brought to assist with the net pull. But no more – fishing by net and cobble has, after many centuries, all but ended.

Oh! The old red and white 'life-rings' have been replaced. Day-Glo orange safety rings, with a different design and a different housing are there.

Across the river towards Spittal and the donkeys have gone and now we find a land yacht racing across towards the sandbar powered by a kite. Two sea anglers try their luck on the sandbar at the point; surely, it's much larger than I remember and those two bright orange buoys are almost touching the beach at Spittal - has the river been reduced so much?

People still sit on the sands. Do they still have real ‘SAND SANDWICHES?’ Do they still struggle with windbreaks? Are these still in a multi-coloured nylon material with horizontal stripes? Too far away to see but my memory still sees that.

We turn the corner, surely the vehicle did not come all this way and make this turn in reverse gear?

More new ladders; more new safety rings. Ahead people go seaward atop of the north wall. Did we all do that? Did we do it only when there was beach to our left? Surely, they are not going to do that all the way to the Lighthouse!

Well, it is about here the Coastguard vehicle was pictured. About half of the roadway (I use the term very loosely) is concrete and about stone blocks, probably from the original construction, but it is clear that, at this point, with no seats reduce the width and with CARE and BRAVERY you could execute a somewhat more than 3-point turn.

Mystery solved – you can now rest easy without this nagging on your mind.

However …… did the 2 people continue on along the parapet of the Pier? What is that out on the north side of the Pier? I know it as being nicknamed The Berwick Submarine. I have heard it called a fishing batt. I have heard it called a gunnery target. Is it either, or both or something else. If you know please advise our editor for the next time.

Our ‘trek’ continued. We rounded The Lighthouse, in a clockwise direction (I can never remember doing this circumnavigation in an anti-clockwise way) dodging the perils created by two young men launching their fishing lures from atop the riverside parapet, to pass the door of the lighthouse. The story of my grandmother accompanying a friend to deliver the lighthouse keeper (the friend’s father) his diner (you did not have lunch back then) pops into my mind.

So on we go, back, …… but wait. Why are the new ladders on the side of the Pier here? Do boats tie up? Can't remember this happening but oh, when the paddle steamer Waverley visited for some years, were these for that? Surely not! Surely embarkation would be by 'gangplank?' Do you know? Did you go on The Waverley from Berwick? So many questions? Onwards we go to eventual safety on the shore. The perils of our trek over. The questions answered but new questions posed. All of this done so you can sleep easily not being kept awake wondering about the original How? And How?

No need to thank me. Don't let the new questions keep you awake.

Confused of Berwick.com (and Mrs C)

Ask another day about the two ……..

Memorable Seaside Holiday – 2009

My late husband George and I chose beach holidays annually to relax during school summer breaks. In August 2009, we soaked up the sun on powdery white sandy beaches and cooled off in the turquoise waters of the Gulf of Mexico and enjoyed the luxury of quiet, calm accommodation on the Florida Panhandle near Pensacola.

There we met, and subsequently became friends with, an American gentleman called Don Frick who spent his time with his metal detector combing the shore hoping to discover a worthwhile yield.

On the penultimate day of our vacation, I sat up on the sun bed to pause reading my novel only to witness George waving frantically in water too deep for me to join him. He was surrounded by a group of strong swimmers diving again and again. WHY? Suntan cream had released his gold band wedding ring that I had placed on his finger 37 years previously and he had never removed it!

I scoured the beach for Don but alas he was unable to help as the waves were too strong and the wind was beginning to blow. I thanked him for his efforts and returned to my sun bed to pray to ask the Lord how I could console George.
Remembering 1 Peter 5 : 7 “Cast all your anxiety on him because he cares for you”, we packed up saddened that a great seaside holiday had ended thus.

As I began to walk away from the idyllic spot, I turned back to plead with Don to try again another day at low tide confirming an accurate reference point and the means to obtain our address in U.K. I believed that if it was God’s will for George to be reunited with the symbol of a love that meant so much to him, Don was our only hope.

George's ring recovered from the Gulf.
s sometimes expose lost it

Three days of storms followed preventing Don from participating in his hobby but while his wife Barbara was packing up in preparation for their return to Atlanta, his conscience was troubled by my words. He rushed down to the beach for a final sweep. Never underestimate the power of prayer!

MIRACLE!
I now wear it and give thanks for my loving husband each time I do.
Little wonder Hymn 770 features high on my priority list.
“Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
when the breakers roar and the reef is near?
While the surges rage and the wild winds blow,
shall the angry waves then your bark o’erflow?”

Maureen

The Seaside

My first memories of the sea go back to family holidays up in Findhorn (Moray), when 7 of us and the dog would pile into my Dad's 'shooting break' (station wagon) and head off up north.

I recall the excitement of exploring the beach looking for all sorts, breathing in the fresh sea air, and the dog heading straight into the sea to show us that she could swim (we could not!).

Every second year we had our Sunday school bus trip to Burntisland in Fife and my interest was perhaps less in the sea, and more in the fun races, picnic and if you were really fortunate a go on the 'shows' (fairground) before the bus trip home. I grew up inland and so trips to the sea were quite infrequent.

In my early twenties, while working on the west coast of Saudi Arabia I learned to swim and subsequently enjoyed a whole host of activities on the Red Sea (snorkelling, wind surfing and water ski-ing). I recall getting horribly sunburnt on one occasion and someone suggesting before I flew on to Riyadh that evening, I got myself a thobe (traditional Arab male attire) as this would be less restrictive and more cooling. So off I went to the souk and purchased a stripy one (I preferred this to plain white) - I did find it very comfortable, but on wearing it, I drew some strange looks from fellow travellers.

I recounted this to a Saudi colleague at work the next morning and on questioning me to describe the garment, he pointed out that I had been walking around in the equivalent of my pyjamas! Stripes were for sleeping attire. So much for the sea and sunburn.

I later lived in Bahrain, a small island in the Arabian Gulf, and especially in the winter months, loved family trips to the beach for play and BBQ - nowhere in Bahrain is far from the sea.
A great memory is of a Church family retreat to a small island (Hawar) just off the coast of Qatar and staying in hostel setting overnight and

enjoying fellowship in and outdoors, which included a host of fellowship activities in a unique setting.

We travelled out in groups in a small speedboat which added to the excitement, the journey taking around 40 mins each way. From Bahrain, I moved to north Fife and lived with the Tay estuary at the bottom of my garden for just over a decade, enjoying coastal walks in the most beautiful settings. I was fascinated by the huge barges that would pass by metres away on their way from the Europort to the docks in Perth. And then from Fife to Coldstream where I cherish my almost daily walks by the water (the River Tweed) and my very regular trips to Berwick and walks on the Spittal promenade, the lighthouse and of course the Walls - and looking beyond to the coast north and south of Berwick.

We are thoroughly spoiled by the beauty and intrigue of our coastline - I never tire of it. From having my roots in being an inland, country boy, I now relish being close to the sea. Thank you for this natural beauty Lord!

Yours in Christ, Bill.

Life at Sea and Families

It should not be forgotten that the sea has an affect, not just on seafarers, but also on their families particularly during the formative years of children's lives.

I come from a family of 4 children (3 sisters all older than me – which makes me 'the golden boy'!). Our father ran away to the merchant navy when he finished school to avoid a position arranged by his mother in the Standard Bank. He did not like being a sailor but the outbreak of WW2 meant that he could not change.

During the war he was sunk a number of times (we think up to 4) but he would not speak about it. Our father worked his way up the ranks and became a Master Mariner and had command of his own ships in the Clan Line and Ben Line. For many years, he sailed to the Far East and was away for 6 months at a time with 6 weeks at home. This pattern of 6 months 'on' and 6 weeks 'off' went on for 20 years or more and had a hugely, detrimental affect on a young family.

As a master of a ship, he led a very lonely life because the captain of a ship eats separately and has to be invited into the Wardroom to socialise with other officers. Bear in mind also, this was before the days of mobile phones and internet communications. He could use, the very expensive, ship to shore radio in emergencies but during his 6 month voyages the only communication with home were letters sent to await at his destinations such as Shanghai. Similarly, he would send letters from his destinations.

When he retired from the sea, he did a number of jobs but he never adjusted to the land not 'moving'. The loneliness of his previous life and the war meant that he was not a good communicator or family man. He took a demotion and went back to sea albeit on the ferries to Northern Ireland.

The relations with his children clearly suffered hugely because of his life at sea. It also had a clear affect on our mother as she effectively had to bring up 4 children on her own. Fortunately, we lived in a small town and her mother and other relatives were able to help.

We talk about the Victorians being very stiff and strict and forget that people returning from the War just had 'to get on with it' regardless of the traumas that they had been through. (Many years later, our local doctor was convinced that our father suffered from PTSD but at the end of the war it was not a recognised thing.) The combination of the experiences of war and the long and lonely life at sea had significant and detrimental effect on his character. As a result, he was not a family man and lacked the ability to communicate his feelings.

So, when we think about the affect that a seafaring life has on people, we must remember that families and loved ones have been affected too.

KHM

Fond memories of Benidorm

One of the reasons Irene and I visited Benidorm every year was to see the sand sculptures, most of which were of a religious nature or castles of every size or shape.

After dinner, on the day we arrived, we would have a stroll along the promenade and as we approached the old town, would keep a lookout for sand sculptures. We always found a few and sometimes one would be in the process of being built and there would be a large bucket of water beside it. We would return to the Hotel Calypso, have a night cap and watch the dancing.

Over the years, we must have seen at least a hundred sculptures and my favourite one was The Last Supper with six disciples sitting on each side of the table and Jesus at the head. They were there with wine and plates of food, every disciple was different and wore a variety of clothes and Jesus wore a long flowing robe. In close second place was Jesus on the Cross and the details were amazing.

Castles were also popular and there was one with soldiers on the battlements and cannon on the esplanade surrounded by a moat and a drawbridge over it. One year, a sculptor made a sand sculpture of a Matador and when it was finished, coloured it. I don't know how he did it, but perhaps he used coloured saw dust. Possibly like Amy used when she gave us a demonstration at a New Horizons meeting, before she left us to continue her studies at Glasgow University. As I recall, the sand sculpture was really spectacular.

About 14 years ago Benidorm City Council banned sand sculptures, as they claimed they were taking up too much space on the beach. I admit they had greatly increased in number but surely the council could have

controlled the number by giving out licences, instead of taking such drastic action. Many people loved them so much.

Ian Hannah

Time spent by the sea

The music, ‘Sailing By’ introduced the Shipping Forecast on Radio 4. We listened intently.

“ Malin, Hebrides… wind north by north west. Visibility poor. Precipitation imminent.”

On the Isle of Tiree the weather determined what we could or could not do and, crucially, if the CalMac ferry could berth with our supplies. Loti (Lord of the Isles) was our favourite ferry. Small and brave. We made many trips on her, often in atrocious sailing conditions.

But, our love affair with the islands began way back in 1963 when Bob proposed on the causeway to Holy Island – funny really as the trip to that island did not involve a boat.

The following year we spent an hilarious camping trip with our friends to Skye, Harris and Lewis. Then followed our honeymoon on Jura and Islay. Two years later, with our one year old, we spent two weeks on Sark in the Channel Islands, staying in a converted German gun emplacement from WWII. We were 360 feet above the lighthouse….. thank goodness Ruth wasn’t crawling! Our return journey was possibly one of the roughest and scariest we ever had. We caught the tail end of a hurricane called Dorothy (my mother-in-law) and made the journey from Sark to St Peter’s Port on Guernsey in a very small, open boat.

Most of the passengers were violently sick. Even the Channel liner, which took us to Weymouth, was pitching and tossing, even though it had stabilisers.

But nothing could deter us from trying to visit all of the islands off the coast of UK. The next year we went to Eigg. As the ferry could not berth at the usual small pier a rowing boat came out. We balanced precariously at the open door in the side of the ferry and Hector, six feet below us, called, “throw the baby down”. My heart was in my mouth as I dropped her into his arms.
Bob and I and the rucksack followed.
In those days, the population was small and the schoolteacher, a native American called, Miss Snowy River, only had three pupils.

Then, we discovered Muck along with Rhum and Canna. We took eight Divinity students with us to Muck for a week in March for three consecutive years. When the tide was low the launch from Mallaig would anchor in the bay, a rowing boat
would take us to the rocks, then we would get a piggy back to the shore from Laurence, the owner of the island – a giant of a man. A tiny island with no shop, so we had to take the food supplies from Aberdeen. No prizes for guessing who had to cater and cook!

Using our membership of the SYHA and still with a young family, we explored Mull, Iona and the Orkney Islands. One year we gave our friend Magnus and his family the use of our home in Aberdeen and went to look after his Parish of Yell and Fetlarand using the Manse as our base, explored the rest of the Shetland Islands.

Gigha, Staffa, Colonsay, Anglesey, isles of Scilly (St Agnes our favourite), Isle of Wight, Isle of Man……the list goes on.

Sadly, Bob passed away before we ticked off St Kilda and Fair Isle. I have such wonderful memories of boats and must pay tribute to all of their Captains.

Unlike the disciples, our most tranquil sail was on the Sea of Galilee. As the fishermen, clad in white, cast his net, Bob and I sang a Gaelic hymn. That was a spiritual boat journey with our spiritual Captain.

Diana

The Coast and Me

As was mentioned in my Easter account, I was brought up far from the sea. The first visit to a beach I recall, was to Port Seton, going with my Dad, on a church trip from Selkirk. I was approximately 5, and have a photo somewhere showing us on the sands. My aunt and uncle years later, had a caravan at Pease Bay, where we, as a family, had a week's holiday. I was next there when I began teaching in the Eyemouth area, and needed somewhere to stay. This was because I had to get out of the holiday flat I was living in in Eyemouth. Being so close to the sea at Pease Bay was lovely. When I moved to my little house in Eyemouth, some mornings I could lie in bed listening to the fog horn at St Abbs.

Then Tweedmouth, where I've been ever since.

I'm quite often still out at Eyemouth, and see more of that harbour than I see of Tweed Dock. If I pass, I do look at what boats are in. I also look at any ducks, or other birds that are there. Sometimes there is something unusual.

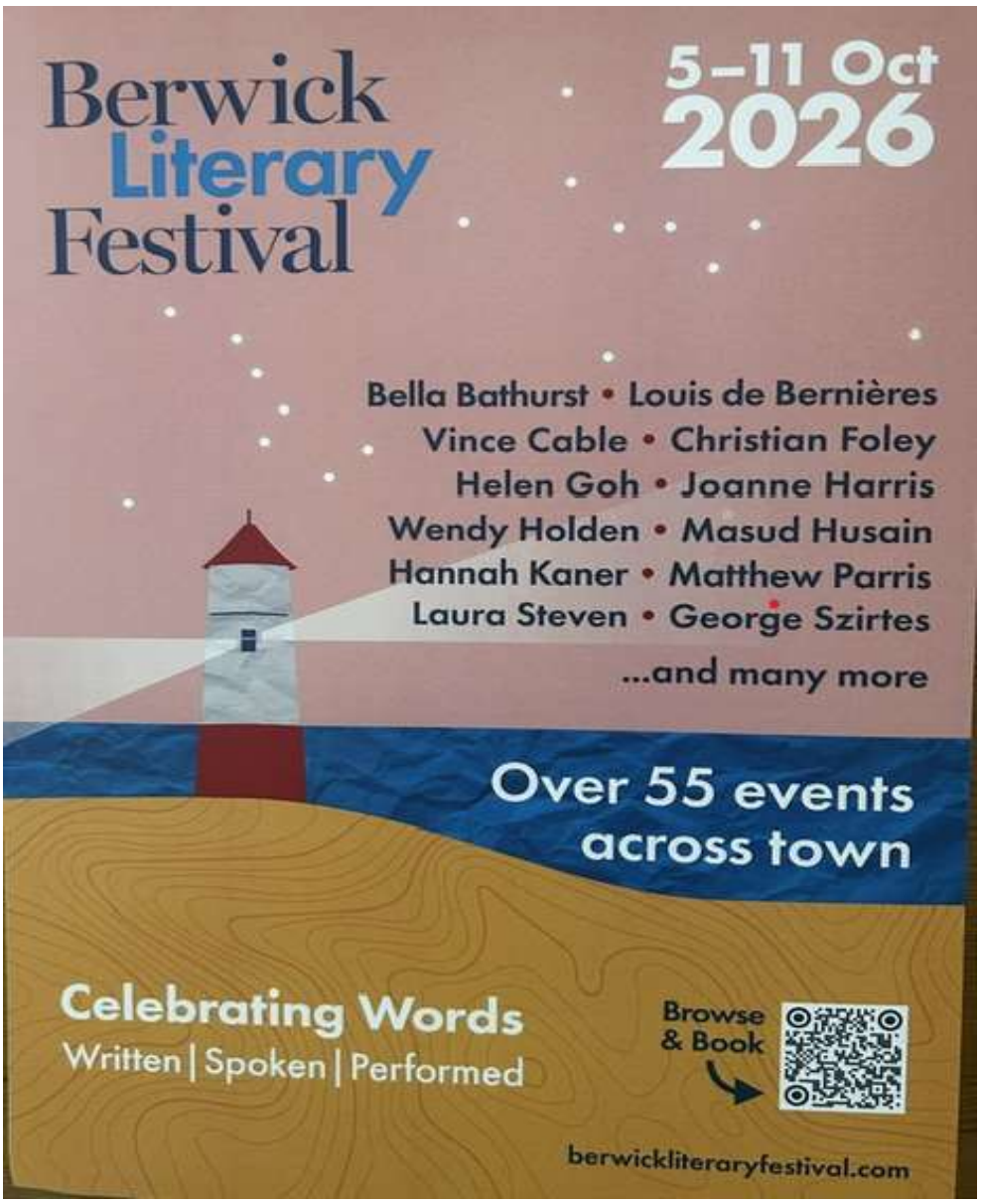
Several years ago, walking round the house I noticed a harvestman on my wall. (By the way, harvestmen aren't spiders, as they have a single fused body. Today's useless piece of information!) I hadn't ever seen this harvestman before, which is one that has recently arrived here, and

doesn’t yet have an English name. It’s known by its scientific name Platybunus Pinetorum, with Pinetorum meaning pine trees. Has it come here to the dock on a consignment of wood, then legged it up to my house? It’s not that far for a long- legged Harvestman to travel.

A picture of the intrepid traveller!

Rena

Photos courtesy of Dougie Walsh



The programme for this year's Berwick Literary Festival celebrates all things Lighthouse and many of the events reflect our Coastal heritage.

The actual birthday of the Lighthouse is the 10 October and there will be events in the town on that day as well as the Literary Festival. There are also celebrations planned for the following Saturday 17 October.

Berwick Heritage Open Days
11-20 September

Heritage open Days is an amazing opportunity to explore venues which are usually closed to the public and to learn about lesser known parts of our history.

The events and buildings are spread across Berwick, Tweedmouth and Spittal.

Most events are free and a full list can be found at:
www.berwickhods.org.uk

Spotlight on a local charity

Brainbox: support for families in Berwick and beyond

For many families, having a child or young person with a brain injury, neuroligical condition or additional needs can bring challenges that are difficult to navigate alone. A North East charity called **Brainbox** is working to make sure families have somewhere to turn.

Established in 2010, Brainbox is a proactive neuro-disability charity supporting families across the North East of England where a child or adult has survived an acquired brain injury and is living with a neorological condition or has neurodiversity. Its work includes family support, community listening and social activities, as well as specific programmes for younger children and teenagers.

Importantly for families in Berwick and surrounding area, **Brainbox** provides free support for families with children and young people 0-25 who have a brain injury or additional needs, with monthly drop-ins in Berwick.
These drop-ins offer an opportunity for families to find out what support is available, meet others who may understand their experiences and discover that they are not alone.

Paul and Lizzie Bruin's son, Lewis, suffered a life-threatening heart attack at their home in Spittal, which left him with brain injuries. He was stabilised by Doctors at Wansbeck before he was transferred to the RVI in Newcastle and then on to the Freeman Hospital. He was diagnosed with Wolff-Parkinson-White syndrome, a heart condition which can cause the heart to beat abnormally fast for periods of time. He had an operation to repair the problem and made a good recovery. But, he suffered a life-changing brain injury.
Brainbox has offered fantastic support to the family. There is a really active group of supporters and volunteers working with the group. Only recently doing a bucket collection at Asda, where there was an opportunity to chat to volunteers and find out more about the charity.

The Church Collection at Communion on 13 September is for **Brainbox.**

Please give generously.

NORTHERN EDGE
— COFFEE —
Speciality Coffee Roasters

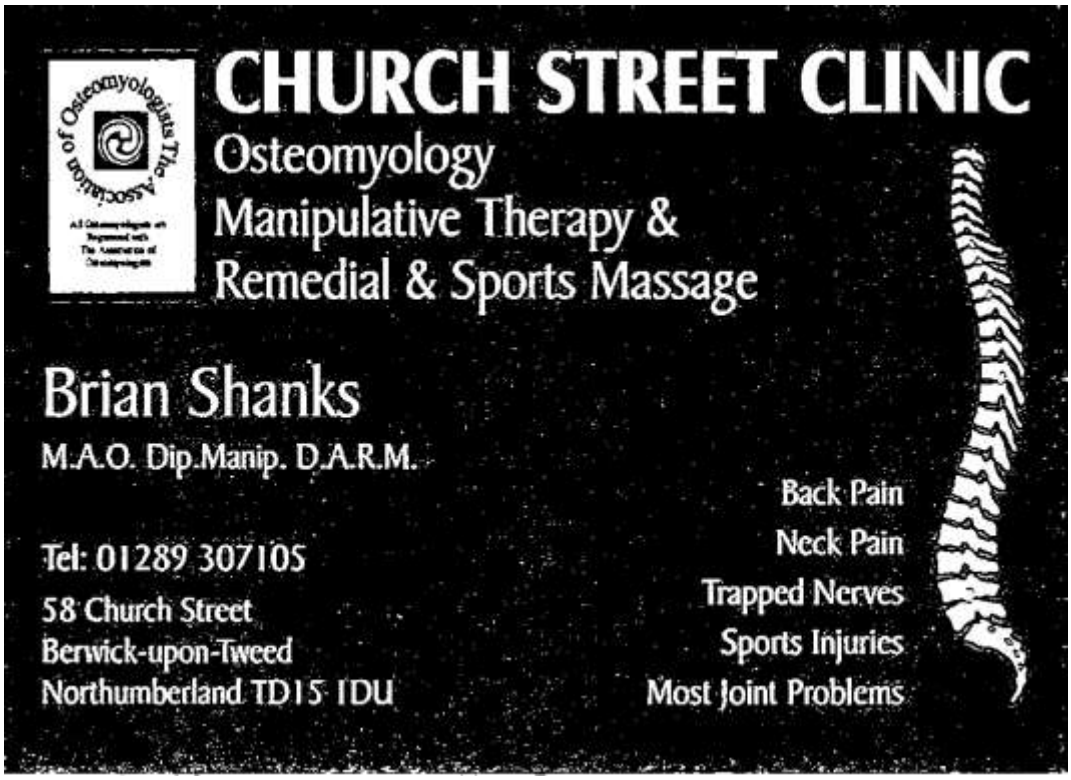
Visit our Coffee House
Light Lunches
7 Silver Street
Berwick-upon-Tweed
TD15 1HU

www.northernedgecoffee.co.uk

Rhapsody
Unisex Hair and Health Salon
6-8 WEST STREET • BERWICK-UPON-TWEED
Tel: (01289) 306996
State Registered Chiropodist Available

Hairworks
Unisex Hair Salon
Now at 4 Marygate
Tel: 01289 305238

THE CORNER HOUSE
The Corner House
For bookings, takeaway orders or any other enquiries
Tel: 01289 304748 or email:
thecornerhouseberwick@gmail.com
find us on Twitter and Instagram @31cornerhouse


Association of Osteomyologists The
CHURCH STREET CLINIC
Osteomyology
Manipulative Therapy &
Remedial & Sports Massage
Brian Shanks
M.A.O. Dip.Manip. D.A.R.M.
Tel: 01289 307105
58 Church Street
Berwick-upon-Tweed
Northumberland TD15 1DU
Back Pain
Neck Pain
Trapped Nerves
Sports Injuries
Most Joint Problems

Notes from the Editor

As always, huge thanks to all of our amazing Contributors. From the Tweed Dock to the Gulf of Mexico, via most of the Scottish Islands and a few East Coast picnics.
Our Coastal Heritage has impacted on our lives in so many ways.

Let us all enjoy the celebrations of the Pier and the Tweed Dock in October.

Thanks to Cameron Robinson for our front cover and to Dougie Walsh for his super lighthouse photos.

Publication Team:

Editor: Joan Montgomery
joaniemontgomery@btinternet.com

Advertising: Susan Jordan

Printing: Keith Montgomery

The contents of this magazine can be found at sawg.uk

Many thanks to our generous sponsors