

BUILDING TOGETHER IN WORSHIP, WITNESS AND SERVICE



The **Cairn**



News from St. Anne's Scottish Episcopal & Methodist Church in Dunbar

Rector's Letter

The other week I was surprised to see a large photograph of Dunbar in the i Newspaper. It showed the action on our local beach at the start of the European Land Art Festival which centred around stone stacking. It's always good to see local events making the national news.



The human race has been stacking stones for many thousands of years as a way of marking routes and boundaries or celebrating events and paying tribute to those

who have died. I've been grateful on many a cloud covered hill top for the cairns that guide me safely along the correct path.

Checking the internet, I came across an article saying stone stacking really took off in the 2010's. Not sure that's correct, I first came across a lot of stacks of stone placed singly one on top of another back in 2003 on a beach in Vancouver. A few years later, we found a

Inside

A nice surprise

pg 3

Temporary residents

pg 5

Maybe something happened

pg 7

Coffee & chat

pg 12

To make you smile

pg 13

Fundraising

pg 14

What's on

pg 15

profusion of them above a voe on Shetland. By 2011 we witness that stones were being stacked by Lake Tekapo in New Zealand.

The stacks on the beach, be it in Dunbar or Vancouver, will only last until the tide arrives and demolishes them. Back in 2019, I managed to get a photograph of one of James Craig's stacks disappearing under the water. As it collapsed it sent circular waves out into the bay in ever widening



rings. A rather special moment. Whether we erect a stone stack that only lasts till the next tide or a ring of stone such as those at Brodgar that have stood for 4000 thousand years at least, it does seem that there is something within us that gains from the experience of

witnessing this use of stone. I grew up

where there were miles and miles of dry-stone walls. Great skill and effort had been employed in constructing the walls without the use of cement.

This is a letter for the opening pages of the church magazine, the Cairn! A cairn, a stack of stones to guide us, to mark boundaries, to a reminder and more. Other than a link with the magazine name what can a stack of stones say to us? Well, most stone stacks are preceded by those that fall down! Disaster, no, the opportunity to rebuild. Dry-stone walls do get knocked down but again they can be rebuilt using mainly the same stone.

Stacks and walls being constantly rebuilt and adapted to ensure they stay erect and useful. Our church is always adapting to changing attitudes yet with the same firm foundation of the base stone, Jesus. St Anne's seems good at adapting, new ways, new styles, new projects and fresh engagement with the world and community but still rooted in the love of God. Let us pray that the ripples that spread out from us, the people of St. Anne's reach far and wide inviting those who need it, to experience the love that God offers all.

Geoff

A glass of cold water... or a bar of Galaxy?

Harriet's sermon on Sunday the 28th of June, was, in part, on the passage from Matthew 10.42 'And if anyone gives even a cup of cold water to these little ones who is my disciple, truly I tell you, that person will certainly not lose their reward.' Who wouldn't want to be 'the giver of a cup of cold water'? It is so easy to see oneself as the person who 'does things for others'. As an ex-nurse, it's in the bones! Could this be a misconception? A lovely experience the other day showed me this just might be so.



I was pottering around in the church garden, just a bit of weeding, cutting and such like. I popped back into church for a cup of tea and when I came out again I saw a young lad sitting on the bench in the front garden looking at his phone. Given the recent troubles in church I felt a little nervous - was he one of the 'trouble makers'? He looked a little worse for wear, I have to say, but he greeted me in a friendly manner. All well and good. After a while I asked him whether he liked sitting in the garden. 'Oh yes', he said 'this is my thinking bench.' Intriguing! 'Do you come here often, then?' 'Yes, ever since I was 10 years old, I sit here most days.' 'So, why here?' 'I really like the peace here' - he gestured at the flowers - 'it's nice, and sometimes there is even someone to chat to.'

He asked my name and formally shook my hand as we introduced ourselves to each other. I offered to make him a cuppa, but he declined and after a few more minutes of chat I said I had finished in the garden and we said our good byes. Something about this young man touched my heart. I thought that if he had come here since he was 10 to do some thinking, his home life might not have been great. He looked a bit rough, unkempt, possibly hungover, so maybe his life still wasn't great. Yet he was perfectly friendly and articulate and very likeable. I wondered whether there was anything else I should have said or done for him.

At that moment he came round the corner to where I was unlocking my bike. 'Here, I got this for you' he said with a big smile on his face. A big bar of Galaxy chocolate was thrust into my hand. 'Oh!!!... Well!... Thank you!! I'll polish that off this afternoon, very kind of you.' The smile got even bigger and with a little wave he went off, leaving me standing in astonishment and, I must admit, a little tearful.



So, who was the giver? Who was the helper? Who was the little one, who will not lose their reward? I wonder...

Ursula

Temporary residents at St Anne's



Our swallow chicks have finally fledged. They have been with us in the porch for several weeks. Naked and blind when born they are entirely reliant on their parents for food (insects). They stay in the nest typically for about 3 weeks and this picture was taken just before they left to fend for themselves. We wish them well.

Mike

Maybe Something Happened

John Muir Country Park was quieter than he remembered.

Not silent exactly. Nothing here was ever truly silent, there was always something on the breeze, the waves on the nearby Forth, the wind hissing through wet grass beyond the dunes, the strange animal cries drifting over the fence from East Links Family Park.

He had started walking here to get fit. A daily walk, the doctor had said, would do him good.

The path narrowed as it entered the darker part of the woods. Rain from the previous night dripped from the branches onto his shoulders. The smell of pine and damp earth rose from the ground. His trainers sank into the softened trail. He made a mental note to buy a proper pair of walking boots instead of relying on trainers that had long ago surrendered, just like him, to middle age.

Then he heard it. A branch snapped somewhere in the woods.

Sharp enough to stop him instantly. Not loud exactly. Just sudden.

The sound carried in that peculiar woodland way, impossible to place properly. Was it in front or did it come from behind? He couldn't tell.

He stood still listening.

No footsteps or voices. Not even birds scattering. Only the slow return of the wind moving through the branches.

He almost laughed at himself. A grown man frozen by the sound of a snapped twig.

Yet something in him remained alert. He walked on more slowly now.

The woods here had changed over the years. Storm Arwen had uprooted entire sections. New paths appeared where old ones vanished beneath moss and nettles. Uprooted trunks lay half buried like old shipwrecks on the seabed.

Further along the path he saw movement between the trees.

At first he thought it was a deer. Then a woman in a bright red waterproof emerged through the branches, marching briskly towards him. A black Labrador trotted ahead of her.

The dog stopped suddenly, staring motionless, first scanning the trees, then it looked directly at him.

Its ears flattened slightly before it scurried after its owner.

The woman nodded politely as she passed but did not smile.

He listened to her footsteps fade into the distance until the woods swallowed them completely. Then silence again. Did the dog share his uneasiness?

He carried on walking, more aware now of how isolated the woods became once the paths curved away from the open dunes. Arwen had left parts of the woodland uneven and strange. Some of the newer trails looked temporary, made by walkers avoiding flooded ground or scattered branches and trunks.

Ahead, two younger men on mountain bikes rode towards him. One slowed, his head turning not towards him, but beyond, looking into the dark wall of trees at his back. His expression tightened. "You hear that?" he said quietly.

The other rider listened as he stopped pedalling. For a moment neither moved.

"Hear what?" he asked. "A sharp crack, like a whip....or a gunshot" was the response.

The rearguard rider forced a nervous shrug. "Probably just the usual forest noises." But his voice lacked conviction.

Without another word, the pair pushed hard on their pedals and disappeared down the beach path, tyres rushing through the wet grass.

He stood still watching them disappear between the trees.

What had they heard? The same sound he'd heard earlier, or something else entirely?

What unsettled him most was not the question itself, but the speed with which they had decided to leave without further investigation having mentioned the word "*gunshot*". Did they know something he didn't?

The woods seemed different now. As though unseen things moved quietly beyond the edges of the path, never quite revealing themselves.

Then he noticed the footprints.

Bare footprints pressed into the mud just off the path. One print, then another. Leading away from the path and deeper into the trees.

They were huge, much bigger than his, jeepers, with feet that size, you could get a job as a clown, he thought.

He stared at them far longer than he meant to, the mud inside the prints still held water. Clearly they were freshly made, a cold prickling sensation raised the hairs on the back of his neck.

Who walks barefoot through woodland in March?

He glanced between the trees, suddenly aware of how many places there were for somebody to stand unseen.

The woods no longer felt empty.

He became conscious of his own breathing. Too loud somehow.

He told himself not to be ridiculous. Probably campers, some young idiot with humungous size 12s, drunk after a night on the beach. Likely some students, then he quickly chastised himself for his long held anti student prejudice.

Time to head back to the car, he told himself.

A few seconds later something exploded out from between the trees.

He jumped violently. a strangled noise escaped him, half gasp, half curse as he lurched backwards on the wet path, arms flailing wildly enough to embarrass himself before ending up on his backside.

A runner burst past wearing headphones and fluorescent Lycra, breathing like an asthmatic accordion, unaware he had nearly caused a middle-aged cardiac event.

"Sorry mate," the runner puffed over his shoulder before disappearing up the trail.

He hauled himself up gingerly, hand pressed hard against his thumping chest.

From somewhere high above, a seagull let out a harsh screech that sounded suspiciously like laughter.

He pondered the list of events that had unnerved him. All perfectly explainable, no real danger, there were no wild animals hiding in the bushes. The only danger was to his dented pride and damp backside.

Still, his heart rate had not entirely settled.

He stopped to gather himself where the trees thinned and the light opened towards the car park.

A few gulls drifted against the wind. Were they the same ones that terrorised the High Street every morning? Probably, the Dunbar gulls behaved less like birds and more like organised crime.

He smiled despite himself.

He drove slowly back through town. Past the chippy with steamed-up windows and a queue snaking out the door. A few of the aforementioned gulls strutted along the High Street inspecting the evening trade like tiny nightclub bouncers in white suits.

Without really deciding to, he found himself parking outside the pub.

Inside was the usual noise and warmth. Glasses clinking. Football on the telly. The comforting smell of beer and less pleasant damp jackets drying beside the radiator.

Tam was in his usual corner.

Two visitors argued about the local claim that Dunbar was Scotland's sunniest town. "It might be the sunniest but its definitely not the warmest" one retorted.

"Oot walking again?" Tam asked as he reached the bar.

"Aye."

"See Bigfoot this time?"

"Aye," he replied absently. "Maybe."

It seemed like the whole pub froze, drinks paused half way towards wide open mouths, waiting in anticipation.

He told them about the woods, adding some drama for effect. The snapping branch, or was it a gunshot. The gulls suddenly lifting from the trees. The Labrador, too scared to move. The frightened cyclists racing away into the distance, chased by the wheezing runner.

Then he mentioned the footprints.

Nobody interrupted while he spoke. Tam listened carefully before asking.

"So what was it then?"

He looked down into his glass for a moment.

"I'm no' sure," he admitted. "But something happened."

The two men exchanged faint smiles.

For years he had told stories that all asked the same question:
Had something really happened, or had he simply let his imagination wander too far ahead of him?

Usually, by the second pint and the first round of laughter, the answer settled itself.

Nothing happened.

But tonight felt different.

Not because he had found proof of anything lurking in the woods.

Only because, for the first time in years, he could not quite convince himself that there had been nothing there at all.

Tam raised his glass. "To Bigfoot."

The bar chuckled with laughter.

He laughed too and lifted his pint with the others, but the his was half hearted, because even now, above the noise of the pub, he could still hear something whistling in the wind.

Rab

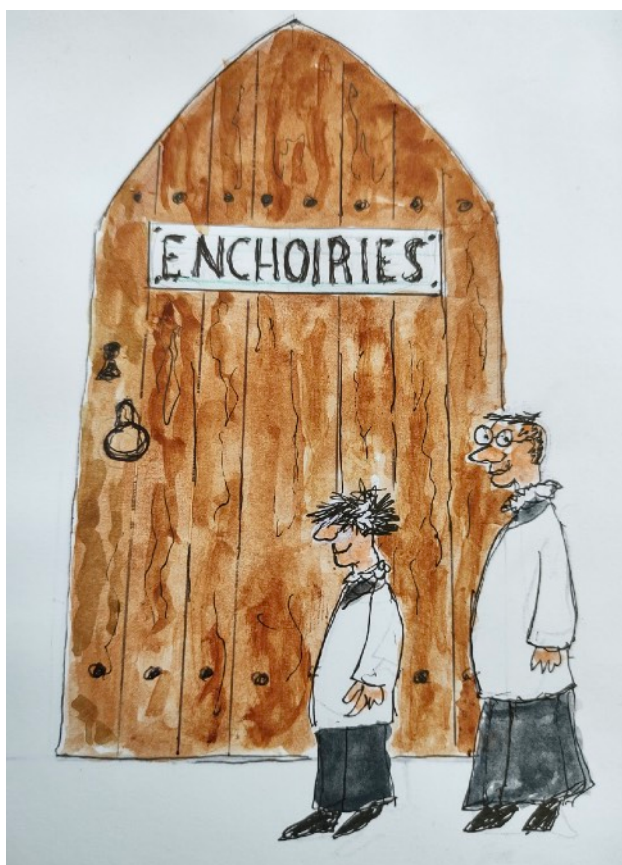
Coffee & Chat outing

The coffee & chat group recently went on an outing to Berwick and the community council kindly funded the coach. We had coffee at the Granary and then wandered the shops. The day concluded with a fish supper at Eyemouth golf club. We also happened on the editor of a really good magazine called 'The Bridge' and apparently we are going to be in this month's edition! A good day out for the 20 people who came.



Noreen

To make you smile



...Rodney, I've been meaning to have a word with you about your carbon footprint!

Fundraising Calendar

Following on from last month's article about the fundraising brainstorming event Pam has produced a calendar of activities each month over the next year. If anyone would like to get involved in any of these activities / events please talk to Pam or a member of Vestry. The more people who get involved the greater the likelihood of success so please think about how you could contribute.

The exact dates for most of these events have yet to be finalised but plenty of notice will be given, in church, on the website and in the Cairn.



ST ANNE'S CHURCH, DUNBAR

Community Events & Fundraising Calendar 2026-2027

WORKING TOGETHER TO SUPPORT OUR CHURCH AND COMMUNITY

SEPTEMBER 2026  Coffee Morning & Cake Sales  Guest Speaker (every other month)	OCTOBER 2026  Anne's Pantry  Film Club  Art Exhibition & Sale	NOVEMBER 2026  Anne's Pantry  Film Club  Christmas Sale • Christmas Cards • Christmas Puddings • Crafts • Calendars	DECEMBER 2026  9 Lessons & Carols  Crib Service
JANUARY 2027  Anne's Pantry  Film Club  Guest Speaker (every other month)  Quiz Night	FEBRUARY 2027  Anne's Pantry  Film Club	MARCH 2027  Anne's Pantry  Film Club  Art Exhibition & Sale  Guest Speaker (every other month)	APRIL 2027  Anne's Pantry
MAY 2027  Anne's Pantry  Vinted Sale • Clothes • Jewellery • Crafts • Auction  Guest Speaker (every other month)	JUNE 2027  Anne's Pantry  Organ Recital  Guest Speaker (every other month)	JULY 2027  Anne's Pantry  Local Musicians Event  Guest Speaker (every other month)	AUGUST 2027  Anne's Pantry  Organ Recital

ALL YEAR

 100 CLUB • Richard Kendall • Alasdair Swan	 TUBE COLLECTION • David Robins • John Rea • Pippa Swan	 LOOSE CHANGE BUCKET • David Robins • John Rea • Pippa Swan	 FOREIGN CURRENCY EXCHANGE • David Robins • John Rea • Pippa Swan
 CHRISTMAS CARDS, PUDDINGS & CALENDARS • Mike Harvey • Anne Harvey			

What's on at St Anne's

St Anne's Church, Dunbar

Silent Reflective Mornings in 2026

**Monthly on Saturdays
at 10.30am for an hour**

- 6th June
- 4th July
(extended session for Summer Silence)
- 1st August
- 5th September
- 3rd October
- 7th November
- 5th December
(extended session for Advent)

Each session is followed by coffee and chat

Contact for queries - Sharon Morgan
sharon@eh42.scot

**SHARING
PERSPECTIVES**

WE ARE LAUNCHING AN INFORMAL MONTHLY GROUP SHARING PERSPECTIVES ON RICHARD ROHR'S DAILY MEDITATIONS FROM THE CENTER FOR ACTION AND CONTEMPLATION.

WE MEET ON THE LAST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH TO REFLECT ON THAT MONTH'S MEDITATIONS. NO PREPARATION NEEDED - JUST COME AS YOU ARE. ALL WELCOME.

THE CAC'S DAILY MEDITATIONS DRAW ON THE CHRISTIAN MYSTICAL TRADITION, EXPLORING CONTEMPLATION, COMPASSION AND NON-DUAL THINKING - INVITING US TO SEE GOD IN ALL THINGS.

ST ANNE'S CHURCH

FIRST MEETING: MONDAY 29TH JUNE 2026 AT 4PM

SUBSCRIBE TO THE DAILY MEDITATIONS:
CAC.ORG/DAILY-MEDITATIONS

ANY QUESTIONS?
SECRETARY@STANNESDUNBAR.ORG.UK

Next meeting 27th August at 4pm. Thereafter every last Monday of the month at 4pm

Heart of Dunbar Festival service

On Sunday 16th August at 4pm at St Anne's

This will be a joint service between St Anne's and Belhaven / Spott churches. It will be an all age service with activities, talks and singing. The theme for the service is 'Celebrating our community'. All are welcome

CUPPA		TUESDAYS 10AM - 12NOON
	CAKE	
ST ANNE'S CHURCH		CHAT

Come on in, the kettle's hot!

Take what you need
Give what you can
Everyone is welcome

www.stannesdunbar.org.uk

Thursdays
at St Anne's Church

10.30 am
Quiet Communion Service
followed by discussion about faith and life

12.00 midday
Prayers for peace - gather at the Peace Pole

www.stannesdunbar.org.uk



Notices

Please note that there will be no singing group at the Sunday services in July and August as they are taking a well earned rest. So, we all need to step up to the plate with our best voices!

Margaret Laidlaw would like to remind congregants that she collects used stamps for charity and would be grateful for any contributions.

Anne's Pantry

As part of our funding raising plans, we are reviving Anne's Pantry, a baked goods sale , once a month after our Sunday worship.

If you are a baker please bake whatever you enjoy baking with a list of the ingredients you have used.

If you are a cake consumer please bring your money or card.



The events this autumn will be on Sunday 18th October , November 15th and 13th December.

St Anne's Christmas puddings will be available for sale on 15th November and December 13th



Readings and Rotas

Sunday 2nd August (Pentecost 10)

Isaiah 55:1-5, Matthew 14:13-21

Readings: Brian

Intercessions: Mark

Chalice: Mark

Organ: Brian

Sunday 9th August (Pentecost 11)

1 Kings 19:9-18, Matthew 14:22-33

Readings: Rupert

Intercessions: Liz

Chalice: Robert

Organ: Diana

Sunday 16th August (Pentecost 12)

Isaiah 56 1:6-8, Matthew 15: (10-20), 21-28

Readings: Stuart

Intercessions: Sharon

Chalice: Sharon

Organ: Brian

Sunday 23rd August (Pentecost 13)

Isaiah 51:1-6, Matthew 16:13-20

Readings: Alasdair

Intercessions: Noreen

Chalice: Robert

Organ: George

Sunday 30th August (Pentecost 14)

Jeremiah 15:15-21

Readings: Mike

Intercessions: Anne

Chalice: Anne

Organ: Brian

All readings use the
New Revised
Standard Version of
the Bible

Services at St. Anne's

Sunday

10.30am - Holy Communion

Young Church every 1st and 3rd Sunday

Thursday

10.30am - Holy Communion followed by coffee and chat

12.00pm - Prayers at the Peace Pole



Rector: Revd. Harriet Johnston

email: rector@stannesdunbar.org.uk

Rest days Friday & Saturday

Useful Contacts

Vestry Secretary Pam Shields: secretary@stannesdunbar.org.uk

Treasurer Rab Shields: treasurer@stannesdunbar.org.uk

PVG Coordinator Rev'd Geoff Shutt:
safeguarding@stannesdunbar.org.uk / 07485 238663

Young Church Diana Greene:
youngchurch@stannesdunbar.org.uk

Event Bookings David Robins: events@stannesdunbar.org.uk

Organ Enquiries Brian Dale: organist@stannesdunbar.org.uk

Magazine (contributions) comms@stannesdunbar.org.uk

Please send Cairn contributions by the third Sunday of the month

Website Enquiries David Robertson:

Pastoral Care Enquiries

pastoralsupport@stannesdunbar.org.uk

Sharon Morgan 01368 864582 / Harriet Johnston 07511 876294

Find us on 

www.stannesdunbar.org.uk

St. Anne's Scottish Episcopal & Methodist Church, Dunbar is a Scottish Charity, SC010950, regulated by the Scottish Charity Regulator (OSCR)