

# EASTER 2025 NEWSLETTER

## Pencaitland Parish Church



[www.pencaitlandparishchurch.org.uk](http://www.pencaitlandparishchurch.org.uk)

'Christos Anesti'  
'Alithos Anesti'

Many years ago, now Carole and I spent an Easter in Cyprus and I was struck by and indeed moved by the way that Cypriots stopped greeting each their usual way on Easter Sunday and for a few days thereafter, instead, they said 'Christos Anesti' and the reply was 'Alithos Anesti' ('Christ is risen' 'indeed he is risen'). The natural almost casual way that Easter was brought into the everyday lives of people was quite lovely but also a salutary reminder of how significant Easter is for those of us who believe in Jesus.

Easter is the very bedrock of the Christian faith without the resurrection Christianity would make little sense and have far less potency. John Wimber the Christian leader and writer argued that we should spell 'faith' 'RISK'. I wonder if Easter for us should rather be spelled HOPE.

There was a chorus we used to sing a while ago now:

Because He lives, I can face tomorrow,  
Because He lives, all fear is gone;  
Because I know He holds the future,  
And life is worth the living,  
Just because He lives!

That's the point! We are about to celebrate what Christians regard as central event in human history and the most joyous and momentous one too!

May I wish you all a happy and blessed Easter

Andrew  
(Part time locum minister)

### PASTORAL CARE

Kathryn Reid (07749 262040) is our pastoral care co-ordinator. The Rev John Hunter (341677) is also available to provide pastoral assistance if the need arises.

### Diary dates

#### Sunday 13 April

Palm Sunday Communion  
11.00 am  
Pencaitland Parish Church

#### Friday 18 April

Good Friday Communion  
7.30 pm  
Pencaitland Parish Church

#### Sunday 20 April

Easter Sunday Breakfast  
Service 8am  
Ormiston Parish Church

#### Sunday 20 April

Easter Sunday Service  
11.00 am  
Pencaitland Parish Church

## Happy Easter



**YOU are the best  
resource our church  
has; whatever your role,  
wherever you do it.  
We're so grateful for  
you.**

## Parish News

We are sad to share the news of the recent deaths of our member, Marion Sinclair and former minister, Colin Donaldson



It was with great sadness that we learned of the death of **Rev Colin Donaldson**, our minister in Pencaitland and Ormiston Churches from 1982 until his retirement in 1998. A service of thanksgiving for his life was held in St Leonard's Parish Church, St Andrews on 17<sup>th</sup> March and the following tribute has been based on this service with permission from his family.

Colin was born on 27 August 1934, the youngest of 3 sons of James and Winifred Donaldson, and grew up in Tayport in Fife. He attended New Park School (from which he ran away!) and then Merchiston. After school he did his national service with the Black Watch in British Guyana before joining the family business James Donaldson Timber. He worked his way up to being Sales Director and knew everything there was to know about wood and the company's range of timber products. During his 21 years in the family business he also knew and cared about every employee.

At the age of 40, knowing the next generation of Donaldsons was ready to take over the family business, Colin felt the call to the ministry. He became a student and absolutely loved studying and being a student. He did his probationary year in New Jersey before being called to Pencaitland and Ormiston.

At Colin's service part of a letter from the congregation here was read. It had been given to him on his retiral in 1998 and outlined many of his attributes that made him so well-loved as our parish minister. For each one of us in Pencaitland Colin's ministry was special. He was always loving, kind and sincere, always approachable and he reflected his love for his Master. He sought ways of peace and was never remotely patronising. He was never complete without Marion who was encouraging, enthusiastic and willing to give 200% of herself to God's work in Pencaitland and Ormiston.

In 1994-95 Colin and Marion were blessed to enjoy an exchange visit with Mata Mata church in New Zealand. Members there remembered him as always accessible and available. They enjoyed weekly stories about Bobby (as we did too). Colin introduced them to Alpha courses and his legacy is that they still run 2 programmes a year. He and Marion took an active part in pastoral work together and lived out the words of Colin's favourite hymn, Brother, sister let me serve you. They also took part in Pathways family fellowship, whole church social activities with dinners and concerts. At the end of each event 'Keep me shining Lord' was sung and Mata Mata still have a wooden plaque with these words donated by Colin and Marion on their hall wall. Colin and Marion were greatly missed when they returned to Scotland. They kept in close touch and were welcomed back regularly when services went online.

Colin retired in 1998 and enjoyed a wonderful retirement in St Andrews. He had an amazing memory for people and places and knew everything there was to know about St Andrews. He did suffer from some health issues and nearly died in 2005 but enjoyed lots of travel and keeping in touch with family and friends. He loved spending time with his grandchildren and also great grandchildren. Colin's family remembers him as a warm, gentle parent who would do anything for his family. He had a hidden sense of humour and once he started laughing he could not stop. He loved to play rugby and football. He was a regular at Murrayfield internationals and hated Scotland losing ....particularly in the Calcutta Cup! He loved Perthshire and enjoyed many holidays at Crieff Hydro with the family.

Colin met Marion at a camp where she was cooking and it was love at first sight. Marion still has a box of precious handwritten letters they wrote to each other when they were apart during their 2 year engagement. Their deep love for each other lasted 68 years and during that time they would have done anything for each other. Romance never waned. Marion was always by Colin's side in their life of service and she spent the last 4 days of his life by his side in hospital. They celebrated their 65<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary last year. Every night in their family prayers they gave thanks for each other and one of their favourite hymns Give Thanks with a Grateful Heart was sung at Colin's service as was The King of Love my Shepherd is, one of their wedding hymns.

A closing tribute to Colin was given by Tom, a young man in his early 20s who considered Colin and Marion two of his best friends during his student days in St Andrew (2018-22). He met them by chance in a café. They had a brief conversation passing the time of day and they invited him to join them for lunch. As a hungry student on the look-out for free food he accepted and that lunch turned into afternoon tea with lemon cake at their home, trips with them, staying for holidays and unending hospitality. Tom learned the joys to be found in everyday living, simple pleasures. Their time together was never dull. They discussed politics, cricket scores, St Andrews pubs. Colin had great patience and really listened to him and Tom

realised how fortunate he was to meet such a wise strong Christian so early in his walk with faith. He formed a very strong bond with Colin and Marion, two 90+ year olds, and wonders if that chance meeting might have been a divine appointment. They shared love with him way beyond what you might expect from a stranger and in their lives demonstrated how to share your faith with anyone you meet.

The lasting memory of Colin will surely be a man of great faith, sitting with his bible letting the scriptures speak. He loved Marion, his family, his friends but Jesus most of all.

Colin's service is still available on line. Colin was greatly influenced by CS Lewis and his son recommend reading 'A Grief Observed'. Hope in a time of grief was explored in the service.

## **Marion Sinclair** (apologies no photograph)

Marion Fraser Pow was born on the 24<sup>th</sup> Nov 1937 to parents George and Marion Pow. She was brought up in Athelstaneford along with her sister Nancy. Marion attended Athelstaneford Primary School and continued her education at North Berwick High School. On leaving school in 1954 she trained as a Nursery nurse at St Catherines in Liberton. Edinburgh. While she was training she lived with her Aunt Rachael in Musselburgh and went with her aunt to the Fishermans Mission church which she loved, and on finishing her training she went to work at Dr Barnardos in Glasculin in North Berwick where she worked for 12 months and then moved to a children's centre in Edinburgh.

Marion was being eyed up by the boy next door and they eventually started going out together and the rest as we say is history. Marion and Hugh Sinclair were married and were delighted when in 1960 Derek their first son was born, followed a year later by their second son Andrew. Two years later their daughter Grace was born. The family lived at Athelstaneford Mains where many happy memories were made. Marion often worked side by side with Hugh in the fields there. They moved to Kirkpark in Dunbar, then to 25 Huntlaw Road in Pencaitland where Marion remained until she moved into Florabank Care Home. She received excellent care from the staff there.

But let's go back a few years Marion spent a number of years looking after the family until she went back to work, but she kept her interest in children alive as took on being a Sunday School teacher in her church at Athelstaneford. Marion had a very strong faith and she carried her bible instead of flowers on her wedding day. Marion began her renewed career in Haddington Nursery School in 1974. The Children called her Mrs Brown as she always wore brown jumpers and skirts and this name was remembered with affection. Marion was the first person to receive the MBE for her services covering more than 40 years to young children. She and her husband Hugh and brother Peter and his wife Winnie travelled to Buckingham Palace in London to receive her MBE from Queen Elizabeth. She said she was overwhelmed at the honour for doing the work that she had loved doing. She felt it was a great honour to have received her MBE. Marion had lots of interests but her family were top of the list. She was over the moon when her 6 grandchildren came along and even more so when her 7 great grandchildren arrived. She made good friends who were life-long.

Marion loved her holidays and travelled all over Britain and went abroad on bus tours. She had many interests including knitting, cross stitch, sudoku and she also wrote poems. Her church and faith were very important to her. She was an elder at Pencaitland, and she held a Bible Study in her house. Marion read her bible every day and said grace before each meal. She never wore makeup. She said she was just as her God had made her and she didn't need anything else to adorn her; she was just beautiful as herself.

Marion was stopped by the police for speeding along Pencaitland road. She was breathalysed but she did not have enough puff so the police gave up and let her go. She was mortified!

Annie sums Marion up perfectly for all who knew her. 'Marion was a wonderful lady, a regular attendee of our Bible Study group. Very humble, truly gentle, a beautiful knitter who often gave children's knitted garments to families in need, I never heard her say a cross word about anyone or anything. Marion was a faithful Christian lady, who led seaside missions, worked with and loved children all her life. It really was a privilege to know her and spend time with her'.

Thanks to Jaqueline Waugh, Haddington West Church, for sharing her tribute

## Covid reflections

Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> March was Covid reflection day, an opportunity to come together to remember those who lost their lives to COVID since the pandemic began and to honour the tireless work and acts of kindness shown during this time. The staggering statistic is that in the UK alone more than 200,000 people lost their lives to this 'flu-like' illness.

It is 5 years since the first case was confirmed in Scotland and 5 years since a pandemic was declared by the WHO (World Health Organisation). On 24 March it was 5 years since the first lockdown started and all our lives changed forever. It is 5 years since I started this newsletter to try and keep our members together when our church closed its doors. It was never intended as a serious piece of journalism but rather as carrying a message of hope in a time of uncertainty and including a few lighthearted articles on topics we would normally have discussed over coffee after a Sunday service.

The COVID Enquiry is doing the painfully slow job of looking back at what happened and what could have been done better but what are your memories of the effect COVID had on our lives? I started online Tesco shopping and have never gone back to doing a supermarket shop in person. We started Zoom church services (had any of us ever heard of zoom before?) and this has continued. I looked back to see what I actually did to pass the long months of lockdown and found I had been on hours and hours of local walks and properly appreciated the changing seasons around us. Needless to say I hadn't done any of the decluttering that could have been done. My excuse ... the tip and charity shops were closed! We all learned to appreciate friends and family more as we were banned from entering their homes and socialising. We had our Christmas 2020 family gathering in the car park at Gullane beach because of the restrictions on indoor gatherings. One son was working on setting up the NHS vaccination programme and was in amongst so many people he had a fear of passing on germs to us. Our daughter worked on the wards in RIE that Christmas Day and she was also afraid of passing us the virus. It was a bit chilly but very memorable. Lockdown brought long hours of loneliness for many living alone and fraught hours for those cooped up juggling homeschooling and 'working from home', another new concept. When things opened up never did a hug feel so good.

What are your memories of that bizarre period in our lives? (good or bad?). Have we learned from the experience?

The things I remember about Covid, like Margaret, are discovering long walks and seeing ducklings on the river and finding a new appreciation of nature. Zoom was a life-line. I enjoyed the church services and also did lots of Zoom exercise classes. I was in a "bubble" with my mum as she was registered blind so could travel over to Lenzie to visit her. Pub gardens were opened up on her 90th birthday and we were able to meet in a small family group to celebrate with her. Her local pub was excellent and made such a fuss of her. It made it a really special celebration. There were indeed positives but it was a really scary time and not everyone had the same positive experiences.

Linda

### Positive outcome from Covid

Like Margaret I still shop online. At the start of Covid, Asda was the only supermarket where I could find a slot available and I have continued to use it for my staple shopping. I have found all the delivery drivers very friendly and helpful and I now have the added bonus of no more heavy shopping bags to pack and carry.

Margaret will probably be far too modest to add this, but the newsletter has become a very welcome addition to our church fellowship. I really look forward to reading the new edition and I wonder if the newsletter would have been introduced had it not been for Covid.

### Negative outcome from Covid

Before Covid my grandchildren were children and I loved picking them up from school and getting their chat but after Covid that seemed to change, I thought twice about going out and they had grown up and weren't so keen to give granny a hug and tell me their news so I feel I have lost out a little bit.

Moir

I remember being only allowed out of the house for an hour a day, not being allowed to see your loved ones and having no idea of when that would change, listening avidly to the news until it became too difficult and upsetting to listen to. My most vivid memory of lockdown was when "household bubbles" became permissible and I was at last able to visit my dad in Fife. I remember driving over the Queensferry Crossing and mine was the only car on it; no-one behind me, in front of me or on the other carriageway - a very eerie feeling, as if I was the only person in the world out on the road.

Lessons I learned - to cherish every minute I spend with my loved ones, to appreciate the fact that I have a lovely garden and beautiful surroundings I can spend time in and to be forever grateful that my family and friends all came through that awful time.

Eileen





Editor's note... a magnificent creation

I must be one of the few people who actually enjoyed lockdown! Not all of it though. It was good to get up in the morning with no commitments for the day ahead and decide to ....eg clean out the wool drawer resulting in a Nordic blanket!

I hated shopping though – queuing around Tesco car park and keeping socially distanced and trying not to forget what you really needed.

I hated not having church services in person and then when we could go having to sit in splendid isolation. That was horrid.

When we could get together but in small socially isolated groups I used to cycle down the railway and meet up with 2 friends who cycled up from Dalkeith. We would meet at the picnic tables on the railway line at Ormiston station with 'goodies' in our rucksacks and tins of pink gin and tonic! We always got home faster that way. It was amazing the number of folk who started walking at that time always giving each other a wide berth.

I've walked miles all my life and when we could just go to the hills again 2 friends and I drove up Glen Feshie and walked miles over the Cairngorm plateau to go up a hill called Monadh Mor (1113 meters). It was a long, long day but clear weather except at the summit. We were hungry and thirsty so piled into the bivy bag and ate in its shelter. Suddenly a voice called out 'Anyone in there?' We said yes but that we were socially distanced! When we came out he was never seen by any of us....the Grey man of Ben Macdui perhaps? Dianne

Unlike many of my friends, I did not de clutter, tidy the garage, organise photograph albums or spring clean!

No, I read a lot of books, potted in the garden, got back in touch, via e mail or letter, with friends i hadn't heard from for a while, spent time 'phoning friends and my brother to check they were surviving, playing scrabble with Colin and enjoying the daily hour walk we were allowed. Lockdown also gave me time to ponder on the more important things.... How lovely the silence was, the lack of rushing here, there and everywhere was so refreshing, life at a slower pace was wonderful!

People were resourceful in so many ways, supportive also.

I remember looking out the window one day and seeing my friend and neighbour (Kathryn Reid!) celebrate a very special birthday, she and Alan were on one side of the garden wall while their children and grandchildren were appropriately spaced on the other side of the wall popping the champagne and celebrating in the only way you could at that time!

Similarly, that New Year, all the residents of The Glebe gathered in the street, again appropriately spaced, with a glass in our hands to toast the New Year on the stroke of midnight! No shaking of hands or hugs took place, however, love and comradeship were there in abundance!

Annie

It was most definitely a surreal time. I particularly remember the quiet - no planes in the sky, no vehicles on the A1, no traffic noise, but the distinctive sound of nature was wonderful. Even the air seemed fresher. As time progressed and restrictions eased slightly, more people were out and about and glad to stop and chat for a short while. There seemed to be more neighbourhood and community awareness - a very positive feature. Our family was fortunate not to be badly affected healthwise, unlike others whose stories we heard/read about. I remember Howie's second birthday - standing on their drive singing Happy Birthday! When the family bubbles were introduced, there was home-schooling with Amelie to be done (she loved opening up the laptop and saying Good Morning to the class whereas I had to resort to Google for some primary maths terminology - how education has changed! Then there were the family walks round the neighbourhood. During one of these round Letham, Howie and scooter fell into a pothole breaking one of his front teeth and splitting his lip. Emergency call to the NHS and a call back from a dentist - even that was quite scary as there was no physical consultation permitted. However we all came through that strange period in our lives, hopefully never to be repeated. Home or home/office working seems here to stay, but I wonder about all those families who decided to get a dog during lockdown - any regrets?

Marilyn



Do you remember? Our Rainbow of Hope on the church gates? Pebbles for people on the path? Clapping for the NHS? Our Community Resilience Groups where neighbours picked up prescriptions and shopping for each other? Cutting each others (or your own) hair? Homemade masks? Instead of our Christmas Fair making hampers for our key workers in shops and schools? 'Next slide please' in our daily updates?

## Reaching Out...and ...Helping Others!

The past year has seen no decline in our faithfulness to Dunbar Parish Church Food share! The kindness and generosity of the congregation and a few others who do attend Church, has often meant that my little Mini is insufficient for the task of delivering all that has been given! So, Colin's bigger car is called into service! Colin is always with me now when I deliver our donations, I am still not driving so he is my very willing helper. We get such a welcome from the organisers and volunteers who are often lost for words of gratitude at the amount we take!

The number of people in need of using the foodbank continues to rise with many low paid working people having to apply for help. At Christmas, a local catering company offered to serve a 3 course Christmas Dinner to the clients and a few volunteers. I was fortunate to be invited and sat beside a father and his 12 year old son (who was allowed a longer lunch break from school) and as we chatted, the need for such foodbanks became even more clear. The young lad's main course plate was delivered at the same time as mine and, (I exaggerate not) before I had barely lifted my knife and fork, he was well through his meal! A 12 year old boy, he just "wired in" as we would say in Fife and, boy, did he clean his plate! Young couples with babies and toddlers, older folks, single parent, a true mix, it was a happy time although incredibly sad that it had to happen.

So, you know what is coming....please continue to drop a tin of something in the bin, cleaning products, personal hygiene, (male and female) bottles of diluting juice, tea/coffee, sugar, cereal, biscuits, everything is much needed and so appreciated! Thank you in advance,  
Annie

## Dear Diary, Spring 2020

Well, quite a lot of blank spaces there – including seven weeks of Café closure. It was of course the beginning of the CE i.e Covid Era. A period of mixed emotions for us all – anxiety, sadness, frustration, loneliness and almost disbelief that life could have undergone such a momentous change. It was relatively speaking a short timespan but in many cases with long lasting consequences. Let us hope that such like is never repeated.

Moving on five years, we're thrilled to see that the Café is still making connections. It's great to welcome our regulars, many of whom are with us every week, and new faces coming through the doors. We've also brought on board a few more volunteers – but there's always room for more (contact details below)!

Now on a completely different subject, did you notice the use of the word 'whom' in the second sentence of the paragraph above? A word which to my mind is fast disappearing from our everyday vocabulary. It's a wonderful word much maligned – I feel a petition coming on, BRING BACK THE 'WHOM'!! Are you with me?

Marilyn

07759224340, email [scholzemr@aol.com](mailto:scholzemr@aol.com) or via the [Connections Café Facebook page](#)  
*any help would be greatly appreciated (in-house or at-home baking, regular or occasional)*

*Connections Café is open in the Carriage House Fridays 10am-2pm for soup, filled rolls (all freshly prepared) and delicious home-baking.*

## Sunday services now on Youtube

We are now streaming the morning service to YouTube every week and it will also appear later as a recording. So if you miss a service or can't get onto zoom you should be able to access it at this link (or just search for Pencaitland Church on YouTube).

<https://youtube.com/@pencaitlandparishchurch?si=7U4B7EUX5rRtbgMh>

Please subscribe to the channel if you can or encourage others who may want to watch our services to do so. This will let you know when there is a new video.

## Easter traditions

How do you celebrate Easter? Do you have any particular family traditions ? Or memories of Easter ?



Easter of course is all about the resurrection which was wonderfully celebrated in the Laxenburg church where I was an altar boy. What sticks in my mind is the Good Friday vigil which in a side altar showed Christ's body lying behind a glass screen (on the left). I have never forgotten that image, although the jubilant Easter Sunday services are also clear in my memory, especially the standing spaces only being available. Please google Laxenburg church and view the beauty of this Baroque marvel which was not damaged despite the Soviets' occupation of my village.

But then after the religious celebrations the family came together for the food ones, usually in my Uncle Toni's house which incorporated a shop and a bakery. Being a baker Uncle Toni wrapped the Easter Ham (Osterschinken) in wonderful dough, put it into the oven and later on emerged this absolute delicacy for everyone to enjoy. Served usually with a green sauce made from wild garlic leaves, mashed potatoes, vegetables.... heaven! Oh, I forgot the beer and the wine!  
Robert

Like many children of that time. My siblings and I decorated hard boiled eggs. I was particularly pleased with one I had decorated with an Easter bonnet made from a fairy cake case.  
Mum packed a picnic and we drove up to the Campsie Hills where we rolled our eggs down a very large hill. I made sure mine went into the burn so that there was no chance that I would have to eat it!!  
Linda

I remember one year we decorated eggs to roll at Easter time - well, drew on them with pens. My egg was pink and I was very happy with it, especially when it refused to break no matter how many times we rolled it. It even stood up to several throws! Then Dad got involved, He took it to the bottom of the hill and dropped it on the concrete path - bye pink egg!  
One Easter we took Star for a family walk on Arthur's Seat. We walked on ahead then realised Star was still quite far behind us. We'd forgotten that people would be rolling eggs down the hill and Star was happily tidying up all the bits! She loved that hill!  
Gillian

Every year I put some bare branches in a big vase and hang about 2 dozen eggs on it. They have been given to me by friends over many years and come from all over the world. I have some lovely coloured glass ones which came from Egypt.  
Dianne

We always wore an Easter bonnet to Sunday School. We boiled hardboiled eggs, painted them and rolled them down the hill in the park.  
Moiria

My most memorable Easter experience in recent years was last May when went to Athens and unexpectedly discovered that it was Greek Orthodox Easter weekend. It was a very late flight and as our taxi took us into the city we noticed hundreds of people carrying candles everywhere. The tradition is that at midnight people gather in churches and when the priest announces Christos Anesti, He is Risen, they greet each other with embraces and spread the light from one candle to another and another then out into the streets symbolising the light of Christ's Resurrection being spread far and wide. Easter Sunday was a day for families to celebrate with the traditional Easter meal of roasted lamb. At every street corner we passed rows and rows of spit-roasting lambs and the smell was out of this world. Perhaps it wasn't a meal for vegetarians but it was delicious!  
Margaret

## Book recommendations

It was World Book Day on Thursday 6 March and I was reading that a yougov survey on that day found that 40% of the country had not read a single book in the past year. A further 23% had read/listened to between 1 and 5 books.

As one of the 37% people reading 6+ books a year I am always looking for book recommendations. I'm not talking about books you'd read for a degree in English literature, just some good escapism that makes you read one more chapter and then another before you turn the light out at night. Maybe you've read a good autobiography or a travel guide or something that just transports you from the everyday routine. What have you been reading that you would recommend?

You can always rely on Dianne to come up with some good recommendations...

Ann Cleeves, The Dark Wives - A good read with Vera in Northumberland again. It's a bit formulaic but always a good read

Lucinda Riley, The Light behind the Window - Another good read by the wonderful author of 'The Seven Sisters' series. On similar lines – historical romance, love, war and forgiveness.

Peter May, The Black Loch - Another of his Lewis books on the same lines as his Lewis Trilogy but a standalone – dark!

Sally Magnusson, Music in the Dark - Historical novel about the clearances and the impact on one community. Another good read.

Elizabeth Strout, Tell me Everything - She wrote a series of books about a character called Olive Ketteridge and this is another in the series. Rather quirky, American and maybe not everyone's taste.

Matthew Frank, The Woman who fell - Twisty police procedural with Joe Stark, an ex-army SDS as the main character. A 'one more chapter' book. Compulsive. A good writer

Elizabeth suggests ....

Johanna Bell, The Bobby Girls series A WW1 series about Britain's first female police officers – a great read

Moira's confession ...

I have been reading mindless rubbish. Being a real cheap skate and having Amazon Prime, I read the books that are free! What an admission!

However I have just started to reread a book I read many years ago, The Last Debutante by Lesley Looko. I have enjoyed many of her books in the past.

At Christmas I was given All That Matters by Sir Chris Hoy.

I must admit I viewed the book with trepidation. It was, at times, difficult to read but it also inspired me and gave me hope. What a courageous man.

Linda is also a Lucinda Riley fan ...

I absolutely loved the Seven Sisters series of books by Lucinda Riley. I couldn't put them down and eagerly awaited the next one to come out. The stories are great and are set all over the world. The last book in the series Atlas had to be completed by Lucinda's son as she unfortunately died before it was finished.

I would recommend any book by Lucinda Riley. I have read them all and they are all excellent.

Linda

Like Moira I read Sir Chris Hoy's All that Matters. What an inspirational read!

I am currently reading Kristen Hannah, The Women, the story of a military nurse set against the backdrop of the Vietnam War. It's not easy reading, especially her experiences of PTSD and the American attitudes she faced on her return, but it's a good story and very thought provoking. On my ever growing 'to be read' pile are the Housemaid novels by Freida McFadden. She's a new author to me but I'm told I will be staying up at night to read another chapter or maybe two!

Margaret