

*Education and Early Outreach in Mission*

I was fortunate to enjoy a happy schooling in Glasgow. It was a long way from Knightswood to Hyndland every day but the school was a hive of varied activity and some choice personalities. I was secretary to the Literary and Debating Society, concentrated on Classics in my upper forms and ventured forth on the rugby field and running track. In my first game for the 1st XV, I broke my big toe, which ended my rugby career and laid me up for some time in my sixth year. The advantage was plenty of time for study and the gaining of a bursary in the University Open Bursary Competition.

My favourite character among the school staff was Duncan Anderson, our English master. I owe so much to him in his introduction of me to the treasures of English Literature. He was a small man in stature but equipped with a voice that could be heard all over the school. He described this contrast between stature and voice as the divine law of compensation. Often, I have encouraged myself and others in any limiting situation to let that law work.

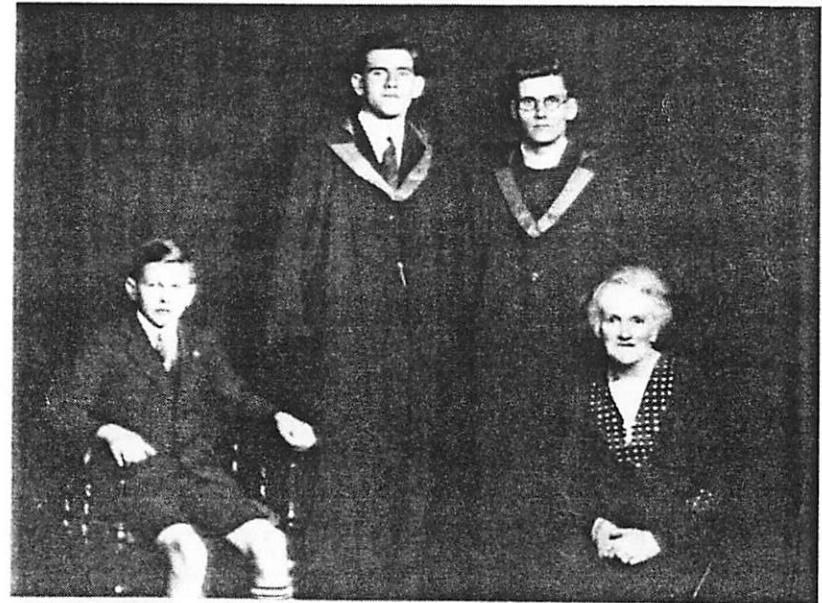
At university I had most of my Arts subjects in the Classics and in Mathematics. Perhaps in the light of my later involvement overseas, I would have benefitted from some freedom in linguistics but Classics and Mathematics are a grand foundation for further study and a disciplined life.

Theological college was a joy to me. I was following in the footsteps of my brother, David. It was a great day when Mother saw David and myself capped at the same ceremony in the Bute Hall, BD and MA respectively. I owe a lot to my brother, who carried the heavier load in helping the family finances by having a full-time assistantship all through his theological course. Nevertheless, he excelled in his studies as well and I had a hard act to follow.

I was given the opportunity to engage in a variety of avenues of Christian service – in Sunday School teaching, in addressing Band of

Hope meetings and especially under the inspiration and leadership of the Church of Scotland evangelist, D.P. Thomson in the mission outreaches of the mid and late 1930s. I was assistant to 'D.P.' as he is fondly remembered, in 1936 for two months in the Summer Missions at Prestwick, Troon and Ayr. Nothing was impossible in D.P.'s reckoning, be it stripping the harmonium which had become clogged with sand or hoisting a screen for open air projection on the front at Troon, where every moment I expected it to take off for Arran in the strong breeze blowing.

The student participation in Summer Mission led us to see possibilities of campaigns at such times as Easter. We formed the Glasgow Student Campaigners. I had the joy of being appointed the first leader. We had two ventures – in 1937 at Strathaven and Stonehouse (where my elder brother, David, was now minister) and



*The Doigs; graduated at same ceremony standing (left) Andrew MA and (right) David BD with George and Mother.*

We had two glorious visits to South Africa. We shared life with Isabelle and Iain at Prieska in the Northern Cape in 1984. From there we went to Umtata in the Transkei and toured the work of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of South Africa along with the Rev Sam Ngeobo, the General Secretary. We made our way then to catch up with Isabelle and Iain in Capetown for a memorable Christmas holiday. At the end of it, they returned to Prieska while we went north to Zambia, to renew contact with Chipso Moonga of the Bible Society and with hosts of Malawi exiles, like the Chokanis and the Bwanausis. We were honoured to be invited along with Church and Malawi representatives to dinner at State House by President Kaunda.

He is a remarkably human and dedicated character. I had known him years before, as he recalled in a humorous story told before dinner. He said when he was asked if he would receive the visiting ex-Moderator, he said to himself: 'Now I used to know a Doig, who was strongly with us in asserting our right to independence, but it can't be old Doig. It must be his son.' Then he added with a smile, 'But it is old Doig, not looking too old either. We welcome him.'

Our second African visit was in 1986 to see Isabelle and Iain at Welkom. Isabelle was expecting her first baby, Jessica and we were there. We enjoyed our stay, made many friends in the church, had the chance of meeting important people like mine managers and heard their positive dreams and expectations for African advancement in the mines.

Jessica arrived to our great joy. After a few weeks of lazing around, enjoying the swimming pool and the local golf course, we all set off for a holiday in the Drakensburg mountains. What a holiday! What marvellous surroundings. The unexpected happened again, when I came round the corner of the hotel building and found myself face to face with Jimmie Calder, whom I had not seen for twenty-four years when he was a member of my congregation in Blantyre. How could I forget him? It was he who handled the rescue and repair of our car,



*Family group on Author's eightieth birthday  
(back) Iain, Peter, Janet and Stuart (middle) Isabelle, Barbara, Author and Anne  
Grandchildren Alexandra, Michael, Jessica and Victoria.*

Brigade. I was equipped with a 1-ton truck, with the word 'Chaplain' writ large on the main structure above the cab. I had operated for a time on a motor cycle and paid visits to camps in the wide area around Nairobi and enjoyed the freedom and the speed. One day, however, a phone call came from the General, East Africa Command to the Chaplain General. He said he had often passed me on the road and while he appreciated that I was getting on with the job, he did not consider it fitting for a chaplain to be seen dashing about on a motor cycle. So I took over the truck from a South African chaplain, who was returning south. It was ideal for all the loads I wanted to carry.

In some ways I combined the duties of chaplain and welfare officer. I had a folding reading desk for use at services and carried two large boxes of books, mainly the Scriptures, in a variety of languages. I was ministering to those whose native language was English, Afrikaans, Swahili, Kikuyu, Chinyanja and two West African languages. I also carried a selection of religious books, for lending out as I travelled from unit to unit. A large space in the truck was taken up by a power generator to serve the 16-mm silent projector that I had acquired. I was most fortunate in having a good friend, Sandy Dewar, of House and McGeorge, Chemists in Nairobi. He gave me the free run of all their stock of Charlie Chaplin films. I always carried a few with me and was received with joy and expectation because of them.

Also in the truck was my tent, so handy to be set up anywhere in a camp to serve as sleeping quarters, office, study etc.

I did not travel alone. I had a marvellous staff. There was Anderson, my army driver from Northern Rhodesia. We shared the driving. He was an excellent mechanic and freely helped with other jobs that came along. Laison, my batman, had come with me from Nyasaland, where he had been houseboy in Zomba. From the time it was known that I was going to the army he pestered me to take him with me. It was the wise decision that I made. He was priceless. He was faithful in all duties and never grumbled. He and Anderson set up the film

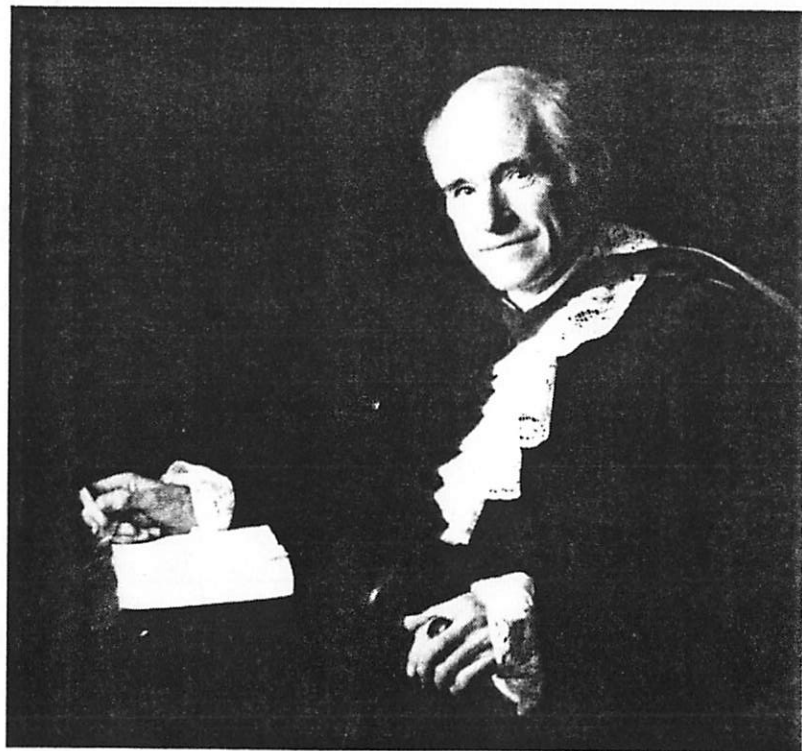
show and tent as required. Laison did my cooking when I was not staying in an army mess. He attended to my clothes and helped with the selling of the books. Most important of all, this lad who had so very little formal education, proved himself quite brilliant as a translator. I had enough Chinyanja to get by with, but I soon discovered that I would have to add Swahili. I am not a fast learner of languages, so I was amazed that in two weeks after we went north from Nairobi, Laison was translating for me from Chinyanja into Swahili. They listened intently as he put my message across in his own inimitable way.

Early on, I found it necessary to turn my hand to the production of a Service Book in Chinyanja. Thousands of these were printed. The title was Tilemekeze Mulungu (Let us worship God). It was designed to allow meaningful public worship and private devotions to be maintained in all units. This was specially important since visits from chaplains were not all that frequent and the book greatly strengthened the work of those who acted as voluntary leaders of worship and pastoral care in the various units. It included full orders of service, individual prayers on a variety of private and public issues, suggested a lectionary of Bible readings and included a goodly selection of hymns.

We had our Brigade HQ at Marsabit in North Kenya and I sallied out from there, on my own, to visit other parts of the Brigade and other units along the way. I had choice moments. One day, as I headed north from Marsabit, I saw ahead of me that both sides of the road were lined by elephants, coming towards me. I had a decision to make. Did I carry on and drive between the two advancing lines, or did I halt and wait for them all to pass me by, peacefully I hoped, on either side? I decided I would feel happier in movement, so I made my way between them, a guard of honour, as it were, on each side of me. As we emerged from the encounter, I glanced at Anderson. If an African could be pale, he looked absolutely bloodless!

Malawi, a reminder of their continuing concern for my welfare. The dress of the Moderator had been in question in recent years. I confess to being a traditionalist and have never felt awkward in the lace and breeches. You are immediately recognisable. I recall being greeted by two working-class men outside the City Chambers in Glasgow. They immediately knew who I was, gave me greetings and wished me well. I loved the wee lad in the highland school, who when asked by Barbara what he thought of the dress and whether it should be scrapped, replied with great conviction and the obvious support of his classmates: 'Oh, we must keep it. It's part of our culture.'

Voices from the past come breaking in, on the appointment. Those



*Moderator.*

I had known in school and college and lost touch with over the years renewed contact and conversation. Especially memorable and meaningful was the message from Betty Martin, who had taught me in Sunday School in Broomhill Church some fifty-five years before. After dealing with me in Sunday School she went off to China as a missionary, which in fact may have had a further bearing on my decision for overseas service.

Then a lady in Forth expressed a desire to see me. She had been servant to my grandmother in Carluke and remembered me coming to visit as a very small boy. She had some other more revealing and not entirely complimentary recollections of my doings way back that I shall not repeat. I was left with the impression that I must have been a bit of a handful. She was now in her eighties and we greatly enjoyed our recall of the past and our joy in the present.

There is so much preparation to be done from the day in October when you are nominated to the day in May when you assume office. The Principal Clerk at 121 George Street is of inestimable service in sorting out the diary for the year, helping to deal with the mass of invitations to the incoming Moderator. These are for special occasions in the life of the country or the Church, reminding us of the real significance of being the National Church, in the real sense of that title. It is a Church, committed in evangelism and pastoral care to the whole nation. So there are key opportunities for the Church and its spokesman, the Moderator to voice its mind on issues of the day and to highlight people and happenings that have moulded the form and development of Church or community.

So I found myself committed to officiate at the Scottish War Memorial Service at Edinburgh Castle, to represent the Church at special occasions in eventide homes at Leslie and Meigle, to address the Royal College of Physicians Tercentenary Service and the Royal College of Midwives commemoration in St Giles'. I was happy to speak in glowing terms of the outstanding service of the Very Rev

*It's People That Count*

Zomba Church on 28th October 1940.

We looked forward together in great expectation but it all turned out very different from our dreams.

Chapter 3

*On Active Service*

In 1940, Italy entered the war. Dr Kydd was proved wrong in his hope that the war would not touch Africa. There was massive recruitment to swell the ranks of the King's African Rifles. Then there came the call for a chaplain to be with them, since so many of the troops were Christians from our congregations in Nyasaland. I tried to avoid the call but was at last personally invited by 121 to take up an appointment. So, within a few months of marriage, Nan and I were packing up our house and home, setting off for East Africa in the long haul by army convoy to enable me to become a member of the East African Army Chaplains Department.

My early assignment was in Nairobi, as chaplain to No 1 General Hospital. It was a very large base hospital, with a predominantly South African medical staff. I stayed in the mess, while Nan was received most graciously and warmly at the Church of Scotland Kikuyu Mission. She did not stay there long, however, as her training as a company secretary soon found an outlet in the office of the Chaplain General, Dr Yelverton. Nan's friendly and efficient way soon made its mark and while I went off to Abyssinia, Nan served the work of all the chaplains from the central office in Nairobi. She did this for four years.

Soon I was off north to Abyssinia, as chaplain to the 21st EA