



The Communion Feast

Before family cars became commonplace after the Second World War, it was customary for Lewis people to attend the bi-annual communion services in the various districts throughout the Island, traveling either by foot or by bus and staying there for several days until Monday. Earlier on, some might stay until Tuesday morning.

Earlier on, a highly respected Church Elder and lay-preacher from Park was on his way home on foot on a Tuesday morning when he met a godless man on the road-less moor, who hailed him saying:

'And where are you coming from so early in the day, dressed in your Sunday best?'

'Oh', said the Christian, 'I am coming from the feast (an fheill)'.

'Ai, Ai', said the man, 'and did you dispose of your beast?'

'Yes,' said the Christian, 'but I am afraid that it will be at home before me.'

Apparently the two men were not on the same wavelength. To the Christian the beast being carnal sin while the natural man's mind did not rise above the beasts of the field.

The Christian was from Gravir.

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