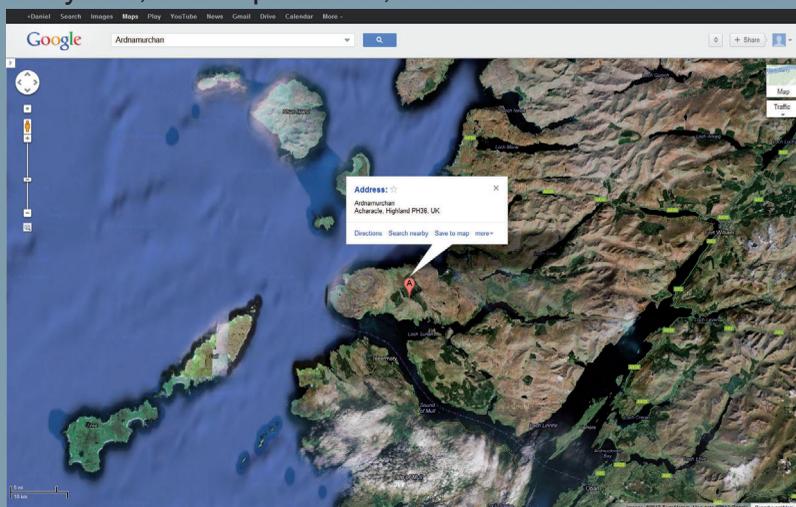


Douglas' Story

I was born in Ardnamurchan on the last day of September, 1933. I had the great privilege of being born into a Christian home and was the youngest of six children, two girls and four boys. The most westerly point of mainland Britain, Ardnamurchan is a peninsula running out into the Atlantic Ocean with the island of Skye lying to the north and the island of Mull to the south. It was, in many ways, an idyllic place in which to be brought up and fostered in me a great love for the countryside, and in particular, the sea and the mountains.



Google Map of Ardnamurchan: (© 2012 Google, © 2012 Tele Atlas)

When I was a little boy, my father was a building contractor but also ran a croft, or small farm, on which the family did the work. From the earliest time I can remember, the croft animals, cows and calves, sheep and lambs, horses, and, of course, collie dogs were part of our rich and varied everyday life.

My father was a very hard-working, upright, honest, able man with a fine mind and a very skilful pair of hands. A deeply exercised Christian, his heart was open to all kinds

Douglas MacMillan

of people and he was a helper of every needy person and cause. I don't think I have ever met anyone whom I have respected in quite the same way as I respected him. He was converted in middle life, in the year 1921, when a visiting preacher held meetings in our village. After his conversion, he, himself, began to preach and, along with the other young Christian converts of that period, to hold Cottage meetings in the villages surrounding his home. My mother had been born and brought up in Glasgow. She came to Ardnamurchan to care for an elderly uncle and soon afterwards was converted through hearing my father preach.

Memories of my childhood are happy ones and many of them centre around the gospel and the love which the gospel always brings into a home. I still recall very vividly our worship times as a family, my father's prayers, and his carrying me on his shoulders as we went through the woods and over the hill tracks to the lovely, white-sanded bay where the people of four little hamlets met for worship and preaching at three o'clock on Sunday afternoons. Our home often entertained the

