

**The Parish Church of
Saint Faith, Great Crosby**



NEWSLINK

April 2014

April Wind

The wind was cold one April morning,
And the sun was hid in heaven.
They took a man one April morning,
And while he said goodbye,
Blew the wind in April.

They took a man one April morning,
And the sun was hid in heaven,
They drove the nails into his fingers,
And while he said goodbye,
Blew the wind in April.

They murdered love one April morning,
And the sun was hid in heaven,
The sky grew black, the rain came falling,
And while he said goodbye,
Blew the wind in April.

They laid his body in a garden,
And the sun was hid in heaven,
They went away till Sunday morning,
And while they said goodbye,
Blew the wind in April.

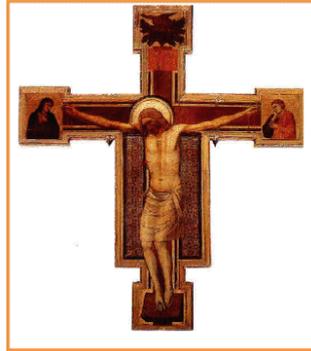
The sun shone high on Sunday morning,
Yes, the sun shone high in heaven,
He said goodbye, goodbye to sleeping,
And while he said goodbye,
Blew the wind in April.

And there he stood one April morning,
And the sun shone high in heaven,
He stood and smiled one April morning,
And when he smiled again,
Blew the wind in April.



Damían Lundy

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00 am SOLEMN MASS and Children's Church

1.00 pm Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)

WEEKDAY SERVICES (until Easter)

Monday to Friday at 9.30 am Morning Prayer

Tuesday at 6.30 pm Eucharist with talk and School of Prayer

Thursday at 10.00 am Eucharist

Friday at 6.00 pm Evening Prayer

Friday at 6.30 pm Eucharist and Stations of the Cross

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION

The Clergy are available by appointment to hear confessions or to talk about any matter in confidence. The Sacrament of Reconciliation is always available in preparation for Christmas and Easter and at other advertised times.

HOME VISITS to the sick and housebound and those in hospital

If you, or someone you know, are unable to get to church and would like to receive Holy Communion at home, the Eucharistic Ministers are happy to undertake this - please call 928 3342/07976 901389 to arrange this, or to arrange a visit to someone in hospital or at home.

IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

Please telephone as for home visits or a member of the ministry team.



From the Ministry Team

April 2014

Well, the boxes are almost unpacked in the Vicarage – at least in the downstairs rooms, and our bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen – sort of – work. Moving is a huge upheaval – and I suppose it's fair to say this has been a slightly unusual move for me and my family!

There is, however, something appropriate about doing this at the start of Lent; the Preface to the Eucharistic Prayer in Lent speaks of this season as a 'pilgrimage of prayer and service.' At this time, more than any other, we are reminded that we are God's pilgrim people. In a memorable title, the Church of Scotland minister and lecturer in the Divinity faculty at St Andrew's University, Ian Bradley, describes Churches as 'colonies of heaven.' However at home we may feel, we are always in exile, always pilgrims on earth until we find our eternal home in God.

This tension between being at home and being God's pilgrim people in exile is, in that distinctive part of the Church of God that is the Church of England, built into the very nature of the Parish. The word 'parish' comes from the Greek *paroikos* – meaning a temporary resident, a recipient of hospitality. In present usage, parish has segued from referring to people to referring to place: but if we think about it, we quickly realise that these are two sides of the same coin. If we are serious about creation and incarnation, God creates and constantly recreates the material world in all its specificity – and we as God's people and God's new creation are formed in who we are by belonging to a particular time and a particular place, as we confess our faith in the God who stepped into history in the Jesus event in a particular time and a particular place.

The parish, then, constantly creates and forms us as the people of God. Those of us who are priests in parishes are also constantly formed in our priestly ministry by the people of God in the parish in which we serve: every parish priest is taught what it means to be a priest by their parish – something I have found to be deeply and movingly true in my own experience so far. If we are able to attend to one another and to God, really to listen in that distinctive structure we call a Parish, the Holy Spirit works in us, forming us as the priestly people and as the priests we are made to be.

Just as the Jesus event occurred at a particular time and place, so those of us called to serve in parishes are called to clothe ourselves in the flesh of that specific time and place and people – to feel its rhythms, to hear its cries, to share its life; to be on its side.

There is, though, perhaps, another tension between parish and *ecclesia*, the word from which we get ‘ecclesiastical,’ meaning ‘pertaining to the Church.’ *Ecclesia* in fact means ‘assembly,’ and has associations of the citizens’ assembly, the company of those who belong. So a parish church is a paradoxical place; a place of belonging - but not belonging; a community of hospitality that is also a recipient of the hospitality and generosity and relentless love of God; a place where those who belong are exiles, and those who are exiled belong.

As we claim once more our nature as God’s Pilgrim People this Lent, let us be willing to live in this tension – to be, here at St Faith’s, a Colony of Heaven, longing for our eternal home even as we rejoice in our earthly home in this place; and opening ourselves in this pilgrimage of Lent to the Spirit that leads us into the wild places of the world, only to form us more and more into the best human beings we can be –not only for our own sake, but so that we can in our lives proclaim the joy and hope of the Gospel in which all can find a home.

Sue

Weekday Worship during Lent

Mondays-Thursdays:

Morning Prayer 9-30am

Tuesdays:

Evening Prayer 6-00pm

Eucharist 6-30pm

During Lent, beginning Tuesday 11th March:

7-00pm: School of Prayer

Thursdays:

Eucharist 10-00am

Fridays:

Evening Prayer 6-00pm

Eucharist -

(with Stations of the Cross during Lent) 6-30pm



School of Prayer During Lent:
Tuesday Evenings at 7pm
(immediately following the Eucharist)

25th March: Dr Fred Nye: The Sacrament of Time: The Daily Office

1st April: Rev Dr Sue Lucas: The Sacrament of Simplicity: The Franciscan Tradition

8th April: Rev Denise McDougall: The Sacrament of Silence: The Contemplative Tradition

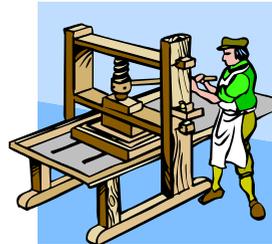
Sunday Evenings during Lent:

7pm Lady Chapel: Compline for Lent with Address, followed by discussion.

Theme: ‘What fast do you choose?’ Addresses and Discussion afterwards led by Gemma Samson (**16th March**) and Rebecca Tobin (**23rd March**) from the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield.

What the papers say...

**Church fears end for
Parish Magazines**



Church leaders fear for the future of parish magazines, as one of the oldest is to close after 115 years.

The parish magazine at the Brontes’ former home of Haworth, West Yorks, is thought to have first gone on sale around 1899, growing from a single page into a 12-page magazine. The current edition will be the last after the church, which hosts a busy website, found that only half of the 200 copies being printed were sold.

‘It is costing us a lot of money, and like all organisations we have to make hard decisions about spending,’ said the Rev Peter Mayo-Smith, the vicar of Haworth. ‘We recognise certain groups of people really love paper so we might go to a quarterly, glossy magazine, rather than [writing about] who is doing the tea rota and who is handing out the hymn books.’ He added that the exact age of the magazine was unknown but that its roots may extend back to the Brontes.

Recently the Church of England celebrated 150 years of parish magazines. Now, there are signs that many are changing from monthly publications to more expensive, quarterly magazines.

The Bishop of Bradford, the Rt Rev Nick Baines, a communications expert at the Church, said: ‘The whole media world has changed. People look at a church on the internet, not wandering around buildings. If we are trying to communicate more widely there are other, more imaginative cost-effective ways of doing it. What we should not be is slaves to nostalgia and see if there is a better way of doing things. The other thing is you have to have the people to produce a church magazine, which can be a problem these days.’

A recent report for the Church of Scotland pointed to the decline of church magazines in general. ‘One of the questions the Church will have to face is whether we wish to duplicate in print news items which inevitably appear instantly in electronic form,’ it warned.

Editorial Footnote

This publication has seen a slow but continuous decline in ‘hard copy’ readership from a one-time print run of some 370+ to a current run of just 90, while the online readership of the all-singing-all-dancing edition has risen equally steadily. No plans to follow Haworth at the moment, though...!



Christian Aid Week

MAY 11 – 17, 2014

WAR TEARS LIVES APART: Love can help piece them back together

**‘The Lord is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer... in whom I take refuge.’
2 Samuel 22:2-3**

For a growing number of people across the world, the horror of war is a part of daily life.

Right now, fuelled by the devastating violence in both Syria and the Democratic Republic of the Congo, the numbers of people driven from their homes by war is on the rise.

It stands at 42 million people – an appalling statistic and a stain on the conscience of humanity. We can't turn our backs. We must act now.

The good news is that our church can make a real difference. By house to house collections, prayer and our own personal giving we can help to raise the sums which Christian Aid can use to alleviate this terrible suffering.

Last year, a magnificent 20,000 churches across the country helped raise over £12m for Christian Aid Week. Together we can send people living in fear this message: ***You are not alone. We're with you, helping you to rebuild your lives, and working for peace.***

Imagine what such an expression of love would mean to people searching for the strength to cope with the devastation of war, and how it could help to drive out their Demonstrate God's love for those living in poverty and show how much good the church is doing in the world this Christian Aid Week.

Together we can reach the 42 million people caught up in conflict and help them live a life free from fear.

Could you provide the gift of hope?

£15 could provide blankets for refugee children to protect them from bitter night-time temperatures.

£40 could provide enough good quality and nutritious food for two refugee children for a month.

£150 could help us provide specialist emotional support for a child deeply traumatised by the horror of war that they've witnessed or experienced.

Be an instrument of God's peace.

Give, act and pray this Christian Aid Week. caweek.org

Kathleen Zimak



Sonnet

I am not moved to love thee, my Lord God,
By the Heaven thou hast promised me:
I am not moved by the sore dreaded hell
To forbear me from offending thee.

I am moved by thee, Lord; I am moved
At seeing thee nailed upon the cross and mocked:
I am moved by thy body all over wounds:
I am moved by thy dishonour and thy death.

I am moved, last, by thy love, in such a wise
That though there were no heaven I still should love thee,
And though there were no hell I still should fear thee.

I need no gift of thee to make me love thee;
For though my present hope were all despair,
As now I love thee I should love thee still.

Miguel de Guavera
translated by Samuel Beckett

Notice Board

Help needed!

There are vacancies in the rotas of volunteers to do various jobs in church. The main gaps at present are in the main church cleaning rota itself, but there are also smaller holes in other lists, such as cleaning the Chapel of the Cross.

If you are young at heart, and think you could offer some help on a rota, please get in touch with Angie Price, who puts all these lists together and will be happy to make use of your skills!

100 Club winners

March draw, 2014

1	45	Gill Edwards
2	19	Peter and Karen Lunt
3	159	Matthew Walker



If you are not a subscriber to this valuable source of income for our church, please consider joining up. See Gareth Griffiths for details.

Registering the Past

We take up this endless narrative as St Faith's Day 1927 approaches. The Eve of the Feast was a Wednesday, and a Festal Evensong at 8 pm saw an impressive 224 in the pews. At 6.15 am on the Day there were 77 communicants at a Sung Eucharist. Equally impressive were the attendances on the following Sunday: 136 at 8.00 am, 315 at 10.45 am, 153 at a 'Special Children's Service' at 3.00 pm and 355 at Festal Evensong. Those were the days!

There were quite a few visiting preachers around this time, most with illegible signatures; the preacher on Harvest Festival Sunday evensong soon after spoke to 506 souls ('English Church Union'). Thereafter all goes quiet, apart from St Andrew's Day being DAY OF INTERCESSION FOR THE CHURCH ABROAD, with a total of £2.7.11 going to UMCA (Universities' Mission to Central Africa').

Christmas sees what seems to be the first recorded Blessing of the Crib at evensong on Christmas Eve. There were 268 at the midnight a few hours later, and soon we are into 1928, with January 1st red-lettered as Festival of the Circumcision of our Lord: in the afternoon there is SNOW.

In February there is a collection for The Bishop of Liverpool's Fund for Building Churches (these days it would be more likely to be a Fund for Closing them. Ed.). Lent gets underway, and the signature of G.A.Studdert Kennedy ('Woodbine Willie') appears, intriguingly, at a Wednesday afternoon Service for Women. No fewer than 942 turned up (almost all women, doubtless) and parted with £11.13.3 for 'Industrial Christian Fellowship'. Two weeks later Albert Liverpool preached at a corresponding service: his Lordship addressed a mere 300 women.

Holy Week saw the usual extra services (4 per day), with T.Hannay, N.C.R. (not National Cash Registers, surely?) taking more than half of them. On Easter Day, there were a total of 972 attendees. Henceforth, in tiny pencil figures, a running total of communicants appears at the foot of each page: the Easter page records 2123 for the year to date.

By mid-April the clergy had clearly got their flock well-trained: the communicant average at the 8.00 am Sunday eucharist averages 50-60 of the un-breakfasted, while of the 220 or so in the pews for the 10.30 am Sung Eucharist, there is but the one communicant. Later on, the curate holds the fort for a couple of weeks, with a healthy 87 partaking at the Ascension Day 6.15 am Sung Eucharist, and another 48 at the 7.30 am celebration. Corpus Christi (June 7th) sees two said eucharists. Sunday evensongs at this time rarely top the 200 mark.

Trinity 14, in September 1928 sees one-time curate B.Scholfield signing back in at 10.30, while in the afternoon the first actual signature of George Houldin appears, officiating at Mattins. The entire Octave is logged in red (apart from a black entry of RAIN!); preachers include G.Hardwick Spooner.

A week later, and for the first time, attendances at a Sunday evensong fell below 100: the record says '91. Torrential Rain'. The weather was obviously better for Harvest Festival evensong a few weeks later, when 440 gave thanks. The English Church Union, in the shape of F.W.Cooper, held a quiet Day at the end of November, closely followed by a sequence of services for the benefit of U.M.C.A.

St Thomas's Day, Friday 21st December, was a 'Day Of Intercession For The Ministry Of W.L.M.Way', with no fewer than seven separate opportunities to pray for him. Mark Way signed in on December 23rd, and, clearly serving his title here and at that stage only a Deacon, took only Matins and Children's services. He was to rise through the ranks in later years to the episcopate in Africa, but that is another story. There were 320 Christmas communicants as the year drew to a close. The running total of communicants at 31st December was 6,739. Looking ahead to the end of 1929, the year's total was 6,782. But that is also another story...

Chris Price



My Cathedral Placement, part 4

As well as attending the "special" services at the cathedral, I of course attended "regular" services, such as choral evensong, Sung Eucharist, morning and evening prayer. The music and talented choir were wonderful to listen to, and the beauty of the liturgy always inspiring and calming. I recall one evening just before Christmas when the evening was particularly cold with an ink black sky, and I'd had a particularly busy day at work, when I decided to pop along to choral evensong. I sat in the main body of the cathedral, rather than in the choir stalls as is often the case for morning and evening prayer, because I felt like sitting quietly on my own. You know, just one of those times when you want to sit quietly, be still, and hopefully feel God's

presence surround you. The cathedral lighting was very low, only the choir stalls and the lights from the enormous Christmas tree lit up areas of that grand space, leaving large corners and passageways in shadow. Hearing the children in the choir singing beautifully, and the lilting sound of the psalm and prayers, very quickly soothed away the tiredness of a stressful busy day, and I felt peaceful, relaxed, and very aware of that calming presence as the Holy Spirit gently moved amongst us. What a blessing!

“Supper with the Scriptures” led by Dean Pete, is a regular event at the cathedral and, as I was already at there, I decided to go along to the session after the service. One of the great things about some of the teaching events at the cathedral is that you don’t have to pre-book and can attend at any time. There is no prep required (unless you want to) and bibles and hand-outs are provided. Dean Pete Wilcox is extremely knowledgeable, and his teaching on the scriptures guided and challenged us to look deeply and explore the origins of our faith. In one evening I’d been tired after a stressful day in work, then relaxed and at peace feeling the calming presence of the Holy Spirit, inspired by the worship in words and music, then challenged to look more deeply at the scriptures. Quite a busy evening!

It’s funny how guidance, support and teaching can help to bring awareness and confidence. I recall at my first meeting with Canon Richard when he asked me would I like to take part in any of the worship, I rather nervously said I would prefer to simply shadow people. I think that perhaps this was my occasional lack of confidence wanting me to try and hide in the background. However, on discussion with Richard at a later meeting, I felt much more confident and happily agreed, with much eagerness, to give the reading at choral evensong on a Saturday evening just before Christmas, at which Myles Davies gently guided me. It was the same evening that the Military Wives were to perform and the cathedral was again a hive of activity with people setting up for this, but it was so encouraging to see that nothing deterred from the Daily Office continuing to be said. This was the last day of my placement at the cathedral, and it felt appropriate that my last session at the cathedral should be that of Evening Prayer, as prayer life is something which is important to me and I feel is an integral part of being a Christian.

Following on from the Zone 2 Café style church which I’ve previously mentioned, Fr Simon, Rev Janet Bissex and myself discussed the possibility of trying something similar at St Mary’s. We named it “Sunday Brunch” and it took place a few weeks ago, replacing the normal Eucharist and starting a little later on the Sunday morning, after a hearty brunch of bacon and sausage butties and pastries! This was a very informal Eucharist, in a relaxed setting, sitting in groups at tables formed into an arch, with the children having their own table with activities, as well as taking part in the service by decorating the prayer tree with our prayer leaves during the singing of a Taize chant. Although it was a very windy and wet morning, a lot of people attended, and a few new faces. In fact, we had to bring in more chairs! I think it was quite a success, and hopefully this won’t be a one-off occasion.

Although my placement is finished, I was very pleased to be asked to return in the New Year and be a small group leader at a new course which Canon Paul Rattigan has started, called "Awesome and Intimate". This is a sort of follow on from the Alpha course, but at a more intermediary level, but anyone is welcome to attend, whether or not you have been on an Alpha course. Please feel free to come and chat to me about this, or take a look at the cathedral website, which is full of information on all the worship, courses and activities currently available.

Throughout my placement at the cathedral, I have been astounded at the variety of worship, teaching and work that goes on every day, and the deep faith, imagination and stamina of everyone involved, from the clergy, the laity, the staff and the volunteers, who give of their time, enthusiasm and love in order to share God's Word and Love to everyone, every day. It is truly inspiring to see such faith in action, and I have learnt so much from this, and I am so very grateful to all those who organised the placement, especially Fr Simon, Canon Richard, Canon Paul, and Clare Kerrigan, and many others (too many to mention here) and thank you to St Faith's and St Mary's who kindly removed me from the rotas for three months, in order to enable me to attend the cathedral.

Thank you all so much for your support, love, guidance and teaching, and for helping me in my own journey of faith.

With my love and prayers,

Jackie

The Coming



And God held in his hand
A small globe. Look, he said,
The son looked. Far off,
As through water, he saw
A scorched land of fierce
Colour. The light burned
There; crusted buildings
Cast their shadows: a bright
Serpent, a river
Uncoiled itself, radiant
With slime.

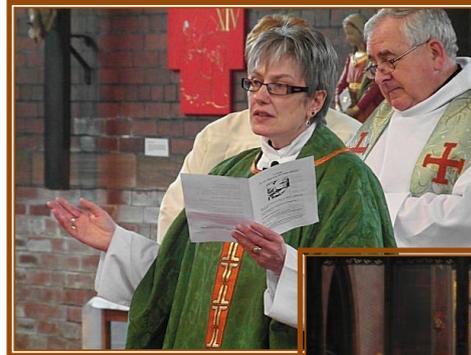
On a bare
Hill, a bare tree saddened
The sky. Many people
Held out their thin arms
To it, as though waiting
For a vanished April
To return to its crossed
Boughs. The son watched
Them. Let me go there, he
said.

R.S. Thomas



A Bit of a Flop?

Scenes from the Shrove Tuesday Pancake Party at the home of the Dawsons. Although the odd pancake fell to earth, there were fortunately plenty left for Fr Dennis...



Sue's Sunday

Our new vicar presided and preached for the first time at St Faith's at the Sung Eucharist on Sunday, March 2nd, flanked by Dennis and Denise.





The Welcome Lunch

'Hunger and thirst after righteousness'

After the service, 80 of us partook of a celebratory lunch to welcome Rev. Sue Lucas amongst us. The traditional good time was had by all, and toasts were drunk, in moderation, to St Faith's and all who sail in her...





Food, glorious food...

Online edition extra - more pictures of happy times at the March 2nd welcome lunch and the Shrove Tuesday pancake party

Sue Speaks



**Rev. Sue Lucas's first service as Priest-in-Charge of St Faith Great Crosby:
Sunday, March 2nd, 2014**

Matthew 17:1-9

I came of age in the 1970s: that meant kipper ties and flares; David Cassidy – or Donny Osmond; teetering clunkily around on platform soles; it was before mobile phones, and so meant stretching the curly telephone wire as far as it would go to get a bit of privacy for all those intense intimate chats with best friends, away from prying parental ears – usually sitting on the stairs!

And of course, *Saturday Night Fever*, and John Travolta in dazzling white...

It takes a degree of cool to get away with dazzling white – as anyone who has owned a pair of white jeans knows; and dazzling white at Wimbledon or Lords is always a sight to behold.

And then there is liturgical white – usually resplendent with gold for festivals and holidays...and there is the white of a wedding, where it is the symbol of faithful, committed love.

But there are other echoes as well – and today, the New Girl, in my own newly pressed white alb, I feel a little like Jacques' description of the schoolboy in the *Seven Ages of Man* speech in *As You Like It* – 'with shiny morning face... walks unwillingly to school.' No, I'm not unwilling – I am here with great joy and full of hope; yet Shakespeare here conveys something of the vulnerability that shiny newness brings.

All of these themes are present in today's Gospel; Jesus takes with him Peter, James and John; and they go up a high mountain – and mountains are the place of the encounter the living God: Moses, on Mount Sinai and Elijah, on Mount Horeb; and Moses and Elijah encounter God – and are sent back to earth, as it were, transformed – not simply for themselves, but in order to speak out against the powerful who exploit the weak; Moses and Elijah feed the people when the rulers cannot – or will not.

They become themselves transformed humanity, in order to give back humanity to those whose humanity has been trampled.

And they do so not in power and strength – for in meeting the living God, they eschew the one thing the powerful cannot: they empty themselves of all power and become utterly vulnerable;

So the dazzling white of Jesus today shows him to be the new Moses, the new Elijah, the one in whom the new humanity and new creation is come to us.

Not in power and majesty – for the dazzling white is the dazzling newness of vulnerability – a vulnerability which Jesus embraced fully – for he is the human one, from the vulnerable baby in the manger, to the broken man on the cross.

It's not a bad way of reflecting on the beginning of a new ministry; for we all – priests and people together – are at our most human when we say simply, 'just as I am' – fully embracing our own humanity, our ordinariness, our vulnerability.

For it is in precisely this that the glory of God is most visible; 'the glory of God is the human being fully alive,' said Irenaeus of Lyon; 'and to be fully alive is to be in the presence of God.'

And to be in the presence of God is to be vulnerable; for to be in the presence of God is to have nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.

The response of the disciples, faced as they are with God's strange glory, God's odd mercy, God's paradoxical power – is perhaps understandable; there is fear – there is a need to do something, and, in Peter's desire to build booths – perhaps thinking festival of Succoth, or tabernacles – there is a desire to fall back on tradition, to try to find a place for this in what we know and trust.

None of this is wrong in itself; the fear of the Lord as the psalmist says is the beginning of wisdom; but not its end; we are called to do something real and practical with our faith to help others; and tradition, rhythm, routine, helps us to practise our faith, to keep on keeping on.

Yet none of this is quite enough; for, just as more is asked of the disciples, so more is asked of us as disciples of Christ, baptised into the death of the Lord. We too are asked to come into the presence of God in all our vulnerability, in all our humanity – to be 'just as we are' – in all our human glory and brokenness.

Can we do it? Well, we do whenever we feed on Christ in the sacrament, on broken bread and wine outpoured; for to say 'this is my body and this is my blood' is to say Christ bodies himself into all this – all that is joyful and sorrowful, all that is wonderful and wounded, all that is, like the host, blessed and broken.

Can we? For we become what we consume; we become the body of Christ; for in receiving the body and blood of Christ, we allow ourselves to become more and more the best human beings we can be – in all our vulnerability and fragility; and in coming

into the presence of God in that humanity, we discover the God whose nature and name is relentless, committed love – for us, and for all humanity; and in that discovery, we become, in Austin Farrer’s memorable phrase, walking sacraments; for the sake of one another, for our neighbours in this community – and for the life of the world.

What has the ABC ever done for you?



Denis rants again...

Recently I had cause to write to the Archbishop of Canterbury (ABC) over a matter which I thought concerned the Church of England. I am sure that most readers will know what that matter was. Naturally the ABC was too busy to deal with such matters personally; days sitting in the House of Lords or press conferences about payday loan companies would leave no time for C of E matters. Anyway, it seems that parish problems are no concern of his (that came as a surprise to me), as the e-mail I received from his acting correspondence secretary pointed out. The main paragraph from this e-mail is below.

*“An archbishop has no jurisdiction over, and does not comment on, matters concerning a parish in a diocese other than his own. You can ignore the next bit if you know it already. Many people think the Church of England is made up of branches like, say, Marks and Spencer, with a Head Office and CEO. If that were so, the policies and activities of the branches would be determined by HO and accountable, via district managers, to the CEO. The Church of England is more like a franchise operation (though there are flaws in that comparison, too). Each parish has a degree of autonomy, but belongs to a diocesan family which has the oversight of a bishop. Although all bishops/dioceses belong within Provinces, each with an archbishop, the Archbishop of Canterbury is known as *primus inter pares* = the first among equals. He is not a ruler.”*

Now I never thought that the ABC was a ruler, the Queen does an excellent job at that and I don’t want her replaced. The “first among equals” bit is interesting but recent events would seem to indicate that not everyone in the C of E hierarchy believes that; some people appear to be more equal than others. However, the e-mail did set me thinking about what the C of E actually was.

Based upon the department stores and franchise analogies I developed the following ideas, although what is actually a franchise can be difficult to determine for the average customer, however, in this case it does not really matter.

I must admit that I would not like the C of E to be like a branch of M&S. They sell some very good products but whenever I go into a branch, which is not very often as I prefer computer shops and book shops, the layout and what is on offer seems to have changed and I cannot easily find what I am looking for. I would much prefer the C of E to be like a branch of John Lewis: a partnership, where the top managers and people on the shop floor are all equals, sharing the work for the good of all. But then, that is not going to come to the C of E any time soon is it?

Now we have the franchise analogy and it is difficult for me to determine what is actually a franchise and what is a branch of a large chain. I am sure that the following examples are really parts of a larger group but I am sure that you will understand what I am getting at and can fit in your own franchises if you don't like mine.

McDonalds is a good example with which to start. I have been in several in different parts of the world and you always know exactly what you getting. Everything is to the same standard apart from the occasional local delicacy; in Hong Kong noodles are generally available. The coffee is always good and it is inexpensive. I would think that the Roman Catholic church is more like McDonalds so maybe the C of E is some other franchise, possibly a Spud-U-Like or a Little Chef.

In the latter you had table service and the food was cooked for you individually in the griddle. You selected from a menu which was quite extensive and was the same at every outlet. Incidentally the No.10 was the All Day Breakfast. In general things went well but sometimes the serving staff did not get things right and what you received was not what you wanted or needed. At times service staff could be slow to act and, on occasions, could be uncivil or even rude. Food was cooked on a large griddle and, if the cook did not thoroughly clean the griddle between orders, there was a risk that you might get part of the previous order; you might not get what you wanted. There was always a book available in which the customer could make comment, presumably so that management could react to complaints. However, I never received any response to entries I made in these books so maybe nobody took any notice of the customer, possibly they were there just for show, to pretend that someone cared about you. The business model of Little Chef does not appear to have been very good as it has gone out of business. It has become extinct. Maybe the franchise analogy for the C of E is correct after all.

So going back to the reply I received from the ABC's office, he seems that he is not the leader of the C of E, as we all supposed, and doesn't really do anything, apart from the occasional Royal wedding, christening or funeral. When matters arise which concern members of the C. of E, the person most of us assumed was its Leader goes into Pontius Pilate mode and washes his hands of the whole affair; it is nothing to do with him. So what is the point of the ABC, he isn't the Leader, he just costs a great deal of money to run. The Roman Catholics at least have a leader who is out there at the front trying to sort out problems in his Church.

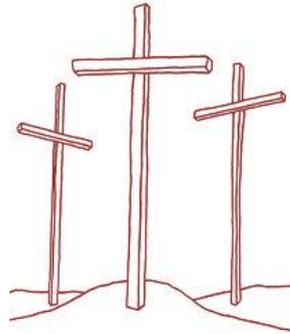
Denis Griffiths



Love Wins

I look upon that body, writhing, pierced
and torn with nails, and see the battlefields
of time, the mangled dead, the gaping wounds,
the sweating, dazed survivors straggling back,
the widows worn and haggard, still dry-eyed,
because their weight of sorrow will not lift
and let them weep; I see the ravished maid,
the honest mother in her shame; I see
all history pass by, and through it all
still shines that face, the Christ face like a star
which pierces drifting clouds and tells the Truth ...

So through the clouds of Calvary there shines
his face, and I believe that Evil dies,
and good lives on, loves on, and conquers all.
All war must end in peace. These clouds are lies.
They cannot last. The blue sky is the Truth.
For God is Love. Such is my faith, and such
my reasons for it, and I find them strong
enough. And you? You want to argue? Well
I can't. It is a choice. I chose the Christ.



Rev. G.A. Studdert Kennedy

(‘Woodbine Willie’, who preached twice at St Faith’s in the 1920s)

Christian Aid Collectors’ Tales

It will soon be that time of the year again (**CHRISTIAN AID WEEK Sunday May 11th till Saturday May 17th 2014**) when our happy band of collectors sets out with the red envelopes to greet the friendly folk of our parish. We all have our own little anecdotes - here are some from across the nation submitted to Christian Aid.

Birth day

A lady came to the door in her dressing gown at 7.30pm looking very tired. She said: 'You'll have to excuse me - I've just had twins. Now wait a minute and I'll get the envelope.'

Hunger strike

I once knocked on a door to collect and an elderly man opened the door a little. I explained I was collecting for Christian Aid, and he told me he couldn't give because he was Hungarian. What can you say?

Cheque it out

One collector was trudging round a very expensive estate, up and down long drives, getting hot and tired and not having much joy. She got to the top of one drive and found a man polishing his Jaguar, who apologised that he'd lost the envelope. 'I have some spares,' she smiled. 'I'm sorry,' he said, 'but I don't have any change on me.' But that was an excuse too far. She looked him in the eye and said: 'Change? D'you think I came all the way up this drive for change?' He was a little taken aback, then smiled, and said: 'You're quite right, of course. I'll get my chequebook!'

Seeds of change

A little girl, who had wanted to know what the envelope was for, learned from Christian Aid News that her pocket money for one week could buy a hoe for a family, and allow them to grow their own food. She told her mummy that she would not miss her pocket money for that week, and put it in the envelope!

Seriously, though...

Would **YOU** be willing to join the street collection in our parish?

Christian Aid Week has been described as Europe's greatest act of Christian witness by 300,000 volunteers who undertake this particular mission on behalf of their local churches and our Lord. At present it is probably the only time as a church we knock on every door in our parish, bear witness to our faith and extend a message of friendship to those who otherwise would never meet us.

Last year thanks to our collectors, our parish once again raised over £1000. The average sum from each street is generally small but the total quite amazing. (The loaves and fishes all over again!!) We also took the Gospel message with us - because our Lord is with us all the way!

We always need more collectors - the more helpers the fewer doors to knock on!

Will you help?

**If you can phone KATHLEEN ZIMAK
zimak@blueyonder.co.uk; 0151 286 2117**





Please Explain...

- How is it that we put man on the moon before we worked out that it would be a good idea to put wheels on luggage?
- Why do doctors leave the room while you change? They're going to see you naked anyway.
- Why do we press harder on a remote control when we know the batteries are almost dead?
- Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check for themselves when you say the paint is wet?
- Is there ever a day that sofas are not on sale?
- Why do people keep running over a thread a dozen times with their vacuum cleaner, then reach down, pick it up, examine it, then put it down to give the vacuum one more chance?
- Why is it that no black plastic bag will open from the end on your first try?
- Do the Alphabet song and Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star have the same tune?
- Why did you just try singing the two songs above?

(Internet circulation)

Because the Snow

Because the snow clears in the valleys,
Leaving white lanes by the hedges
And moist clumps of primrose under the deep banks;

Because the fields lie green after the thaw,
And the young corn shows,
Pushing in trust to the promised sun;

Because the lambs
Race and dance on the buoyant grass,
Without thought, without cause;

Because I love and am loved,
Confirmed in belief
Against the world and reason's tyranny –

Because of these, I know, I know
The moment's faith out-logics fact and time,
And the heart's truth is truth.

Clive Sansom



The Taste of Marmalade



Since the publication of a letter by 'Lord Grantham' last month, readers have been much engaged in seeking that writer's real identity, and have even declared their belief that your editor was himself responsible. Let it be made entirely clear that he is as intrigued and baffled as any of you, and, like more than one possible suspect who has been challenged as to possible authorship, only wishes that it had indeed been him.

Below are reproduced both the editor's response to the first letter and the entertaining missive that landed on his electronic mat quite recently. This may well be the end of the matter, as we are being urged to draw lines beneath all such reminders of the troubles from which we are, thankfully, now emerging. However, and perhaps finally, this writer is authorised to offer to the noble lord or, indeed, anyone able to unmask him, a generous sweetener of the finest products of the Church Jam Factory. Ed

Dear Lord Grantham

My lady wife has asked me to respond to your unexpected and delightful mailing. She is flattered that her efforts should have been so well received and so favourably compared with lesser commercial products, all the more so since others of your esteemed household appear not to share your excellent taste.

We all hold Carson in great esteem and are delighted that you supply him annually with a jar. Should you wish to extend your bounty to the remainder of the downstairs denizens of the depths she would be delighted to send an appropriate quantity to be distributed to those deemed deserving of such largesse. All that is required, of course, is for you to supply an address and a postal coding.

Your words about the bitterness occasioned by experiencing the efforts of a certain Mr Hulme are well taken indeed. You may rest assured that the vast majority of those who have recently sampled his product share your critical judgement, and are united in favour of the sweetness and, dare I say, light issuing from the efforts and products of Mrs Price, who has more than once been referred to as our Marmalade Queen.

Whether or not your identity is revealed in the coming days - and there are some theories circulating about this - you may be sure that your letter will indeed be deemed appropriate for publication in what you endearingly refer as our 'parish organ'. It is a matter of some regret that you employed the modern electronic medium of communication, as a sheet of monogrammed, crested vellum through the post would have made even greater an impression upon your admirers here in Lancashire.

With every good wish, my Lord,
I am your obedient servant,

Christopher D Price

Editor of said organ and connoisseur of the tastiest marmalade on both sides of the Pennines

Downton Abbey

Dear Mr Price

Thank you so much for publishing my letter in your humble magazine - it was very generous of you to find room for me. Please forgive my tardiness in replying but I have been somewhat busy of late. As you know, I am responsible primarily for managing a medium-sized estate in Yorkshire. Because of my natural flair for this calling, a couple of years ago I was asked to lead the delivery of the London Olympic Games. As they were such a triumph, I have now been given the poisoned chalice of being made Head of Values at the BBC: and you thought being Vicar at St Faith's was a challenge! So that's all good.

Talking of St Faith's, I understand that you have a new priest - a woman? It is all Lady Sybil's fault, bless her soul. I used to be against women in all positions of authority. However, as a consequence of living in a house full of Ladies, I have discovered that they have qualities with which men cannot hope to compete. I am now of the opinion that it is right for 'daughters to inherit' so to speak, in all walks of life. I am sure that whatever Reverend Lucas lacks in Y-chromosomes, she will more than make up for in Faith, Love, and above all, an appreciation of whichever Cabernet Sauvignon happens to be on offer in the village market. I understand that you have a small team of Mrs Patmores producing luncheon for the parishioners to welcome her: I am sure they will do an excellent job as ever.

Finally, it is interesting that you too are acquainted with Mr Hulme and his produce. I would not want to use the words inferior or low quality, but he certainly comes from a different tradition of marmalade making. We must remember that making marmalade is a broad church and there is a place for everyone. However, should Mr Hulme return, Doctor Clarkson has recommended a double dose of incense three times a day, and he should be cured within a week.

Yours,

Grantham

PS You are very welcome to print out this e-letter on vellum if you wish: Barrow has a marketplace on eBay containing many items that would otherwise be difficult to acquire.



I am the Great Sun

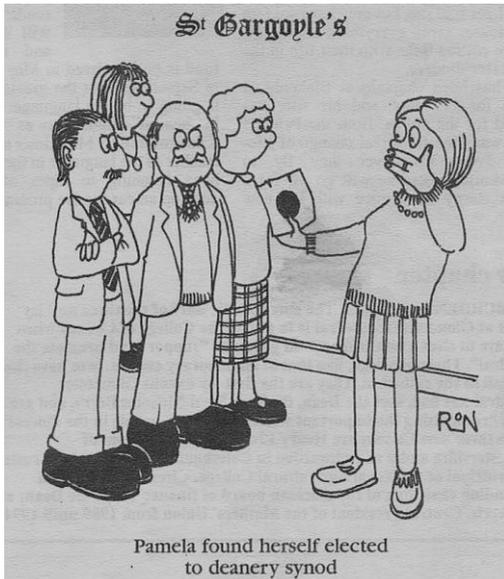
Charles Causley

I am the great sun, but you do not see me,
I am your husband, but you turn away.
I am the captive, but you do not free me,
I am the captain you will not obey.

I am the truth, but you will not believe me,
I am the city where you will not stay,
I am your wife, your child, but you will leave me,
I am that God to whom you will not pray.

I am your counsel, but you do not hear me,
I am the lover whom you will betray,
I am the victor, but you do not cheer me,
I am the holy dove whom you will slay.

I am your life, but if you will not name me,
Seal up your soul with tears, and never blame me.



The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



VICAR

The Revd Dr Susan J. Lucas, The Vicarage, Milton Road, Waterloo, L22 3XA
Tel 0151 928 3342; 07976 902389

PARISH OFFICE

32 Brooklands Avenue, L22 3XZ . Tel: 0151 928 9913

Parish Office Manager: Geoff Dunn; email: sfsmparishoffice@btinternet.com

ASSISTANT PRIESTS

Fr. Dennis Smith, 16 Fir Road, Waterloo. L22 4QL. 928 5065

Revd Denise McDougall, 27 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby L23 2TL. 924 8870

READERS

Mrs Jacqueline Parry, 21 Grosvenor Avenue, Crosby. L23 0SB. 928 0726

Mrs Cynthia Johnson, 30 Willow Ho, Maple Close, Seaforth, L21 4LY. 286 8155

Miss Paula O'Shaughnessy, 30 Curzon Rd, L22 0NL. 286 2764/075823 19440

Mr Ray Bissex, Flat 4, Garth Court, Haigh Road, Waterloo. L22 3XL. 538 4767

CHURCHWARDENS

New wardens to be appointed at the A.P.C.M. on April 6th. Meanwhile please contact either Deputy Warden

DEPUTY CHURCH WARDENS

Mrs Christine Spence, 52 Molyneux Road, Waterloo. L22 4QZ. 284 9325

Ms Brenda Cottarel, 6 Lawton Road, Waterloo. L22 9QL. 928 4275

TREASURER

Mr David Jones, 65 Dunbar Road, Birkdale, Southport PR8 4RJ. 01704 567782

PCC SECRETARY

tba

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Daniel Rathbone. Tel: 07759 695683

GIFT AID SECRETARY

Mr Rick Walker, 17 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 3TL. 924 6267

TUESDAY OFFICE HOUR: 6.30 – 7.30 pm (wedding and banns bookings)

Mrs Lynda Dixon, 928 7330

SACRISTAN

Mrs Judith Moizer, 1 Valley Close, Crosby. L23 9TL. 931 5587

ASSISTANT SACRISTAN

Mr Leo Appleton, 23 Newborough Avenue, Crosby. L23 3TU. 07969 513087

SENIOR SERVER

Ms Emily Skinner, 1 Valley Close, Crosby. L23 9TL. 931 5587

CHILDREN'S CHURCH

Sunday 11.00 am in the Church Hall. 924 1938

CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER

Mrs Linda Nye, 23 Bonnington Avenue, Crosby. L23 7YJ. 924 2813

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

Mrs Jackie Parry 928 0726

Mrs Brenda Cottarel 928 4275

BEAVER SCOUTS

Thursday 5.00 – 6.15 pm Mike Carr 293 3416

CUB SCOUTS

Thursday 6.30 – 8.00 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

SCOUTS

Thursday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

RAINBOWS

Monday 4.45 - 5.45 pm. Geraldine Forshaw 928 5204

BROWNIE GUIDES

Monday 6.00 - 7.30 pm. Mary McFadyen 284 0104

CHOIR PRACTICE

Friday 7.15 pm - 8.30 pm.

MAGAZINE EDITOR and WEBSITE MANAGER

Chris Price, 17 Queens Road, Crosby. L23 5TP. 924 1938

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Copy by **Sunday, April 6th**, please – but all contributions are welcome at any time.

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