



The Parish Church of Saint Faith,
Great Crosby

NEWSLINK

April 2018

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00 am SUNG EUCHARIST & Children's Church

Holy Baptism by arrangement

6.30 pm 1st Sunday: Evensong

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Morning Prayer: weekdays as announced at 9.00 am

Holy Eucharist: Tuesday at 7.00 pm; Thursday at 12 noon

Please consult the weekly service sheet (in church and online) for any changes

<http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/bulletin.pdf>

Around Waterloo: The Eucharist

2nd and 5th Mondays & Feast Days as announced - Liverpool Seafarers' Centre
10am; Wednesdays 10.30 am at St Mary's; Wednesdays 7.00 pm at Christ Church.

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 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 2018

“Christ is risen”: “He has risen indeed” is the great Easter greeting. And that really means that in one sense everything has been changed. The Resurrection has taken place. The decisive battle between God and the forces of evil has been won. Yet the victory is still, on Easter Day, a hidden reality, evident to the eyes of faith alone.

So the Easter mystery which we celebrate is first of all a mystery of faith. What really happened in that first Easter, in the silence and at night, we shall never know. Some Turin Shroud enthusiasts have attempted to explain how the Resurrection actually took place but God keeps the secret of his mighty act to himself. The Easter mystery is a mystery of faith. To the first disciples it was utterly bewildering. And it is encouraging sometimes to us to read that at first some of them doubted, some of them hesitated, that on at least three occasions they did not recognise the risen Jesus. So the first task of the risen Lord was to confirm or to restore the faith of his disciples. In the Gospel narratives that is associated with the appearances of the risen Lord in and around Jerusalem.

The Easter mystery is a mystery of faith also in another sense. The risen Christ appears only to the believing community, not to the world at large. He is not revealed to all and sundry, only to a chosen few, and it is up to that chosen few, now as it was then, to make him known to others. The Easter Jesus gives himself to us, not to keep him to ourselves but to share him with other people. In the great service of the Easter Vigil, the Easter candle is brought into the church. The light of Christ shines in the darkness and then all our little candles are lit from that flame. Indeed we light one another’s candles in that ceremony. And that is a small symbol of this vast truth: the risen Lord comes to us that we may share him with others.

Secondly the Easter mystery is a mystery of hope. “Now all things are filled with light, heaven and earth and all the places under the earth. All creation celebrates the resurrection of Christ. As God, you arose from the grave in glory, and with yourself you raised the world”. So the Orthodox Church sings at Easter. Yes, for with the raising of Jesus, the transformation of the entire cosmos has begun. The empty tomb of Jesus is the end of history, it has been said, and that is so in two senses. First, because the empty tomb of Jesus is the beginning of the new creation. One tiny particle of the universe, the flesh and blood of Jesus, has been raised and transformed. One bit of dust has already been glorified. And secondly because there the purpose for which everything has been created is disclosed. The destiny of all dust is glory. The Easter mystery is then a mystery of hope, for though everything has been changed, everything in the world

seems very much the same and the dark days seem to get darker still. Hope, never more needed than now, the humble virtue of hope, holds on to this staggering truth: the new creation has begun. The flesh and blood of Jesus, crucified, raised, glorified, are our ticket of admission into the new creation, God's Kingdom. "He only could unlock the gate of heaven and let us in". By our faith and our hope we already stand in the heavenly Kingdom. Every eucharist takes us there, into the new creation by the given means of the flesh and blood of Jesus, raised and glorified, and in every prayer we make, we already stand there in God's Kingdom. We need to remember that, in our intercession, in our prayer for others.

Thirdly and lastly, the Easter mystery is a mystery of love, in at least two senses. We should never think of Easter as a happy ending tacked on to a tragic story. If we focus solely, in our Christian thought and devotion, on the cross of Christ, we may always be tempted to think like that. No, Easter day reveals a victory which has already been won, the victory of the cross, the triumph of self-giving love. The finished work of Good Friday – "It is accomplished," – shines now in the glory of Easter morning. Easter shows that Jesus' option in life has been vindicated once and for all. More than that, Easter shows that Jesus' option in life can also be ours. The new quality of life he embodied in his whole being and suffering and dying, the quality of limitless self-giving love, in obedience to the Father's will, and for the sake of others, that quality of life can really be ours also. This is our life, the life of Jesus in us, for we are the Easter people, called to live the life of Jesus.

We are reminded of the story of Gabriel, welcoming the risen and ascended Jesus back to heaven. "What arrangements have you made," Gabriel asked Jesus," for the continuation of your work?" "I have left twelve men", was the answer Jesus gave. "What if they fail?" "I have made no other arrangements." As we have already seen, it is always up to the Church to reveal the risen Lord in the world. And the quality of self-giving love in the Christian community will determine the success or the failure of its mission. "Love one another as I have loved you" was Jesus' dying command to his friends and he meant that command to be taken just as literally as we take his command to do this in the eucharist for his memorial - and he promised us the Holy Spirit to enable us to obey that command.

The Easter mystery, then, is a mystery of faith, of hope and of love, but the fulfilment of the Easter mystery always lies ahead of us. The eternal Easter we still look forward to. We live in that mysterious time between the resurrection of Christ and our own resurrection, not a no-man's land but an everyman's land, where the risen Lord comes to us, here and now. The best always lies ahead of us. For all of us, the best is still to come. The resurrection of Christ is the promise that the best is true already, and can come true for each one of us.

Every joy and blessing this Eastertide

Fr. Dennis



Jesus trashes the Temple

Fred Nye's sermon on A.P.C.M. Sunday



Jesus had an uneasy relationship with ‘religion’ - or perhaps ‘religiosity’ might be a better word. On the one hand Jesus had been brought up as a devout Jew by his parents, and went with them regularly on pilgrimage to the Temple. There, at the age of only 12 he had debated with the Doctors of the Law on equal terms, and later on he had himself taught in the synagogue. And we know from his teaching that his knowledge of the scriptures was profound. But on the other hand he time and again criticised the religious establishment for rejecting the poor, the sick, the sinner and the marginalised, all of whom were potentially ‘unclean’ in the eyes of the Jewish Law. The Law had become a means of exclusion and division; and Jesus, through his healing miracles, his table fellowship, his attitude to women, and his proclamation of the Kingdom, was a constant challenge to the religious status quo.

St. John gives us a dramatic account of the day when Jesus trashed the Temple in Jerusalem. The action takes place, not in the Temple building itself, but in the outer Courtyard of the Gentiles. Herod the Great, in an ongoing reconstruction of the whole Temple site, had provided a vast new courtyard about six times the size of Trafalgar Square. And in a very recent move, the high priests had decided to allow into this courtyard the traders who conducted the commercial business of the Temple. Worshippers could buy only sacrificial animals and birds - available exclusively from the Temple - that had been declared ritually pure by the authorities. And people were not allowed to pay for them with the cash in their pockets: it had to be exchanged for Temple currency – and in this transaction they could easily be exploited by manipulation of the exchange rate.

But in order fully to understand John’s motive in telling this story we have to dig a little deeper. His account of the cleansing of the Temple follows immediately after the Wedding at Cana. At the wedding Jesus orders the stone jars used for ritual cleansing to be filled with water and then upended. And the miracle is that the old water of purification becomes wine: when the jars are upended out pours the joyous new wine of God’s kingdom: the wine that brings abundant life for everyone.

And so in overturning the tables of the money-changers and animal sellers Jesus was overturning Temple worship itself. Neither the Law nor the Temple was wrong in themselves, but both had become tainted by elitism and exploitation. In Matthew, Mark and Luke’s account of the cleansing of the Temple Jesus quotes from Jeremiah, at a time when God had threatened to destroy the Temple because worship had become a substitute for justice. To Jesus, his Father’s house had become a den of robbers – but the word translated as ‘den’ actually means a refuge, a safe haven. To established religion injustices had become institutionalised, acceptable, even comfortable: something our own Christian churches would do well to remember. And so Jesus goes on to speak, admittedly in code, about his body as the only perfect Temple, the only perfect sacrifice. Through his forthcoming passion, death and resurrection Jesus will become the Lamb of

God – that ‘one true pure immortal sacrifice’.

Today we have our Annual Parochial Church Meeting. In these uncertain times we will be concerned about the needs of our church – keeping a roof over our heads, improving our catering facilities, getting enough bums on seats to pay our Parish Share and provide a degree of financial security for our stipendiary clergy. All of these things are good and desirable. And we rightly want to celebrate and preserve our impressive building and our Anglo-Catholic worship of God ‘in the beauty of holiness’. But our church community is, and always has been, so much more. It is exactly that – the community of St. Faith, of ‘holy faith’. For over a century our priests and people, through the sacramental life of this church, have borne witness to the Lamb of God who died for the flourishing of the whole world.

At the last Group Council meeting of our four Anglican churches there was much talk of re-organisation, but not once, not once, was the name of Jesus mentioned. And in this I was as guilty as anyone. We have to re-discover the startling truth that lies behind our services and church traditions: Jesus has the power to make new wine out of our worship together and even out of our church’s institutions and structures; yes even out of Deanery Synods and the Parish Share.

And so we have to re-discover that within and beyond this house of prayer there is another building not made with hands, that is the Body of Christ, that blessed company of all faithful people. And as we follow Jesus through Lent and Holy Week, along with his bewildered and fearful disciples, we prepare to witness his total self-giving on the Cross - the Body of Christ given up for us. In his death and resurrection Jesus turns everything upside down, turns even temple and church upside down. Through his death and resurrection Jesus the Lamb of God does something that our churches can never do in their own strength. He gives his all for us, for the flourishing of all humanity, and for the peace and reconciliation of the whole world.



A Flower Lady's Fond Farewell

It has been a privilege to have seen to the flowers for all these years - 31 in all-and under the instructions of five different incumbents. It has also been a time of anxiety, hard work and great fun and humour, and I must admit much frustration! The occasion when the BBC came to record and film the Advent services comes to mind, when we were required to make those endless garlands to hang around the pillars and on the back wall. I am sure there were many broken finger nails and I suspect language not suitable for use on church premises, as we battled with unyielding bits of wire to attach fir cones and glass baubles to said garlands. The baubles had to be matt, as shiny ones upset the filming. Hanging the garlands was altogether another problem. During all this filming,

Father Neil rang me at 7pm - "Very sorry Mary, a floral arrangement is needed in front of the Nave altar. It has to be in place before 7am when the choir start rehearsing" Happy days.

The task of seeing to the flowers throughout the years could not have been possible for me without the willing, cheerful and talented help from the 'Flower Team'. I salute you all and offer my heartfelt and sincere thanks to you all for your collective dedication and good work. Please keep it up. I will still be around (I hope).

Mary Crooke

The endless succession of beautiful flower arrangements in St Faith's bears witness to the dedication of Mary and her faithful floral followers over the years. We owe her so much and thank her so much. She passes the oasis and watering cans to Fiona Whalley, and we can look forward with confidence to a future full of blooms and blessings. Ed.

A Norfolk Excursion



Late Thursday morning on February 2nd I boarded the train at Liverpool Lime Street which, some five and a half hours later, was due in at Norwich Station in the middle of the busy rush hour traffic.

I had arranged to stay for four nights with our good friends Father Richard and Angela Capper, who had very kindly and most generously offered me hospitality during the special occasion to which I had been invited. As both Richard and Angela were also to be among the two hundred and fifty or so guests on the night of February 23rd it was a great joy that we were able to anticipate the event together, in the knowledge that this would be a truly enjoyable and memorable occasion.

Since Richard's retirement, about three years ago, he and Angela have been living in a newly-built house in the small market town of Loddon about twelve miles southeast of Norwich on the River Chet, a tributary, of the River Yare within the Broads in Norfolk.

On the morning of February 23rd Richard and Angela drove me to Beccles, another market town, in the neighbouring county of Suffolk. Whilst Angela went off to do some supermarket shopping, Richard and I had a look round the town's very old church which, being on raised ground, afforded some interesting sights of the surrounding countryside and properties. Beccles brought back some happy memories for me, as on a number of occasions in years gone by, in company with Fr Charles Billington and other friends, we would leave our annual Anglo-Catholic Celebration Conference at the convent in Ditchingham, and come to the popular café in Beccles and enjoy afternoon tea together. On this particular morning Richard and I enjoyed coffee and Eccles Cake and, on Angela's joining us from shopping, decided that on such a cold morning a second coffee was in order.

Home for lunch, and a pleasant afternoon spent chatting and light reading, and it was soon time to get changed to travel into Norwich for the big occasion.

Many hundred were gathering in the magnificent, medieval cathedral of Norwich for a special service of Festal Evensong to celebrate Bishop Graham James' 25th anniversary of consecration as a bishop in the church of God. As the Introit was sung by the choir in the west-end of the Nave, my mind wandered back over the many years Graham and I had been good friends: to our days, almost fifty years ago, when we lived on the same corridor in County College of Lancaster University. Remembrances of the many early morning eucharists we used to attend together in the Chaplaincy Centre and of the boiled eggs and toast breakfasts we partook of in one another's rooms on our return from worship. Graham's first visit with me to the Community of the Resurrection's Mother House at Mirfield in his little Wolsey Hornet in January 1971, and of our afternoon trip from there to Fountains Abbey, with old Father Alban Winter in the back seat, attired in cassock cloak and skull cap, with pipe in hand. All these years later and Graham is now the Episcopal Visitor of the same Community. So too my thoughts took me back to an occasion when Graham had come home to Waterloo with me for a weekend away from Lancaster, and of how surprised if not shocked, he had been, when refereeing the St. Faith's football match in Victoria Park, to witness the less than sportsmanlike behaviour on the pitch of a certain clerk in holy orders who perhaps should remain nameless.

A further remembrance took me back twenty five years ago, to Graham's consecration in Westminster Abbey. Until then Graham had served as Chaplain to both Archbishop Runcie and his successor, Archbishop Carey. Being given a day off from teaching in school I had travelled to London by train and arranged to stay overnight at the Cowley Fathers' residence in Great College Street. What a splendid time was had! Having gone to bed within close proximity to the Houses of Parliament I fell asleep to the chimes of Big Ben. The following morning it was necessary to attend a short briefing session in the Abbey, as I was very privileged to have been asked to be one of the Eucharistic ministers, administering a chalice at the consecration service. The event at mid day was a wonderful affair and one I shall never forget. A splendid buffet reception was held in Lambeth Palace and that evening I returned to Crosby in a spirit of profound thanksgiving and great joy.

Now, here in Norwich Cathedral, many hundreds of well wishers from all over the Diocese as well as from the four corners of the British Isles had come together to recognise and celebrate Graham's Silver Jubilee, the longest serving Bishop in the Church of England, and to give thanks for the long, devoted and distinguished years of ministry he has given in the cause and service of the Gospel. The service of celebration flowed, as anyone who is familiar with the splendour and solemnity, of a Cathedral Evensong knows. Lessons were read by the Dean and by Graham's

wife, Julie. The Magnificat was sung to the magnificent setting in C by Charles Villiers Stanford and the impressive cathedral choir sang the anthem “Ecce sacerdos magnus” (behold a great priest) which was followed by the sermon, preached by the Bishop of Repton, The Rt Revd Jan McFarlane, a former chaplain to Graham and Archdeacon of Norwich. On this feast day of St. Polycarp “Bishop Jan” appositely wove various threads comparing and connecting the story of Polycarp with the ministry and episcopacy of Graham’s enormous contribution to the life and witness of the Church of England.

The prayers were led by Graham’s chaplain, the Revd Susanna Gunner, and a tremendous rendition of Charles Wesley’s great hymn “And can it be that I should gain” was sung with much gusto and verve. Before giving his blessing Graham spoke briefly about some aspects of his many years as a priest and bishop in the Church of God. He thanked all those who had been responsible for organising and preparing this great service of thanks giving and he especially thanked his wife, Julie, for all the love and support she had given him throughout their years of life together.

The entire congregation were invited to stay for sparkling wine, and following enjoyable conversation Richard, Angela and I headed for the north transept door which led us into Graham’s garden and the huge marquee which was the venue for the excellent and enjoyable three course dinner that awaited us. Sat in the round, with ten guests per table, it was lovely to chat with other guests, many of whom had travelled long distances to attend the Jubilee celebration. After a few words from the former Bishop of Wakefield and close friend of Graham’s, the Rt. Revd Stephen Hatton, Graham spoke again and said grace. Before our departure it was a great joy to renew old friendships with those we had not seen for some years and round about 11.00 pm Richard, Angela and I returned by car to Loddon.

The weekend to follow, spent in the warmth and friendship of the Capper family, was delightful. Saturday early afternoon we drove to the famous seaside town of Southwold where, following a late lunch of cheese on toast in the splendid café of Adnam’s Brewery, we walked through the town to the seafront, with its renown and expensive beach huts. With the waves at their wildest best and the bitterly cold, east wind biting into us, we soon retreated back into town and made for the car.

Saturday evening afforded the opportunity of a visit to one of Loddon’s most popular pubs, “The King’s Head” where we enjoyed a particularly tasty, three course meal, and yours truly sampled two pints of the local beverage

On Sunday morning it was a joy to travel into Norwich to worship in the historic fifteenth century church of St George’s, Tombland. A tradition Sung Mass was the order of the day, with the added bonus of that Creed being sung to Merbecke, bringing back to me memories of St. Faith’s in the 1960s. Father Richard celebrated

the mass and Professor Catherine Rowett, a philosopher from the University of East Anglia, preached and expounded the Pauline text we had heard as the Epistle. The atmosphere and welcome at St. George's was very friendly And over coffee and biscuits the Reader told me that he hailed from the Wirral on Merseyside.

A lovely gin and tonic preceded an excellent lunch cooked by Angela and, with Ruth having arrived to join us, a most pleasant afternoon was spent in conversation and relaxation, during which Angela unfolded to me something of the mysteries and machinations of the Amazon Kindle, with which she, Richard and Ruth are familiar.

A bit of television in the evening, an enjoyable repast of salad, prepared by Richard, a viewing of the ten o' clock news and it was soon time for bed.

As the snow began to fall, Richard drove me to Norwich Railway station in plenty of time for the 11.57am on Monday morning. As the long train journey home to Liverpool began, I pondered on what a most wonderful weekend I had been privileged to enjoy. To have shared those three days in the company of such dear and much loved friends was so great and joyous a blessing, for which I felt truly and humbly grateful.

Fr Dennis

(It is always good to hear of Fr D's journeyings and to enter his world of culinary delights and accompanying worship. Ed.)



The tide can come back in for Christianity

Even with Anglicanism at its lowest ebb, it would be wrong to give in to fatalism. There are reasons for hope.

Religion is "moribund" and Christianity has "probably gone for good" as Europe's default faith, a gloomy survey told us last week. It found that a majority of young people in a dozen Western countries have no religious affiliation whatsoever. The Victorian poet Matthew Arnold once described the "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar" of the sea of faith. This Holy Week, the tide is so far out as to be barely audible.

It's dismal news, but it won't surprise British churchgoers. Over the years, they've seen the decline with their own eyes. As a young chorister at Salisbury Cathedral, I was struck by how grey-haired the congregation was that packed the nave at the Sunday Eucharist. Later on, at my monastic secondary school, the surviving monks were mostly in their dotage.

To be raised Christian at the turn of the millennium, at times, felt like witnessing the end of something.

If there is ever to be a religious fight-back, it is worth being brutally honest about where we are now. Each census shows the collapse of religion to be the biggest single social trend in Britain.

Last week's survey found that 70 per cent of 16 to 29-year-olds in the UK identify with no religion. And just 7 per cent call themselves Anglican. The first figure suggests atheism and apathy are snowballing together, and that the decline of our national religion will accelerate. The second shows that the Church of England now has fewer young adult members than the Roman Catholic Church in the UK, which could undermine its established status. Soon, the study implied, young adult Anglicans will be outnumbered by their Muslim counterparts.

It's no wonder the Prince of Wales, who will one day be "Defender of the Faith", has emphasised that as monarch he will stand up for non-Christian faiths, too. When the Queen promised to "maintain the Protestant reformed religion" at the 1953 coronation, things were different: Her Majesty knew that more than two thirds of the English population were baptised Anglicans. That world has vanished.

To a degree, immigration flatters other denominations and faiths. Catholic numbers have been swelled by the million or so Poles in Britain, the vast majority first-generation arrivals. This Saturday, you might spot some of them carrying Easter baskets full of eggs and bread to be blessed at church. Muslim immigrants are notably more religious, too: bluntly, the lack of integration in some communities, as criticised by Dame Louise Casey's government report, helps to insulate their faith.

Even so, it's overwhelmingly likely that the children and grandchildren of today's immigrants will be less religious. Secularism is the dominant cultural force. For Christians, especially, the trends are alarming. If they continue, we are only decades away from complete statistical invisibility and near-total atheism.

But it would be wrong - and surely un-Christian - to give in to fatalism, or to the Marxist historical view that we are subject to vast, impersonal forces and can't do a thing to resist them. There are points of light scattered about and reasons for hope. For a start, young people become parents - and when they do, they'll find faith schools dominating the league tables and achieving the best results for their children. They may even find themselves re-engaging with the Church to win a place at them.

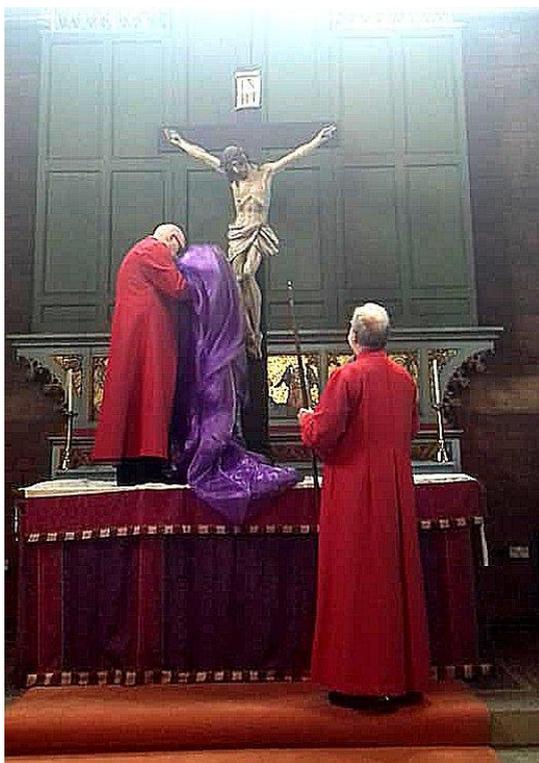
There is also evidence of an emerging Christian counter-culture. Evangelical churches are springing up, partly thanks to a sympathetic Archbishop of Canterbury. The new Gas Street Church in Birmingham, based in an old warehouse, attracts hundreds each week. Good liturgy - tambourines for some, the music of Thomas Tallis for others - is for me the crucial factor. It helps to explain a wonderful fact: attendance at Anglican cathedrals is up over the last decade.

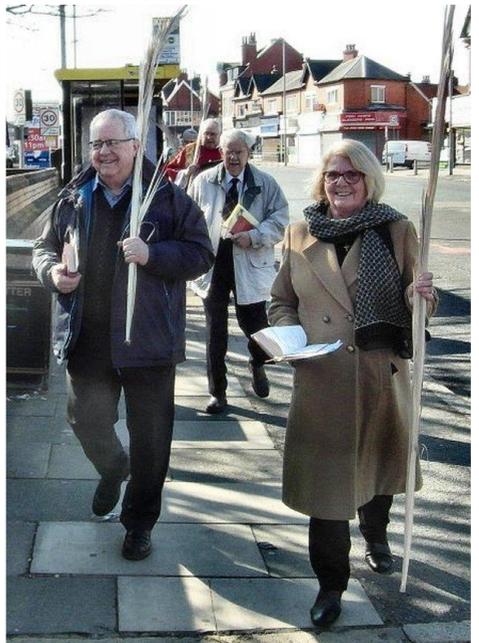
Christians have not yet disappeared from public life. It was cheering to see Jacob Rees-Mogg commit publicly to his faith on breakfast television last year. He didn't want to

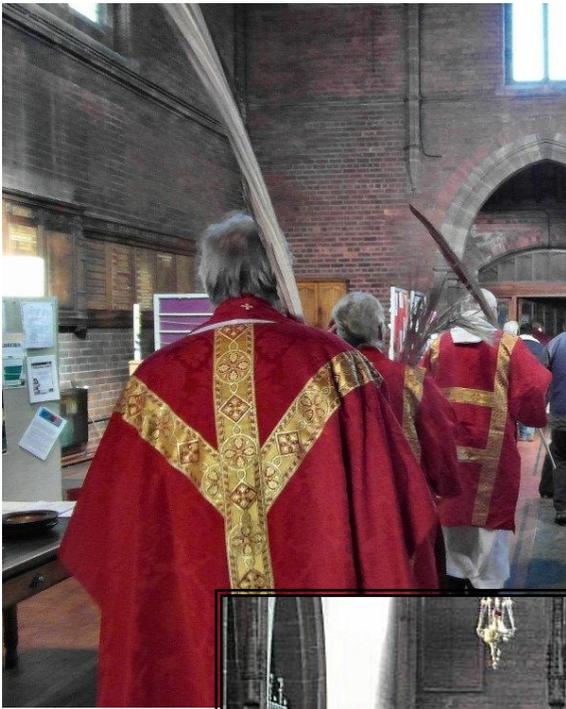


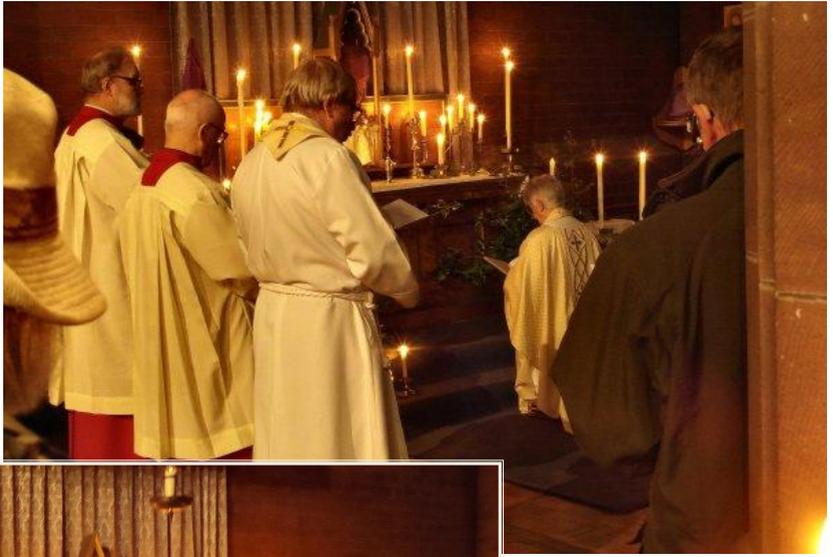
Holy Week and Easter 2018 in pictures

Seven pages of
images from the
events and services
of the most sacred
week of the church's
year at St Faith's



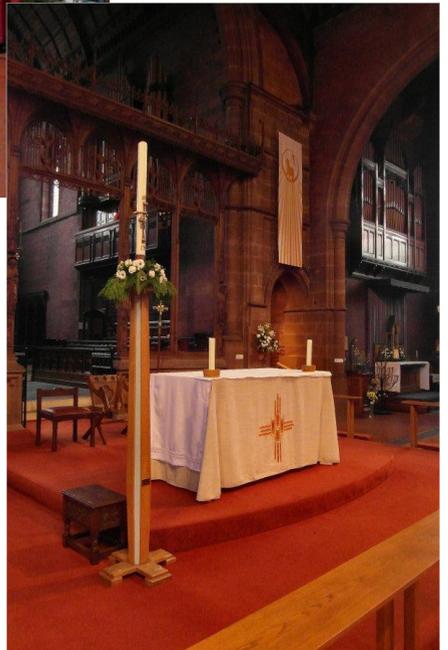












impose his beliefs on anyone, he said. Nor would he abandon them for the sake of cheap popularity. It was quite a moment.

Who knows what other challenges lie ahead: a Catholic teacher recently told me that his greatest worry was how the beauty of church liturgy could ever compete with the excitement of the virtual reality games increasingly being played by his young pupils. But if Matthew Arnold's metaphor seems fitting, we should remember the point of it - that tides do turn.

Will Heaven

Managing Editor, The Spectator



Prayer Triplets

Every month at St John's, groups of three or four people meet for informal prayer. We are joined by a small number from other churches, and we 'mix and match,' so that we pray with different people each month, (though married couples stay together).

We call the groups 'prayer triplets'. We meet in each other's homes, usually starting with a cup of tea or coffee, and a chat!

Jean Wyatt organises this, rotating people into the groups, and it is then up to each 'triplet' to arrange a suitable time and venue to meet. Jean gives us a suggested Bible reading, and prayers to start us off, and a list of suggested topics on which to focus.

These prayer pointers range from local issues to global matters, and of course there is a space for us to pray specifically for those known to us who are in need of healing or support, or simply that they come to know more of God's love.

As we look for ways to work together in our four churches, the 'prayer section' of the group council has suggested that this prayer triplet scheme might be extended to cover all the Waterloo Anglican parishes. Jean has said she would be happy for her monthly prayer guide to be circulated to anybody who would like to take part, and she would be happy to organise the widened rota for praying if others wish to join.

Please get in touch with Jean (0151 474 5661) if you are interested, or let your prayer group rep know and they can pass on your name to Jean if you would prefer that. The reps are: Greg (Christ Church), Fred (St Faith's), Janet (St Mary's)..

"For where two or three are gathered in my name, I am there among them."



Fr John's report to the A.P.C.M.

An Annual Meeting is an opportunity to look with hindsight in "broad brush strokes"* at what has happened in the last year, Nearly two months into the next year, as we focus on the day to day needs of St. Faith's, we may find enthusiasm for the past lacking. But it is good to stop and take stock, to celebrate the successes and review the struggles that are part and parcel of being God's people at St Faith's.

Firstly, I want to thank many people who in some way or other have contributed to the life and worship of St Faith's; they have given of their time and talents to God's work in this place. I want to thank those in particular who have worked hard to carry on the work of the church during a long interregnum. I know there are many who have helped but, in particular, I would like to mention Brenda Cottarel and Rick WaJker, our Church Wardens, and from the Ministry Team; Fr. Dennis Smith, Revd. Denise McDougall, Ms Paula O'Shaughnessy and Dr. Fred Nye. Thank you for the welcome you gave Ruth and me at the end of October, and for the support you have given me as Priest-in-Charge, juggling both St. Faith's and St Mary's.

Many have given generously to help us meet challenging financial pressures from the upkeep of a beautiful building, and paying the Parish Share. The Treasurer, David Jones, has kept a careful eye on the state of our finances. There will be a Stewardship campaign in the coming months so that we can stay on top of our finances in the future.

Two themes come to mind from the end of last year: music and food. Both bring people into our church on regular occasions, both provide opportunities for people to share with others. And both provide a window into God's infinite grace. I hope the tradition of both will continue here, with the practical behind the scenes support that dedicated people give to it. In the Christmas Tree Festival and the concerts, we offer something special to this community. The proposed toilet and kitchen project at the back of the church will enhance this work, and provide new opportunities to do other things.

The church hall provides a focus for our young people's work in the Beavers, Cubs, Scouts, Rainbows and Brownies. Thanks go to the leaders who put in lots of time to care for the children and young people. Christine Spence and Ruth Winder work hard with help from others to keep the hall in good condition.

Facebook, the website and the parish magazine provide ways in which we can talk to people who do not come to church regularly, there is always more to do as we keep abreast of modern technology. Thanks go to Chris Price who has worked on this for many years.

This coming year will bring many challenges, as together we seek God's guidance for the future. There are some people in this community who think St. Faith's is closed, we need to work hard to dispel that myth, and let them know why we stay open: To the Glory of God.

Funny you should say that...



There was a Scottish tradesman, a painter called Jock, who was very interested in making a pound where he could, so he often would thin down paint to make it go a wee bit further.

As it happened, he got away with this for some time, but eventually the Presbyterian Church decided to do a big restoration job on the roof of one their biggest churches.

Jock put in a bid, and because his price was so competitive, he got the job. And so he set to, with a right good will, erecting the trestles and setting up the planks, and buying the paint and, yes, I am sorry to say, thinning it down with the turpentine.

Well, Jock was up on the scaffolding, painting away, the job nearly done, when suddenly there was a horrendous clap of thunder, and the sky opened, and the rain poured down, washing the thin paint from all over the church and knocking Jock off the scaffold to land on the lawn, among the gravestones, surrounded by telltale puddles of the thinned and useless paint. Jock was no fool. He knew this was a judgment from the Almighty, so he got on his knees and cried: "Oh, God! Forgive me! What should I do?"

And from the thunder, a mighty voice spoke: "Repaint! Repaint and thin no more!"

Father Dennis remembers

Jim BURGESS: October 6, 1987

Arriving at St Faith's as a callow youth in 1960, one of the most welcoming and friendliest of individuals was the verger, Jim. From the family home where he lived with his brother and sister in York Road, Crosby, Jim would cycle up and down Liverpool Road, to carry out his vergering responsibilities and duties. As young people, many of us who were in the Sunday School or one of the uniformed organisations in the early 1960s, would greatly enjoy chatting to Jim as he paused from the particular task he was occupied with and take time to engage with us in the kindly and encouraging manner that was his way.

Jim's long occupancy of the post of verger meant that he had seen a considerable number of vicars and curates come and go from St. Faith's. Although it's well over fifty years since he told me, I can recall him describing the days in the late 1920s when the then curate Father Mark Way, would walk around the church with breviary in hand and be too caught up in his prayers to speak or acknowledge Jim's presence close by.

Although they respected each other's commitment and role at church, Jim and Father Hassall were not the best of friends and, on occasions, were not as charitable about the other as they might have been. As Verger Jim was on duty for the three main services on Sunday 8.00 am, 10.45 am and 6.30 pm and occupied a seat on the back pew, bearing on the ledge in front a brass plaque, "Verger". On duty he wore the traditional black gown of his office.

One thing that I remember Jim telling me, which I thought quite remarkable at the time and still do, is that in a period of forty years he had never spent a single night sleeping away from his home in Crosby. On his retirement from full time employment at St. Faith's, Jim carried on part time, until he finally decided to finish a job to which he had given a life time of devoted service. Some of us present on an April Sunday in 1970 have a photograph, taken on the grass outside church, showing Clergy, Choir, Servers, Church Warden, Organist and Lay Reader with Jim, sat smiling in his verger's gown, on the front row. He will always be remembered by those of us who were privileged to have known him, with deep affection and gratitude. May he rest in peace and be raised in glory.

John JOWETT: October 7, 2016

For several decades John played a central role in the life of St. Mary's Church, Waterloo Park. He gave many years of active commitment and service to the church to which he was devoted. In his professional work as an undertaker, John was known to many families in Crosby and Waterloo and displayed exemplary sensitivity, courtesy and diligence in that difficult and demanding role.

John was very much a family man and also a lover of dogs. In the late 1980's and 1990's I would sometimes meet him on seafront, he with his two small dogs and I with my Welsh Springer, Toby. John was gregarious and cheerful by nature and always enjoyed chatting to the many people he knew. At St. Mary's he was a pillar of support to the various clergy with whom he served in the role of Warden and PCC member. In the worshipping life of the church, besides being a Eucharistic Minister he was happy to lead intercessions, read lessons and serve at the Altar. Always helpful with fundraising, John enjoyed organising and assisting with social events in the parish hall. Many of us will long remember him as the quizmaster on numerous happy occasions. John battled with cancer for several years and showed exemplary courage and strength. He is still greatly missed by the church to which he gave such devoted service. A good friend and true gentleman, may he rest in peace and be raised in glory.

Marjorie TURNER: October 13, 1981

As a teenage boy I recall being told by Father Hassall that his first funeral at St. Faith's was that of George Turner's father, and that in his memory, the iron gates at the Kingsway entrance to the church had been paid for by the Turner family.

Never marrying, Marjorie, beloved sister-in-law of Mona and aunt to Paul and Miriam, remained at the house in Kingsway for the rest of her life. A university graduate in geography, Marjorie chose a career in teaching and took up a post where I first met her at Waterloo County Secondary. For five years she taught me Geography, leading up to O level, which, through no fault of hers, I failed ignominiously! Although small in stature, Marjorie was a firm mistress at the school, being responsible for the girls' behaviour and welfare. On an occasion when she was admonishing the class for inattentiveness I recall her telling us that she gave up every Saturday afternoon to mark our work and thus expected better from us. During her many years at Waterloo County, Marjorie's main contact with St. Faith's came through her attendance at Evensong, which she didn't manage weekly, but fairly regularly. My mother and I would often find ourselves sat on the same pew as Marjorie, and always enjoyed her cheerful and friendly conversation after the service.

In September 1972, the three schools of Manor Road Girls, Waterloo Grammar School and Waterloo County Secondary School merged, to become Manor High School, and I took up my first teaching as a member of the Religious Education Department, working under my former teacher and mentor John Fairhurst. In acknowledgement of her seniority and pastoral experience Marjorie was given the post of Head of Second Year, these days known as year 8. Marjorie exercised this role and taught geography for a few more years before earning a well-deserved retirement. Sadly, serious illness came all too quickly, preventing Marjorie from taking a more active part in the life and worship of St Faith's. I shall always be grateful to her for her encouragement, friendship and support. May she rest in peace and be raised in glory.

Joan Illingworth: October 15 2014

Joan Illingworth, like Marjorie Turner, had taught at Waterloo County Secondary School and, following the merger of the three schools aforementioned, had been appointed as one of the Assistant Heads of Second Year. On Marjorie's retirement Joan succeeded her as Head of Second Year and remained in the post and teaching English until her retirement.

By any standards Joan was a character. She had studied Physical Education and English at a Teacher Training College in Leeds, prior to her appointment at Waterloo County. With her parents and much loved succession of dogs, Joan had moved to a house in Maghull and remained there following the deaths of both mum and dad. Very self assured and of strong opinions Joan held, court in the E Block Staff Room of Manor High School, praising whatever she thought was laudable and denouncing much else as "utter rubbish!".

Joan was particularly good with pupils who, were academically weak, socially disadvantaged or simply needed mothering. Many pupils warmed to her because they recognised her genuine concern for their well being and knew her to a champion of the underdog.

The affection and regard Joan had for students was, I believe, generated from her religious faith. She was a regular communicant at St. Andrew's Church in Maghull and her Christian beliefs and convictions would sometimes find expression in the year assemblies she presided over.

In the days before smoking was outlawed in communal places, Joan would often storm into the Staff Room, bang her briefcase down on the table and immediately light up a cigarette before ranting about a particular pupil who was sending her to the end of her tether. Besides being quite a heavy smoker, Joan also enjoyed regular visits to her local hostelry where, I am quite sure, she could keep up with any of the male drinkers who doubted her capacity to imbibe,

Joan retired from Manor High School, but having lost both parents and no longer working, somehow she lost her way. After many years of not having seen her. I visited her in Maghull to find her in very poor health and looking far older than her years. My second visit saw further deterioration in her condition and the last time I went to see her was three days before she died in Fazakerley Hospital. It was a sad end, but I know she appreciated my final visit, as she smiled, as she had so many occasions over the many years I had known her. With apposite timing, with another friend and colleague from our Manor days, I was able to attend Joan's funeral at St, Andrew's two days before leaving Crosby for a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Joan was a lovely, caring warm hearted woman, with a great sense of humour. May she rest in peace and be raised in glory.

Reg HEATHER: October 24 1997

I can't now recall how it came about that Reg and wife Janet, arrived at St Faith's in the mid 1960's. They were soon regular worshippers and became fully involved in parish life. Janet was related to the Lancashire born contralto singer, Kathleen Ferrier, and music and singing were great passions of both Janet and Reg. Although relatively small in stature, Reg always managed to look distinguished, with his silver-like hair and immaculate sartorial elegance. He had spent a career in the classroom teaching primary school children, but now, in retirement, was able to pursue his musical interests. As PCC member, sidesman and Eucharistic minister Reg gave several years of much valued service to the church which by now had come to play such a significant part in the lives of both Jane and him. The death of his greatly loved wife came as an enormous blow to Reg and from then on he found life to be a considerable challenge. Nevertheless he soldiered on, remaining faithful and utterly reliable in all that was asked of him Many of us were pleased to observe a particularly close friendship Reg forged with another parishioner, Margaret Hesketh-Roberts. She being a widow, was able to provide much needed companionship for Reg during those difficult days. A true gentleman of the old school Reg was indeed as most lovely individual, pleasant, considerate, charming and courteous to everyone. Remembered with much affection and thanksgiving, May he rest in peace and be raised in glory.

Corinne's Corner

(Hedgecock's Half Hour?)

Father Neil Kelley is undertaking a 24 hour music recital at St. Laurence's Chorley. The recital will begin on Sunday 26th August and run until Monday 27th August.

If anyone is interested and would like to go along to Chorley, Christine Spence and Corinne Hedgecock are keen to organise a coach as train services are difficult on a Sunday. We'd go after church and spend a few hours there. Please see Corinne or Christine if you are interested. We can either get a minibus or coach depending on numbers. The more people who can go, the cheaper the cost for everyone. We just thought it would be nice to have a little social outing to Chorley, support the recital and see Father Neil again.

Just a reminder to everyone that we meet every second Saturday of the month for coffee and chat at Right Blend South Road Waterloo.

We meet at 12noon and stay for tea coffee or a bite to eat, chat and socialise – everyone is welcome. Discounted rate for St. Faith's parishioners and friends.

We meet next on 14th April, 12th May and 9th June. We break for the summer and begin again in September. Please see Corinne or Liz for more information.

A Poem from the Pews

I've been coming here on Sundays for seventy year or so.
'Twas here that I was christened and it's here I'll want to go.
Now I know you all gets vexed about the changes in belief -
Well, frills on top don't matter if you're comfy underneath.
I never lets it bother me if I'm High or Low or what,
While I've got me ten commandments I shan't go wrong a lot.
Now, I likes the old fashioned prayer book, and they like A.S.B.
And they can have what pleases them, and I'll read what suits me.
And half the hymns we sing these days I never heard before,
But I can stand and listen, and perhaps I'll learn some more.
All these guitars and instruments - it's no more than they had
Afore they put the organ in, when my Grandad were a lad,
And I don't suppose God'll worry - he wouldn't make a fuss,
As long as ail the singing's meant for him and not for us.
We've had clergy coming straight from college, full of summat new,
From incense on the altar to posters in the pew,
And I lets 'em all get on with it, 'cos all these fashions pass,
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And you'll still do the flowers, me dears, and I'll still clean the brass.
I got this seat I always have, no draughts and nice and near,
So I can hear the organ and see the vicar clear,
And I tells God what's been happening, and what a week I've had,
And I thanks him for the good times, and he helps me through the bad,
'Cos all that really matters, as far as I can see
Is that I, down here, remembers Him, and He remembers me

Anon



Midwives should not say "good girl" to women in labour because it is disrespectful, according to new advice. Other words to avoid include describing a baby as big or referring to a woman in labour as "she" in the guide published in the BMJ.

In the advice, the authors admitted some might think such caution was "political correctness gone mad" but said changes were needed to "instil a culture of respect" for mothers-to-be. Instead of using the term "good girl," medics are asked to say, "You're doing really well" to encourage a women during labour. They are also asked to avoid the use of the phrase "big baby" in case it makes women anxious, and not to talk about "foetal distress". Instead larger infants should be described as "healthy", while foetal distress should be described as "changes in the baby's heart rate pattern," they state.

The advice says midwives and obstetricians should never address the pregnant woman as a "she" when they are discussing the situation at hand. Instead, they should always refer to her by her first name, the guide says.

Prof Andrew Weeks, from the International Maternal Health Care at the University of Liverpool; Natalie Mobbs, a medical student at Liverpool; and Catherine Williams, a committee member of National Maternity Voices, drew up the new tips.

Writing in the British Medical Journal, they said: "Language matters as a way of respecting women's views and ensuring that they are empowered to make decisions. The use of insensitive language can be indicative of an underlying malaise, which reveals underlying attitudes and prejudices.

"It is essential that we achieve respectful practice, ensuring that women have complete understanding and control of their own care. Although eyes may roll at the thought of 'political correctness gone mad' the change is well founded," they said.

If a medical procedure doesn't work, midwives should describe the attempt as "unsuccessful", rather than "failed". And it also says plain English should be used instead of medical jargon. The guide also asks midwives to avoid discouraging or insensitive language, such as the phrase "terminate pregnancy". Instead, women should be told it is a "compassionate induction". "Rupture the membranes" should be replaced with "release the waters".

Another Poem from the Pews

In remembrance of worshippers past and present

I hail a quiet hero, the champion of the age,
Unknown to fame and fortune, no strutter on life's stage;
The humble representative of folk like me and you:
I sing an unsung champion - the person in the pew.

He'll never hit the headlines; he'll rarely cause a stir
(Forgive me, ardent feminists, if I say 'him', not 'her')
But faithfully on Sundays you'll find him on his perch
Upholding the traditions - a pillar of the church.

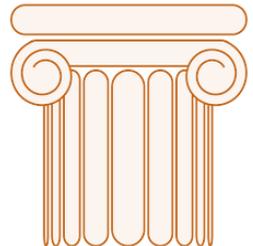
He sits where he has always sat while, all around him, change
Brings odd new prayers and modern hymns and service orders strange;
He pays his dues discreetly, signs covenants on cue:
What would we do without him - the person in the pew?

Though prelates may pontificate and curates come and go
The layman's there to hold the fort, and it was ever so.
Should you seek a staunch supporter, you'll not have far to search:
His presence keeps the roof on - he's a pillar of the church!

On High days and on holidays you'll find him in his place,
In sober dress and countenance, and Church of England face.
But mock him not nor spurn him, but give the man his due:
He's the ultimate survivor - he's the person in the pew.

Chris Price

October 1996



The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



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Ms Helen Kibbey, 17 Oxford Road, Waterloo. L22 3XB. 293 3416

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Telephone 928 3342

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 7.30 pm - 8.45 pm.

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The next magazine will probably cover the months of May and June February, with an elastic deadline unlikely to be earlier than towards the end of May. We are as ever happy to print (almost) all offerings at any time

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THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



Diocese of
Liverpool



"He's given up for Lent"