



Newslink

The online journal of St Faith's Church, Great Crosby

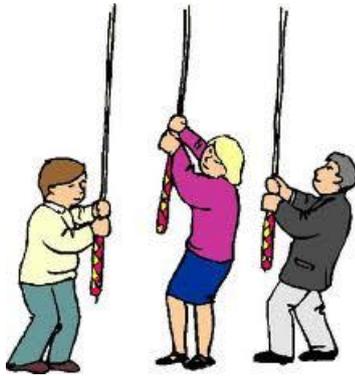
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Welcome to the April 2019 electronic issue of our new-look church magazine, which features news, reports, announcements, comment and comedy from St Faith's and elsewhere. During the course of the month, material will be uploaded as it arrives and as each month ends, the issue will be archived and a new month opened.: (access these on the 'Magazine archive' link above.) The editor welcomes contributions of every kind at any time.: the latest article is at the top of the page.

[Contributions, comments or complaints to cdavidprice@gmail.com](mailto:cdavidprice@gmail.com)

April 30th



Dropping a clanger

A terrible joke resurrected to round off the month.

The vicar was surprised when a man with no arms asked if he could ring the church bells. The vicar wondered how he was going to manage the bell ropes, but the man explained that he would climb up to the bells and ring them with his head.

The vicar went up to the bell tower with him and, just as had said he would, the man banged his head against one of the bells. Getting really carried away, he banged it again and again and finally rammed his face against it. Overcome with excitement, he overbalanced and fell to the ground in a heap. A crowd gathered as the vicar climbed down, carrying the poor man in his arms.

‘How dreadful,’ said one onlooker. ‘Do you know who he is, Vicar?’

‘I don’t know his name,’ said the vicar, ‘but his face certainly rings a bell...’

See you all in the May magazine.

Contributions of all kinds, including bad jokes, are always welcome

April 28th

Speaking ill of the dead

The editor rather enjoys reading obituaries. Not just because they reassure him that he is still in the land of the living, but because of the light they shed on the lives they record. 'The Daily Telegraph' is a rich source of unusual, even eccentric obituaries, and readers are invited to share this splendid specimen of the art of obituary writing, with its insights into church politics north of the border.



The Right Reverend Neville Chamberlain, who has died aged 78, was Bishop of Brechin in the Scottish Episcopal Church from 1997 to 2005, known for his dedication to social outcasts and the poor and for his high-profile campaigning against oppression and inequality.

In 1999, however, he earned unwelcome publicity after becoming caught up in a rancorous bust-up with the Provost of St Paul's Episcopal Cathedral, Dundee, the mother church of the diocese of Brechin; it was a rift that was eventually healed following the intervention of Archbishop Desmond Tutu.

The saga, which could have come from the pages of Trollope, began in August 1998 when Chamberlain appointed the Rev Miriam Byrne, a twice-married former nun, as Provost of the cathedral after the previous incumbent, Michael Bunce, resigned having been convicted of embezzling £44,000 from a church-led fund set up to help the unemployed. The new appointment was designed to heal the wounds left by the scandal, yet within weeks a petition was circulating at St Paul's demanding Bunce's return.

The arrival of a feminist divorcee as the first clergywoman to take charge of an Anglican cathedral in Britain (and one with a predominantly elderly, conservative congregation), upset traditionalists. When, on her first Sunday in the pulpit, she introduced a modern liturgy to replace the 1662 Prayer Book, all hell broke loose. Dubbed "Attila the Nun" for her alleged "Thatcher-like" behaviour and attempts to introduce "happy-clappy" forms of worship, she was accused of heresy in removing the phrase "God the father and son" from certain services.

The cathedral's honorary chaplain resigned, taking about a dozen members of the congregation with him, followed by the choirmaster. Others refused to receive Holy Communion when she presided. The choir moved to a different church. Others were sacked, including the cathedral administrator and organist.

To begin with, Chamberlain gave Miriam Byrne his full support, even when the vestry committee wrote to him pleading for her resignation, declaring himself "saddened and ashamed" by the row, saying it was "undermining Christianity".

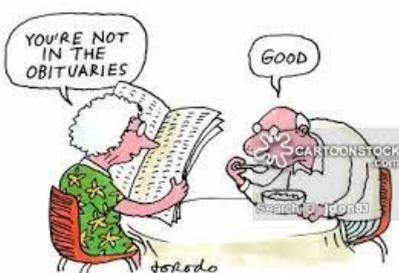
As the atmosphere became increasingly poisonous, another bishop, called in to examine complaints against the provost, found no case to answer and requested a "cooling-off" period. But there was more to come. It had been agreed that the house which came with the provostship needed an upgrade. However, Miriam Byrne was accused of overspending by up to £19,000 on the unauthorised installation of an expensive Aga cooker. In October 1999, following a vote of no confidence lodged by the Cathedral Chapter, Chamberlain announced that he no longer wished to conduct services at St Paul's, adding that he had lost confidence in Ms Byrne.

She was not prepared to go, however, and she had supporters. In May 1999, as the threat of bankruptcy loomed, an anonymous benefactor had stepped in with a £250,000 donation for the upkeep of her ministry. Subsequently a new vestry committee gave her its full backing. But Chamberlain refused to release the donation and the committee was forced to reach into its own pockets to pay her wages. Then, in December, the College of Bishops of the Episcopal Church decreed that her ministry was no longer sustainable and lawyers acting on Chamberlain's behalf offered her £85,000 to go quietly. She rejected it as a "bribe".

In January 2000 Miriam Byrne was suspended by Chamberlain and charged with 69 unspecified breaches of church discipline. Her supporters retaliated by obtaining a court order banning the bishop from interfering with the cathedral and demanding he account for the withheld donation.

Over the previous Christmas, however, Chamberlain had read Archbishop Desmond Tutu's account of his work on South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission, and it subsequently occurred to him that Tutu's success in healing bitter political divisions might have an application to his own predicament. In February he asked Bishop Richard Holloway, Primus of the Episcopal Church and a personal friend of Tutu, to arrange a meeting with the archbishop, himself and Miriam Byrne.

Tutu agreed and in February 2000 the warring parties flew out on separate planes to Atlanta, Georgia, where Tutu was a visiting professor, and stayed in separate hotels before engaging in a series of meetings with Tutu. After little more than 48 hours they re-emerged, pledging their commitment to a new beginning and to finding a way of working together. They returned to Britain on the same flight and dropped their outstanding claims against each other "for the greater good of the cathedral and the diocese". Reinstated by the College of Bishops, Miriam Byrne was cleared of all charges.



April 25th

Who Will Buy the Biscuits?

Another thoughtful submission (a.k.a. 'rant') by
Denis Griffiths



At the start I should make it clear that I love and appreciate engineering and technology. Not only do they demonstrate the inventiveness of mankind but they also, generally, improve the lot of mankind. However, there can be exceptions and what you might consider as exceptions depends upon your viewpoint. We all have our own opinions and long may that be so. Some of mine follow and I am sure that our editor would welcome other views. (*Yes indeed. Ed*)

Recently I watched a television programme about a biscuit factory; indeed I had seen a similar programme a year ago and it is heartening to an engineer to see that the arts fraternity, which seems to control the media, is not neglecting engineering completely. The factory was making something like Jaffa Cakes; I recall the mixing of the batter, baking of the biscuits, depositing of the orange jam and the layering of the chocolate. Each stage was fascinating and carried out at amazing speed with hundreds of thousands of delicious snacks being produced each hour. Some of the filming was slowed down so that the small steps in each process could actually be seen; at normal speed it was all just a blur. The designers of the machines, indeed the whole production line, were undoubted experts in their field but there were many fields and they all worked together.

The one thing that particularly caught my eye was the fact that the whole plant operated without much human intervention, apart from loading the raw materials at the beginning of the production line and removing the boxed product at the end. The machines did everything else. There are many reasons for this: machines work faster, they don't get tired and so production can be uninterrupted over a 24-hour period, and people cost money by way of wages and other benefits. After the capital investment in the production line has been spent you only have the running costs for electricity and maintenance. With people, they must be trained and paid for every hour they work. Get rid of people and you save money; people costs can be transferred to the taxpayer via the welfare system. That is Capitalism.

Anyone opposing the rise of the machine is generally referred to as a Luddite, but that demeans what that band of 19th century textile workers was about. The group was actually protesting against the use of machinery in what it considered a deceitful way to get around standard labour practices. Luddites were concerned that the time spent learning their skills would be wasted as machines would replace them. What they wanted was training or retraining in new and lasting skills which is something that appears very reasonable to me. Many years ago I served my apprenticeship as a marine engineer and many other people also served apprenticeships in a whole host of trades, aiming for a future career. Most people knew at the time that the industry they were entering would change, but they would change with it and, to use a modern phrase, they would be up-skilled. In the marine engineering industry the major innovation of the 1970s was automation and the unmanned engine room. That does not mean that nobody ever entered the engine room, an Unmanned Machinery Space (UMS) ship operates without normal engine room watches during the night; the automation monitors the machinery and if a fault occurs an alarm calls the duty engineer to the engine room. Routine work is carried out during the day. Most of us considered that UMS was an improvement as watch-keeping could be boring. However, UMS operations did lead to reduced manning. Today there are no

large British commercial shipping companies with ships registered in Britain and manned by British seafarers. That is not something I can be proud of as we are still an island, surrounded by seas.

Then “the bosses” in most industries took matters a bit further and decided that training people costs money; it was cheaper to poach trained workers from other companies. Great idea and financially useful, until all companies adopted the same approach and nobody was doing any training. The result is the chaos of not being able to find skilled workers, so we bring in bricklayers, plumbers, electricians etc. from other countries as we have not trained our own. Profit before people. But “the bosses” aren’t always in private enterprise, sometimes they are our own government. By 2020, following the latest round of railway franchise awards there will be no British operator of any part of the railways in Britain. Virgin trains will not be able to compete for any franchise as it is part owned by the Stagecoach Group and that group appears to have problems agreeing to conditions for staff pension funding. So the country which gave railways to the world will no longer operate its own railway system.

That situation applies to much of Britain’s former industrial base in industries such as car making, steel, railway locomotive building and aircraft construction. Engineering is a dirty word as far as the political classes are concerned. Financial services rule and that is why the taxpayer had to bail out the gambling banks to the tune of many billions of pounds when they crashed so spectacularly some 10 years ago. And we never got all of our money back, and we are still offering handouts to them. The people responsible for this situation, the politicians, in general served no apprenticeships. so they do not know how anything works. You have to be with working people to know how things function. You learn by watching and listening, not by sitting at a few lectures and scraping a degree in politics or some other obscure subject. Being able to change your own light bulbs, replace a fuse (after diagnosing that a fuse has blown) or fix a washer on a dripping tap are simple skills, not rocket science. Learning such skills is part of the apprenticeship of life and, like other basic skills, they should not be lost or abused.

This sort of thing is what the Luddites were all about. You need skills to make your own way in life and assist others who cannot do the things that you can; what goes around comes around. Your skills should not be abused by people who wish to exploit you so that they can make a profit for no effort themselves. Telling people that their skills are obsolete because others will do the job cheaper is not leadership. Eventually you have nothing to lead. It is Karma.

The “Modern Apprenticeship” was devised as a cheap and very rapid form of training, dressed up as an apprenticeship. It fills a gap, a very small gap, but does not offer much in the way of experiential learning. In fact, the only thing that it does do is enable some politician to feel smug about his/her idea, it does not provide the apprentice with real, satisfying, transferrable skills with which to meet an uncertain future.

So we come back to the biscuit factory producing millions of biscuits each week with just a handful of people. Good for profit, provided that there is a market for the biscuits. If people are not employed they cannot afford biscuits, or anything else for that matter. So, who will buy the biscuits?



April 23rd

The Summer Saturday Concerts final list!



The Parish Church of St Faith, Great Crosby

Summer Saturday Concerts 2019



You are warmly invited to the 21st annual series of Saturday lunchtime concerts at St Faith's. The church is open from 11.00 am to 1.00 pm on concert days, with recitals starting at 12 noon. Admission is free, with a retiring collection towards expenses. Light refreshments are on sale. The schedule is subject to confirmation. Changes and updates will be posted on the church website (www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk)

4 May Merchant Taylors' Soloist Recital Concert

11 May Mostly Madrigals

18 May The Paling Trio

*(Please note that this concert starts at the earlier time of **11.30 am**)*

25 May Liverpool BID Community Choir

1 June Ian Dunning (bass) and Anne Dickinson (piano)

8 June Fr. Neil Kelley and friends

15 June Merchant Taylors' Primary School Choirs and Musicians

22 June The Cantelina Singers

29 June Colin Porter (organ) and Robert  Bird (piano)

6 July Merchant Taylors' School Combined Concert Band

13 July Southport U3A Choir

20 July Elizabeth McNulty (Harp)

27 July Beth Hartless (soprano) and James Luxton (piano)

3 August Crosby Gilbert and Sullivan Society

10 August Jennifer Lee (soprano) and Robert Woods (piano)

17 August Clare Hyams (mezzo-soprano), Keith Cawdron (bass) & Anne Dickinson (piano)



April 21st



Resurrection

At this season, more than any other,
They step forward from the darkness,
Thronging the margins of the mind.
Silently they rise up from the grave of memory:
Some who have left their mark on this place and on us
Long-past worshippers congregating again,
A parent mourned, a friend lost to the dark;
Others known only to their God:
Taken in their multitudes before their time
By man's inhumanity to man.
Their faces haunt us, their presence as real
As the heavy clustered lilies given in their memory,
Before they slip away into the shadows,
Back to the borders of oblivion.
But their death is only a beginning
And our lamenting will have an end
In the certain hope of the resurrection,
The new fire, the fanfare of faith,
When the past and the present come once more together
And all things are made whole again in God.

Surely ...

Chris Price

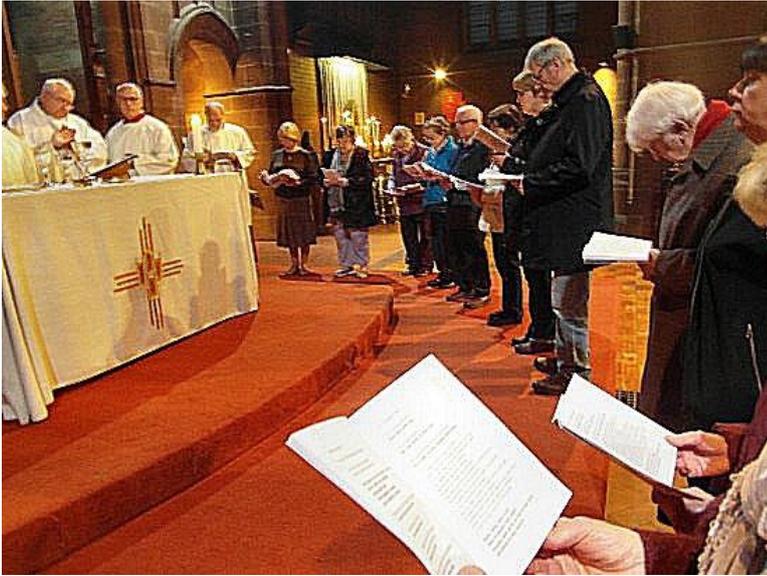
St Faith's Church: Easter, 1995

April 19th

Maundy Thursday 2019

Images of the liturgy at St Faith's





April 17th



Maundy Thursday Watch

Tall arches spanning darkness;
High invisible roof: warm still air.
The shadowed crucifix outlined against carved beams.

And light spilling out through the pillars:
Soft radiance from a firmament of flickering candles,
Gold and white in the night, swaying shadows.
Burnished sanctuary lamp mirroring the arc of fire below;
Dark grouped leaves and boughs, and frozen flowers:
Christ on the altar in Gethsemane.

The dull roar of traffic sounds outside the walls.
Silent worshippers kneel or sit to keep their watch,
With only the rustle of a page, the shifting of a chair
To move the soft silence.
Waiting for death to come to their Lord in the morning
To bring them life.

Footsteps echo quietly down the dark aisle. The vigil
Goes on. The faithful watch with Christ.
Outside the cold midnight brings another Good Friday.
Inside, no time, only the soft shadow of eternity.

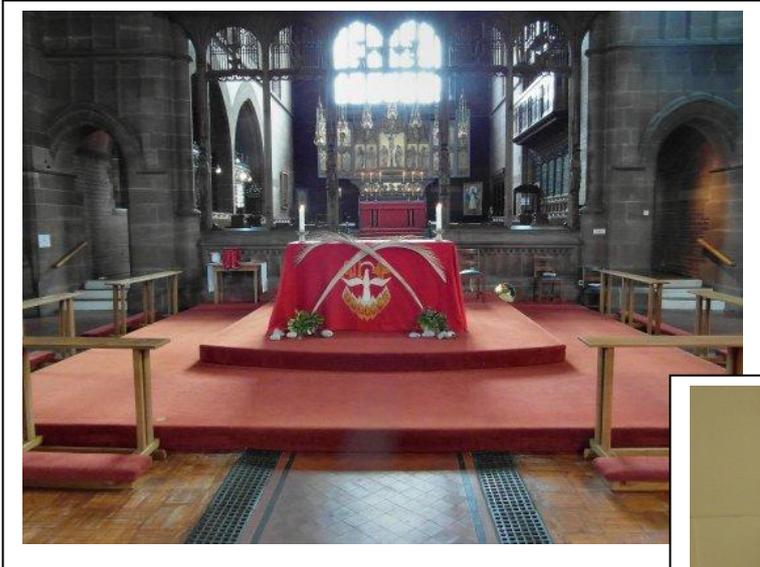
Surely, God is here.

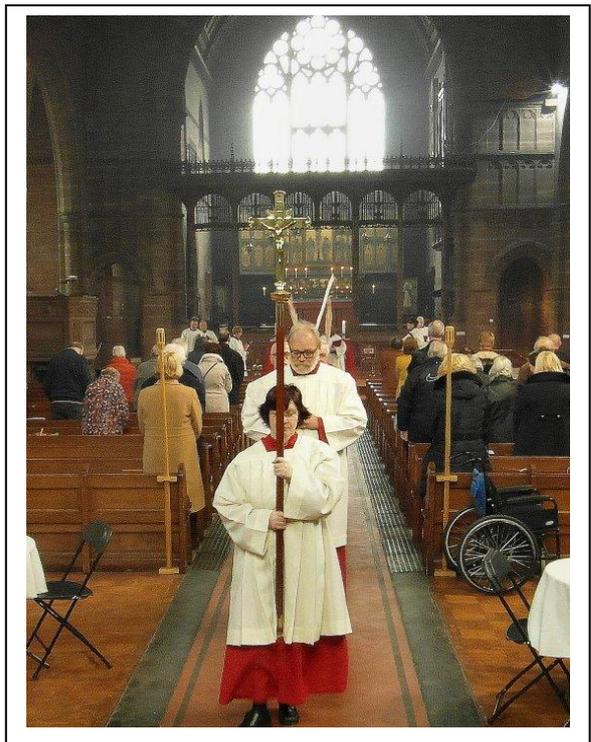
Chris Price

Maundy Thursday 1973

April 15th

Palm Sunday Gallery





April 14th

Rant!



The Tea Party and Auntie Beeb: A New Rant from Denis

Like most other members of the congregation, I first encountered the BBC through the radio although I in those far-off days I did not pay much attention to it. 'Journey into Space' and 'Dick Barton' were the only programmes I can recall listening to. The first television encounter was in 1953 when a group of local boys crowded into the front room of a neighbour, who had the only television in the vicinity, in order to watch the Blackpool/Bolton FA cup final. It was a small screen in B&W but it was TV and football so we watched enthusiastically. The enthusiasm for TV did not compete so well with cake, jelly and custard when the coronation took place a month later. The festive delights of the street party far outweighed a crowded front room and B&W pictures on a small screen.

Over the years things gradually changed and more families, including ours, obtained televisions. ITV came along with its American serials and its adverts, so there was a choice. The BBC still seemed to have the monopoly of the radio airwaves via the Light Programme and the Home Service but for the teenager the more interesting radio programming came via Radio Luxembourg; though most of us had little idea of where Luxembourg was and cared even less. That station played "modern" rock-n-roll, so we tolerated the adverts.

What I didn't know at the time was that if you had a radio you had to pay for a radio licence and if you had a TV you had to pay extra for a TV licence. I didn't know because I didn't have to pay. In fact, I only started paying for the TV licence when I got married and that continued for 50 years until I reached the age of 75 and, as if by magic, I no longer had to pay the BBC tax. Because that is, in effect, what the licence fee is, a tax to fund the BBC. Even if you never watch or listen to BBC programmes you have to pay the money which now amounts to over £150 per year. The American revolution started using the slogan "No taxation without representation" and that could be amended to apply to the current BBC tax. You don't have a choice; if you watch any live programme in a year you have to pay the BBC tax. Such "live" programmes mean any current broadcast being transmitted by any station rather than streaming services such as Netflix, Amazon, Prime, etc. Basically, if you have a TV or a radio you pay the BBC tax.

Now that might have been fair when the BBC was the only broadcaster and had to be funded to get radio and TV services going. But the other broadcasters such as ITV and Radio Luxembourg (as well as the "Pirate" radio stations which blossomed offshore in the 1960s) managed very well on advertising. However, the BBC stuck to its guns and insisted that the tax funding was the only way. It did not really have to compete because its money was guaranteed, if you had a TV and never watched BBC you still helped fund the lavish lifestyle of that organisation. As the population watching "the box" increased the income increased but the BBC tax rate also increased year by year. The income now is enormous and the pay packets of many of its employees (or artists) are beyond the dreams of avarice. Recent revelations have indicated the multi-million pound stipends paid to some "stars". There are former sports personalities being paid over a £1m per year to make comments on a football match you may have just watched. What is the point of that? You should be well able to make up your

own mind if it was a goal or not. I have just received my latest copy of Private Eye and it has an item indicating that the BBC has just cut six journalist jobs to save nearly £360,000 per year but at the same time it is paying some office staff over £300,000 per year. One of those is a new position of Chief Customer Officer whose remit is to “develop a closer, more personal relationship with BBC consumers”. But what if you don’t consume what the BBC has to offer, you will still pay the BBC tax. In justifying the paying of high salaries/fees it has been claimed that these people could command such amounts on the open market and so the BBC has to compete. But the BBC is part of that open market and so inflates the salaries/fees. What about bringing new (and cheaper) talent forward?

It is argued, by some, that the BBC does not show adverts and provides uninterrupted programmes. That is not actually the case. You only need to watch a BBC programme to see incidents of product placement and there are many minutes each hour of adverts for BBC programmes and services. The BBC has an extensive on-line presence with many “apps” which have been developed at some significant cost to the BBC taxpayer.

Whilst thinking about this article I decided to watch some BBC TV to see how things were going. I stopped general BBC watching some time ago as the service deteriorated when they stopped making “Last of the Summer Wine”; that will probably indicate my level of entertainment need. The BBC is supposed to Inform, Educate and Entertain in order to justify the BBC tax; this it does, or has done. In the 1980s the BBC had a series of programmes (radio and TV) about computers and computer programming. The BBC Micro (the first computer I owned) came about through that series of programmes and many people learned computer programming as a result. In order to converse with my wife’s aunt and uncle (she was born in Belgium) I learned some basic French via a BBC series called “Ensemble”. There were other skill learning programmes on offer in those days, but not now. The BBC no longer seems to be interested in educating its taxpayers, unless, you want to bake a cake.

There is a programme called “Click” which is broadcast on the BBC News 24 channel. This used to be called something else and was concerned with computers and computer systems. Sadly this has morphed into an advertising and presenter holiday programme. Each week hoards of presenters and crew will visit computer/electronic shows in the likes of Las Vegas and Barcelona to demonstrate (advertise) the latest gadgets/televisions/phones, etc. The makers of such equipment would pay good money for such coverage on commercial TV stations, so why doesn’t the BBC cash in? But it doesn’t need to dirty its hands with such commercial opportunism when the BBC tax is available. The BBC does not have to compete for funding, like Oliver Twist it can just ask for more. However, unlike Oliver Twist, it will get it.

There is a great deal more which can be written on this matter but it would become tedious to read any more. The final word to be said is that it is time the BBC moved into the real world and went commercial instead of dipping its hand deeper into the pockets of the BBC taxpayer. The Americans have a phrase for this, and a political movement. The Taxed Enough Already (TEA) party should now visit Auntie BEEB.

Denis Griffiths

(who will be ranting here again shortly...)

April 12th

Should Brexit take place?

Medics were unable to reach a consensus:

The Allergists were in favour of scratching it, but the Dermatologists advised not to make any rash moves.

The Gastroenterologists had sort of a gut feeling about it, but the Neurologists thought that the PM had a lot of nerve.

Meanwhile, Obstetricians felt certain everyone was labouring under a misconception, and the midwives said "let's just push ahead with it", while the Ophthalmologists considered the idea shortsighted.

Pathologists yelled, "Over my dead body!" while the Paediatricians said, "Oh, grow up!"

The Dentists just gritted their teeth and the Psychiatrists thought the whole idea was madness, while the Radiologists could see right through it.

Surgeons decided to wash their hands of the whole thing and the Internists claimed it would indeed be a bitter pill to swallow.

The Plastic Surgeons opined that this proposal would "put a whole new face on the matter."

The Podiatrists thought it was a step forward, but the Urologists were pissed off at the whole idea.

Anaesthesiologists thought the whole idea was a gas, and those lofty Cardiologists didn't have the heart to say no.

In the end, the Proctologists won out, leaving the entire decision up to the ***holes in Parliament.

Internet circulation: thanks to Rick Walker for passing it on.

April 9th



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27 April TBC

4 May Merchant Taylors' School Woodwind Students

11 May Mostly Madrigals

18 May Edwin Paling and Rosalin Lazaroff, (violin) (*concert starts t 11.30 am*)

25 May Liverpool BID Community Choir

1 June Ian Dunning (bass) and Anne Dickinson (piano)

8 June Fr. Neil Kelley and friends

15 June Stanfield School Choir

22 June The Cantelina Singers

29 June Colin Porter (organ) and Robert Bird (piano)

6 July Merchant Taylors' School Combined Concert Band

13 July Southport U3A Choir

20 July Elizabeth McNulty (Harp)

27 July TBC

3 August Crosby Gilbert and Sullivan Singers

10 August Jennifer Lee (soprano) and Robert Woods (piano)

17 August Keith Cawdron (bass) and Clare Hyams (mezzo-soprano)



April 7th



A journey of faith, by Rev Bill Matthews

Part III – The long walk back home

I am looking forward to assisting in the worship in St Faith's, Great Crosby, having recently retired as rector of Wigan Parish Church and Team Rector to twelve of Wigan's churches. Looking back, as I mentioned in Part II, it's easy for me to see now how I arrived at this point. There's an old Naval saying 'you can take the man out of the Navy but you can't take the Navy out of the man'; for me, that's true about the Church of England. My little BCP, my baptismal certificate and the books I received as prizes for Sunday School attendance are treasures that have been with me for most of my life. Even more is the sense of belonging

and the welcome I have received when preaching or leading worship in churches and cathedrals, even when I was still a Methodist minister. However, you may be interested in reading more of the story of that return to where my heart has always been.

As my Methodist Circuit appointment in Portsmouth drew to a close, the Methodist Church was good enough to enable me to continue as a university chaplain, part time. In addition, I was employed as Personal Development Planning tutor to the Faculty of Technology at the University of Portsmouth. During this time, I was officially tutor to about nine thousand students, though I only lectured to about two thousand per year and had group or individual tutorials with a few hundred. It was a great privilege to share the journeys of so many people, again both staff and students. Many of the issues that threatened to hold them back were personal rather than academic. It was also intensely interesting to coordinate Law teaching in what is known as ACCESS to Higher Education courses, teaching and examining law – in particular, property law for LLB students. Work on the University and Department of Pharmacy and of Physiology and Sports Science Ethics committees was also very rewarding at a personal level.

During this latter phase, it became clearer that my own spiritual life and ministry needed to be returned to the spiritual home that had nurtured me and where doors seemed to be opening, whilst those in the Methodist Church appeared to be closing. There was a long period of intense discernment with much prayer and very many conversations. Some in Methodism expected me to return to circuit work – the equivalent of parish ministry – at a senior level. That was made particularly difficult since I was troubleshooting issues in the Methodist Circuit where I lived and it would have been unhelpful to attend any of those churches as a worshipper during that particularly difficult time.

One week though, everything seemed to come together and I was personally convinced of a call to minister in the Church of England. I fully expected this would be as a non-stipendiary minister on account of my age. After consulting a number of friends, I made a formal approach to the Diocesan DDO for Portsmouth – someone I knew as my Anglican colleague in one of the places where I was minister to a Methodist church. Within a matter of days he invited me for interview and, the same day, (unusually) I was interviewed by the then Bishop of Portsmouth. Together, we concluded that my future ministry was indeed in the Church of England, where I had so clearly heard my initial call and whose liturgy and spirituality had inspired, informed, nurtured and sustained my ministry.

It was strange being there with the Rt Revd Kenneth Stephenson. At the end of my interview, when he told me that he would recommend me for ordination, I said, 'we have met before, father' He replied 'Yes, I know, it was in 1996 at HMS Dryad. If you turn round, you will see a picture of Sarah and I with the Anglican chaplain and you. You have been in my prayers over these years.' I was stunned.

Now it really was time to come home. Within a very short time, I served as curate to the vicar of St Faith's, Lee on the Solent for one year and learnt very much from him. Then I became assistant curate to the parish of Holy Rood, Stubbington in Hampshire and I was made assistant to the Archdeacon of Fareham and was involved in restructuring the Deanery. The post was part time, so my work as Faculty PDP tutor, Law lecturer and chaplain to Alton College (one day per week) made for a full working week.

However, when the University decided not to continue to develop Faculty PDP tutors (I was the only example at Portsmouth), my post was made redundant. Although I had the opportunity to apply for a number of 'ring fenced' posts, I was encouraged to apply for Team Vicar roles. Once again, the process of discernment and the Church of England's excellent structure which enables ordained priests to discuss possibilities with the Archbishop's advisor and the CPAS advisor, resulted in an application to the Diocese of Liverpool – where, incidentally, I had received my initial call as a boy.

Although my time in Liverpool Diocese has been relatively small proportion (about 10%) of my ministry, it has been broad and deep across a wide cross section of the work of the Diocese. It has been a privilege to share faith journeys with many people during this time and as I entered formal retirement from stipended ministry, it seemed that such gifts as I have been given and the range of ministry that I have experienced, could be a good fit for supporting others through Spiritual direction, giving back something in gratitude for those who have shared my own journey and helping others who take up the challenges ahead. I will also continue to support Diocesan clergy by continuing in the role of Bishop's Reviewer – undertaking Ministerial Development Reviews with individual priests. In this and other ways, I hope that I can help others who are seriously trying to discern what God wants of them. I am certain that God has a call for each of us.

There's plenty of leisure in my (yet to be realised) retirement plans. I'm hoping to spend more time playing my clarinet and bass clarinet in wind bands, ensembles and orchestras, playing my guitar a little and leading singing, especially for people with memory issues, and continuing to try to learn to play the violin. I'll continue to attend Folk Camps and hope to join orchestras such as the Bournemouth Symphony and the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, when they invite amateurs to play along with them at their annual training and concert days. In the words of many politicians, I hope to spend more time with my lovely family and with our two grandchildren Oh, and that model railway won't build itself. There was a time when being a vicar and railway enthusiast was an essential combination – I hope to follow in that tradition. Our two grandsons show every sign of being interested in helping me with the model railway and I can hardly wait to get started on it.

Perhaps I should say a little more about my long-suffering family. Simon and his partner live in Essex. Simon's work has involved circumnavigating the globe several times. Rebekah, after over a decade playing in Germany, is a bassoonist with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic. Her husband, Ron, is a concert pianist – they met at the Chetham's School of Music. It was coincidence or providence that brought them to Liverpool when we moved into the Diocese in 2011. Our youngest son, Thomas, lives in Gosport is a very capable bass guitarist, playing in a number of professional bands. His partner's work involves assessing the needs of long stay hospital patients as they return to their own homes. Thom's day to day work, however, is in the motor industry – another of his passions. At different times in our married life, Eileen has been in full or part time employment, as a nurse in Warrington and later at Trinity Hospice in London and in supporting children with special needs in her work with the Hampshire education authority. Eileen is delighted to be helping with St Faith's Christmas Tree Festival.

Only a few years ago, I stood at the font in St Paul's, Widnes, where that rose window still allows the sunlight to reach those who are being baptised and it felt to me that the Holy Spirit had indeed led me

throughout my life, just as the vicar, my parents, godparents and family had prayed at that service in 1948. They could not have predicted where that journey would take me but they entrusted me to God's loving care. In the same way, I seek to encourage others to trust in the God who guides and is our ultimate Spiritual Director.

As you have read this series of articles I hope you have been able to read in your own story. Horace Banner was a missionary whom I knew well. He and his wife Eva were called to the indigenous peoples of Brazil. I remember his last return to the mission field. He had been diagnosed with cancer but felt well enough to make the journey. As his train pulled out of Warrington Bank Quay station he opened the window of the carriage door (you could do that then) and shouted: 'And remember, there's a work for Jesus, only you can do!' With that, he challenged us to ask what that might be for us. May I leave you with the same thought? God bless you and thank you for welcoming us to St Faith's.

It is very good to have Fr Bill at the altar and in the pulpit at St Faith's and to benefit from his long and varied experience. You can re-visit the first two chapters of his story via the Magazine Archive link above – Part I in the February edition and Part II in March. Ed.

April 5th

The Church website comes of age!

It came as something of a surprise to realise that St Faith's church website would seem at some point earlier this year to have celebrated its 21st birthday. To mark this milestone, here is a magazine article penned by the editor as long ago as March 1998. As can be seen, at that time we were still being amazed at the internet's world-wide coverage and the power of search engines. Our website has of this week in 2019 now amassed some 236,000 hits – small beer by social media standards, but worth a mention. The church website has grown over the years to the point when even your Editor – still the only labourer in the field - needs its on-site search facility to find things. It remains our aim to bring St Faith's to as wide a readership as possible, and, God willing, to be a force for good in a troubled world.

The more recent arrival of the Friends of St Faith's Facebook pages has given us a toehold in the vast and confusing world of social media and provides access to Friends near and far to make their own contributions and comments. Neither of these platforms was available much before 1998, and it is good that we can now play our part in proclaiming the gospel in cyberspace as well as from the pews.

“From the Back Pew: March 1998

News from St Faith's website, or 'Atcherley, I'm not quite sure'

The Church website has been up and running now for almost a year, and has registered over 3000 'hits' from visitors looking at its pages. Quite a few of these have left complimentary comments in our 'Visitors' Book', so that we know that the site had been favourably received. It is now possible for those who can access the Internet to read details of the church's resources, its history and its features, accompanied by a wealth of colour photographs (the windows, the reredos, the Stations of the Cross, the clergy) and also by the sounds of the choir, the clergy and others singing, preaching and reading. There are still very few churches locally on the Net, and we think we are ahead of the field — not just as a piece of advertising but as a means of spreading the gospel abroad.

And the readership is international, as a recent e-mail Chris Price received will demonstrate. A lady from Edmonton, Canada, 'wrote' enquiring about the name of Atcherley, which she said featured on the list of Churchwardens of St Faith's in 1919. And so it did, along with two others — but for that year only. Research in the 1919 Magazine archives revealed that Roger Atcherley was made a Warden at the spring A.G.M. but resigned less than three months later. Tantalisingly, no reason is given for this brief tenure of office!

A school colleague who shares the writer's fascination with archives and history dug around in Crosby Library and found plenty of evidence of Mr Atcherley, who lived at various addresses in Blundellsands and belonged to a firm of Liverpool merchants. The information was e-mailed back to the lady from Canada, with a request to know how she had traced the St Faith's reference in the first place. It transpired that she had used a 'search engine' to look for information under 'Genealogy' and 'Atcherley' and found our reference. Search engines trawl through every piece of information on the Net and pinpoint relevant matches — and the History pages of our website list the Wardens since the church's foundation! We had helped Roger Atcherley's grand-daughter fill in a few more pieces in her genealogical jigsaw (which includes an Atcherley Lord Mayor of London and another who seemingly married a Hawaiian Princess!) and also had further proof of the amazing power and coverage of the World Wide Web,

Truly, we are not alone!”

Postscript

It is right and proper that I should express my sincere thanks to all who have contributed to *Newslink* magazine – printed and online – over the years. It goes without saying that contributions of every kind are more than welcome.

Chris Price



April 1st

April 2019 Diary

Monday 1 st	7.30 pm	Lent course “Your Shape for God’s Service” at St. Mary’s
Tuesday 2 nd	1.45 pm	Waterloo Group Council Standing Committee at Seafarers Centre
	7.00 pm	Lent course “Your Shape for God’s Service” at St. Faith’s
Wednesday 3 rd	7.30 pm	Forces Family Support
Thursday 4 th	12.00 noon	Eucharist
Sunday 7 th	11.00 am	Passion Sunday
	6:30pm	Stainer’s Crucifixion
Monday 8 th	7.30 pm	Lent course “Your Shape for God’s Service” at St. Mary’s
Tuesday 9 th	7.00 pm	Lent course “Your Shape for God’s Service” at St. Faith’s
Thursday 11 th	12.00 noon	Eucharist
Saturday 13 th	9.30 am	Waterloo Group Council at St. Faith’s
Sunday 14 th	11am	Palm Sunday (Service begins in Hall)
	7.30 pm	Crosby Symphony Orchestra concert
Monday 15 th	10.30 am	Chrism Mass at Liverpool Cathedral
	7.00 pm	Eucharist and Stations of the Cross

Tuesday 16 th	12.00 noon	Eucharist with Address
Wednesday 17 th	7.30 pm	Reconciliation and Eucharist
Maundy Thurs	8:00 pm	Institution of our Lord's Supper & Watch
Good Friday	11.00 am	Ecumenical service at the Library
	1:30 pm	The liturgy of Good Friday
Saturday 20 th	8pm	Easter Vigil
Sunday 21 st	11am	Easter Sunday
	6:30pm	Festal Evensong
Tuesday 23 rd	7.00 pm	Lent course "Your Shape for God's Service" at St. Faith's
Thursday 25 th	12.00 noon	Eucharist
Saturday 27 th	12 noon	Opening Saturday Recital
Sunday 28 th	11am	Low Sunday
	6.30 pm	The Stations of the Resurrection
Tuesday 30 th	7.00 pm	Eucharist