



KEEP ME  
GOING  
LORD

# Newslink

St Faith's Church, Great Crosby  
Parish Magazine  
AUGUST 2011

# **Worship at Saint Faith's**



## **SUNDAYS**

### **11.00am SOLEMN MASS and Children's Church**

1.00pm Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)

6.00pm Evening Service and Benediction  
(1st Sunday and as announced)

## **WEEKDAY MASSES**

Monday 10.30am

Wednesday 10.30am (1662 Book of Common Prayer in S. Mary's)

Saturday 10.30am

**During the month of August Morning Prayer replaces the Eucharist on Tuesdays and Evening Prayer replaces the Eucharist on Fridays.**

## **SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION**

Fr. Neil and Revd. Denise 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.

## **ANOINTING OF THE SICK AND DYING**

Please contact Fr. Neil at any time, day or night, if someone is ill and requires the ministry of a priest.

## **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, or be visited in hospital or at home, please ring the Vicarage or another member of the Ministry Team. We are always happy to make home or hospital visits to the sick and housebound so please call us to arrange this.



**From the Ministry Team**

**August 2011**

The 14th of August is the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the biblical disclosure of God's plan of redemption, Mary stands as near to the centre as it is possible to be. As the totally faithful and obedient Israelite, she is able to fulfil the vocation of the people of God and to bring the Messiah into the world. Some of the prophetic books point to her in a startlingly direct way, when Israel is addressed as the Daughter of Zion. This is Israel as she is meant to be, feminine and responsive to the divine initiative, Israel as she indeed comes to be in the person of Mary of Nazareth, the willing partner of God. The early Christian Fathers trace this partnership of Creator and creature, and the prefiguring of Mary, behind the history of the chosen people to the activity of God in creation itself. They loved to draw a parallel between the virgin earth fertilised by the Spirit of God in the act of creation and the virginal womb similarly fertilized by the Holy Spirit at the beginning of the new creation. From the second century Mary was seen as the second of new Eve, "the Mother of all living".

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Mary's 'fiat', for the Incarnation was as much dependent on Mary's loving response as on God's loving initiatives. Some words from that massive and splendid volume "Consider your Call: a theology of monastic life today" put it well: 'In the story of Mary's call the classic elements are present: an assurance that "the Lord is with you", the preliminary disclosure of the plan, the giving of a sign, and her consent in graced freedom... but from that moment she had to go forward in partial ignorance and total trust, not knowing where that first consent would lead her'.

We have already begun to see Mary from the other side of the centre of the history of salvation, not now as the final shining member of the old covenant but as the first member of the new community of faith, as the type and ideal of the Catholic Church, the example of the perfectly redeemed life. The Gospels show how painful the transition was for her and the glimpses we are given suggest that her way was that of every Christian, a way of bewilderment and misunderstanding, of darkness and suffering at every level. She had to be weaned, as it were, from her unique physical relationship with Jesus in order to fulfil her unique vocation as mother in the Church. Outside the Gospels we are given that lovely cameo of Mary at the praying heart of the apostolic Church in Acts 1:14 and finally that wonderfully rich and complex symbol of Israel – Mary – Church in glory in Revelation 12: 1ff.

The whole length of her way Mary stands before us as the Church's true self, in obedience and co-operation bringing Christ into the world, suffering with him, and looking forward to final blessedness and glory. She is at once contemplative, pondering all that is said in her heart, and compassionate in her love and service of others. Indeed she perfectly fulfils the twofold command of love. She is herself Good News for mankind, showing what our graced human nature can become and encouraging us all to be channels of Christ's redeeming love.

With every blessing,

Fr Dennis

**Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> August**

***The Feast Day of the Blessed Virgin Mary (transferred)***

*(Co-Patron of the United Benefice)*

11.00am **SUNG EUCHARIST**

**4.00pm JOINT PARISHES BBQ**

*with games and Bouncy Castle for the Children...tickets on sale now!*



**We beseech thee, O Lord,  
pour thy grace into our hearts;  
that, as we have known the incarnation  
of thy Son Jesus Christ by the message of an angel,  
so by his cross and passion  
we may be brought unto the glory of his resurrection;  
through Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord,  
who liveth and reigneth with thee,  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever.**

**AMEN.**

# **Weekday Services during August**

*Please note that during the month of August the only weekday services will be as follows:*

<b>Monday 10.30am</b>	<b>Holy Eucharist</b>
<b>Tuesday 9.30am</b>	<b>Morning Prayer</b>
<b>Wednesday 10.30am</b>	<b>Holy Eucharist in St. Mary's</b>
<b>Friday 6.30pm</b>	<b>Evening Prayer</b>
<b>Saturday 10.30am</b>	<b>Holy Eucharist</b>



## **Hall Refurbishment Progress Report**

Over the past two years or so a small group have been fundraising to finance the upgrading of facilities in the parish hall.

To date we have managed to raise over £4,600, which has financed the installation of toilet facilities for the disabled members of our community, and also upgrade other toilet facilities to a good standard.

Our continuing fundraising has been to enable us to replace the poly-carbon windows with re-enforced glass, for security as recommended by the crime prevention officers; heat saving, and cleanliness, as well as cosmetic reasons. The target aimed for to carry out this work was approximately £2,600. We have been raising the finance for this by table sales, which started last September. You may have noticed that this work has now been completed and makes a considerable difference to the quality of light in the hall, and also the appearance of the exterior of the premises.

However, we still need to continue to fundraise to help pay for the new security gates and fencing, as well as give the hall a desperately-needed coat of paint, and provide gates to the porch doors at the step entrance to the hall, so that we can re-install the refurbished original doors, which, if left ungated, will be at risk of similar vandalism as the temporary doors now in use.

We are unable to access any funding from charitable organisations this year, and so need to appeal for more help from you: we need more saleable bric-a-brac, cake baking, together with help on the days of the sales. Some weeks we have been down to three helpers, which is a bit of a struggle at times.

Thanks to those who have helped in any way in the past with donations of items, effort and time, also to those from whom we have had cash donations; for these we are most grateful.

Every booking for the hall brings in much-needed income for church funds. If the hall impresses prospective users because of the improvements that have been made, we will get the booking! If they really like our hall, we will get regular return bookings. If you can donate just ONE saleable item per month: bric-a-brac, clothing, a book or even a small cash donation, this will help us greatly and make all the difference. For information see either of the wardens, or Ruth, Christine, and Corinne.

Ruth Winder



**'At Home'**  
**with Bill Bryson**  
Chris Price

Most people will know of the amiable and witty American who has written extensively about our country, its people and places, and has now settled in his adopted country. He may not have endeared himself to Liverpool folk when he wrote, tongue in cheek, to say how delighted he was when he first visited our city, to find that they had laid on a litter festival specially for him. Nobody likes too much truth. But none can doubt his extensive knowledge of, and understanding of, Britishness: of our distinctive character and our history.

His latest offering is entitled 'At Home', (Black Swan; ISBN 978-0-552-77255-6) and is a potted history of the everyday things to be found in our houses. His starting point is his own home: a mid-19th century Anglican rectory near Wymondham in Norfolk. In the book he makes a fascinating excursion room by room, explaining the origins and meanings of almost everything you could imagine. The book is eminently readable, but the bit that I found most fascinating was where he lists the achievements of the Anglican clergy and their staggering contribution to literature, science and indeed every imaginable area of human achievement. Let this extract tell the story.

'The role of country clergy (in history) was a remarkably loose one. Piety was not necessarily a requirement, or even an expectation. Ordination in the Church of England required a university degree, but most ministers read classics and didn't study divinity at all, and so had no training in how to preach, provide inspiration or solace or otherwise offer meaningful Christian support. Many didn't even bother composing sermons but just bought a big book of prepared sermons and read one out once a week. The effect was to create a class of well-educated, wealthy people who had immense amounts of time on their hands. In consequence many of them began, quite spontaneously, to do remarkable things. Never in history have a group of people engaged in a broader range of creditable activities for which they were not in any sense actually employed.

George Bayldon, a vicar in a remote corner of Yorkshire, had such poor attendances at his services that he converted half his church into a henhouse, but became a self-taught authority in linguistics and compiled the world's first dictionary of Icelandic. Not far away, Laurence Sterne, vicar of a parish near York, wrote popular novels, of which 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman', is much the best remembered. Edmund Cartwright, rector of a rural parish in Leicestershire, invented the power loom, which in effect made the Industrial Revolution truly industrial; by the time of the Great Exhibition, over 250,000 of his looms were in use in England alone.

In Devon, the Reverend Jack Russell bred the terrier that shares his name, while in Oxford the Reverend William Buckland wrote the first scientific description of dinosaurs and, not incidentally, became the world's leading authority on coprolites - fossilized faeces. Thomas Robert Malthus, in Surrey, wrote 'An Essay on the Principle of Population' (which, as you will recall from your schooldays, suggested that increases in food supply could never keep up with population growth for mathematical reasons), and so started the discipline of political economy. The Reverend William Greenwell of Durham was a founding father of modern archaeology, though he is better remembered among anglers as the inventor of 'Greenwell's glory', the most beloved of trout flies.

In Dorset, the perkily named Octavius Pickard-Cambridge became the world's leading authority on spiders, while his contemporary the Reverend William Shepherd wrote a history of dirty jokes. John Clayton of Yorkshire gave the first practical demonstration of gas lighting. The Reverend George Garrett, of Manchester, invented the submarine. The ship was called the 'Resurgam', meaning 'I shall rise again', which proved to be a slightly unfortunate name as it sank in a storm in the Irish Sea three months after it was launched in 1878.

Adam Buddle, a botanist vicar in Essex, was the eponymous inspiration for the flowering buddleia. The Reverend John Mackenzie Bacon of Berkshire was a pioneering hot-air balloonist and the father of aerial photography. Sabine Baring-Gould wrote the hymn 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' and, more unexpectedly, the first novel to feature a werewolf. The Reverend Robert Stephen Hawker of Cornwall wrote poetry of distinction and was much admired by Longfellow and Tennyson, though he slightly alarmed his parishioners by wearing a pink fez and passing much of his life under the powerfully serene influence of opium. (*He also invented the Harvest Festival, and from a hut atop the cliffs rescued the washed-up bodies of drowned sailors and interred them in his church at Morwenstow. Ed*)

Gilbert White, in the Western Weald of Hampshire, became the most esteemed naturalist of his day and wrote the luminous and still much loved 'Natural History of Selborne'. In Northamptonshire the Reverend M. J. Berkeley became the foremost authority on fungi and plant diseases; less happily, he appears to have been responsible for the spread of many injurious diseases, including the most pernicious of all domestic horticultural blights, powdery mildew. John Michell, a rector in

Derbyshire, taught William Herschel how to build a telescope, which Herschel then used to discover Uranus. Michell also devised a method for weighing the Earth, which was arguably the most ingenious practical scientific experiment in the whole of the eighteenth century.

Perhaps the most extraordinary clergyman of all was the Reverend Thomas Bayes, from Tunbridge Wells in Kent, who lived from about 1701 to 1761. He was a shy and hopeless preacher, but a singularly gifted mathematician. He devised the mathematical equation that has come to be known as the Bayes theorem. People who understand it can use it to work out complex problems involving probability distributions. It is a way of arriving at statistically reliable probabilities based on partial information. The most remarkable feature of Bayes's theorem is that it had no practical applications without computers to do the necessary calculations, so in his own day it was an interesting but fundamentally pointless exercise. In fact, it was a milestone in the history of mathematics. Today it is used in modelling climate change, predicting the behaviour of stock markets, fixing radiocarbon dates, interpreting cosmological events and much else where the interpretation of probabilities is an issue - and all because of the thoughtful jottings of an eighteenth-century English clergyman.

A great many other clergymen didn't produce great works but rather great children. John Dryden, Christopher Wren, Robert Hooke, Thomas Hobbes, Oliver Goldsmith, Jane Austen, Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Horatio Nelson, the Bronte sisters, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Cecil Rhodes and Lewis Carroll (who was himself ordained, though he never practised) were all the offspring of parsons.

Something of the disproportionate influence of the clergy can be found by doing a word search of the electronic version of the Dictionary of National Biography. Enter 'rector' and you get nearly 4,600 prompts; 'Vicar' yields 3,300 more. This compares with a decidedly more modest 338 for 'physicist', 492 for 'economist', 639 for 'inventor' and 741 for 'scientist'. Interestingly, these are not greatly larger than the number of entries called forth by entering the words 'philanderer', 'murderer' or 'insane', and are considerably outdistanced by 'eccentric' with 1,010 entries.'

## From the Registers: Holy Baptism

**February** Charlotte Ann West

**March** Poppy Jane Sinclair

**April** Theo Aaron Roberts

**June** Jacob Christopher Rohrer; Lacey-Rose Riley; Alicia Travers



# Words for the Feast of Mary

(August 15th)

## The Blessed Virgin Mary Compared to a Window

Because my will is simple as a window  
And knows no pride of original birth,  
It is my life to die, like glass, by light:  
Slain in the strong rays of the bridegroom sun.

Because my love is simple as a window  
And knows no shame of original dust,  
I longed all night, (when I was visible) for dawn my death:  
When I would marry day, my Holy Spirit:  
And die by transsubstantiation into light.  
For light, my lover, steals my life in secret.  
I vanish into day, and leave no shadow  
But the geometry of my cross,  
Whose frame and structure are the strength  
By which I die, but only to the earth,  
And am uplifted to the sky my life.

When I became the substance of my lover,  
(Being obedient, sinless glass)  
I love all things that need my lover's life,  
And live to give my newborn Morning to your quiet rooms,  
Your rooms, that would be tombs,  
Or vaults of night, and death, and terror,  
Fill with the clarity of living Heaven,  
Shine with the rays of God's Jerusalem:  
O shine, bright Sions!

Because I die by brightness and the Holy Spirit,  
The sun rejoices in your jail, my kneeling Christian,  
(Where even now you weep and grin  
To learn, from my simplicity, the strength of faith).

Therefore do not be troubled at the judgements of the thunder,  
Stay still and pray, still stay, my other son,  
And do not fear the armies and black ramparts  
Of the advancing and retreating rains:  
I'll let no lightning kill your room's white order.



Although it is the day's last hour,  
Look with no fear:  
For the torn storm lets in, at the world's rim,  
Three streaming rays as straight as Jacob's ladder:

And you shall see the sun, my Son, my Substance,  
Come to convince the world of the day's end, and of the night,  
Smile to the lovers of the day in smiles of blood;  
For though my love, He'll be their Brother,  
My light - the Lamb of their Apocalypse.

*Thomas Merton*

## **The Assumption**

No painter ever caught the magic other going -  
This was a matter of an inward growing,  
Simple and imperceptible as thought.  
It was no pageant wrought  
Of sounding splendour, welter of gold bars  
Of molten day, mad stars,  
Flurry of quick angels' winging,  
Bursts of their laughter ringing  
In wild bliss.  
The simple fact is this:  
Love conquered at long last.  
Her eager soul fled fast  
With a great gladness like a song  
Unto to her Spouse above,  
And her pure flesh would not be parted long  
For sheer love.



*Joachim Smet O'Carroll*

## **Fifty Years of Memories**

*Fr Dennis continues his reminiscences...*

In the early and mid 1960's, vested in cassock, alb, amice and girdle and sat next to Fr. Hassall in the sedilia to the right of the High Altar at the 10.45 am Sung Mass on a Sunday, it would usually be during the reading of the epistle that the West door to St

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Faith's could be heard opening and the patter of feet could be listened to all the way down the middle aisle, until they came to rest in one of the front pews. That sound heralded the arrival of Miss Quiggin, a diminutive old lady whose bus from Thornton always managed to get her to church about ten or fifteen minutes after the mass had stated. She was invariably dressed in black - hat, coat and shoes - and somewhat resembled a pixie! Miss Quiggin was an Anglo-Catholic of the "old school" and I shall always remember her devout participation in, and enjoyment of, the eucharistic liturgy.

Fr Charles Billington's arrival as Vicar in the summer of 1966 and the months that followed saw many new initiatives and attempts to revitalise what had become a rather moribund St Faith's. On the social side of the church's life new clubs emerged - the Horsfall Ladies, the Glee Club for men, youth clubs for toddlers and teens, and parish outings and excursions into the countryside became regular features. As a fund-raising event and also an opportunity for the parish to pull together it was decided that an annual Bazaar was needed and I can recall the great excitement and enjoyment afforded by those worthwhile and very successful events. Recognising the considerable sum of money the various stalls had invested in them, on two separate nights prior to the Bazaars of 1968 and 1969 I was one of two young men who slept on camp-beds in the hall, to ensure that nocturnal burglars didn't take advantage of the goods and wares that would be on sale the next day. The 1970 Bazaar I shall always remember. Aged twenty, and needing a pillow which, alas, would not now be necessary, to accentuate the size of my girth, as Father Christmas I was driven from Hepburn's Garage in Blundellsands through the roads of Crosby to arrive at my grotto in a room in the Parish Hall normally used by the scouts as a storage space and known as the Green Room. With the use of bunting and fairy lights this had been turned into a Grotto in which yours truly, accompanied by elf, Ron White, in assistance, welcomed the children, and in exchange for a small amount of money gave the toddlers a mystery present. On disembarking from the car a sudden gust of wind almost succeeded in taking my white beard down Milton Road and exposing me to the waiting public. It was the following day in church that Audrey Dawson told me that young daughter, Rachel, was a little perplexed that Father Christmas had managed to greet her with a booming "Hello Rachel" before asking the little cherub what her name actually was - the pitfalls of impersonation!

Parish weekends away, Youth Club outings, choir days out, hiking trips and servers' excursions all featured in those far-off happy days of the late 1960's. One unforgettable memory was the incident at Rivington Pike when on a Saturday servers' outing John Francis Cardew Taylor managed to misunderstand the rules of the game Sardines and was only located after a considerable amount of time and effort had been expended in trying to find him, hiding in the bushes! Throughout his many years at St Faith's until his death in December 2004 John was one of the church's greatly loved eccentrics. The son of a parish priest who had died at the age of forty, John had come to Crosby to work as a shipping clerk, while sister Rosemary took up a teaching post at St. Edmund's College in Liverpool. John's mother, Winifred, lived to celebrate her

hundredth birthday, and over the years he was with us John loved to be involved in all aspects of parish life. Unforgettable in the 1970's was the occasion when in helping with the bunting in preparation for a dance and social in the church hall John went up a step ladder which I had taken across to the hall, only to come down the wrong side, managing to fall through the cross beams and end up on his bottom – fortunately he came to no serious harm. Many weeks elapsed before, after much patience and insistence on my part I have to say, John returned the ladders, showing quite clearly that carpentry repairs were not one of his strengths. Stories of John's questionable cooking prowess, his perilous bike riding, his tendency to be accident-prone and of numerous other amusing and hilarious moments connected with John are remembered by those of us who loved him and regarded him as a very dear friend.

As a young server, on a number of occasions I had heard Fr Hassall and others speak of Bishop Mark Way. Mark Way had come to St Faith's in 1928 to serve his first curacy under Canon Brierley. On leaving six years later, he had moved to a second curacy at the well known and magnificent church of St Bartholomew's, Brighton. An interesting coincidence is that both St Faith's and St Bart's possess a statue of the "Madonna of the Rabbits", carved by sculptress Mother Mirabel of Wantage. On a number of visits to St Bart's in the 1970's and 1980's when holidaying with an old friend from St Faith's in Sussex I recall seeing the statue as but one of many beautiful adornments in that great and resplendent building.

From Brighton, Mark Way had gone to the mission fields of Africa and was later made Bishop of Masasi. I remember St Faith's verger, Jim Burgess, telling me that as a young curate Fr Mark would sometimes say the daily offices with breviary in hand walking around the grounds of the church, ignoring the attempts of any who wanted to engage him in conversation. On his retirement from Masasi Bishop Way had returned to England, to the Diocese of Southwell, where he became an Assistant Bishop. Having heard so much about him I was delighted that Fr Charles invited Bishop Way to return to St Faith's for the Patronal Festival of 1970, to celebrate the High Mass and dedicate the newly installed Nave Altar. I remember going to our neighbouring Roman Catholic Parish of St Peter and St Paul's to borrow a holy water brush and stoup for the occasion. Bishop Way had a powerful voice, tall, imposing stature and a great presence about him and I recall what a marvellous and uplifting service he presided over. To my great delight, the next morning I was able to serve the 7 o'clock mass which he celebrated before his departure to Nottingham. That was to be the Bishop's last visit to St Faith's: he died in 1982.





# Thank You

I would like to thank everybody for the wonderful support given to me during my recent illness. The many kind messages, cards, flowers and phone calls were a great comfort and much appreciated. I am nearly ready to return to join with you all, so St Faiths will very soon no longer be a 'Eunice free zone!' (*already it isn't! Ed.*)

Thank you all,  
Love and prayers

Eunice Little

# Why Do We Do That?

*For first-time visitors to Church (and for those who have been coming for years!) there are sometimes questions asked about what we do in Church - and why. In the first of a series, some of the customs associated with our worship are explored.*

## Lighting a Candle Fr Neil

**'Shine as a light in the world to the glory of God the Father.'**

These familiar words are said at each baptism as the parents or god-parents receive a lighted candle on behalf of the newly baptized. The theme of light is central to the Christian life. In Baptism God calls us to be lights; that is, our lives must shine with his love in the world. In all that we do we are to show his light and glory.

For the Christian Church candles are important. We use candles to help us pray. Lighting a candle is a powerful sign of prayer. Sometimes a candle is lit as a sign of our prayer for a particular person or concern. It may be lit for ourselves. Sometimes we find it difficult to pray or to find the right words to say. Lighting a candle can help. We sometimes light a candle because we need help to pray. As the candle burns away in the darkness, so our prayer, or our desire to pray, burns before God.

Children in particular enjoy lighting candles. We should encourage them to do so regularly and to use candles as a sign of prayer. Sometimes people light candles as they enter church as a sign of their preparation for the service. Others like to light a candle as they leave church in thanksgiving for the worship they have shared in. In some churches, people light a candle on their way back to their place after receiving Holy Communion. Children in particular, who do not come to the altar to receive Holy Communion, often feel more included if they are able to light a candle at communion time. It is a sacramental act. Just as we touch the body of Christ as the host is placed into our hands, so too the physical act of lighting a candle can help us to feel more

involved in the liturgy. The movement of people from the altar rail, to the candle-stand, to the pew can be a powerful expression of how life is a pilgrimage with prayer and action and movement all combined.

In recent years many cathedrals, such as our own, have realised that it is helpful for visitors and regular worshippers alike to light candles. The opportunity of lighting a candle in a hospital chapel can be enormously helpful to people, especially at times of great anxiety and stress.

The Eucharist – or any service - celebrated by candlelight can be a very moving experience. The votive candle-stand in our two churches are an important aid to our worship and many of us are grateful that they are there. I hope that they will continue to be a genuine aid to prayer and devotion for years to come as we seek to draw closer to God.

These words are to be found in Salisbury Cathedral and are reproduced near the votive candle stands.

**Lighting a candle is a prayer:  
when we have gone, it stays alight,  
Kindling in the hearts and minds  
Of others the prayers we have  
Already offered for them  
And for others, for the sad,  
And the sick,  
And the suffering,  
And prayers of thankfulness too.**

**Lighting a candle is a parable:  
Burning itself out,  
It gives light to others.  
Christ gave himself for others.  
He calls us to give ourselves.  
Lighting a candle is a symbol:  
Of love and hope,  
Of light and warmth.  
Our world needs them all.**



**Lord Jesus Christ,  
For the salvation of the world you went up to the cross  
To give light to the world which was in darkness;  
Shed that light on us, we pray, that we may come to your eternal light,  
And, through the merits of your passion,  
Enjoy life with you in heaven,  
For you are alive and reigning now and for ever. Amen.**

# Footnote to Furnishings of Faith

The following recollection of my first memory of S. Faith's may be of some passing interest.

It was one summer's evening back in the fifties (the scene shimmers as we travel back in time) when two small schoolboys found themselves in the depths of College Road, a long way from home and in urgent need of a trip to the gents. How we came to be there at night I cannot imagine, since neither of us lived locally, although at school here. It could not have been 'girls' since, like the Andes, although we knew they were there, we did not yet know what to do about them.

Anyway, my companion David, now Dai, tentatively suggested popping into the 'Bug' (i.e. 'The Edinburgh' to out-of-towners) which was nearby, but on reflection we thought better of it and he then said he knew of a better place. With that he set off at a smart pace, me in tow, down College Road towards the main road. We legged it across Liverpool Road, past the roundabout which was there in those days, and, under the eyes of the bus queue – who no doubt were more interested in when their bus was coming than in two sprogs larking about, dashed through the gates of S. Faith's; tiny figures against its looming bulk. We dived into what turned out to be Mr. Horsfall's ecclesiastical convenience for the relief of gentlemen, and in this case, also of schoolboys.

My memory then fades (not before time!), but with night approaching I suppose we then sauntered nonchalantly back to the bus stop and made our way home to the, I like to think, welcoming arms of our anxious parents.

Another flashback to the eighties finds me in a weekend working party, with my young son Philip, clearing out the debris and rubbish from the now neglected gents. Sadly, it is today concealed behind a steel stockade, abandoned and forgotten, a poignant echo of a gentler age.

*Eric Salisbury*

## And a Footnote to the Footnote!



There is even more to the saga for those with long memories. The aforementioned lavatorial enclosure was for some considerable time the abode of a malodorous Gentleman of the Road, from whom unknowing startled passers-by would recoil if they were rash enough to investigate. Progressive increases in security (the whole space of the church grounds is now secured, at the insistence of the insurance company, behind locked gates) have put an end to such eccentricity, as well as to those of the local youth who until recently had pursued their dubious practices in the area. No room now for tramps or tearaways in our Fortress of Faith... **Ed.**

# Magazine Matters

Readers who peruse *Newslink* via the printed edition are again invited to consider accessing the magazine electronically. The online edition is in full colour, and often features extra material, especially photos, for which there is no room in print. We are reluctantly having actively to consider in the near future making a charge for the printed edition, as some contribution to reducing church expenses (especially the ever-increasing Diocesan parish share). Printing fewer copies obviously reduce costs, and the electronic version is of course free to access. Anyone with internet access is invited to let the editor know (by any means of their choice!) if they are willing to give this means a try, and they will be added to the list of those who receive a group email each month when I put the magazine online, providing a direct link to the new edition, as well as to the archive of 14 years of past issues (in case you have missed an issue or want to look back for something).

## Invigilation

*Both the editor, and his erstwhile fellow-warden Rick Walker augment their pensions by undertaking exam invigilation at local schools. As an activity, it barely beats watching paint dry. Few strategies to relieve the boredom are permissible, but creative activity and the furtive scribbling of a few lines here and there resulted in this poem last year at my old place of employment.*

After the tensions of the opening act -  
The seating at numbered tables in the echoing drama hall,  
The charting of the hours, the sheepish arrival  
Of latecomers to their appointed places -  
Comes the curtain up, the signalling of the start;  
And silence falls as the pace slows to a crawl.  
Soon only the slight scratching of pens,  
The rustle of turned pages in the stillness.

As time slides past, I stare into space,  
Count the boys, and eventually even the ceiling tiles,  
Again and again,  
Then amble slowly up and down the rows,  
Steering past a large pink invigilatrix,  
Who smiles bleakly and reluctantly  
As our ships pass in the morning.

Time is relative: the watched clock frozen in time,  
Then, when my back is turned, slips slightly forward.  
A moment of high drama as an importunate hand is raised  
And a colleague escorts a boy offstage



About his urgent urinary business.

Torpor returns as the second hour eventually opens.  
Outside this slow-motion theatre of the absurd  
Bells ring periodically, and the rest of the academic world  
Announces its muffled carefree presence, hurrying about  
Its timetable appointments, a dimension away from this capsule  
Suspended in time and space.

At last the final act steals upon us  
And, as frantic final scratchings  
Give way to the pitiless prompting  
Of the now strangely accelerated clock,  
We prepare for the curtain call, the collecting of papers  
And the release into real time.

Suddenly, a poem forms,  
Scribbled dutifully on the Board's lined paper.  
Not to be handed in, this one...



*Chris Price*

*Merchant Taylors' School: June 8th, 2010*

## **Making the Punishment Fit the Crime**

At a recent Saturday concert in St Faith's, baritone and one-time choir member **Ian Dunning** gave an entertaining recital featuring 'vocal villains'. His encore piece was a modern take on a well-known song from Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Mikado'. The introduction was unchanged ('My object all sublime/I shall achieve in time/To make the punishment fit the crime...') – but the verses were some he and a colleague wrote to fit the present day's noteworthy villains – and the timely reference in the second verse was especially appreciated.

The careless owners who let their animals  
Foul our paths at will  
Are formed in a group  
With a spoon for a scoop  
And given a skip to fill.  
The overweight tenor whose vocal activities  
Drive a crowd berserk  
Shall eat chicken korma  
Then sing *Nessun Dorma*  
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

The MP who claims inflated expenses  
That cannot be justified  
Is made to buy rounds  
Costing hundreds of pounds  
In numerous pubs nationwide.  
The newspaper baron whose bigoted views  
Cause innocent people distress  
Is forced by my minions  
To change his opinions  
By delicate use of the press.

The Minister of Health who calls all the time  
For cuts and cheaper cures  
His teeth I've enacted  
Shall all be extracted  
By terrified amateurs.  
The high-minded critic is made to see some  
Derivative West-End shows  
By Andrew Lloyd-Webber  
That go on forever  
And really get right up his nose.

The self-obsessed show-off who gyrates in discos  
With vastly inflated pride  
Is made to dance  
Through a vast expanse  
With Ann Widdecombe at his side.  
The overpaid soccer star caught on camera  
'Playing away from home'  
Is held for hours  
'Neath freezing cold showers  
To remind him never to roam.



## **100 Club Winners**

*July 10th, 2011*

1	128	Peter Burket
2	63	Margaret Taylor
3	122	Brian ('Hampers')
4	37	Joe Hedgecock

# Goodbye to Helen

Mirfield student Helen Coffey left us in mid-July after a month of pastoral placement here. She travelled on to Paraguay – but that’s another story! The online edition last month carried an article and a photo featuring her, and she has promised to write something for us before long. Meanwhile we loved having her with us and we wish her every blessing as she continues her pilgrimage.

## A prayer for Helen and all students of the College of Resurrection:

O God and Father of us all,  
you send labourers into your vineyard:  
set on fire many hearts with a sense  
of their vocation and with an eager response  
to your call, and to those whom you have  
gathered at the College of the Resurrection  
give grace to prepare in all earnestness and zeal,  
that with entire consecration of heart and life  
they may labour hereafter in your holy Church;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives  
and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**



## Greeting Fr Ged!

Friends from St Faith’s and St Mary’s will know that I was recently ordained to the transitional diaconate (a posh way of saying that I will only be a deacon for one year, before being ordained priest!) at St Cuthbert’s Seminary, Ushaw College, Durham. This was followed by a Celebration Mass in my home parish, St Monica’s Bootle (photos included). I would like to say a big thank you to friends and parishioners from both churches for all your support and prayers during the past five years of my training, and for the many generous gifts, cards and messages I have received. I will never forget the many happy years I spent at St Faith’s (and latterly at St Mary’s) as Director of Music. These years were an important part of my vocation journey - for that I am hugely grateful. Please continue to remember me in your prayers as I prepare to serve as a deacon in St Helen’s, whilst continuing my priestly formation. Watch this space!

With love and prayers,

*Ged Callacher*

*(see the centre pages for photos - including some only in the online version)*

# Parish Directory and Church Organisations



## **VICAR**

Fr. Neil Kelley, The Vicarage, Milton Road, Waterloo. L22 4RE  
928 3342; fax 920 2901

## **ASSISTANT PRIESTS**

Revd Denise McDougall, 27 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 2TL. 924 8870  
Canon Peter Goodrich, 16 Hillside Avenue, Ormskirk, L39 5TD. 01695 573285  
Fr. Dennis Smith, 16 Fir Road, Waterloo. L22 4QL. 928 5065

## **READERS**

Dr Fred Nye, 23 Bonnington Avenue, Crosby. L23 7YJ. 924 2813  
Mrs Jacqueline Parry, 21 Grosvenor Avenue, Crosby. L23 0SB. 928 0726  
Mrs Cynthia Johnson, 30 Willow House, Maple Close, Seaforth, L21 4LY. 286 8155

## **CHURCH WARDENS**

Mrs Margaret Houghton, 16 Grosvenor Avenue, Crosby. L23 0SB. 928 0548  
Mrs Maureen Madden, 37 Abbotsford Gardens, Crosby. L23 3AP. 924 2154

## **DEPUTY CHURCH WARDENS**

Mrs Christine Spence, 52 Molyneux Road, Waterloo. L22 4QZ. 284 9325  
Ms Brenda Cottarel, 6 Lawton Road, Waterloo. L22 9QL. 928 4275

## **TREASURER**

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

## **PCC SECRETARY**

Mrs Lillie Wilmot, Flat 7, 3 Bramhall Road, Waterloo. L22 3XA. 920 5563

## **PARISH OFFICE MANAGER**

Mr Geoff Dunn 32 Brooklands Avenue, L22 3XZ . Tel & fax: 0151 928 9913  
Email: sfsmparishoffice@btinternet.com

## **GIFT AID SECRETARY**

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

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

Mrs Lynda Dixon, c/o the Vicarage. 928 7330

## **BAPTISM BOOKINGS**

Mrs Joyce Green, 14 Winchester Avenue, Waterloo, L22 2AT. 931 4240

## **SACRISTAN**

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

## **ASSISTANT SACRISTAN**

Mr Leo Appleton, 28 Hougoumont Avenue, Waterloo. L22 0LL. 07969 513087

## **SENIOR SERVER**

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

**CHILDREN'S CHURCH** (*no sessions during August!*)

Sunday 11.00 am in the Church Hall. Angie Price 924 1938

**CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER**

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

**CHURCH CENTRE**

1, Warren Court, Warren Road, Blundellsands

**UNITED BENEFICE MEN'S FELLOWSHIP**

James Roderick 474 6162

**CUB SCOUTS**

Tuesday 6.30 - 7.45 pm. Adam Jones 07841 125589

Thursday 6.30 - 7.45 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

**SCOUTS**

Tuesday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. George McInnes 924 3624

**RAINBOWS**

Monday 4.45 - 5.45 pm. Geraldine Forshaw 928 5204

**BROWNIE GUIDES**

Monday 6.00 - 7.30 pm. Sue Walsh 920 0318; Mary McFadyen 284 0104

**CHOIR PRACTICE**

Friday 7.15 pm - 8.30 pm. Sam Austin 07921 840616

**MAGAZINE EDITOR and WEBSITE MANAGER**

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

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The **September 2011 'Newslink'** will be distributed on or before **Sunday, August 21st**. Copy by **Sunday, August 7th**, please - but all contributions are welcome at any time.

**Church website** (and access online edition): <http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk>

**Email:** [cdavidprice@gmail.com](mailto:cdavidprice@gmail.com)



**Now scroll down for the picture gallery...**



*Greeting Fr Ged!*

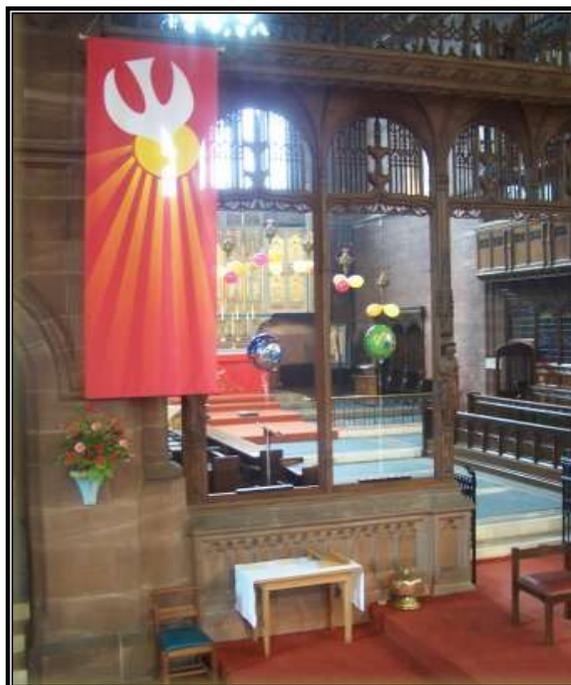
Following the recent ordination to the Roman Catholic diaconate of our ex-director of music, Ged Callacher, we see him at subsequent assorted celebrations with lay and clerical friends from the church. Turn over twice for more pictures...



## Pentecost and Corpus Christi at Saint Faith's

At the celebration of the coming of the Holy Spirit the church was decked with festive balloons and doves, and the children enjoyed a Pentecost party in the afternoon.

At the thanksgiving for the institution of the eucharist the eucharistic ministers of the United Benefice were blessed and rededicated.



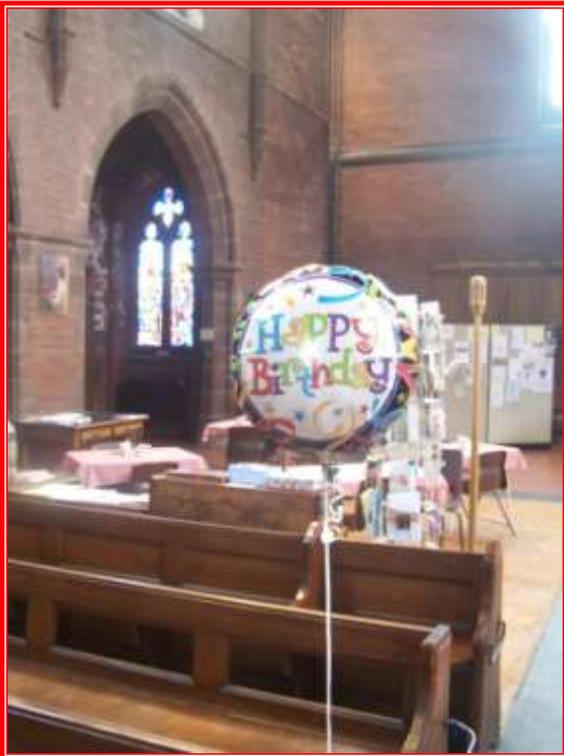


### PICTURES PLUS!

*(photographs exclusive to the online edition)*

#### **Images of Pentecost...**

Balloons above the High Altar and at the pew ends.... children tucking in at the Pentecost Party that afternoon...party helpers and visitors lounging in front of the High Altar while the children are occupied with a treasure hunt.





## PICTURES PLUS 2

*More photographs exclusive to the online edition.*

### **Glad Rags for Fr Ged!**

More images of members of St Faith's congregation joining newly-ordained deacon Fr Ged Callacher at various celebrations in the following days

