

. Newslink .



*Lucy Davis, daughter of Fred and Linda Nye, after her ordination
to the priesthood at St Alban's Cathedral on 29th June, 2013*

St Faith's Church, Great Crosby
AUGUST 2013

Worship at St Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00am	SOLEMN MASS and Children's Church
1.00pm	Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)
6.00pm	Evening Service (1st Sunday)

WEEKDAY SERVICES in August

Morning Prayer

Monday to Friday at 9.30am

Evening Prayer

Friday at 6.00pm

Holy Eucharist

Tuesday and Saturday at 10.00am

Wednesday 10.30am at St Mary's

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. Likewise, to arrange a visit to someone in hospital or at home, please call 928 3342 to arrange this.

IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

Please contact the vicarage (928 3342) or a member of the ministry team.



From the Ministry Team : August 2013

“I have filled him with the Spirit of God, with ability and intelligence, with knowledge and all craftsmanship, to devise artistic designs, to work in gold, silver, and bronze, in cutting stones for setting, and in carving wood, to work in every craft.”

(Exodus 31:3-5)

Beautiful music has always been a part of St Faith’s Church, which is known for its spiritual music and calming ambience. It never ceases to amaze me when I am privileged to hear beautiful music, and the exceptional talent of the musicians and singers, and recently it was a pleasure to hear the wonderfully talented Jugendorchester Koniz (Konizer Youth Orchestra, or just JOK, pronounced Yok) from Berne, Switzerland, who gave a free concert in St Faith’s. This large group of talented youth certainly filled the church with beautiful music and, once again, I was astounded at the talent which many people have. *“As each has received a gift, use it to serve one another, as good stewards of God’s varied grace;”* (1 Peter 4:10)

Each person has his/her own talent, everyone can excel at something. God has given each and every one of us the gift of at least one talent, whether it is in music, writing, singing, talking, creativity of all kinds. The list goes on!

Creativity is one of those wonderful gifts God has imparted to the human spirit. We see it expressed in all kinds of ways: in problem solving, in listening, in speaking, in design, in the arts. Some of us are more creative than others, but we also can be creative in different ways.

People are creative because God is creative. The beginning of the Bible is all about his creativity. The other day I was out walking when I noticed the birds singing. Then I walked past a bush buzzing with bees. As I drove home from work I caught a glimpse of the river, with the sun glistening on it and making it shine like diamonds on a piece of shimmering silk. The River Mersey looked quite beautiful and I thought to myself, what an amazingly creative God we have!

And what of the creative gifts which God has given to us? Do we hide them, just as the man in the Parable of the Talents did? He hid his coin where no-one else could see it, and it did not grow or benefit anyone.

“Having gifts that differ according to the grace given to us, let us use them: if prophecy, in proportion to our faith” (Romans 12:6)

Everyone has a gift, and God calls us to use that gift to aid in sharing the Word of God. We are told to take the word of God and preach to others, to teach others, and help them understand so that they join in the faith and become followers - this increases the talent we have been given, so more people learn about God.

Perhaps we could be creative in the way we use the talents which we have been blessed with, to help us to share God's Word. If we have the gift of needlework or drawing/painting, perhaps this could be used to create beautiful images from the Bible; if we have the gift of the expressing the written word, this could be used to tell others about the teachings in the gospels; if we have the gift of music, this could be used to sing our praises so that all may hear the joy of a living God, ever present with us, not just in our worship, but every day.

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, teaching and admonishing one another in all wisdom, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, with thankfulness in your hearts to God” Colossians 3:16

Let us all use the talents, or gifts, which God has given to us, and help us to spread His Word throughout the world.

And remember, there is one talent which we all have, which is a very special gift from God, and that is His unconditional love, and we all know how to share that.....by loving one another, just as He loves us!

With my love and prayers,

Jackie



United Benefice Diary of Events

July – September 2013

The events listed below are in addition to the regular pattern of services

JULY

Tue	2	7.30pm	SF	PCC Meeting
Wed	3	7.30-9pm	SF	Services Family Support Group
Fri	5	10am-5pm	SM	Flower Festival
Sat	6	10am-5pm	SM	Flower Festival
		12noon	SF	Lunchtime Recital: The Rising Bridge Ensemble
Sun	7	12noon-5pm	SM	Flower Festival

Mon	8	7pm	SF	Concert: Youth Orchestra of Köniz, Switzerland
Wed	10	10.45am	SF	Merchant Taylors' School end of term services
Sat	13	12noon	SF	Lunchtime Recital: Clare Hyams, Keith Cawdron
Sat	20	12noon	SF	Lunchtime Recital: Melanie Harvey
Sat	27	12noon	SF	Lunchtime Recital: Crosby G & S Society
Mon	29		SM	Holiday Club
Tue	30		SM	Holiday Club
Wed	31		SM	Holiday Club
Thu	1		SM	Holiday Club
Fri	2		SM	Holiday Club

AUGUST

Sat	3	12noon	SF	Lunchtime Recital: The Cantilena Singers
Thu	6			THE TRANSFIGURATION OF THE LORD
		10am	SF	Eucharist
Sat	10	12noon	SF	Final Lunchtime Recital: Melanie Harvey, Greg Cuff & Matthew Edmonds
Sun	11	3pm		Parish BBQ - vicarage
Sun	17			THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY (transferred)
Sat	24	10am	SF	Eucharist: St. Bartholomew

SEPTEMBER

Mon	2	7.30pm	SF	PCC
Wed	4	7.30-9pm	SF	Services' Family Support Group
Thu	5	7.30pm	SM	PCC
Sat	7	10am	SF	Eucharist: Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary
Sat	14	10am	SF	Eucharist: The Holy Cross
Sun	15	9.30am	SM	Licensing of Ray Bissex as Reader. Ricky Panter, Archdeacon of Liverpool, will licence and preach.
Sat	21	10am	SF	Eucharist: St. Matthew
Sun	22	9.30am	SM	Harvest Festival
		11am	SF	Harvest Festival
		5pm	SM	Pets' Blessing followed by refreshments
Sun	29	10am	SF	Eucharist: St. Michael and All Angels

Clothed with Christ

A sermon preached by Fred Nye, June 23rd, 2013



Perhaps it's yet another sign of getting old, but I'm finding find history, and particularly archaeology, increasingly absorbing. From cave paintings and long barrows to the pyramids, ancient monuments can tell us not only how our ancestors

lived, but also how they thought about themselves, and their gods. ‘Sermons in stones’, as you might say.

If you visit the legendary palace of Minos in Crete, which dates from about 1500 BC, you will see several so called ‘lustral basins’. Used for ritual washing and purification, they are elaborate sunken chambers, pillared and porticoed. In one of them a number of clay jars were found, thought to have contained myrrh for anointing the worshipers. But only one set of stone steps leads down into the chamber, so you have to leave by the way you came in. Purified and perfumed you may have been, but afterwards you had no option but to return to the messy old world which you had been trying to escape.

On the island of Cyprus you will come across something which at first glance is rather similar. On the site of the ancient cathedral at Kourion, dating from around 450 AD, there are the remains of an early Christian baptistery. In it you will find another deep sunken chamber, but this time filled with water and in the shape of a cross, with steps leading down into it on one side, and out again on the other. It is the pool in which Christian converts were baptised. But this time the surroundings are far from sumptuous: the baptistery itself is dark and cramped; hardly more than a narrow corridor.

Imagine for a moment that you are being baptised in that church 1500 years ago. It’s Easter Sunday, all the baptism candidates are adults, and you have all received months of preparation and instruction. When the moment comes to be baptised you’re stripped of your clothes, and lead forward into that dark corridor. Then there’s nothing for it but to stumble down the steps, into the cool clear water. Your head is plunged under the surface, and you come up gasping for air, your feet searching for the steps in front of you.

And then the scene changes dramatically. Ahead are bright lights, and the sound of music and singing. The presiding bishop dresses you in a pure white robe, and you enter the cathedral, to join the whole Christian community celebrating together Our Lord’s resurrection. And, for the very first time, you receive the bread and the wine of the Eucharist.

The symbolism in our baptism today may have lost some of that drama – but what God is doing is no different. That dark baptistery is a reminder, not perhaps a very fashionable one, that left to our own devices we can so easily fall victim to our own self-interest, or self loathing, to all those shadows of the soul that are so destructive to ourselves and others. We all *need* the grace of baptism in which God forgives us and accepts us, just as we are, and stripped of all pretence. The unconditional love of God for us his children, takes us from one realm to another, from darkness to light. Unlike the lustral basin, the font sets us free. But the change can come as a shock, and most of us don’t like too much change, even if it’s for the better.

There was an old superstition that if a baby cried at the moment of baptism, it was because the Devil was being driven out. I don't buy that. I prefer to think of that cry as the inrush of the Holy Spirit, the first startled breath of a new child of God.

The cool clear baptismal waters restore and refresh us and give us new life, and we enter a different world where everything and everyone are seen through God's compassionate eyes. But it would be a mistake to pretend that His kingdom has already come here on earth. Our society is often very far from just or compassionate, and it can be a struggle to keep on our feet and maintain God's values in a fallen world. Any parent of young children or teenagers will know this only too well, and will also know that the need to pray for our children never ends. But in this struggle we gain strength from the Cross, which shows us just how much God was prepared to sacrifice himself for us, a constant reassurance that love will win.

My favourite symbol is the baptismal robe. After the water had been poured over our youngest granddaughter at her baptism, the priest wrapped her in a brand new shawl. It was like that precious moment at home when each evening she is lifted from her bath and wrapped in a fluffy warm towel, surrounded by love, and cradled in love. But there is more to it than that. St. Paul puts it like this – 'As many of you as were baptised into Christ have clothed yourself with Christ'. In following Our Lord, through prayer, our membership of the family of the church, and above all through the strength and nourishment we receive week by week at the Eucharist, we are helped to be a little bit more like him. Sometimes I try to think of the baptismal robe as a tunic, the same sort of tunic, seamless and woven in one piece, that Christ himself wore on his way to Calvary. Our prayer is that if we can clothe ourselves in his Christ-like graces, above all in his love and compassion, then we can become at last his new creation.

Every day, each Christian soul embarks afresh on the journey from darkness to light, and from the values of a fallen world to the new life in Christ. Today as newly baptised members of God's family, Klarissa and Charlie are our pioneers. And may God bless them, and us, on our journey towards the light and music of his love.

Strawberry Tea



The Strawberry Tea at Rosie and Rick's was a great success despite some rather inclement weather (what's new?).

Raising over £250 for church funds, the afternoon was enjoyed by all and featured the debut performance of a Busker's Organ being built by Rick and conducted by a white knight! If time permits it will be seen and heard next at the Christmas Tree Festival – this time sadly without strawberries.

With thanks to everyone who supported the afternoon; we hope that next year it will be our turn for some sunshine.

See the pictures on the centre spread



Eileen Williams R. I. P.

Our dear friend Eileen, died on June 7th at St Nicholas' Nursing Home, Netherton, where she had spent the last few weeks of her life:

It was in the late 1960s that Eileen arrived at St. Faith's as the result of her two sons, Philip and Graeme, having joined the Wolf Cub Pack and the church choir. Eileen was prepared for confirmation by Fr. Charles Billington and from thereon was a fully involved and loyal member of the church in which she worshipped for the best part of forty years.

Along with the other members of the Horsfall Club, under the leadership of Mona Turner and Heather Billington, Eileen greatly enjoyed the Monday evening meetings, socials, parties, coach trips and various other excursions which formed the social calendar of the club. The Horsfall ladies also contributed the lion's share in the organisation of many fund raising events and the annual Parish Bazaar.

With husband Tommy, Eileen enjoyed attending the parish dinners which were held in local hotels or hostelrys each year, and in her fifties she took up driving and bought a car. Eileen was a devoted mother and Grandma, and an exemplary homemaker. Visiting her at home when she could no longer get to church was always a great joy and privilege, for she was deeply appreciative and most thoughtful and generous a host.

In the last two or three years it was sad to observe her dementia getting worse and to see her leave the family home to take up residence in College Green Care Home.

Eileen was blessed with a most lovely and endearing nature and invariably had a warm and welcoming smile that will always be remembered. As we offer our love and prayers to Philip, Graeme and their families, we give thanks for our dear sister in Christ and pray that in the communion and fellowship of the blessed, she will enjoy the love and laughter of heaven.

Fr Dennis

The Servers' Sponsored Stroll



It was another scorching hot day for our latest sponsored walk event.. Leo, Gareth, Brenda, Luis, Emily and myself all arrived at The Ship Inn in Haskayne at 1pm, for our Canal Walk back to Crosby, Leo had estimated 12-14 miles!

We refrained from refreshment at the Ship Inn, thinking we should crack on. Luis was quite happy, convinced that this would be easy and would be done in an hour! Oh youthful optimism!

Passing many canal barges and fishermen we reached our first watering hole, the Scarisbrick Arms and partook of some liquid refreshment, before plodding on. Gareth and Brenda had built up a cracking pace (his legs are somewhat longer than ours, hats off to Brenda for keeping pace with him !)

Our next refreshment break was The Running Horses in Lydiate where nice cold drinks were very welcome, not so welcome was the sun-cream I sprayed on Luis and Emily at this point but needs must as they say!

We ploughed on through Lydiate, Maghull, Melling, and on reaching Wango Lane in Aintree, approx. the ten mile mark, I am afraid I had to admit defeat. My lower back was really painful, and the next stretch of the walk via Aintree Racecourse would not have provided the opportunity to withdraw on to a road, so I didn't want to risk it , and I also felt I was slowing everyone else down. So with a heavy heart I rang my brother to collect me.

The guys persevered, and about an hour later, I watched as they came over Rimrose Valley Park towards home. Leo and Alex put on a splendid BBQ for our return, (hats off to Leo, I wouldn't have stood and cooked after that walk!) We were joined by my mum, Ruth (who came bearing a gift of Arnica Gel for my back), Christine, Father Dennis and Gill, and a lovely relaxing evening was had.

I am so proud of everyone for taking part, particularly Luis and Emily who carried on regardless of Leo's annoying singing and motivation techniques! (Their words not mine). A huge thanks as well to the congregation who supported this event.

Maybe in future, sponsored events may take a less strenuous format, head shaving, bath of beans, who knows! We will announce a grand total raised when we have it

Judith Moizer

(Well done servers! The money will go towards renewing servers' cassocks and funding Emily's forthcoming work in Malawi. See photos of the walk on the centre pages)

A series of recent newspaper reports and comments on news which might well have had Baden-Powell spinning in his grave!

No place for God in the Girl Guides



The Girl Guides are to drop references to ‘God’ and ‘country’ from their traditional pledge but are to retain an expression of allegiance to the Queen.

In one of the biggest changes in the organisation’s 103-year history, the promise to ‘love my God’ is to be replaced by a more individualistic pledge to ‘be true to myself’ and to ‘develop my beliefs’.

In a consultation which attracted almost 44,000 responses, Guides made it clear that they wanted to retain a public expression of allegiance to the Queen, who is also their patron.

The rethink followed the appointment of a new chief executive, Julie Bentley, former head of the Family Planning Association, who described the Guides as ‘the ultimate feminist organisation’.

Gill Slocombe, the Chief Guide, said the changes would make the promise ‘less confusing’ and easier for the 55,000 members to take with sincerity.

Stephen Evans, of the National Secular Society, said the Guides had grasped the opportunity to become ‘truly inclusive’. Andrea Williams of Christian Concern said the pledge sounded like jargon from a self-help manual and was at odds with the ethos of the organisation.

Scouts to Accept Atheist Members



The Scout Association is to follow the example of the Girl Guides and allow members to join without promising to do their duty to God.

The movement has bowed to pressure from atheists and will offer an alternative pledge for those joining without a religious faith.

Currently, all Scouts are expected to ‘do my duty to God’ – with alternative wording for Muslims, Hindus and people of other faiths. Those who cannot do so as a matter of conscience are able to join only as associate members.

Following a consultation of 15,000 people, the movement plans to allow atheists to become full members, offering them a promise with a form of words that does not include a reference to God.

And Another Thing (a journalist comments...)

I was disappointed to read last week that the Guides are ditching God and country from their oath. It's an unnecessary concession to political correctness that misses what Guiding and Scouting are all about. When I was a Scout, I don't recall worrying that I was being indoctrinated either into evangelical Christianity or UKIP: I was too busy whittling sticks into spears and setting fire to things.

In fact, I was obsessed with earning badges; I collected so many that there wasn't a patch of free space left on my Scout shirt. A lot of what I excelled in has subsequently proven useless: I have never once in my adult life had to use a reef knot or identify poisoned berries (how I wish the Scouts had handed out badges in avoiding income tax and curing hangovers). And some of the information learnt, such as first aid, has been lost in the mists of time. Today I wouldn't know the difference between CPR and a French kiss. That's reason number 542 why I'm single.

Aside from collecting accolades, what I really relished about Scouting was the chance to go native. Scouting takes boys and girls who have grown up in an urbanised, over-sanitised Britain and relocates them out to some wild spot where they can regress to the savage. Every camping nip seemed like an adventure in the Amazonian rainforest, the conquest of a new frontier. In retrospect, it was a 10-minute drive to a campsite in Otford village, and although we believed we were pioneers into the unknown, we were actually heavily coddled. I can't imagine that Columbus set sail for the New World with sandwiches packed by his mother and 20p in case he needed to use a payphone to call home in an emergency.

Away from the telly, our lungs suddenly rushing with fresh air, it was at camp that we kids discovered the purest pleasures of simple things like roasting marshmallows. We were gifted a small piece of authority (as a 'sixer', one of my duties was to make sure the weaker boys wore armbands in the swimming pool) and granted a rare slice of freedom. They could have asked us to swear an oath to Margaret Thatcher or the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and it wouldn't have distracted us from the elemental joys of mud, blood and nettles. That's what Scouting is really about.

Looking back on it now as a nine-to-five office worker, I wonder with sadness where that wild Scout went. Alas, over time, exams and girls became more important than fun and adventure, and I had to develop the squeamishness, that terror of one's own shadow, that defines the "civilised" suburbanite. One morning at my last camp, I awoke to find a caterpillar crawling across my nose and ran screaming from the tent. This little boy had finally become a man.

Tim Stanley





All Our Yesterdays

Three black and white pictures unearthed from our archives



Two group poses from the 1960s – and a snapshot of the Sunday School from the same period. 'When we were very young'?



Bumper Baptism

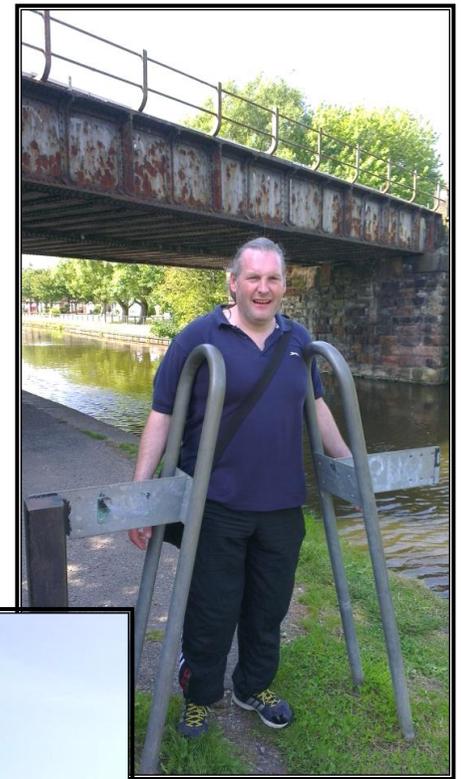
The congregation was swollen by large contingents of supporters when two babies were baptised on a recent Sunday morning





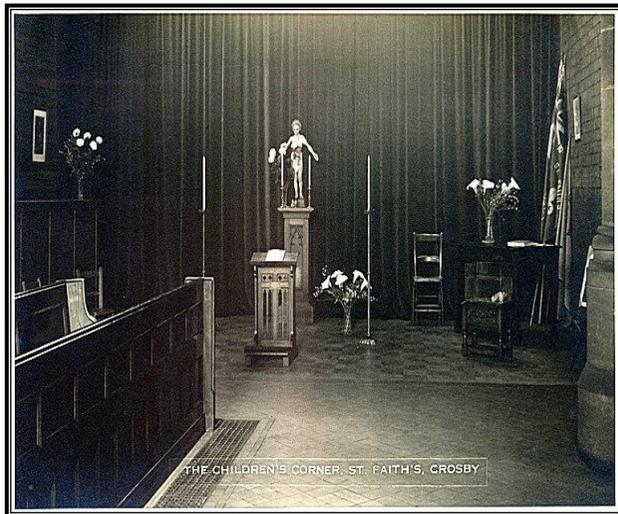
Strawberry Teatime

Guests at Rick and Rosie's recently found it warmer indoors – the heatwave hadn't quite set in! Rick poses with his busker's organ – read about it on page 6



'They Also Serve'

Photos of the servers' sponsored walk – and assorted refreshment stops! See Judith's account of the day on page 8



On the left, another old black and white image – a postcard of the Chapel of the Cross as it used to be – labelled 'Children's Corner'. To see the modern photos in full colour, see the online edition...



Dai's Grandpianothon



Last month we featured a photo of Dai Hawkins – known to some us through past connections with *St Faith's* and *Merchant Taylors'* - who dropped in to both establishments to perform on the piano as part of his ongoing 'Grandpianothon'. To shed more light on this unusual project, Dai sent us the publicity hand-out that **Ged Naughton** prepared at CAFOD head office in London.

“A retired Welsh teacher has raised hundreds of pounds to buy bicycles for developing world health workers by setting out to play one thousand grand pianos.

And after more than three years, Dai Hawkins, of Nantmel in Radnorshire, Wales, will be playing number 1,000 – the Steinway in the foyer of the Millennium Centre, Cardiff – on Saturday May 17.

Dai's wife, Sian, died in 2004. She was a keen cyclist and their last holiday together was a cycling trip in Europe. For every £50 he raises in sponsorship he will buy a CAFOD World Gift bicycle in his wife's memory.

He said: “Early in 2010, I discovered that CAFOD has a scheme where a donation of £50 will buy a mountain bike for a health worker in the third world, and had the idea to raise money for this scheme by being sponsored to play grand pianos. The idea crystallized as the 'Grandpianothon', and I set myself the target to play a thousand grand pianos.”

Dai originally thought the quest would take about six months, but he has now been tinkling the ivories for more than three years in the UK and also in places as diverse as Germany, Switzerland, Hungary and Brazil. By now, Dai has played many different makes of grand pianos, including models made by Bechstein, Blüthner, Bösendorfer, Fazoili, Grotrian, Steinway, and Yamaha

But the last stretch of the 'Grandpianothon' will take Dai back to home territory in Cardiff on May 17, in the presence of his family, including his two granddaughters.

He said: “My piano technique is limited, but it gives me great pleasure for it to be flattered when I play a good grand piano. At first I intended to achieve this task in six months, but it soon became clear that my initial estimates were far too optimistic, and what I had hoped to do in six months has now just reached three years. In view of my over-optimism, it is appropriate that I began on April Fool's Day 2010, on a Yamaha in the *Gymnasium* (Grammar School) in Zwiesel, in the Bavarian Forest, where I played Elgar's *Chanson de Matin*, arranged for violin and piano.

“I have tried to keep my own costs down by finding pianos near places that I would have visited already – visits to friends and relatives and so on. I keep a diary that is signed and stamped by the piano owners, and a photo is taken of each piano, and I am very grateful to all those friends who have accompanied me to look after this side of the enterprise. I’m also most grateful to the kind and hospitable owners of all these wonderful instruments, who have generously allowed me to play. These include private owners, schools, hotels, churches, piano shops, universities, stately homes, libraries, and music schools and colleges.”

Dai has now decided that his challenge will not stop at 1,000. He said: “To get maximum publicity for my cause, I may go slightly over the thousand. There are a couple of prestigious locations who are willing in principle to host me but have been unable to fix particular dates so far. I’m in touch with the two Liverpool cathedrals, who have offered to accommodate me in the near future, and have two more possibilities lined up”.

Dai’s ‘justgiving’ page is at <http://www.justgiving.com/Grandpianothon> We all congratulate him on his splendid achievement and are glad to have been a small part of it.

Still Registering the Past

Chris Price



We left off our trawl through the second service register of St Faith’s in January 1917, noting the continuing progression towards the new pattern of Sunday worship instituted by Father (would anyone have used the term then?) Bentley-Smith. A full account of the services on Sunday, January 21st – Epiphany III – serves as witness to the shape of the liturgy in the last full year of the Great War.

There were 33 communicants at 8.00 am (9s 0d collection), 5 at the 10.00 Choral Eucharist (111 actually present and £1.9.4 on the plate). At 11.15 there is no record of attendance – but £1.6.0 taken in collection, suggesting that numbers were fairly evenly split at what were at this stage more or less competing main services. There was ‘Catechising’ at 3.00 pm: although no attendance is recorded, a marginal note reads SS 9/-, making it fairly clear that this was the Sunday School session. Evensong at 6.00 pm saw the day’s biggest collection: £2.7.0, and a long day for the clergy ended with a 7.15 pm Organ Recital, netting £2.5.2.

In the following weeks the pattern is sustained, with spasmodic recording of the attendance at Choral (or Sung) Eucharist recorded as between 64 and 120. In the build-up to Easter 1917, Mattins collections seem to be falling off; in addition there is a liberal sprinkling of Mission Services recorded on Thursday evenings. Holy Week saw four or five services daily, including a 7.30 Evensong on ‘Maunday Thursday’

(sic). There were no fewer than six services on Good Friday – and interestingly no eucharist, merely an ‘Ante Communion’. Not to be outdone, ‘V’ and ‘M’ laid on seven services on Easter Day: there was ‘H.E.’ at 6.00 am (20 communicants), 7.00 am (150) and 8.00 am (144). At the 10.00 am Choral Eucharist there were another 26 communicants, making a recorded total of 340 – a record number to date. Collections totalled £39.19.3 for the day, with £17.4.6 at the 10.00 am topping the bill by a large margin. The devoted clergy even laid on a Catechism Festival (an early Sunday School party?) at 3.00 pm.

The next entry of interest in the minimally-annotated register is on April 29th, logged as DEDICATION FESTIVAL as well as Easter III. 17 years from the opening of St Faith’s, there is that relatively rare occurrence for these months, a visiting preacher – G.W.Hockley – at evensong. Thereafter attendances at the Choral/Sung Eucharist (no obvious clue as to the significance of the terminology) are on the rise, with 150 on Easter IV and 130 the following week. Ascension Day sees a 6.30 am Choral Eucharist (85 communicants, 104 early risers present) and later that day at 11.15 ‘M.T.C. Parade Service’ (MTS CCF), with a collection of £1.0.4 for ‘chapel debt’.

The following Sunday there is but 1 communicant registered at the Choral Eucharist; daily celebrations are maintained, with communicants in the week before Whit Sunday ranging from 1 to 12. Whit Sunday itself saw 70 communicating at 7.00 am, 90 at 8.00 am and 5 at 10.00. Collections for the day totalled £10.18.3 and are recorded as going to ‘Rev T.R.Musgrove’ – the Pentecostal equivalent of the traditional Easter offering to the vicar, although this has yet to feature in the registers. The diligent curate will have been glad of this boost to his stipend, especially in view of the burden he was soon to be undertaking.

Throughout June and July the pattern is unvarying, with ‘V’ and ‘M’ alternating at the altar and pulpit, but no visiting celebrants or preachers recorded. Marginally, ‘Corpus Christi’ is annotated on June 7th, but no special worship appears to have been scheduled. ‘M’ is absent for a fortnight later (presumably a well-earned holiday) – then on August 1st (‘Lammas Day’) the register entries are again penned by the curate, who presides solo until September 10th. Presumably this is one of the spells of illness recorded in our church’s history. V.S.E (Spencer Ellis) helps out from time to time, and ‘M’ provides a few more explanatory annotations than of late: ‘Anniversary of Declaration of War’ on August 5th being one of the more interesting. The heavy schedule of services is sustained throughout and Sunday communicants average about 40 at the 8.00 am celebration, and just 1 or 2 at the Choral Eucharist, where attendances average just over 100, with collections now consistently bigger than at Mattins.

The vicar is back in harness in early September, whereupon recorded numbers for the Choral Eucharist are much less frequently logged. During September there is a service for ‘Girls’ Guild’, but a few days later the astonished eye lights upon the entries for September 23rd, Trinity 16. Beneath this orthodox entry is added, in Bentley-Smith’s hand, ‘Feast of St Pumpkin’ (yes, really!). As if this were not sufficient, the preacher at Evensong is W.Walsham How. Assuming that this was the

eminent bishop of that name, writer of the words of ‘For All The Saints’, your scribe checked his entries in online sources, only to discover that he died in 1897! There are no others of that name recorded by Google, so the mystery remains unsolved, and the full story of this red letter day for St Faith’s (the day of the pumpkin and the deceased bishop) must remain untold.

October sees a major celebration of our patron saint on her feast day. Saturday 6th saw 92 communicants at a 6.30 am Choral Eucharist. That day and the Sunday immediately following saw three visiting preachers: C.E.Sidebotham, Herbert.George and A.E.Cornibeer. Searching Google for the latter, as the signature is hard to decipher, I was asked electronically ‘Did you mean acorn beer?’ (!)

After these heady and intriguing days, things settle down, and the old firm of V and M take us to the end of the year. November sees the ‘Anniversary of Mission’ with S.G.W.Maitland taking a sequence of Mission Services. Sunday December 3rd features a Preparation Service before Christmas, but there is nothing special on Christmas Eve. ‘Xmas Day’ (sic) saw 190 communicants at three celebrations, before 1917 gives way to 1918.

The opening weeks of this, the last year of the Great War, give no indication of what was soon to be happening at St Faith’s. ‘V’ and ‘M’ alternate services for a couple of weeks, until ‘V’ takes what turns out to be his last service here on Tuesday, January 15th. Amazingly, Mr Musgrave is the sole celebrant or officiant right through until October. Presumably this is triggered by Mr Bentley-Smith’s further illness, or even breakdown, but no mention is made of this, nor of any official end to his ministry at St Faith’s. Presumably there was an interregnum, but not until the appearance of the third vicar of St Faith’s (of whom, of course, much more anon) on October 19th, 1918, is there a priest to share the burden so manfully shouldered by the faithful ‘M.’

Back-tracking momentarily, on Sunday November 25th, 1917, the order of Sunday morning services changed. The long battle between Matins and Choral Eucharist was settled by scheduling the former at 10.00 am and the latter at 10.30 am. Mattins was obviously now a said service, and numbers and collections are rarely recorded. Mr Musgrave continued this pattern when he took over, and for several weeks no figures are appended to either service. Communicants at the regular 8.00 am ‘H.E.’ vary between 12 and 50+, and averaged about 30 at a rough estimate. Regular help on weekdays was given by Herbert George. The clearly very busy Mr Musgrave now, during Lent and after, sometimes forgets to enter any statistics, but maintains the full range of services. He will have been please to have administered the sacrament to 248 communicants on Easter Day, with an impressive 152 of them at the 8.00 am celebration – and even 27 at the Choral Eucharist.

Thereafter the highlight of the next few weeks is the labelling of the 10.30 Sunday service variously as ‘Choral Celebration’ and just ‘Holy Eucharist’: the overworked curate, who took no fewer than 40 services during the month of August, clearly had better things to do than worry about what archivists of the future might winkle out.

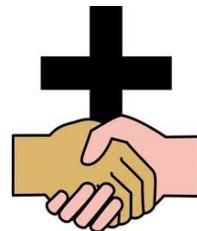
Mr Musgrave got up early again on Ascension Day, where he was joined by an impressive 80 people; three days later the regular Children's Service (Sundays at 3.30 pm) has the marginal note 'all children present'. Thereafter the regular flow of services takes us through the spring and early summer, with Herbert George and T.H.Florence helping out quite regularly. For several successive summer Sundays, neither attendance nor communicant numbers is recorded: maybe the curate was too busy running the show. Weekday Saturdays begin to see a 9.30 am Children's Eucharist being held, with numbers attending varying between 5 and 11. August 4th is marked as 'Anniversary of the declaration of war' (which, had they known, had but a few months more to run).

The restrictively narrow margins of the 'Date' column meant that increasingly, the names of saints (Margaret, Mary Magdalene, Anne) appear alongside other descriptive words and phrases (Transfiguration, Holy Name) as well as a welcome return to occasional meteorological reports (variously rain storm, very hot, very wet). In September Mr Musgrave at least seems to have had a holiday: from the 9th to the 19th other initials prevail in the register. Then, after a brief reappearance of 'M', from October 1st the visiting initials and names crop up again (T.H.Florence, V. Spencer Ellis, S.A. Barrett, A.F.Ritchie and Herbert George *inter alia*). Saturday October 5th, the Eve of St Faith's Day, is not so labelled, but was marked by a rare occurrence for these days of 'Festal Evensong'. On the (unacknowledged) Patronal Festival the next day, the 3.30 pm Sunday School service has the significant marginal note 'S.S. postponed owing to illness of Rev T.R.M'. Thereafter and until 17th stand-ins prevail until, suddenly a bold line is slashed diagonally across the unfilled part of the register page and the next page is headed, portentously, 'October 19th, 3.30 pm, Institution of the new vicar, Rev. J .Brierley, M.A.

The arrival of Canon Brierley, as he eventually to become known, ushered in the third chapter in our church's history. With the ending of the Great War, a new era was about to begin.

Peace be with you?

David Jones



A few years ago, after comments in a sermon that some people find the Peace uncomfortable, the following correspondence appeared in 'The Daily Telegraph':

Sir

If church attendance has fallen markedly over the past 25 years, could it be since we have been expected to shake hands and greet all around us in the middle of services? I'll gladly speak to all and sundry before or after the service, but, please, not (as some years ago a priest wrote in this paper) 'that misnomer the peace'.

Sir

This exhortation I found in an East Anglian church: ‘If the Peace of the Lord you are missing, /To the still, small voice hearken and listen. /Disturb not your prayers, /Or your neighbours at theirs, /With your handshaking, hugging and kissing.’

Sir

The introduction of the ‘Peace’ was but another unacceptable element of the new-look church services foisted on worshippers by the Anglican Church. However, this intrusion can easily be avoided by dropping to one’s knees for a moment of silent prayer, arising after the disturbance has subsided.

Sir

A correspondent suggests dropping to one’s knees at the intrusion of the ‘Peace’ is a way to opt out. When I did this at a local church, a lady in the pew behind tapped me on the shoulder until I was forced to turn round, shake her hand and respond to her unearthly smile.

Sir

I am afraid that dropping to one’s knees in prayer during the ‘Peace’ seldom works. I have tried it on many occasions. Peace devotees are a breed not to be thwarted: they pat your back, pat your head – or bend down and breathe unctuous murmurings in your ear. I am wondering about a water pistol.

(Thanks to our Treasurer for supplying this historic correspondence which does not, of course, in any way reflect the attitudes of our forward-thinking congregation in A.D. 2013. Pax vobiscum!)



Assorted Absurdities

After a long interval, the editor has been trawling again through the papers in search of assorted absurdities, and is happy to offer the first of two selections of recent stories to fuel readers’ prejudices.

Is that the consul? A cockerel is waking me

Silencing a noisy cockerel and supplying Olympic tickets were among the unusual requests made to British consular staff abroad last year. In Rome, a man asked Foreign Office staff to translate a phrase for a tattoo he wanted. A woman requested that officials in Tel Aviv order her husband to be more healthy so that they could have children.

Ring Out Your Dead

It is becoming increasingly hard to rest in peace as mobile phones are making their presence felt at nearly a fifth of funerals, according to research. Two in five mourners do not turn off their mobiles, while others refuse to lower the volume.

One in six in the survey said they had seen others frantically trying to turn off a ring tone. Examples included 'If You're Happy And You Know it Clap Your Hands' blaring out as a mourner's phone rang while a coffin was being lowered in South Wales, and even a vicar's mobile sounding during a eulogy in North Wales.

Town won't fly 'offensive' flag of St George

A town council decided against flying the St George's Cross after concerns were raised that it would offend its 16 Muslim residents. Eleanor Jackson, a university lecturer, said the red and white symbol could cause upset as it was used during the Crusades 1,000 years ago.

Rizwan Ahmed, of the British Muslim Cultural Society, said: 'It is political correctness going a bit far'.

Air India pilot gets locked out of his cockpit.

An Air India passenger jet was forced to make an emergency landing when its pilot was locked out of the cockpit after visiting the lavatory. The sight of the pilot trying to get in through the cockpit door caused panic among passengers. His co-pilot diverted to land in Bhopal.

Song that gave the game away

The bride in a sham marriage was caught out after buying her dress on the day of the wedding and opting to walk up the aisle to the strains of 'The First Time I ever Saw Your Face'.

Ghost Load from Lorry

Nine illegal immigrants who leapt out of a lorry on a motorway were easily caught – because they were covered from head to toe in flour. A motorist told police they could not miss the nine because they all 'looked like Casper the ghost'.

Catholic school sends for Stonewall after boy 'calls classmate's shoes gay'

A Roman Catholic school called in a gay rights group to give staff lessons in how to stop homophobic bullying following claims a five-year-old-boy called another pupil's shoes 'gay'.

The gibe was allegedly made in the infants' playground of St Mary's Catholic Primary School in Wimbledon. The training day went ahead with the consent of all but one of the governors and with the blessing of the Archdiocese of Southwark. The school is now the first and only Catholic primary school in the country to be listed as a Stonewall 'Primary School Champion' of gay equality.

A parent at the school said he was concerned that the teachers were being trained to undermine the idea of a family based on a marriage between a man and a woman.

God really is above law, rules Supreme Court

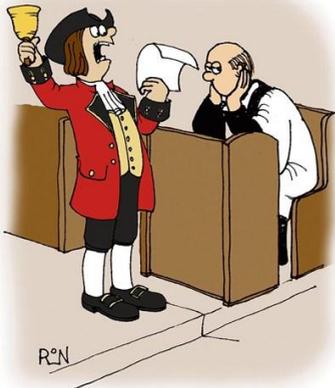
A former Methodist minister cannot sue for unfair dismissal because, rather than being a church employee, she was viewed as a 'steward in the household of God', the Supreme Court has ruled.

Danger, this custard pie could hurt you

A custard pie fight to mark the end of a baking festival has been cancelled after insurers said it was 'too dangerous'. The mayor said: 'I have rung round dozens of insurance companies, none of which will cover this event as it is classed as a sport. How can a paper plate and some custard foam be more dangerous than horse riding or rugby or even crossing the road? It's a classic case of a world gone mad. These insurance companies are taking all the pleasure out of being alive. I'm surprised there isn't rioting in the streets.'

Tailpiece

The editor regrets the preponderance of flippant, recycled or tongue-in-cheek material used to fill this issue (although he is greatly heartened by the encouragement received from those who share his sense of humour). Possibly as a result of the recent unaccustomed heat, there has been a reduction in the flow of church-related material. As ever, articles reflecting all aspects of our church and community life, and all shades of opinion, are very welcome. By the way, the splendid cartoon below, a product of the excellent St Gargoyle's series, surfaced recently and was too good to omit. The caption is precisely as printed in the Church Times and is in no way intended as a comment on any priest of our acquaintance.



Dennis made a bit of a meal of the notices

The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



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email fathersimontibbs@googlemail.com

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

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Canon Peter Goodrich, 16 Hillside Avenue, Ormskirk, L39 5TD. 01695 573285

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

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

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

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

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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

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Daniel Rathbone. Tel: 07759 695683

GIFT AID SECRETARY

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

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

Mrs Lynda Dixon, 928 7330

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

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

SACRISTANS

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

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

SENIOR SERVER

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

CHILDREN'S CHURCH

Mrs Julie Voce, 32 Aughton Rd, Birkdale, Southport. PR82AG. 01704 567270

Sunday 11.00 am in the Church Hall.

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

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. Sue Walsh 920 0318; Mary McFadyen 284 0104

CHOIR PRACTICE

Friday 7.15 pm - 8.30 pm.

MAGAZINE EDITOR and WEBSITE MANAGER

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Email: cdavidprice@gmail.com



THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



Diocese of
Liverpool