

Longing for light, we wait in darkness.

Longing for truth, we turn to you.

Make us your own, your holy people, light for the world to see.

Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts.

Shine through the darkness.

Christ, be our light! Shine in your church gathered today.

Newslink

Saint Faith's Church, Great Crosby
DECEMBER 2012

Saint Faith's



Christmas Tree Festival

Our fourth annual Christmas Tree Festival will be held at St. Faith's Church, Great Crosby (on the A565 main road in Crosby). We will be open at various times between

SUNDAY 2nd - SATURDAY 8th DECEMBER

If you haven't visited our festival before, then come and see what you've missed! If you visited us in previous years, we look forward to seeing you again. Charities, churches and local businesses are once again joining to create a spectacular scene, with 42 decorated and lit trees displayed for your enjoyment, with an opportunity to donate to your favourite charities and enjoy the very special atmosphere.

We're sure this will be a very enjoyable occasion - admission is FREE, so come as often as you like and enjoy a warm welcome, admire the trees and stay for a chat with friends and visitors over coffee, lunch or afternoon tea, and browse around the stalls selling cakes, preserves, gifts and craft items. Throughout the week there will be entertainment by school choirs, an evening of carol singing on Wednesday, and a concert on Saturday morning by young people from the Liverpool Saturday Music School.

OPENING TIMES

Sunday 2nd	1.00 pm to 4.00 pm; 6.00 pm Advent service
Monday 3rd	12 noon to 5.00 pm
Tuesday 4th	12 noon to 5.00 pm
Wednesday 5th	12 noon to 5.00 pm 7.00 pm to 9.00 pm - with carol singing with a military band
Thursday 6th	12 noon to 5.00 pm
Friday 7th	12 noon to 5.00 pm
Saturday 8th	10.00 am to 4.00 pm

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

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

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Monday	90.30am	Morning Prayer
Tuesday	9.30am	Holy Eucharist
Wednesday	10.30am	Holy Eucharist (<i>in S. Mary's</i>)
Thursday	6.30pm	Reflections Prayer Group (<i>in S. Mary's</i>)
Friday	6.30pm	Evening Prayer
Saturday	10.30am	Holy Eucharist

Please consult the website or weekly sheets for any variation in service times, particularly for weeks where there is a Holy Day.

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 a member of the ministry team directly or call **07986 478846**.



From the Ministry Team: December 2012

Dear Friends,

Christmas is a season which has pride in its own vocabulary. Cards and carols and all manner of greetings compose an engaging chorus. And the Christmas note is joy. Like too many homely words it is not readily understood. And the Advent imperative 'Rejoice!' seems to suggest we can force the emotions and manufacture a smile.

Joy is not a smile, nor can it be manufactured. Joy is a deep emotion. It is consistent with pain and it is consistent with pleasure. But joy is not pleasure. We can actually manufacture pleasure. We can buy it. We can get it at someone else's expense. There can be pleasure in sin and excess, pleasure in his misfortune or her humiliation, pleasure in self-pity.

Men and women cannot only seek pleasure; they can find it. But briefly. What pleasure lacks is permanence. It is rather like the soft surface of an unruffled sea: one brisk wind destroys it. But there is calm water below. That is where joy belongs: in the deep places.

Joy has consistency. Possibly, there is no true joy that is not the outcome of some contest and some endurance. It is agony to paint a picture or write a book or bear a child. But the fruit of such travail is joy. Pleasure is an artful dodger. It evades contest: joy overcomes it. Adversity is the strength to take away the strain when the going is rough and the gradient steep.

We have romanticised the crib, for the reality is too bleak and bitter a scene for celebration. A homeless couple, a winter night, a child born in the last place a mother would choose for a nativity. There is nothing there that speaks of pleasure. The Christmas noun is joy.

George Mallory, asked why he wanted to climb Everest, gave a memorable answer: 'Because it is there'. Reality is always there, always massive, always menacing and challenging us to ascend. Those few who face the climb know both pain and pleasure. They are not in pursuit of pleasure. Pleasure, indeed, is adept a

diversions, lives on diversion. It finds its home in illusion, in a fantasy-world well removed from reality where it dreams of a power and a glory it dare not seek below.

Jesus seeks neither pleasure nor pain. He seeks the truth; does the truth. He knows both pain and pleasure but these are accidental and chancy things. Like December sun and December snow they come and they go. No one can live on them. True living comes from confrontation with the real and as the poet says, human kind cannot bear much reality. Those who can, experience joy.

Joy may be attended by pleasure or attended by pain but it relies on neither of them. It finds its only footing in the real, in doing the truth, come hell or high water.

The question occurs to us as it did to Pilate: ‘What is the truth?’ The Christmas answer is the divine reply. God speaks to humankind through a man, for this is the universal vernacular. He meets reality head on. He overcomes it. His final cry on Calvary is one of joy at work well done. And joy is the emotion that links the crib with the cross. Joy alone has this consistency.

A Blessed and Joyful Christmas to you all.

Fr Dennis

Healing Waters

Chris Price



Water is central to the Christian story, it goes almost without saying. Just as we are born out of breaking waters, so we are baptised and dedicated with water and grow to rely on it to give new life, to refresh and to cleanse. It is set apart and blessed so that we may sign ourselves with it, renew our baptism with it, and be sprinkled with it from time to time.

These thoughts gathered to me a short while ago as I watched the water bubble quietly up in a medieval shrine in North Wales. It was at the Roman Catholic shrine of St Winfred at Holywell, a place we had heard of and thought about visiting for many a year, but hadn't taken the plunge until a sparkling bright late afternoon in November.

When I talk of taking the plunge, it is of course merely a metaphor. Out of season, the outdoor bathing pool looked distinctly uninviting and less than totally pure, and the well pool within the draughty shrine itself, although cleaner, was just as cold. But to begin at the beginning.

Saint Winifred, so the story goes, refused, well over a thousand years ago, to succumb to a local princely would-be rapist, whereupon he promptly beheaded her. Before he could add necrophilia to his charge sheet, she was rescued by the prayers of her saintly uncle Beuno – the North Wales equivalent of Saint David and founder of many Welsh churches – who put her head back atop her shoulders. She recovered, and is depicted today with a delicate line around her neck to mark the miracle. From the spot a great spring rose, and flowed out down the valley. Unsurprisingly, it soon became an object of pilgrimage, and a beautiful shrine was built round it in the sixteenth century. Throughout the centuries and still today, folk have come to take the waters and immerse themselves in it in search of healing.

Despite intermittent periods of decline and post-Reformation persecution, the shrine grew and prospered, and the lovely beautiful tracery of delicate stonework miraculously remains more or less intact today. Curious spectators pay their 80p – 60p for the elderly! – and, avoiding the serried ranks of keepsakes, paste jewellery, statuettes and the like, so familiar to those who have been to Walsingham or Lourdes - cross the lawns to the shrine. The aforementioned outdoor pool – just a few feet below a busy road – is flanked by little orange pagodas in which the faithful disrobe (bring your own towel, it says) and immerse themselves the statutory three times.

This licensed and regulated bathing takes place throughout the year (except on Christmas and Boxing Day!) but the place was deserted when we called by. The shrine building itself houses, beneath decorated arching stonework, a star-shaped basin in which the water wells silently up, and covered walkways surround it. A small chapel near the entrance offers some shelter, and houses striking modern stained glass and a lovely statue. There are votive candles to light and pictures and prayers to contemplate. Surrounding these objects, and hanging on a fence outside, are the almost obligatory paraphernalia of cheap statuettes, plastic beads and garish artificial flowers left by the faithful and the grateful. The display boards in the excellent visitor centre tell the long story of a place which, uniquely in Britain, has been an unbroken focus of devotion since its inception. There is a museum, reportedly stacked high with crutches abandoned by generations of healed and joyful pilgrims, but it was closed for the winter.

We tend to associate mediaeval architecture and transcendental ancient beauty with our own church, and it was strange and touching to find our Roman brethren here in a place whose story and antiquity predates most of our own tradition. To these Anglican eyes, the glory of the shrine's setting and structures sits somewhat oddly with the questionable taste of the trappings which bedeck it - but maybe

that's just the latent artistic snobbery of the established church in evidence. But the shrine, on that quiet late afternoon, was undeniably a holy and moving place, and we drank, as invited, from the holy pump and left an offering. The stream of living water at Holywell spoke to a deep well of consciousness, and we wouldn't have missed it for the world.

And a final fascinating fact. Early last century, after the torrent had spouted out unabated for a thousand years, it suddenly dried up and stopped. Worried investigation revealed that mining activity in the surrounding hills (the water source fed much local industry in the Greenfield Valley below) had diverted the flow, and subterranean steps were taken to restore it. Since then the flow, though lessened, has steadily continued in all weathers – and this time nobody had to lose their heads for the miracles to resume.



Diary Highlights: December 2012

Saturday 1st

Christmas Tree Festival preparation and decoration

Sunday 2nd Advent Sunday

11.00 am Family Eucharist, Parade and Toy Service

6.00 pm Celebration of Advent in words and music

Monday 3rd – Saturday 8th inclusive: no weekday masses at St Faith's during Christmas Tree Festival

Tuesday 11th

2.00pm: Service at Green Heys Nursing Home

Thursday 13th

United Benefice Men's Fellowship Christmas Meal at the Babarcoa Restaurant

Saturday 14th

10.30 am Mass, after which the Sacrament of Penance will be available for those wishing to make their confession in preparation for Christmas

Monday 24th Christmas Eve

6.00 pm Christingle Service

11.30 pm Blessing of the Crib, Procession and Solemn Midnight Mass

Tuesday 25th Christmas Day

10.30 am Joint family eucharist at St Mary's (please note: no Christmas Day services at St Faith's)

Wednesday 26th St Stephen the First Martyr

10.30 am Solemn Eucharist, followed by sherry and mince pies

Thursday 27th St John and Saturday 29th St Thomas Becket

10.30 am Holy Eucharist

The Noddfa Weekend



This year's parish weekend took place from 12th -14th October at Noddfa, a large Victorian house near the North Wales coastal village of Penmaenmawr, just past Conway. Organised by Revd Denise and led by Colin Oxenforth, a mixed bunch of 14 cheerful and willing participants from both parishes enjoyed our weekend together in a very friendly atmosphere.

We stayed at Noddfa - a Welsh word meaning haven, or refuge, very appropriate for a retreat house. It is run by the same order of nuns that ran Seafeld Convent, here in Crosby, before the advent of Sacred Heart High School. The sisters looked after us splendidly. The rooms were warm and cosy, the beds were comfortable, the food was tasty and plentiful. The house is in a spectacular setting on the side of a small mountain, set in beautiful grounds with enormous trees and wonderful views across the sea to the Great Orme. The house was originally built by a relative of W E Gladstone and then bought by the Owen Owen family as a holiday home. It now has many more bathrooms and a purpose-built chapel that we were blessed to use for our Eucharist.

Our weekend was led by Colin in a series of thought provoking sessions, often using questions requiring a diagrammatic answer to get behind our stock responses, thus learning more about our deeper thoughts. Several people were interested to find that our view of the memories of our experiences thus took on a different emphasis, and questions were raised, resulting in new points of view. With the help of moving music we explored our relationship with God, and explored joy - past, present, and future.

This was a time of rest, review and refreshment. All in all a very spiritually rewarding weekend - do come with us next time!

Cynthia Johnson

Looking back on our recent Parish weekend away at Noddfa I am moved to wonder why more people who are able to remove themselves for a weekend such as this don't do so... Granted, we were fortunate in so many ways. The weather was perfect - glorious sunshine and clear blue skies - and we found ourselves in an imposing Victorian house, standing at the foot of Penmaenmawr. The grounds are beautiful: big green lawns sloping down from the terrace and great trees at this time of the year rich in autumn gold and russet. There was a squirrel too -grey, alas! The house was as warm as our welcome, and hospitality immediate - welcome cups of tea or coffee to greet us and biscuits too! Indeed, the food throughout our stay was plentiful and satisfying.

On the first day and each day following, Colin led us through various spiritual exercises and reflexions (as challenging as one cared to make them) and played some beautiful music to help us to settle. As we might have expected, he spiced his own thoughtful comments with his now familiar humour! - that lightened the atmosphere, and saved us, mercifully, I think, from becoming too intense! There was Mass on Saturday and Sunday and we ended each day quietly by saying Compline together. There was time too for our own quiet space, and time for plenty of good company, time to read, time for a walk up the road or down to the village, time too for a gentle siesta! That was the secret...there was TIME!

We are told that Noddfa is a word meaning 'refuge' or 'shelter'. For me the weekend will be remembered as a time of enjoyable company and quiet spiritual contentment, free of care. Thank you for that, my friends - and Colin and Denise.

Margaret Davies

The Children's Society

I would like to thank all those who have used the collection boxes over the last year. Together we have raised nearly £450. In these difficult times it is good to know that we can support such a well deserving cause, and I know that the Society will be grateful for your support.



Rosie Walker

R.I.P. Sybil 'Joan' Jones (1922 – 2012)

Many from St Faith's will remember Joan Jones, who died recently. With her late husband, Campbell, Joan was a part of the regular congregation for very many years until she moved to a nursing home seven years ago.

Her funeral was held in October and her ashes will be interred with those of Campbell in our Garden of Remembrance.

What may not be remembered was that Joan wrote poetry which was occasionally published in *Newslink*, and one of her poems was included in the funeral service – it is printed below.

The symbols of life means Trust and Love
Friendship and Understanding
Sympathy, hope and caring
Patience and above all obedience.
Life isn't always a bed of roses
It has its disappointments
But behind all this
There is always tomorrow.

We will always remember her smiling face and her optimism and her friendship.

Rosie Walker

Comedy Corner



Many a True Word...

The story is told of three clergy who, while having a drink in the pub one evening, were discussing the problem each of them had with bats in their churches. The first said he had tried to entice them out but it had not worked. There were still hundreds of them in his belfry. The second explained that a control company had been brought in but nothing had changed. There were still bats everywhere. Then the third priest spoke up. 'I've got rid of all mine,' he said. 'How on earth have you done that?'" the other two asked eagerly. 'I just baptised and confirmed them all,' he replied, 'and I never saw them again!'

Give Us This Day...

Nescafe manages to arrange a meeting with the Pope at the Vatican.

After receiving the Papal blessing, the Nescafe official whispers: 'Your Eminence, we have an offer for you. Nescafe is prepared to donate €100 million to the church if you change the Lord's Prayer from 'give us this day our daily bread' to 'give us this day our daily coffee.'

The Pope responds, 'That is impossible. The prayer is the word of the Lord. It must not be changed.'

'Well,' said the Nescafe man, 'we anticipated your reluctance. For this reason we will increase our offer to €300 million.'

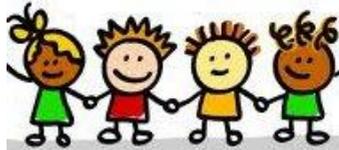
‘My son, it is impossible. For the prayer is the word of the Lord and it must not be changed.’

The Nescafe executive says, ‘Your Holiness, we at Nescafe respect your adherence to the faith, but we do have one final offer.... We will donate €500 million – that’s half a billion euros - to the great Catholic Church if you would only change the Lord’s Prayer from ‘give us this day our daily bread’ to ‘give us this day our daily coffee.’ Please consider it.’ And he leaves.

The next day the Pope convenes the College of Cardinals. ‘There is some good news,’ he announces, ‘and some bad news. The good news is that the Church will come into €500 million.’

‘And the bad news, your Holiness?’ asks a Cardinal.

‘We’re losing the Hovis account.’



Sleepers awake?

A Sunday school teacher asked her little children, as they were on the way to church service, ‘And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?’ Little Johnny replied, ‘Because people are sleeping.’

100 Club Winners for November

1	102	Irene Salisbury
2	144	Caley family
3	73	Viv Shillitoe



Punctuation Please?

Those who can’t see the point of apostrophes may enjoy the editor’s recent experience. Window-gazing in Liscard the other day, he paused at the window of ‘Pyro Mike Discount Fireworks.’ It was the day after Bonfire Night and the shop was closed. The surreal printed notice in the window read:

Closed today for re-stocking but were open tomorrow



Left

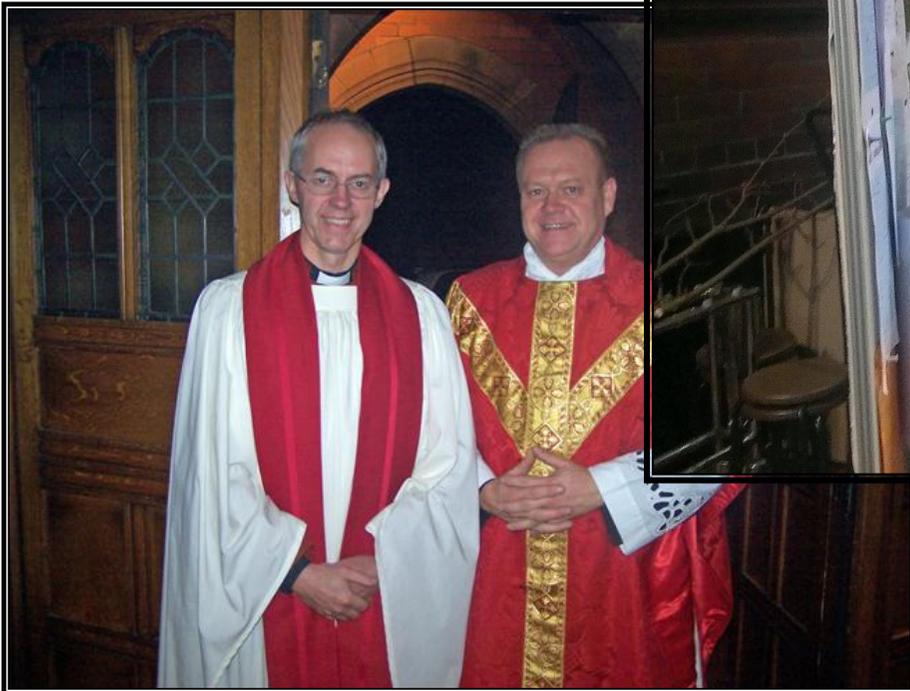
On Remembrance Sunday more than 60 of our congregation sat down to a Sunday lunch in the Church Hall, raising a goodly sum for church funds.

Below

A few weeks earlier, Emily Skinner celebrated her 18th birthday by providing wine and cake for the Sunday congregation. Revd Denise, Emily's grandmother Ruth and Chris Spence share the happy event.

Right

Fred Mackert dressed for the occasion for the Remembrance Day service.



Left

Our next Archbishop of Canterbury spent three formative years in Liverpool as Dean of the Cathedral. On October 6th, 2009, he preached at the Patronal Festival High Mass, where our photographer caught him on his way up the greasy pole to the Primateship.

Poems for Advent

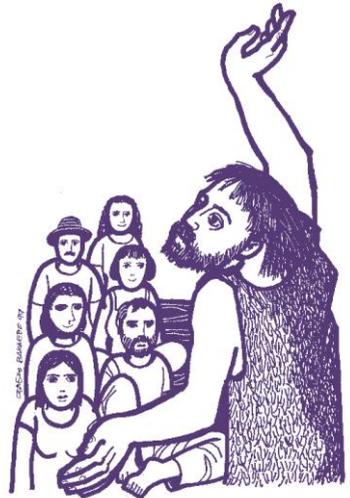
The House of Christmas

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay on their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honour and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost - how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.



To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

G.K. Chesterton



Advent Calendar

He will come like last leaf's fall.
One night when the November wind
has flayed the trees to bone, and earth
wakes choking on the mould,
the soft shroud's folding.
He will come like the frost.
One morning when the shrinking earth
opens on mist, to find itself
arrested in the net
of alien, sword-set beauty.

The Glory

Without any rhyme
without any reason
my heart lifts to light
in this bleak season
caught by salvation
stumbler and blunderer
into Creation

In this cold blight
where marrow is frozen
it is God's time
my heart has chosen

In paradox and story
parable and laughter
find I the glory
here in hereafter

Madeleine L'Engle

He will come like dark.
One evening when the bursting red
December sun draws up the sheet
and penny-masks its eye to yield
the star-snowed fields of sky.
He will come, will come
will come like crying in the night,
like blood, like breaking,
as the earth writhes to toss him free.
He will come like child.

Rowan Williams

Advent Wreath

The pale sun, gliding low,
refuses to rise into leaden
grey skies, so bleak night
inters our sinful souls.

Oh! break out the candles
and place them around!
See how their fires
consume the dark ground.

Bouquet of flame!
devour our sins,
and ignite winter's night
in holy conflagration.

Steven Federle



Christ's Mass

It isn't Christ who's been left out of Christmas;
It is we who left His season long ago.
We traded Him, with shepherds at His manger,
For tinsel, lighted trees, and mistletoe.
We traded Advent's quiet preparation
For frantic shopping trips to all the stores;
We let our gifts and giving come between us
And that Blessed Gift who cleanses and restores.
We took a grand old saint, removed his mitre,
15

And dressed him up in comic red and white,
And raised him to a place never sought for,
And sent him riding high across the night.
Our conversation smacks of 'gift exchanging'!
Such term was never found in Holy Writ.
That gift that came to Bethlehem came freely
Without a breath of bargaining in it!
Perhaps we mean well under all our Clatter;
It's hard to think of holy things just right,
While others think that Christmas doesn't matter.
They don't believe what happened on that night.
But we know that Christ is born in every Christmas -
His Name rings on the air with every chime!
So it isn't Christ who's been left out of Christmas,
For Christ has been in Christmas all the time!



Services Support Group News

We have had several very interesting and thought-provoking speakers at our previous meetings and November's meeting was no exception. Our guest speakers were Dawn and Paul from 'Invisible Injuries' more commonly thought of as Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Both Dawn and Paul suffered from this problem but for very different reasons, Dawn from being in an abusive relationship and Paul from what he had seen and had to cope with during his Army service with tours of duty in very dangerous situations. It is not only one person who suffers the effects of this problem but all the people that they have contact with, so obviously their loved ones suffer with them.

For 12 years Paul was treated with various therapies and many drugs to try to control the anger he felt, all to no avail. In his words the Army had trained him to deal with any situation he found himself in, however dangerous, but not how to 'switch off' that training when it was no longer needed. This problem is now being addressed by the Armed forces with a program called 'Decompression' which helps personnel adjust to normal surroundings when they return deployment. Paul's turning point came when his wife returned home earlier than expected and found him contemplating suicide. He found a new concept of treatment that had been designed by a British Army Officer using new methods to cope with symptoms, how to manage them and overcome their cause and return to a normal life once more. Paul's recovery was little short of miraculous and he is now not only able to cope with and overcome his problems but help others to do the same. Dawn uses her past experiences in the same way to help others overcome their problems.

What Paul had experienced had caused him to lose his faith in God, but now his faith is restored, for he is at ease with himself and those dearest to him. They thanked us for our little group, saying how much it means to those serving and to their families that others care about them and regularly pray for their well being.

On a much happier note a reminder that on Wednesday 5th December and during the Christmas Tree Festival, we are once again holding our Carol Service, complete with Military Band, so do come along to join us and bring your friends for a really great evening in a wonderful atmosphere! Church is open at 7.00pm with the service beginning at 7.30pm so arrive early to get a good seat! Light refreshments are also available. We look forward to seeing you there.

Eunice Little



Justin Time

Congratulations and prayers for the new Archbishop of Canterbury – he will need plenty of the latter in these troubled times for the church.

His rapid rise through the ranks from oil executive to Primate of All England has been noted – often with surprise and approval. He was of course, Dean of Liverpool for three years on his way upwards, and preached memorably to us at the 2009 Patronal Festival at Fr Neil's invitation. Little did we know....

The press comments on our new Primate suggest that this evangelical who is nevertheless 'an enthusiast for Catholic styles of worship' has many interesting facets. At Liverpool he is credited by the *Daily Telegraph* with almost doubling the cathedral congregation. He also memorably gave his blessing to a Hallowe'en service called 'Night of the Living Dead' with a man in gothic dress leaping out of a coffin to symbolise the resurrection. 'To the surprise of many,' says Telegraph reporter John Bingham, 'he also allowed the cathedral bell-ringers to chime Liverpool-born John Lennon's *Imagine*', widely regarded as an atheist anthem. (The editor has no problems with this – why should the devil have all the best tunes? – but does, incidentally, object to the flaunting of Lennon's words 'above us only the sky' at Liverpool Airport).

There has also been comment about the small animal carved on Justin Welby's episcopal crozier. It is apparently a hyrax, or as the translation in one biblical text has it, a 'rock badger'. When the then Dean read a passage from Leviticus at a service in the cathedral, warning against the dangers of eating the rock badger, he collapsed into a fit of giggles. When he left Liverpool, the congregation commissioned the carving and presented it with him, to his great delight. The man can't be all bad...

'For All The Saints...'



This evening we gather to remember and give thanks for the lives of our loved ones who have departed this earthly life and now rest in peace with God. We aren't here to be morbid or over sentimental but to acknowledge the space which now exists in our lives. I expect you have all been told at some point that time is a great healer; I'm not certain about healing but I know that in time we do learn to manage our grief and see our precious memories as gifts to be treasured.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a great Christian theologian who was executed by the Nazis, had plenty of time to think about death in his prison cell and in one of his famous letters he wrote,

“Nothing can make up for the absence of someone we love... it is nonsense to say that God fills the gap; God doesn't fill it but on the contrary, God keeps it empty and so helps us keep alive our former communion with each other, even at the cost of pain... the dearer and richer the memories, the more difficult the separation. But gratitude changes the pangs of memory into tranquil joy. The beauties of the past are borne, not as a thorn in the flesh, but as a precious gift in themselves.”

So as we treasure our precious gifts, we can be grateful that our loved ones are now a part of the Communion of Saints, fellow members of the holy family of God who now enjoy their place with all the saints and angels in the heavenly kingdom. Some of my favourite words of reassurance come from the Book of Wisdom which say, “The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment will ever touch them.” Jesus died so that we might all have eternal life, Jesus knew that he was destined to die and rise again three days later, and so made the way clear for all to rise to eternal life with God; this is the foundation of our Christian faith. For the faithful, yes, life is changed by death but not ended and the bond of union in the Body of Christ continues to unite us.

Tonight as we remember those who hold such a special place in our hearts and who now share their heavenly life with God, let us also remember the life they shared with us here on earth. Those very special persons whose love and example influenced us in such a massive way and made us the people we are today.

Let us remember them with thankful and joyful hearts. Jewish advice on death suggests that we do not 'say in grief that he is no more but in thankfulness that he was.' How privileged we have all been to share our lives with those whose memories we treasure, those we still love dearly but no longer see. May we also give thanks for God's goodness: God gave us the love, laughter and the tears of those who have died and in some way left their indelible mark on us. Those who hold such a special place in our hearts probably weren't famous celebrities or people who made headline news but they did leave us with a great legacy to

sustain us in years to come. I'm sure we will continue to pass on their countless stories with pride, their good deeds, their 'faux pas', their successes and their disappointments; their aims and their mission in life.

Soon we will be invited to light a candle as a sign of prayer for those in our hearts. Let those lights also radiate God's infinite love and be our sign of hope for the future and we pray that in time our pain will turn into thankfulness and joy. Through our prayers I also ask that we may be filled with fresh hope and a hunger to be led into a deeper union with God through our loved ones. So as churches the world over celebrated 'All Saints' Day, to remember holy people who have inspired us over centuries, tonight we bring before God the saints from our own circle of family and friends. They are Holy Souls who have already travelled their earthly journey and who are now at peace and part of the Communion of Saints in the heavenly kingdom. We remember especially our own dear brothers and sisters in Christ from the family of St. Faith's who served you and us so faithfully and who have died during the last 12 months. We remember particularly our dear sister in Christ Joan Jones who was a long and faithful member of St. Faith's who was laid to rest on Tuesday. All whose memories we treasure form a part of our spiritual backup and will continue to help us by their example, encouragement and love. They are now in good hands and our personal experiences tell us that death need not isolate us, it does not make us inaccessible to each other.

Love not only continues but often deepens after death, because spiritual love does not recognise separation. How often have we felt the presence our loved ones among us, or that they are somehow still influencing us when we have choices or important decisions to make? How often have you experienced a very real feeling that they are near? Perhaps because of a certain smell, a song, a particular piece of music or a treasured memory, these experiences come back to remind us of a love that was so special. They help to create wonderful images in our minds.

The words of the prophet Gibran help conjure up a lovely picture when he says,

'And when earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.' I find it very comforting to think of our loved ones dancing in joy and total happiness and finding true fulfilment. The mystery of death points to a possibility of joy and glory so immense, so exciting and so infinitely beyond anything we can ever imagine or dream of.

We all face the same task and that is to continue loving and praying for those already in the heavenly kingdom, indeed just as they still love and pray for us. With all the saints and angels we pray that we too may lead faithful and Godly lives in this world and finally share everlasting joy with them in the next.

Revd Denise McDougall

Commemoration of the Faithful Departed

Christmas Tree Festival 2012

No sooner are the trees, lights and decorations safely packed away from the Tree Festival, than they seem to be coming out again - and off we go once more into the flurry and bustle of another festival. It is most interesting to see the comings and goings of various sponsors and charities. Many charities have so enjoyed the event, they are joining us again for the fourth year, others look around for new ideas for their publicity, but word does get round and this year seven new sponsors have asked to take part. This variety of participators can only benefit the occasion by making known just how many charities are supported in the area and how much time is willingly given. From the start the Tree Festival has been so happily embraced by local schools, community and visitors from further afield.

When the possibility of such an event was first discussed, I was fortunate to have a source of advice from a team organising a similar event in a church in Norfolk and this gave confidence to have a go. Happily this year it has been my pleasure to pass on our experiences to two other parishes which wish to establish their own festival; not in close proximity I am pleased to say. Good will and generosity does not go that far.

So please make a note of the opening days and times of the festival, this year from Sunday 2nd December to Saturday 8th December when our church will once again bask in the warmth and friendship experienced over the past three years. Please come and join us and enjoy the atmosphere, you will not be disappointed.

Margaret Houghton



Registering the Past Episode 5

We take up this seemingly unending narrative, chronicling the entries in St Faith's first service register, on January 8th, 1909. There was a funeral at 10.30 am (a Mrs Allerton of Norma Rd), but more interestingly, it was preceded at 8 am by 'H.C for mourners' – clearly the practice of Requiems at funerals had not yet been started; equally clearly this was a devoted band of mourners. There soon follows the obligatory 'heavy rain', a prize giving at the Sunday 3.15 pm Children's Service, a 'Guild Service' after Evensong on another Sunday, and a sequence of 'Private Celebrations' in February. R.F.Herring signs in regularly during Lent 1906, as does P.Y.L – P. Youlden Johnson. There are several extra Children's Services on weekdays in the run-up to Easter.

There were sparsely-attended daily Eucharists in Holy Week, but seemingly '70 to 90' present for a service labelled 'Preparation for H.C.' on the Wednesday. 'F.J.Liverpool' presided at a Good Friday 8.00 pm evensong – no numbers were

recorded, but a bumper collection of £3.18.4. And Easter Day saw 137 at the 7.30am celebration, 104 at the 8.30, and 75 at the 11.45. However, there was 'no one present' to greet T.H.B at 7.00 am on May 27th.

Things went on quietly for some time after this, apart from a tiny poignant marginal note on Friday 16th July: Funeral at Knotty Ash of Vasco Herbert Lazzolo, aged 22 months. Deaths pile up in succeeding months: 16th August sees 'death of Mr.Hogg. Buried at Sefton by the Rector', and a few days later: 'Death of Mr Millar-Hughes, suddenly at New Orleans, USA.' Little interrupts the even tenor of the weeks then until October. Saint Faith doesn't get a look in on 6th, but the Children's Service on the 10th is taken by J.A.Sharrock of Madras, and a Lantern Lecture (remember those, anyone?) on 14th is given by Rev E.W.RBeale of Calgary and Saskatchewan.

November 1st (All Saints' Day) saw '8.30 Meeting to start Branch of Church of England Men's Society'. Later that month, on 23rd, is recorded 'Presentation to Rev. P. Youlden Johnson in the Parish Hall on his leaving the Curacy of St Faith's for St Pater's, Birmingham'.

Shortly before Christmas, there are '4 from St Faith's' at 'Adult Confirmation at the Cathedral' – and, unusually, on Christmas Eve a 'Private H.C. at the Vicarage'. There were no fewer than five services the following day. In early 1910 'D.G.Fee Smith' signs in more regularly, as from time to time does W.Wentworth Scott of St Thomas, Seaforth. The Met. Reports continue with equal regularity – usually 'wet' but occasionally 'heavy snowstorm'.

Moving swiftly on, we gather that 'This Lent a course of Sermons on the Lord's Prayer was preached on Wednesdays at 8 pm.' How many heard them is not registered. The Bishop of Liverpool conducted a Confirmation here on March 10th, but the collection only seems to have amounted to 13s.2d. The vicar of Seaforth took the Good Friday Three Hours Service. On Easter Thursday a 'Musical Service' is squeezed into the register, bringing in a handsome £10.16.3 for the Choir Fund. Minutely marginal writing records those performing as 'Stanley Whinyates, St James' Chapel Royal, late of St Faith's Choir, Mr Tom Barlow and Tom Owen + the Choir'.

Preachers in April included Herbert A. Wadman, (St Thomas, Seaforth – a curate there?) Austin R.Taylor (St Margaret's, Princes Road) and P.W.Pheysey (Hartley). Ascension Day was both 'very wet' and 'wet' – and the next day at 11.45 pm 'King Edward VII died at Buckingham Palace'. Mr Baxter made the late king the subject of his sermon at the 6.30 evensong two days later, and preached to a 'full church'. To close the chapter, Friday May 20th is registered as Funeral of King Edward VII of Blessed Glorious Memory' and marked at 2.30 pm by a 'Memorial Service. Litany and Burial Service No.II' and at 8.00 pm by 'Organ Recital' by Mr J. Waugh (the then current Saint Faith's organist). The collections from the two

commemorations amounted to £5.3.2, given to the Liverpool Hospital Sunday Fund and the Whitehaven Fund.

D.G.F.S replaces T.H.B for a while in late June and early July; the former's scratchy handwriting seems to record, on St Peter's Day, 'churching' presumably the old service of the Churching of Women, not likely to have attracted any early feminists!). Mr Fee Smith's subsequent sermons on 'The Valley of Humiliation' and 'The dark river' may also have done little to lighten the occasions when they were delivered.

More entertainingly, August 14th saw the return of Stanley Whinyates, (again proudly listed as being from St James' Chapel Royal Choir) to sing a solo in the anthem 'Peace I leave with you' – Varley Roberts at the 6.30 pm Litany. Squeezed in below this cramped annotation we read '900 coins at 11 + 6.30.' This careful counting (doubtless a real burden for wardens and treasurer!) is the first such computation recorded, although service registers some year later incorporated a column for 'coins' for a good many years. Doubtless also today's collection counters would welcome a windfall of 900 coins...)

Stanley Whinyates performs again on Sundays in August: the second of these two events is 'very wet', but the collection amounts to a generous £4.15.2, so he must have been quite a crowd-puller. October 6th falls on a Thursday, and there is a 7.30 Holy Communion but no mention of Saint Faith. G. Hardwick Spooner, and H.W.Campbell Baugh (splendid names!) sign in later in the month – and pencilled in empty spaces that same month we read of Pew Rents received from Clo Huson, Mrs Thomson and Mrs Kenrick. The rentals are recorded as £2.20, 10/6 and £1.1.0 respectively. It would be fascinating to know more about the charging of these rents (when they started and finished, and why they were charged) – and to understand why Clo Huson had to pay four times as much as Mrs Thomson!

Mr Fee Smith fills in much of the November register, his blotchy pen spattering the page; he faithfully records the weather as 'much rain and wind', until Mr Baxter's familiar clear script takes over again for the last weeks of the year. S.J.Sykes must have borrowed Mr Fee Smith's wayward pen to sign in messily on December 14th. There is no worship recorded on Christmas Eve (many years are to pass before Midnight Mass appears), but Christmas Day is 'Fine and Mild all day' and 226 of the devout make their communion at the three celebrations. It falls on a Sunday, so there is the usual Children's Service in the afternoon and a well-attended Evensong (you wouldn't get them out for that these days!)

There is no Watch Night Service recorded, and St Faith's slips quietly into its second decade as 1911 opens.

Chris Price

The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



VICAR

Vacancy

PARISH OFFICE

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

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

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

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

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

BEAVER SCOUTS

Thursday 5.00 – 6.15 pm Mike Carr 293 3416

CUB SCOUTS

Tuesday 6.30 - 7.45 pm. Adam Jones 07841 125589

Thursday 6.30 – 8.00 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

SCOUTS

Tuesday 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

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

The **January 2013 'Newslink'** will be distributed on or before **Sunday, December 23rd**. Copy by **Sunday, December 9th**, please - but all contributions are welcome at any time.

Church website: <http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk>

Online edition: <http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/magazine.html>

Email: cdavidprice@gmail.com

