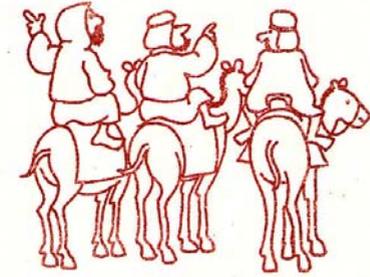




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St Faith's Church, Great Crosby
JANUARY 2010

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAYS

10.30am Morning Prayer

11.00am SUNG EUCHARIST and Children's Church

1.00pm Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)

7.00pm Compline and Benediction (1st Sunday)

WEEKDAYS

Monday 1030am Holy Eucharist

Tuesday 9.30am Holy Eucharist

Wednesday 10.30am Holy Eucharist in St. Mary's

Friday 6.30pm Holy Eucharist

Saturday 12.00noon Midday Prayer

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION

A member of the clergy team is available by appointment to hear confessions or to talk about any matter in confidence. The Sacrament of Reconciliation is always available in preparation for Christmas and Easter and at other advertised times.

ANOINTING OF THE SICK AND DYING

Please ring the vicarage number at any time, day or night, if someone is ill and requires the ministry of a priest.

HOLY COMMUNION to the sick and housebound and those in hospital

If you, or someone you know, would like a visit from a member of the Church, please ring the vicarage number to arrange this. The Eucharistic Ministers are always happy to bring Holy Communion to the sick and housebound. If you are unable to get to church and would like to receive Holy Communion at home please contact Joyce Green (931 4240). If you, or someone you know, would like to be visited in hospital please ring the Vicarage number or contact a member of the Ministry Team.



From the Ministry Team January 2010

Traditionally, the twelve days of Christmas come to an end with the celebration of the Feast of the Epiphany and the arrival of the Kings at the stable in Bethlehem. The colourful and magical story of the Magi dressed in royal splendour, bearing precious gifts, mounted on camels, travelling across a desert, outwitting Herod and all the time following a star, has captured the Christian imagination down the ages. It's a lovely legend and a marvellous myth around which many stories and works of art have grown. Any national gallery of art worthy of the name will carry at least one painting of the Adoration of the Magi among its religious collection. Christmas would not be Christmas without a visit to the crib and seeing the look of wonder on children's faces as parents point out Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar.

After all their journeying, the Magi are faced with unexpected majesty in squalid surroundings. We are left wondering at the shock they must have got when they were confronted with poverty where they expected grandeur. Instead of a royal court with servants, they found a rocky cave with shepherds, and in place of a throne they saw a manger where a baby lay on a bed of straw. This would have been a stumbling block to people of lesser faith. However, their hearts were open and their minds receptive because they saw and understood the profound meaning which lay behind the simple scene in the stable. They found God shrouded in the mystery of human weakness and in an act of worship they offered the newborn child gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

This exotic story of high intrigue is inexhaustible in its meaning and its riches can never be adequately fathomed. Matthew, the gospel writer, had this in mind when he told this marvellously embellished tale. He knew full well that it would set our minds wandering. Take, for instance, the fact that the Magi were outsiders and not from the Jewish tradition. Even today outsiders have the problem of not belonging in any community, of living on the periphery and being socially excluded because they are

black, from the wrong class and not in possession of a passport. While most of us would like to think of ourselves as devoid of prejudice, facts do not always bear this out. At the crib there are no outsiders, for Jesus extends a welcome to everybody. He rejects no one, makes no distinction between rich and poor and treats everyone as equals irrespective of class or creed. It's worth remembering that God can use outsiders and unbelievers to teach his people lessons about the breaking down of divisions and barriers. In his great scheme of things he calls us to be a church that is openhearted, outward-looking and all-embracing. There can be no more important message for today than that everyone belongs to God's family.

The journey of the Magi causes us to reflect on our own journey through this world. They were not wandering aimlessly, but were heading in a definite direction with a specific purpose in mind. In the course of their journeying there were many twists and turns that kept them alert, caused them to seek advice and frequently alter course but they persevered and kept moving steadily towards their intended goal. Just as the Magi spotted the star, we are called to read the signs of the times that will point to the right road and face us in the proper direction. All our lives we are pilgrims on a once-made journey that one day will come to an end. In the deep heart's core we have an inner feeling that here on earth we are exiles who have no final resting place but who seek one to come. In the course of life we may travel across oceans, visit many lands and meet different peoples but the one journey that ultimately matters is the journey inwards into the place of stillness deep within one's self. To reach that place is to be at home; to fail to reach it is to be forever restless. The journey inward to that quiet place where one's life and spirit are united with the life and spirit of God is long and difficult but it is a journey worth making because it is about finding inner peace through intimacy with the Lord. When the Magi left for home they brought with them a treasure that far surpassed any gift they had brought. Knowing Jesus was the added richness they now possessed. Once we make Jesus King of our hearts, it will be our treasure also.

With every blessing for Epiphanytide,

Father Dennis



The Church Database

Our Parish Administrator, Liz Mooney, keeps the definitive database of names, addresses, phone numbers and email addresses of all members of St Faith's and St Mary's So that this list can be as up to date as possible, she asks that she could be told at all times of any changes to personal details.

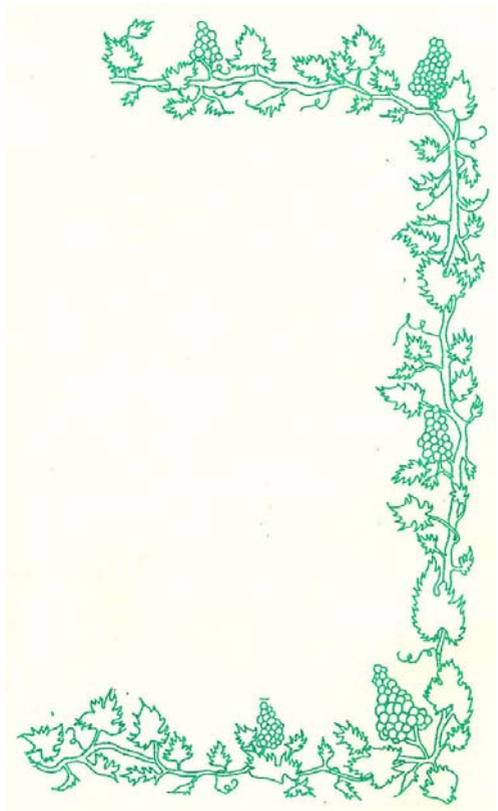
The editor would also be grateful to know of changes to the standing material published in the magazine and on the church website. Please note that, to preserve confidentiality and minimise the incidence of spam and junk mail, email addresses (with the exception of those of principal church officials and necessary contacts), do not appear in the magazine or on the website.

Email Liz: parishadministrator@btinternet.com, tel./voicemail 0151 928 9913.

Email Chris at cdavidprice@gmail.com, tele./voicemail 0151 924 1938

The Gardening Doctor

Do you suffer from plumbago?
Is your back a little sore?
Or perhaps it's pyracanthus
Which you caught in Singapore?
You've a nasty little hosta
Which I think you'll have to lance,
And I notice a spiraea
Has been leading you a dance.
Are you getting forgetful?
Is nemesia the cause?
Does your antirrhinum pain you
When you're walking out of doors?
You've had skimmia rubella
I can see that by your nose
And cornus capitosa
Has played havoc with your toes!
How is your viburnum tinus?
Have you lost your sense of smell?
Use a syringa reflexa
That should keep it well.
I'm afraid your macrocarpus
Isn't really up to scratch,
And do avoid nigella
It's a nasty thing to catch!
Still I think you're doing nicely,
Watch the quercus in your knees
Take your berberis twice nightly
Next patient please!



Anon

The 'F' Word

Chris Price



One of the pleasures of no longer being a Churchwarden is not having to be worried about the 'F' Word. I refer, of course, to 'Faculty': a word all too familiar to wardens, clergy and treasurers of Anglican churches, and one which stirred memories in this writer when reading a recent article in *The Daily Telegraph* (where else!).

'Church roof row puts priest and warden out of pocket' read the enticing headline. It told the story of the priest in charge of Saint Margaret's Church, Bolton, and one of his wardens. They had the temerity to arrange roof repairs to their church without seeking the necessary official approval. The Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, a Q.C. who is a judge in the Church of England's Consistory Court, came down on them like the proverbial ton of bricks.

He declared that he was 'appalled' with what had been done, and that they were guilty of 'blatant disregard' of advice that the work done was not suitable. The vicar's evidence was deemed to be 'lacking credibility' and there had been 'an attempt to conceal' the fact that when permission was applied for, the works had already been carried out.

The upshot? Each guilty man was ordered to pay £100 personally towards the cost of the proceedings, to 'mark the gravity of their behaviour'. No claiming that on expenses, then.

The *Telegraph* makes no mention of the F word, but clearly a faculty – the church's authorisation document required before any work is carried out – had not been forthcoming at St Margaret's. And this indeed brought back memories of the goings-on in our own beloved church not that many years ago.

A flower-shelf was erected in the corner of the Lady Chapel – and no faculty was obtained. A complaint from a parishioner to the Diocese resulted in our being told to replace the said article (oddly termed an Arbour Niche by the Diocese) by a smaller and more modern version which met with all-round approval and which we use today. A nice touch was added when we had to apply for a faculty to remove the original artefact, even though it had been illegally erected in the first place! I well remember the then Archdeacon of Liverpool paying us a friendly visit and deliberately ignoring the presence of other, quite possibly unapproved, furnishings in St Faith's (details on request!). As he said: 'there are blind eyes, and there are blind eyes that wink...' Fortunately, Rick and I were not called on to shell out for any expenses!

So why all the fuss? The official answer is that Diocesan Advisory Committees need to ensure that alterations and additions to churches, of whatever kind, are tasteful and

appropriate. Since so many of the C of E's buildings are ancient and beautiful, and are, as we are, listed historic buildings, you can see why this is necessary, and we have jumped through the necessary hoops subsequently for our new stained glass windows. I fondly recall a marvellous 'St Gargoyle's' cartoon shows an Archdeacon and a vicar in conversation before a High Altar, above which a vast many-armed Hindu-style statue sits. 'Strictly speaking', the Archdeacon is saying, 'you should have applied for a faculty.' I just love that 'strictly speaking'... a distillation of all that is best and quirkiest about the good old C of E.

An intriguing and ironic footnote. The Anglican Community of the Resurrection in Mirfield (where Fr Neil is on sabbatical) have launched a big appeal for funds to remodel their great church to make better disabled and general access and facilities. This will result in changes and removals of well-loved memorials and other features, and has been heavily criticised in some quarters. The same edition of the *Telegraph* carries a letter deploring the changes, and regretting the fact that 'fashionable' proposals are all too easily approved by diocesan faculty boards. 'Removal of the ecclesiastical exemption for church interiors is overdue,' says this correspondent. 'Alterations to the architecture should be dealt with by the regular planning procedures for historic buildings.' One almost feels sorry for the D.A.C. chaps: damned if they do and damned if they don't. Anyone who has suffered from the endless bureaucratic delays involved in getting domestic planning permission from the local council will, however, probably prefer to deal with the Diocese. Better the devil that you know....

Just to say thank you Corinne Hedgecock



Some of you may know that one of the ongoing projects at St. Faith's is the redevelopment of the church hall, in order to meet the requirements of the DDA. (Disability Discrimination Act). Much has happened over the past year, and work has gone on quietly behind the scenes. It is heartening to report - in these financially difficult times - that two donations have recently been received specifically towards the cost of installing toilets for disabled people in the church hall.

The Duchy of Lancaster, (charity organisation of Her Majesty the Queen) have given £300.00, and the Prison Service Charity Fund has granted us £1000.00.

The Prison Service Charity Fund is a charity who support charity endeavours, including community projects, specifically those requiring medical equipment. Installing toilets and equipment for the disabled met their criteria. To receive such a generous donation was most unexpected. A letter of thanks has already been sent. We would like to publicly extend our thanks to both charities for their support.

My Desert Trek... the Final Episode



Mari Griffiths unfolds the final instalment of her epic Sahara walk in aid of the Classic fm Music Makers charity.

We were coming to the end of our trip with just one major obstacle to face. The penultimate day was to be spent in the salt pans. We had been warned that temperatures could reach 50 degrees, so we set off with some trepidation. The first couple of hours were fine, wild rocket to nibble on as we walked. We passed a nomads' village, which sounds a contradiction in terms doesn't it? It consisted of many large tents, some of which had different functions other than just for sleeping. They had a water station, a covered area for the animals and somewhere covered for the children to play. It looked permanent, but apparently they tear it all down within a couple of hours and move on to another site.

Then we hit the salt flats. We were very fortunate that part of the day was cloudy, but when the sun appeared it was easy to understand how people have been blinded walking in the desert. The sun reflects off the salt and for miles around there was nothing to break up the glare. I'm having trouble describing how dazzling it was. I guess the nearest experience I've had to it was being in snow, abroad on a sunny day but even that does not come close. Walking in conditions such as these was tiring on the eyes, I was so thankful for my wrap-around sun glasses and the heat was immense, no relief from it, nowhere to rest and no idea when it would end. How our desert guide knew where we were going was almost miraculous.

Our tents were waiting for us at lunch time and for once they had set up the full sized tent because there was still no shelter for miles, not even a single bush. Going to the toilet that day was interesting! After lunch we were given the opportunity of having a camel ride. I loved that: it was such fun and didn't go on nearly long enough.

We were on our way again soon though, moving out of the salt pans back into sand. Then the wind started. Very soon we could only just see the person right in front of us. The leader made us wait until we were all together and said if the worse came to the worst we would have to link hands or even hunker down behind the camels to wait out the storm. If someone was lost in this, the only way to find them later on would be through an air search. I had taken ski goggles with me and was so grateful for them, the sand was so fine and stung every part not covered. We were lucky that it only lasted an hour or so but this only served to add to our exhaustion.

A couple of hours later camp was in sight. The leaders had gone ahead and set it up so we were welcomed by a banner saying 'finish line', and the Berbers sang and played us in. It was amazing... 80 miles completed. It was an emotional time for so many of us,

but I could hardly believe it. It would be a while before it actually sunk in. Thinking back on it I can still hardly believe it. Whenever I see deserts on TV I become nostalgic.

It wasn't quite over though. That night we had a party, we sent illuminated balloons into the night sky and we sang and danced until the early hours, forgetting that I had to be up at 4a.m. because I was one of the silly people who had opted to do one more walk. So at 4a.m. we had breakfast, we were spared taking down the camp and a small group of us set out for a sunrise walk. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. The colours of dawn were inspiring but the walk was tinged with sadness, it was nearly over.

Four hours later we met up with the trucks which would carry us out of the desert. We stood in the back of cattle trucks for a further four hours over rocky terrain after which we were battered and bruised but saw the most amazing scenery and rock formations, Monument Valley eat your heart out!

The coach was a very welcome sight. We were to drive through the Atlas mountains through the very highest point where we would stop at a coffee bar and souvenir shop! Life here must be so harsh. In our short journey through these magnificent mountains, we experienced a sun, a stunning thunder storm, hail, snow and torrential rain. Marrakesh was flooded and we had to paddle from the coach to the hotel. A bed has never looked so wonderful, never mind a hot shower.

I hope you've enjoyed some of my ramblings. I am hoping to do another trek next March but this time to Annapurna in the Himalayas. I have to raise £3,000 this time. Everyone in church was so kind and generous to me last time that I wouldn't dream of imposing on you all again. I hope you will bear with me though if I have the occasional cake sale and if anyone would like to sponsor me, however little I would be very grateful. You can do so either directly or via doitforcharity.com/giving.

I shall always be grateful for what you helped me achieve. Without you all I would never have had this experience, so many thanks. With my love,

Mari

Looking Forward



Dear Friends,

I would just like to take the opportunity to wish you all a very happy and peaceful New Year and also say a huge thank you to everyone for your support and encouragement during the last few months. My ministry at St. Faith's and St. Mary's has been full of

changes and challenges but as well as being exciting change is also necessary, particularly if we are to grow and mature. I feel that I am steadily getting to know more people and I am really looking forward to the New Year and all that the 2010 diary has to offer. Traditionally New Year is the time when everyone tends to think about changes and resolutions so why not accept the next challenge that comes your way; you never know where it may lead! Why not seek advice about baptism, confirmation, reader training or becoming a Eucharistic Minister or offer your own particular gift for the benefit of others.

By receiving the magi and their gifts Jesus taught us that Christians belong to a worldwide fellowship where there shouldn't be any barriers between race and cultures. I pray that after the wonderful success of The Christmas Tree Festival the local community now know that there is always a very warm welcome for all who come through our doors and then through us they may come to understand that God reaches out in love to us all equally and unconditionally.

Suitable Presents

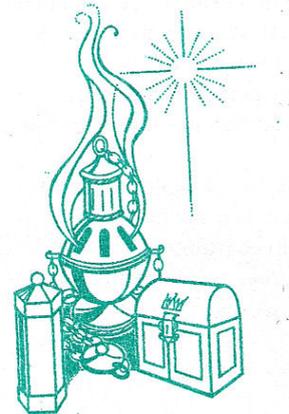
Ann Lewin

If it's the thought that counts,
What were they thinking of
To give him these,
Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh?
Extraordinary gifts to give a child.

When Mary pondered, later on these things,
I wonder if she thought that
These are given to all –
Gold: our potential, gifts that make us
Royal, each in our own domain;
Incense: our aspirations, prayers
And dreams, calling us on;
Myrrh: soothing healing for our pain,
Not gifts for child,
But, like him, we'll grow.

My love and prayers

Denise



Poems for the Year's Ending

Christmas Landscape

Tonight the wind gnaws
with teeth of glass,
the jackdaw shivers
in caged branches of iron,
the stars have talons.

Tonight has no moon,
no food for the pilgrim,
the fruit tree is bare,
the rose bush is a thorn,
and the ground is bitter with stones.

There is hunger in the mouth
of vole and badger,
silver agonies of breath
in the nostril of the fox,
ice on the rabbit's paw.

But the mole sleeps, and the hedgehog
lies curled in a womb of leaves
the bean and the wheat seed
hug their germs in the earth
and the stream moves under the ice.

Tonight there is no moon,
but a new star opens
like a silver trumpet over the dead.
Tonight in a nest of ruins
the blessed babe is laid.



Laurie Lee

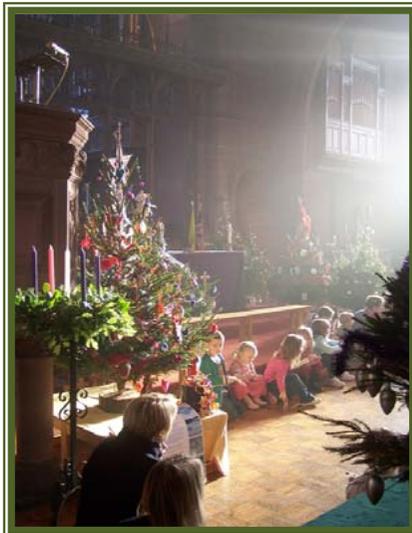
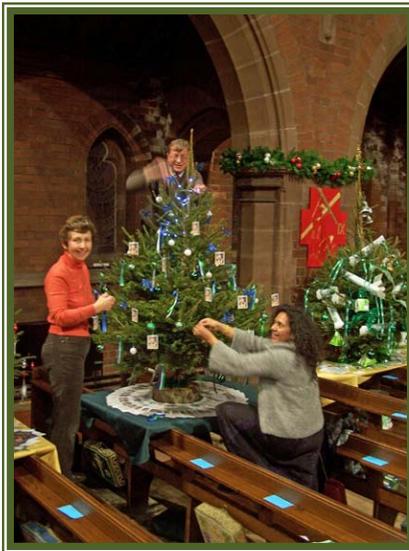
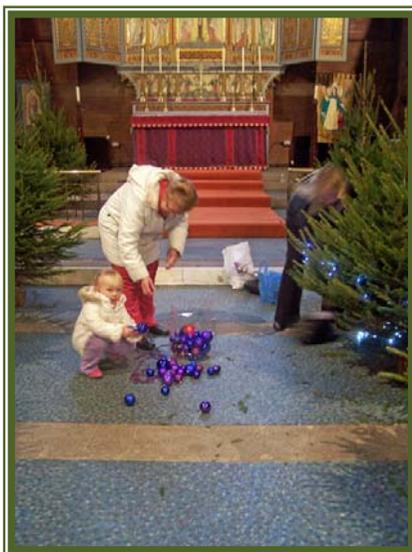
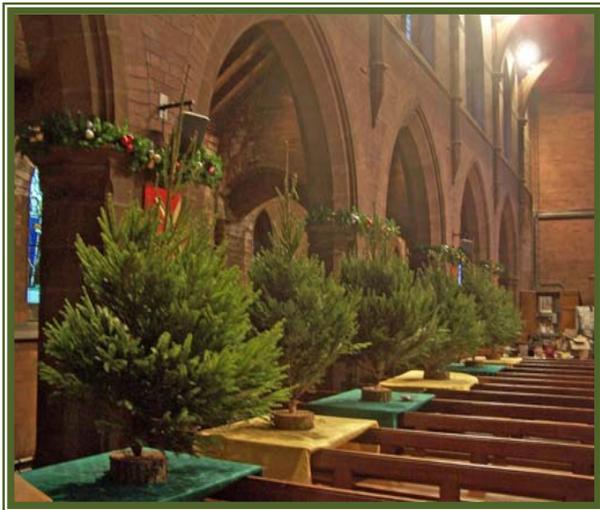


Look What I've Made!



Scenes from the United Benefice Children's Craft and Activity morning in St Faith's Hall

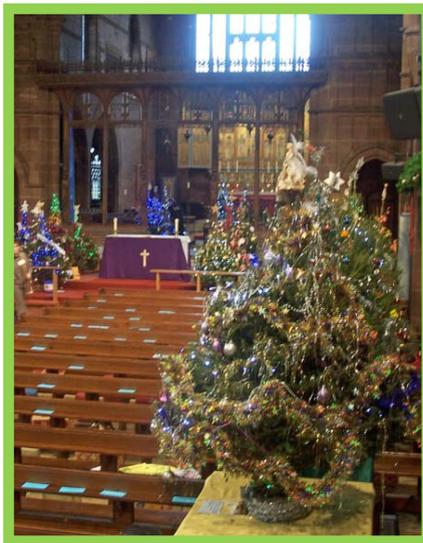




The Tale of the Trees

Ten days of non-stop activity at the beginning of December saw some forty Christmas trees, sponsored and decorated by or on behalf of a wide variety of charities and organisations, adorn the church. On top of that, we enjoyed the traditional Toy Service Sunday, when we collected toys for needy children and Father Christmas explained the real meaning of the season to our children. Throughout the following week, we welcomed visitors, who donated to their favourite trees and charities. St Faith kept a watchful eye on proceedings....





The trees in all their decorated splendour, awaiting the opening of the week-long Christmas Tree Festival. Meanwhile, Father Christmas called in at St Mary's Hall with presents for the children of the Sunday Schools.



The Ending of the Year

When trees did show no leaves,
And grass no daisies had,
And fields had lost their sheaves,
And streams in ice were clad,
And day of light was shorn,
And wind had got a spear,
Jesus Christ was born
In the ending of the year.

Like green leaves when they grow,
He shall for comfort be;
Like life in streams shall flow,
For running water He;
He shall raise hope like corn
For barren fields to bear,
And therefore He was born
In the ending of the year.

Like daisies to the grass,
His innocence He'll bring;
In keenest winds that pass
His flowering love shall spring;
The rising of the mom
At midnight shall appear,
Whenever Christ is born
In the ending of the year.



Eleanor Farjeon

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 all 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 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

A Christmas Carol

Before the paling of the stars,
Before the winter morn,



the earliest cock-crow,
Jesus Christ was born;
Born in a stable,
Cradled in a manger,
In the world His Hands had made
Born a stranger.

Priest and King lay fast asleep
In Jerusalem,
Young and old lay fast asleep
In crowded Bethlehem;
Saint and angel, ox and ass,
Kept a watch together
Before the Christmas daybreak
In the winter weather.



Jesus on His mother's breast
In the stable cold,
Spotless Lamb of God was He,
Shepherd of the Fold:
Let us kneel with Mary Maid,
With Joseph bent and hoary,
With saint and angel, ox and ass,
To hail the King of Glory.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

Out of the Mouths....

A **Sunday School teacher** was observing her classroom of children while they were drawing. She would occasionally walk around to see each child's work. As she got to one little girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was.

The girl replied, 'I'Mm drawing God.'

The teacher paused and said, 'But no one knows what God looks like.'

Without missing a beat, or looking up from her drawing, the girl replied, 'They will in a minute.'

A **Sunday school teacher** was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds.

After explaining the commandment to honour thy Father and thy Mother, she asked, 'Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?' Quick as a flash one little boy (the oldest of a family) answered, 'Thou shall not kill.'

One day a little girl was sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the kitchen sink. She suddenly noticed that her mother had several strands of white hair standing out in contrast on her brunette head. She looked at her mother and asked, 'Why are some of your hairs white, Mum?'

Her mother replied, 'Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of my hairs turns white.'

The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then said, 'Mum, how come ALL of grandma's hairs are white?'

The children had all been photographed, and the teacher was trying to persuade them each to buy a copy of the group picture.

'Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up and say, "There's Jennifer, she's a lawyer," or "That's Michael, he's a doctor".'

A small voice at the back of the room rang out, 'And there's the teacher, she's dead.'

A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, she said, 'Now, class, if I stood on my head, the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I would turn red in the face. Then why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?'

A little fellow shouted, 'Cause your feet aren't empty.'



Memories of St Faith's

Robin Johnson writes: *When we moved from Worcester to Crosby 18 months ago we were delighted to discover we were at home in St Faith's. Our last work had been at St Oswald's Hospital Worcester, the most ancient almshouses in England, said to have been founded over one thousand years ago by the saint himself. The residents attended chapel twice a week together with a handful of non residents – 'friends of St Oswald'. Janet Chamberlain was one of those friends who told us about her contacts with St Faith's during the war. Consequently, sitting for the first time in St Faith's we were delighted to find ourselves close to the Centenary Window, which commemorates those who have worshipped before us in our church. We wrote to Janet to tell her that whenever we are in church we remember her worshipping there. Thanks to Chris Price we were recently able to give her a photograph of the window. We so easily take for granted the good work and prayers of those who have gone before us. The words of the window provide a thoughtful reminder of how much we owe to the faithful in past generations.*

In my 89th year I am delighted to be in contact again with St. Faith's in Crosby through my friends Robin and Joyce Johnson. For some years Robin and Joyce looked after a group of older people in Worcester giving spiritual oversight and much practical help to create a happy, stable community.

As a "Torpedo Wren" I was stationed during the war at the Albert Dock, being billeted at the Waterloo Hotel. Being an Anglo-Catholic, I worshipped at St. Faith's on Sunday at the High Altar (and its unique Lent Rood Screen) and in the Lady Chapel in the week. The Navy was the only Service where you could claim time off to go to Church!

But St. Faith's is built into my memory bank mainly through one of its incumbents – Canon John Brierley – whose secretary I became for 18 years. He thought and talked of it frequently. His obituary read:

"In 1918 he was made Vicar of St. Faith's Great Crosby, where he remained for 17 years. This magnificent church created by the late Douglas Horsfall had got into difficulties. There was a tiny congregation and considerable debts. During his time there Canon Brierley raised £50,000. A vicarage and curatage were acquired, endowments raised and a large and vigorous congregation was built up."

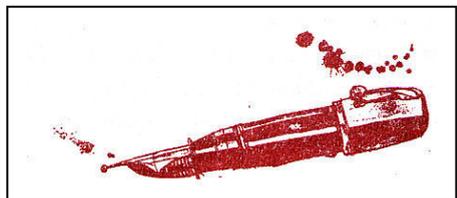
St. Faith's is, or was, a "chair church" enabling its vicar's small son to tie shoe laces together during the prayers. Douglas Horsfall took a Boys' Bible class every Sunday, even breaking into his holidays to return to keep the appointment. Mark Way, late Bishop of Masasi, was a curate. What delighted the vicar's heart particularly was the Vocations which emerged, notably Joe Parker and Bohn Bebb. He became Chairman of the Governors of the School of St. Helen's, Brentwood.

John Brierley was Rector of Wolverhampton from 1935-64, raising £12,000 in a fortnight, thought to be a precedent in speed. At a Memorial Service there, his senior curate wrote:

'He was a man of tremendous FAITH. He was a most diligent workman, a brilliant administrator and champion of causes... He really and truly believed in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ and in the power of His endless life. He knew that people, as people, really matter and he knew that the secret and right guide to it is a living Faith in the living God known and found in Jesus Christ within the church and society he built.'

Douglas Horsfall left his tremendous legacy in this parish and good clergy have left their mark. Many in heaven will be praying for you. I rejoice that the Anglo-Catholic faith is still being taught and lived there.

Janet Chamberlain



The Little Round Button

At a jumble sale the wife of a senior judge found the perfect green tie to match one of her husband's sports jackets. Soon after, while the couple was relaxing at a resort to get his mind off a complicated cocaine conspiracy case, he noticed a small, round disc sewn into the tie. The judge showed it to the police, who were equally suspicious that it might be a 'bug', planted by the conspiracy defendants. The police took the tie away for some serious analysis.

Two weeks later, the judge phoned Scotland Yard to find out the results of their tests. 'Well, we're not really sure where the disc came from,' the police told him. 'But we did discover that if you press it, it plays Jingle Bells.'



Joseph Bell and the 'Titanic' Disaster Denis Griffiths

Ten years ago, as part of the newly-published booklet 'Furnishings of Faith', a series of articles about the fixtures and fittings of our church, Denis wrote about the memorial plaque to one of its most famous late members. Recently, the editor came across a new book recording much of the history of maritime Crosby. Although it makes mention of such worthies as the Ismays, founders of the White Star Line (living in Enfield Avenue and Beach Lawn), and Edward Smith (Marine Crescent) nothing is said about Joseph Bell who, like them, went down with the 'Titanic'. To correct the balance, and because there may be more than a few St Faith's members unaware of the story of his sacrifice, here is Denis's article. A few copies of 'Furnishings of Faith' are available, and the whole thing is available on the church website. Ed.

On the wall in the south aisle of St Faith's there is a brass tablet commemorating the life, and death, of Joseph Bell. The 'Titanic' is probably the most famous ship which ever sailed the seas, and there are many monuments commemorating her sinking and those who lost their lives in that most tragic disaster. Numerous books have been written about the ship, but none makes mention of the memorial to be found in St Faith's, and that alone makes the brass tablet something special.

Joseph Bell was born during March 1861 in Maryport, Cumberland, and received his education in Carlisle before serving an engineering apprenticeship with Robert Stephen & Co. of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He commenced his seagoing career with the Lamport and Holt Line in 1883 and joined the White Star Line two years later. Following service aboard many ships on the fleet, both on the New Zealand run and the New York service, he was appointed Chief Engineer of the 'Coptic' when only 30 years old. After a short spell as Chief Engineer aboard the 'Olympic', sister ship of the 'Titanic',

he was transferred to the latter whilst she was being completed by Harland and Wolff in Belfast. For the delivery voyage from Belfast to Southampton he was accompanied by his eldest son, who had just begun an apprenticeship with Harland and Wolff.

The story of that first and final voyage of the 'Titanic' is too well known to be repeated in detail here, but following the collision with the iceberg at 11.40 pm the ship sank less than two hours later. With her she took the lives of some 815 passengers and 688 crew, including Joseph Bell and all of his engineering officers. Only 703 were saved.

The library of books written about the disaster detail the events on deck during that eventful night, but little mention is made of the engineers who kept the ship afloat for so long in the vain hope that rescue might come. As no engineers survived, there was nobody to realise what they did, but it is possible to piece together the events below from White Star standing instructions and marine engineering knowledge. As soon as the message from the bridge came for engines to be stopped, and the nature of the incident was known, all engineers would have been summoned by means of alarm bells. Joseph Bell would then have directed them to various tasks as required.

Collision with the iceberg caused sea water to enter six watertight compartments including No 6 and No 5 boiler rooms. Watertight doors were immediately closed, thus preventing water from flooding all machinery compartments, and the pumps were started in order to try to keep the water in check. Bell would have quickly seen that the task was hopeless and that the ship would sink; it was just a matter of time. Time, however, was what he could give by keeping pumps working and preventing bulkheads from collapsing. 'Titanic' had been designed to keep afloat with up to three watertight compartments open to the sea, but she could not survive with six compartments flooded.

The transverse watertight bulkheads only extended a certain distance above the normal waterline and as the ship sank lower in the water, the water flooding those compartments would flow over the tops of the bulkheads into the adjacent compartments. The ship was doomed: Joseph Bell knew it and so did his engineers, but they all stayed at their allotted tasks until the end. Those tasks including stopping as many leaks as they could, shoring up bulkheads and keeping the pumps, dynamos and a few boilers working to supply the limited amount of steam now required. Other boilers had to be shut down, steam being vented and fires removed from grates. This was essential as there was a risk of these boilers exploding if normal feed water supply was not maintained, and during the emergency that could not be guaranteed. The dynamos kept the lights going as the ship sank deeper and ensured that those entering the lifeboats could do so with less danger than would have been the case in the inky blackness of a north Atlantic night.

When the order came to abandon ship the engineers stood no chance of escape as they were deep in the heart of the 'Titanic'. It is unlikely they all drowned: many would have been crushed by boilers and machinery breaking away from mountings as the ship's bow sank deeper in the water; others would have been scalded by high temperature steam released as pipes became detached when boilers broke free. They all

died doing their duty.

Joseph Bell was 51 years old; he left a widow, Maud, and four children: two boys and two girls. Ralph Douglas Bell, the youngest child, had been baptised at St Faith's on 29 March 1908. The family lived at 1 Belvidere Road, Crosby and had regularly attended the church since its construction. At a packed special service held at 8.00 pm on 6 January 1913 the memorial tablet was unveiled by the Bishop of Liverpool. The collection taken at the service amounted to £6 2s 0d (£6.10 in new money) and was donated to the Seaman's Orphanage.

According to the 'Crosby Herald' for that week, the Bishop gave a moving and eloquent address, choosing as his text Revelation 11 v, 10: 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life'. Joseph Bell and his engineers were indeed faithful unto death: they sacrificed their lives that others might have a chance of living, and they undoubtedly deserved their crowns.

Do they think we're stupid?'

On the bottom of a Tesco's Tiramisu dessert... 'Do not turn upside down'

On Sainsbury's peanuts... 'Warning: contains nuts'

On Boot's Children's Cough Medicine... 'Do not drive a car or operate machinery after taking this medication'

On Marks & Spencer Bread Pudding... 'Product will be hot after heating'

On a Sears hairdryer... 'Do not use while sleeping'

On a bag of Fritos... 'You could be a winner! No purchase necessary. Details inside'

On some Findus frozen dinners... 'Serving suggestion: Defrost'

On packaging for a Rowenta iron... 'Do not iron clothes on body'

On Nytol Sleep Aid... 'Warning: may cause drowsiness'

On Christmas lights... 'For indoor or outdoor use only'

On a child's Superman costume... 'Wearing of this garment does not enable you to fly'

(With thanks to Susan Gothard, St Peter's, Formby magazine)



The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



VICAR (*currently on sabbatical leave*)

Fr. Neil Kelley, The Vicarage, Milton Road, Waterloo. L22 4RE

Vicarage telephone (all enquiries) 928 3342; fax 920 2901

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Liz Mooney, Parish Office, 32 Brooklands Avenue

928 9913 (usually Monday to Wednesday 9.30 am – 4.30 pm)

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

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

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

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

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

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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

CUB SCOUTS

Tuesday 6.30 - 7.45 pm. Adam Jones 07841 125589

Thursday 6.30 - 7.45 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

SCOUTS

Tuesday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. George McInnes 924 3624

RAINBOWS

Monday 4.45 - 5.45 pm. Geraldine Forshaw 928 5204

BROWNIE GUIDES

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

CHOIR PRACTICE

Friday 7.15 pm - 8.30 pm. Sam Austin 07921 840616

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As another year ends, the editor extends his thanks to the many folk whose contributions and ideas have filled these pages in 2009, and apologises to any who have been overlooked, misquoted or otherwise traduced. Keep your contributions, including dubious jokes, coming!

The February 2010 '*Newslink*' will be distributed on or before **Sunday, January 24th**. Copy by **Sunday, January 10th**, please - but all contributions are welcome at any time. And, of course, a happy New Year to all our readers!

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THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



Diocese of Liverpool



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'Away in a manger...'

*The Christmas Crib
beneath the Nave Altar
at St Faith's*