

THE LORD BROUGHT US FORTH

INTO FREEDOM

The Parish Church
of Saint Faith
Great Crosby

NEWSLINK

MARCH 2011



Worship at Saint Faith's



- **SUNDAYS**

10.30am Morning Prayer
11.00am Solemn Mass and Children's Church
1.00pm Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)
7.00pm Evening Service & Benediction (1st Sunday; 6pm Sundays in Lent)

- **WEEKDAY MASSES**

Monday 10.30 am, Tuesday 9.30am, Wednesday 10.30am (1662 Book of Common Prayer in S. Mary's), Thursday 9am (Holy Days only), Friday 6.30pm, Saturday 12noon (or Midday Prayer – please check notices)

- **THE DIVINE OFFICE (The Prayer of the Church)**

Morning Prayer: 9am daily (except Thursday & Friday)

Evening Prayer: 6pm daily (except Wednesday & Thursday)

Please consult the weekly sheets for any variation in times for the Daily Office

- **SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION**

Fr Neil and Revd Denise are available by appointment to hear confessions or to talk about any matter in confidence. The Sacrament of Reconciliation is always available in preparation for Christmas and Easter and at other advertised times.

- **ANOINTING OF THE SICK AND DYING**

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

- **HOME VISITS to the sick & housebound and those in hospital**

If you, or someone you know, are unable to get to church and would like to receive Holy Communion at home, or be visited in hospital or at home, please ring the Vicarage or another member of the Ministry Team. We are always happy to make home or hospital visits to the sick and housebound so please call us to arrange this.



From the Ministry Team March 2011

Dear Friends,

Shortly before I retired I was privileged to do some work with NICE, the National Institute for Clinical Excellence. The present government is planning to reduce NICE's powers, but at that time it had responsibility for deciding what treatments should be adopted, and paid for, by the NHS. Although the organisation approved the use of about 80% of the treatments it reviewed, it got a bad press for turning down some very expensive drugs used for advanced cancer. The media, patient support groups and the pharmaceutical industry combined in condemning NICE as being unfeeling, bureaucratic, penny-pinching, and in the government's pocket.

You might have already guessed that I am sympathetic to NICE's dilemma. In a world where public money isn't limitless, someone, somewhere, has to make unpopular decisions on how it is spent. If a lot of resource is expended on a small number of people, then there is less to go round for the majority. Or to take the example of cancer treatments, the cost of prolonging an individual's life (or perhaps the process of dying) for a few months means that less can be spent on other services; including of course such things as home care.

Issues like this raise important ethical questions for society, and especially for Christians. To what extent should we insist that our own needs be met, when to do so diminishes the 'greater good' of the society in which we live, and which provides for us? By always insisting on our rights, do we impoverish everyone, including ourselves?

There are many such examples from medical practice. Take for instance the furore, now mercifully resolved, over the 'dangers' of MMR vaccine. In some ways there was nothing new in this controversy: I well remember the uproar over the safety of whooping cough vaccine in the '70s, which led to decreased uptake of immunisation and a resurgence of infection and illness. What tended to be forgotten on both occasions was that parents' decisions not to have their child vaccinated leads to lessened 'herd' immunity among the population at large, to an increased prevalence of infection, and to an increased risk to those very children who had to be 'protected' from immunisation. No vaccine, even the safest, is free from a small risk of side-effects, but rejecting vaccination increases the hazard of infection for everybody. 'Looking after number one' doesn't help anyone – including 'number one'!

This principle holds good in other spheres: in economics, sociology and politics. If we as individuals over-consume the world's resources, then food, fuel, transport and raw materials become scarcer and more expensive world-wide, and everybody suffers. If my lifestyle contributes to climate change, the effects are felt globally. And of course in these examples, although everyone suffers, the poor suffer most.

I remember Baroness Thatcher's interpretation of the parable of the Good Samaritan: because the Samaritan paid for the injured man's care in cash, she argued that capitalism was necessary for philanthropy. I don't think that was really what Jesus had in mind. He told the parable to answer the question 'who is my neighbour?' To which the reply has to be 'the people we least expect'. As Lent approaches we would do well to ponder what answers we would give to this question in the 21st century.

I'm very glad that we're getting away from the idea that 'giving up' things, including our money, is good for us just because it's painful! If we can live modestly, and can give generously, prayerfully, and intelligently then everyone should benefit. This Lent, rather than 'giving up' something just for the sake of it, why not support your neighbours across the world via Christian Aid, or in some other way? In our global village, acting morally and selflessly increases the common good and the well-being of the planet, and that includes you and me. During Lent you might also like to look again at Our Lord's command to 'love thy neighbour as thyself'. What does that mean for us, today?

God bless.

Fred Nye

100 Club Winners February 2011

1	30	Sue Walsh
2	68	Jackie Parry
3	63	Margaret Taylor
4	15	Rita Cooke



Adult Confirmation Classes 2011

Classes begin on **Monday 14th March at 7pm** in the Vicarage and will run on most Mondays throughout Lent and up to Easter. The classes will be led by members of the Ministry Team and the following topics will be covered:

- ✘ *Prayer and connecting with God*
- ✘ *The Eucharist*
- ✘ *The Old Testament*
- ✘ *The New Testament*
- ✘ *Reconciliation and Forgiveness*
- ✘ *Christian Life and Giving (Stewardship)*
- ✘ *A Rule of Life*
- ✘ *A journey through the liturgical year*

In addition there will be a guided tour *visit to Liverpool Cathedral* (date and time t.b.a). The Deanery Confirmation Service will be on *Thursday 19th May* at either 7.00pm or 7.30pm (the exact time will be agreed well in advance).



LENT 2011

Wednesday 9th March ASH WEDNESDAY – the First Day of Lent

- 10.30 am Holy Eucharist with hymns and imposition of ashes (SM)
 8.00 pm **SOLEMN EUCHARIST** and imposition of ashes
followed by Baked Bean Supper (SF)

Fridays in Lent in S. Faith's or S. Mary's at 6.30 pm:

Stations of the Cross and Holy Eucharist

11 th March	S. Mary's	1 st April	S Faith's
18 th March	S. Faith's	8 th April	S. Mary's
25 th March	No service – "Food for the Journey" at the Cathedral	15 th April	S. Faith's

12 th March	12 noon – 4.30pm	"Be still, and know that I am God" An afternoon of reflection at Sandymount with The Bishop of Warrington
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'Food for the Journey'

led by Rev Canon Dr Jules Gomes

Friday 25th March 2011 at 5.30pm & Saturday 26th March 9am – 4pm

"DEEP IN THY WOUNDS, HIDE AND SHELTER ME"

(A Lenten Retreat with Buxtehude and the Bible)

themes for the addresses:

How Lovely are the Wounded Feet
Rusty Nails in Righteous Palms
Jesus Christ Superscar

Lent 2011 - Sundays at 6pm

A series of Devotional Addresses, based on familiar Lenten hymns, will be given by students of the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield. These devotional addresses (set in the context of a simple evening service concluding with Benediction) will help us to explore our Christian discipleship and the nature of the God we worship.

Lent 1 (13 March) **Michael Maine**
When I survey the wondrous cross
the cost of discipleship

Lent 2 (20 March) **Nick Nawrockyi**
There's a wideness in God's mercy
the breadth of forgiveness

Lent 3 (27 March) **Richard Norman**
My song is love unknown
our eternal destiny

Lent 4 (3 April) **David Pickett**
Stabat Mater dolorosa
the pain of loving

Lent 5 (10 April) **Steve Holt**
Lift high the Cross
the inclusiveness of salvation



United Benefice Men's Fellowship

“Many hands make light (or cheaper) work”

On Saturday 19th March there is an open invitation to all men to join in the ‘working party’ in St. Faith’s Church Hall and grounds. As you will know there are quite a number of important jobs to be done in the church, hall and grounds – what we cannot do voluntarily we have to get done by paying outside contractors – as and when we can afford it! If you are able to spare a couple of hours and would like a “full English breakfast” as your earthly reward then watch the weekly sheets for further details.

“These boots were made for walking.....”

On Saturday 30th April any men who are interested in walking to Hightown should meet at St. Faith’s at 11am. We will walk to Hightown for a pub lunch and then walk back (or take the train, depending on how many courses people have eaten!).

Fifty Years of Memories

Fr Dennis



In an article written by Bishop Robert Mercer of the Community of the Resurrection in the St. John Baptist edition of the C.R. Quarterly Review 2005, the Bishop recalls “Among the prayers we used to say in the Community was one for people we have ministered to, ‘Grant that the ties between us may neither through sin be broken nor through multiplicity of cares be forgotten’. Christians have difficulty in accepting the finite nature of their humanity. We may work for God but we cannot have God’s memory for names and faces. Only the Sacred Heart can hold the whole of mankind. We cannot remain in touch with all who have helped us, or with all we have helped.”

Having recently re-read Robert Mercer’s article in which he reflects upon some of the people, places and memories of C.R.’s past, it occurred to me that readers of *Newslink* might allow me to indulge in a trip down memory lane to hear about some of the characters of St. Faith’s who were important influences in my own spiritual journey and whose treasured memory I fondly and affectionately cherish.

Fr. William Hassall was sixty years old when, as a ten year old boy, I arrived at St. Faith’s in 1960. He had been Vicar since 1948 and had exercised a vibrant and exemplary parish ministry until a severe and debilitating stroke had taken its toll in 1959. “The beauty of holiness” had been Fr. Hassall’s vision of worship and although diminished by illness he always insisted on maintaining the highest standards in liturgy and worship. In church long before a mass was due to begin, saying his priestly office and preparing for the sacred mysteries, the moment would arrive in the sacristy when he would say to me “It’s time to tinkle the bell” and off to the vestry porch we went where in my early teens, he taught me how to “tinkle the bell” and, most importantly, ring the Angelus. Sadly, it would be true to say that Fr. Hassall’s illness left him a shadow of the man he had been and a quickness of temper made it unfortunate for those who happened to be on the receiving end of his tongue. Nonetheless his appreciation and thankfulness for what parishioners were prepared to do for him was invariably reciprocated with great generosity and kindness and I can still picture the packets of cigarettes and large bars of chocolate coming out of the vestment chest drawers in the sacristy as the servers’ loyalty and good work over the year were rewarded with typical largesse at Christmas and Easter.

Throughout his incumbency Fr. Hassall's love of young and old remained an inspiration and encouragement to many. Known to members of the uniformed organisations at Tawd Vale camp site near Burscough, he would visit us if we were camping for the weekend and celebrate an outdoor mass. On Saturday mornings after the 9.00 am mass in the Lady Chapel he would drive to Fairholme Road where he would give the sacrament to the elderly and housebound sisters, Maud and Daisy Pilkington, and then stay with them for breakfast. Making marmalade in the Vicarage kitchen was a pastime of Fr. Hassall's and when he was a little late for a meeting on a particular occasion, George Houldin, our esteemed Lay Reader of blessed memory, was quick to point out that the Vicar's tardiness was due to the fact that he had been baking a birthday cake for an elderly parishioner and wanted to give her the cake that evening.

Over the seventeen years of his incumbency two of Fr. Hassall's three sisters were regular visitors to the parish. Ethel, the eldest sibling, was quiet, courteous and self-effacing whereas Vera, with whom I stayed in regular contact until her death in 2001, was a headmistress of strong character and colourful personality. The Vicar's annual holiday taken in August was usually spent with Vera in Brighton and included visiting the magnificent St. Bartholomew's for its patronal festival mass on the 24th.

As his health deteriorated Fr. Hassall announced his resignation and the Eve of All Saints, Sunday, 31st October, 1965, saw the biggest congregations St. Faith's had seen for some time. A record number of choristers and servers processed at Festal Evensong to the hymn "For all the Saints" and there was a notable air of poignant sadness.

The following morning, Laurie Brown, the Bishop of Warrington, who had given much support in the final stages of the incumbency, celebrated the 7.00 am mass, the Rural Dean, Canon Harry Bates, the 8.00 am mass and I was privileged to serve Fr. Hassall's last mass at 10.30am. There were tears then, as there are now, as I recall saying goodbye to one who had been a wonderful friend and father in God to me for several years.

For the next five years Fr. Hassall and I regularly corresponded and, generous as ever, he would include a supply of postage stamps so that my schoolboy coffers were not unduly stretched. In the summer of 1966 a memorable and enjoyable visit by car was made to Wolverhampton with Edward and Margaret Hesketh Roberts and their dog, Toby, on which occasion we delighted in seeing Fr. Hassall and Vera at home.

In January 1970 while studying in my room at Lancaster University, I was told there was a telephone call for me. The caller was Fr. Tom Stanage, then Vicar of St. Andrew's Orford and erstwhile Curate of St. Faith's (1958-1961), who gave me the news of Fr. Hassall's death. Three weeks later, (there was a flu epidemic and a backlog of funerals), with the Clawson family from St. Faith's we were in St. Stephen's, Wolverhampton at the beautiful funeral requiem mass with Fr. Michael Faizey, Fr. Hassall's godson, as celebrant, Fr. Stanage as Deacon and Fr. Derek Clawson as Sub-deacon. Our much loved friend and mentor's ashes were later interred, as he had wished, in the sanctuary

floor of St. Stephen's, in the place where the acolytes stood for the reading of the Gospel.

On the occasion of my being made Deacon in 1977 it was a great joy to receive from Vera Hassall her brother's silver pyx which I have used for the past thirty four years when taking the Blessed Sacrament to parishioners.

To be continued...

Poems for the Lenten Season

40 Days

Forty days, only
We offer up
In smallest token
Of what was done for us.
Forty days, lonely
He walked the desert
Of that land
To save us
From ourselves and
What the earth
Holds out
To tempt and offer –
Empty promises
It cannot keep.

Forty days, merely
We give it back
In miserly ways –
A piece of chocolate
Or a small coin
A thoughtless prayer
Most likely drifting
Up in space
Or somewhere
For ourselves
And our own needs.



Did he ever once
Think of himself
When Satan said
He'd show him
What it meant
To be the King?
What then, is it
For us
To give Him
Some small gift
Of Forty Days
In recompense?

Kathleen Mortensen

A Hymn to God the Father

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore ;
And having done that, Thou hast done ;
I fear no more.

John Donne



Poem for a Daughter

God's Lent Child

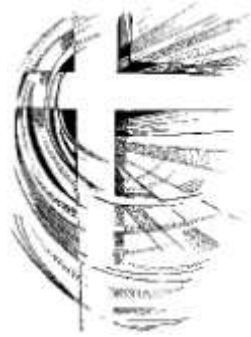
I'll lend you for a little while,
A child of mine, God said
For you to love the while she lives,
And mourn for when she's dead.
It may be six or seven days
Or forty two or three,
But will you, till I call her back,
Take care of her for me?

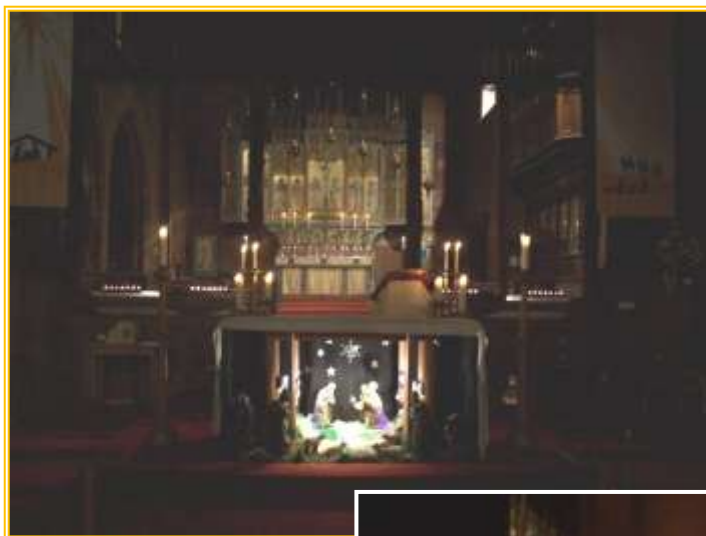
She'll bring charms to gladden you
And (should her stay be brief)
You'll always have her memories
As solace for your grief.
I cannot promise she will stay
Since all from earth return
But there are lessons taught below
I want this child to learn.

I've looked this whole world over
In my search for teachers true,
And from the things that crowd life's lanes
I have chosen you.
Now will you give her all your love
Nor think the labour vain?
Nor hate me when I come to take
This lent child back again?

I will do that, I heard them say,
Dear Lord, Thy will be done,
For all the joys this child will bring
The risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter her with tenderness
We'll love her while we may
And for the happiness we've known
Forever grateful stay.

But should the angels call for her
Much sooner than we planned
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes
And try to understand.





**Candlemass
by
Candlelight**



**The colourful High
Mass on the Eve of the
feast of Candlemass
brought to an end the
season of
Christmastide.**

**Our preacher was the
Revd Dr Susan Lucas,
of St Margaret's,
Anfield**



**For your online
eyes only....**

**Three more shadowy
images from the
Candlemass service**



A Warden's Woes



The above title is one suggested to me some time ago by the Editor when he asked me to think about submitting some reflective thoughts upon becoming Churchwarden. The reflective article at that time requested was never produced, largely because I could not put aside the time for journalistic reflection, so busy was I with all the tasks required of the Office!

After almost two years however, I feel I am probably far more equipped to hold forth on the topic than I would have been after only three months. Besides, at the moment, the dear little mobile phone ('affectionately' nicknamed the incubus), the job of which is to divert calls from the vicarage when required, is residing with my fellow warden. So whilst she answers the calls of those who often begin by enquiring if they are speaking to Mrs Kelley or Fr. Neil's secretary (!), I have made some time, albeit belatedly, to appease the editor by attempting to accede to his request.

Where do I begin to tell the story...? Well, I can say straightaway it is most definitely NOT about 'never having to say you're sorry' (I never did like that film anyway and thought its tag-line was particularly puerile). In fact it's probably truer to say that one of the most repeated phrases to fall from the Churchwardens' lips is likely to be: 'I'm sorry'... although admittedly, that is usually followed by the word: 'but'! There appear to be a wealth of situations in which one is called upon to be decisive. These can range from the routine running of a Sunday service to the sensitive consideration of what priorities to make in the decision of how and when to spend some money. Thus it is, that amongst all the characteristics I have found to be desirable for the job, a certain degree of bossiness comes in handy. Thankfully, I have not found that to be too difficult to achieve (not too loud with the sardonic laughter, please!)

I spoke of all the characteristics desirable; this is what has interested and sometimes surprised me most, ie. the variety and adaptability required to meet with such a wide ranging set of circumstances. I said quite recently to Fr. Neil, in connection with something else, "Oh you pick it up as you go along" but that is certainly true of this particular job of Churchwarden.

Being part of the interview team for the new post of Parish Office Manager last year was fascinating: to be able to read the applications of so many enthusiastic and skilled people and to speak to those who came to interview on the day was a privilege. To have worked fairly closely since then with the excellent appointee to that post has been a further privilege.

Going back only a short time to when I would have come to church perhaps most

Sundays but not all, joined in with some social events and helped from time to time with fundraising, I had absolutely no idea what had to go on ‘behind the scenes’ in order to keep things running as smoothly as possible.

Organising a rota for the sidespersons at each service has been a further ‘eye-opener’. I don’t just refer to the improvement that was needed to my I.T. and typing skills, nor the necessity for a flourish with a range of brightly coloured highlighters...! The really important and rewarding aspect to this part of the job is, yet again, the people. So many on that ‘team’ get on quietly and conscientiously with what is an incredibly important part of our service to the community. I am indebted to the goodwill and enthusiasm of those I have asked to join the team over the past months and to the experience and intuition of those who have been doing it for far longer than I and who discreetly and expertly keep us on the right track and ensure that the show goes on at every service, big or small.

A further opportunity that working as Warden has given is of seeing at first hand the immensely varied tasks undertaken and the huge amount of time offered by so many people; again, in such a quiet, understated and truly Christian way. It has been rewarding to have been able to have some closer involvement with the musicians, the Sacristan’s team, the people who run the uniformed organisations and those who do all sorts of maintenance and repair work – and these are very often one and the same person or group of people!

Although I made flippant reference to the ‘Parish’ mobile phone earlier, it too has given much closer insight into the details of the work done by the ministry team. When Fr. Neil first approached me about the Warden’s job, I’d said: “As long as you’re not going anywhere in the near future”. He had to let me know then that the Sabbatical was on the horizon! This may have been the equivalent of being thrown in at the deep end but it certainly got me very quickly involved in a way that otherwise would probably not have been possible. Taking my turn on the phone rota and dealing at first hand with those who come in so many and varied ways to seek the help of the church and its people has been insightful, instructive and incredibly invaluable to the development of my diplomatic skills! Watching the way in which those on the ministry team cope with such a broad spectrum of situations has added immeasurably to my experience.

And, let me not forget the donkey...! Little did I know when the past Parish Administrator asked whether someone could be ‘available’ last Palm Sunday to greet the donkey and its handler that I would then be ensnared from 7.30am to 4.30pm in a chapter of events which involved borrowed overcoats, garden chairs, flasks, sandwiches, carrots, strawberries and the arrangement of toilet facilities for both donkey and handler. Who, witnessing our brief procession from MTS to church that morning, would have realised the complexities of the management from the wings?

So who do I have to thank for all these opportunities to get to know so many of you as



The Late Lunch

The annual United Benefice Senior Citizen's Christmas lunch was a victim of the atrocious weather of late December, 2010. It was rescheduled for the end of January... and was all the better for the long wait!



**Better
than a
biretta...?**



Conspicuous Crumbly Consumption

**Bonus online pictures
from the
Senior Citizens'
Blow-Out**

friends, supporters and co-workers and to have added to my experience of life both secular and spiritual? Well: “It’ll probably only involve about four meetings a year” may have been a big, fat lie, Neil – but, thanks, anyway!

I have made the analogy several times in the past, so forgive me if you have heard it before but in my youth, I had two quite conflicting ambitions at various stages: I wanted to be either a nun or a rock star: the role of Churchwarden at St Faith’s has provided me with a happy combination of both those things!!

Finally therefore, despite the editor’s fondness for alliteration, I should perhaps re-entitle this article and incorporate the vestry reminder:

‘Keep calm and keep on rocking.’

Thank you all,

Maureen

Canon Bob Honner, RIP



It was with sadness that I read in the Church Times of Fr. Honner’s death in January, at the age of ninety five.

As a newly ordained ‘Chadsmen’ Bob Honner came to St. Faith’s in 1938 to serve his title under Fr. John Schofield. Serving the celebration of his first mass the following year was a senior pupil from Merchant Taylors’ school, Robert Runcie, destined for the highest ecclesiastical office in the land! Leaving St. Faith’s in 1941 Bob went to St. Andrew’s Wigan, as Curate-in-charge and followed that with a five year spell as Assistant Curate of Rugby, in charge of Holy Trinity,

It was in Melbourne, Derbyshire, that Bob spent the longest period of his priestly ministry (1953–1972) during which time he was made Rural Dean and a Canon of Derby Cathedral. In the spring of 1966, during the interregnum following Fr. Hassall’s departure, as “Keeper of the Keys” it was arranged that I, sixteen years old at the time, should open up the vicarage in Milton Road, to allow Bob, accompanied by a clerical friend, to look around the house and garden with the possibility of his moving from Derby back to St. Faith’s as Vicar. That wasn’t to be, and a few months later, from the Dioceses of Manchester, arrived Fr. Charles Billington as Parish Priest.

Following his last appointment as Vicar of Beeley with Edensor (1971-1980), Bob retired to his beloved Melbourne and it was there that I visited him some seven or eight years ago and we chatted away sharing our memories of St. Faith’s and those whom we’d known over the years. Bob was particularly pleased that with his wife, Alice, he

had been able to visit Crosby in May, 1998 when Lord Robert Runcie had presided and preached at the wonderful Centenary Mass we celebrated. A video recording of this splendid and memorable occasion and of the lunch held afterwards in the Williams Hall of Merchant Taylors' remains a joy to watch!

Over the years ob much enjoyed keeping in touch with St. Faith's through "Newslink", and with failing eyesight relied on his daughter, Kate, to read him the monthly edition. My last conversation with him, about two years ago, was on the phone and by this time he had moved into residential care and was experiencing the onset of dementia.

Bob was a much loved, dedicated and faithful priest, an entertaining raconteur with an ebullient personality and an endearing sense of humour. He will be greatly missed by his family and all of us who were privileged to know him. May he rest in God's peace and be raised in his glory.

Fr. Dennis

A Holiday in the Sun (Part 1)



The story of a trip of a lifetime to see the wonders of Africa.

Would you consider flying to a far off country to experience how the locals live – stay in the best hotel in the country and have the luxury of a chauffeur-driven car to go wherever you wish? Enjoy the local cuisine, visit the local nightspots, swim in the warm sea and even meet some of the movers and shakers of their society.

Be honest - how would you react?

The queue is behind me!

Nearly a year ago I was approached by the Waterloo Partnership to become a Trustee of the Charity. Since Rosie and I have supported their work since their inception a few years ago, I thought that being a trustee was probably just about giving a little extra support with perhaps a few committee meetings to check that the accounts are OK.

WRONG!! (See Part 2)

The Partnership was set up between Waterloo UK and the Township of Waterloo in Sierra Leone by a group of people including Kathy Zimak, Fred and Linda Nye, and others who live within a mile or so of St Faith's. Over the last few years the Partnership

has become a serious contributor to the welfare of our friends in Sierra Leone, and has despatched several containers full of school furniture, sewing machines, books, cloths, garden tools and medical supplies. Although the membership of the Partnership has changed over the years, many of the original stalwarts are still there and with Chris Price, Fred Nye and me on the trustee board, along with David Lloyd, whom many will remember from a few years ago, the charity is moving into an even more progressive and forward-thinking support role. For a good look at what's what, look at the website www.waterloopartnership.co.uk but be prepared for a shock. *To be continued...*

Rick Walker

Children's Society House Boxes

The Children's Society raise money to support their work in a variety of ways, including through church collections, carol singing, coffee mornings, Christingle services and house boxes. Our house box network is very important, raising over £2 million every year across England to help vulnerable children. Many people in St Faith's already collect their spare change in house boxes, which I collect once a year. If you don't yet have a house box and would like to help the Children's Society, please contact Rosie Walker on 924 6267.

Many thanks

Rosie

The New Alphabet

A is for apple, and B is for boat,
That used to be right, but now it won't float!
Age before beauty is what we once said,
But let's be a bit more realistic instead.



A's for arthritis; **B**s the bad back, **C**'s the chest pains, perhaps cardiac?
D is for dental decay and decline, **E** is for eyesight, can't read that top line!
F is for fissures and fluid retention, **G** is for gas which I'd rather not mention.
H high blood pressure – I'd rather it low; **I** for incisions with scars you can show.
J is for joints, out of socket, won't mend, **K** is for knees that crack when they bend.
L's for libido, what happened to sex? **M** is for memory, I forget what comes next.
N is neuralgia, in nerves way down low; **O** is for osteo, bones that don't grow!

P for prescriptions, I have quite a few, just give me a pill and I'll be good as new!

Q is for queasy, is it fatal or flu? **R** is for reflux, one meal turns to two.

S is for sleepless nights, counting my fears, **T** is for tinnitus: bells in my ears!

U is for urinary; troubles with flow; **V** for vertigo, that's dizzy, you know.

W for worry, now what's going round? **X** is for X-ray, and what might be found.

Y for another year I'm left here behind; **Z** is for zest I still have - in my mind!

I've survived all the symptoms, my body's deployed,
... and I'm keeping twenty-six doctors fully employed!

Landing over Water

Fred Nye



Can you remember where you were on 9/11, when those two aircraft hit the World Trade Centre in New York? I happened to be seeing a patient on the ITU at Fazakerley hospital when those unbelievable, unforgettable images suddenly appeared on the TV set in the ward office. They are certainly burnt on everyone's memory. But I also remember, later on, the recordings of those on the aircraft, and in the twin towers, who used their mobile phones to say good bye to those they loved. Even in the numbing, nauseating grip of fear, seconds before they died, they somehow found the strength to do what they valued most – to express their love to those who were dear to them. What an extraordinary triumph of the human spirit that was!

Just over two years ago there was another plane crash in New York, which on this occasion had a miraculous outcome. Three minutes after take off from LaGuardia airport, US Airways flight 1549 sustained what they call a 'bird strike' from a group of Canada geese flying at high altitude. Both the aircraft's engines were instantly knocked out of action. Without power, and without anywhere to land, the plane, its passengers and the people in its flight path seemed doomed. But only three short minutes later the pilot, by an incredible act of heroism and skill, managed to ditch the aircraft safely on the Hudson river. Not a single soul was lost. Nothing like it had ever occurred in the whole of aviation history. To me, that was an event of biblical significance, not so very different from the crossing of the Red Sea.

We know that during the Hudson river incident the passengers felt the need, as was the case on 9/11, to say goodbye to their families and partners, to speak to them for the last time. And because everyone survived, they have been able to tell us what passed through their minds during those agonising three minutes. They have spoken about seeing the whole of their lives all at once, but from a totally different perspective. What had previously seemed to be so important now appeared meaningless and trivial. Even the image of themselves and of their personalities was changed so that each saw themselves not as a mere individual but as someone who loved, and was loved. And

later, after the trauma of their experience had gradually receded, came the questions. Who am I, exactly? Where might I have gone wrong in the past? What should I be doing with my life? Several of the survivors decided on taking a completely new direction: a change of job, the adoption of a child.

I said just now that I thought the incident had biblical significance. It's not too difficult to attach religious or biblical words to the passengers' experience: words like loving-kindness, judgement, repentance, deliverance. But it is perhaps in the bible readings this morning that we get the best clues to understanding the significance of events like these. The prophet Zephaniah was writing in the seventh century BC, shortly before one of the greatest crashes, one of the greatest disasters, which overwhelmed the Jewish people in ancient times: their capture and exile in Babylon. This disaster concentrated the minds and souls of the Israelites just as much as any modern day mid-air crisis, and the response that Zephaniah recommends is the same, it is one of humility and integrity. Humility: the gift of looking at ourselves afresh, seeing ourselves as God sees us, seeing ourselves as a child, stripped of pretences and play-acting and dependent upon Him and upon those who love us. And integrity: the gift of single-mindedness, the gift of knowing that what defines us as human beings is not our ambitions, or our life-style, or our so-called 'choices', but the ways we have been loved, are loved, and give love.

What happened to the passengers on flight 1549, and to the Israelites in the time of Zephaniah, was that they were 'turned inside out', so that their whole being could be renewed. But as Christians following our Lord, and with all the benefits of His teachings, and the life and worship of the church, we shouldn't need the threat of death or disaster to make us seek humility and integrity. They should be as familiar to us, and sit as comfortably on us, as the clothes we put on each morning. They are as much the Christian badge as the cross itself, and of what does that speak except of humility and integrity? St. Paul saw the Cross as the only thing that a Christian could really boast about. Writing to the young church in Corinth, he urged them to seek humility as a way out of the bickering and petty power struggles that had overtaken them.

When poised between life and death, the human spirit seems to be given a clear vision of the things that bring real happiness. And aren't we, those of us here on earth, always poised between life and death? Put another way, when we understand our total dependence on God and on our fellow creatures, then at long last we grasp who we really are, how our life is bound and contained in love, and what true happiness really means.

What God has on offer is not the sort of shallow happiness measured by the opinion polls, not the sort of counterfeit happiness that can be bought for cash, like a new car or a glitzy holiday. The happiness that God offers is deep down *shalom*; wholeness, peace and reconciliation for all humanity and for all the world. As Our Lord himself tells us 'Happy are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Happy are the pure in heart, for they shall see God'.

As passengers on the flight of life, we can never be sure of how long our journey will last, or even of how we will leave the aircraft. But most of us still have time to pray, in mid-flight, for those precious gifts of humility and integrity that bring true happiness to our world. Happy are the poor in spirit, happy are the pure in heart. Happy indeed.

9/11

Endlessly repeated; always unbelievable,
The unforgettable silent litany of destruction
Is replayed, too often, but perhaps never enough
For a world appalled but still fascinated.
Curious, uncomprehending,
People are looking up once more into a clear sky
To see, again and again, as in slow motion
The terrible remembered ritual
As the big planes on their deadly trajectories
Slice cleanly into the gleaming towers.

Obscene gouts of fire explode outwards.
Sirens shriek from the surrounding streets
As the big red engines, men just doing their jobs,
Rush to their deaths among so many others.
Now, from high windows, tiny figures fall for ever,
Briefcases still clutched, dark city suits flapping
Out of the flame and down the clean bright air.
And now, as always, first one, then the other:
The great untouchable towers fold swiftly down to their foundations.
The crowds flee in frozen panic as from Ground Zero
Deadly billowing clouds race silently
Down the canyons of the Manhattan streets.

A year on, in the bright still morning as I wake,
A siren wails briefly over distant Liverpool
And falls into silence
In a world that has changed forever.

The siren, heard exactly a year on from the events of September 11th, acted as the trigger for this poem.

Chris Price





Meanwhile, over to the east....

Fr Charles Billington (our vicar from 1966-1972) is seen with a group of friends from St Faith's and some of the congregation of St Edmund's Church, Marske, after morning service, at which he had presided.. The aforementioned party are seen below playing trains at Beamish Industrial Museum Model Engineers' Group



The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



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

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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

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Mrs Rosie Walker, 17 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 3TL. 924 6267

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

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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

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Friday 7.15 pm - 8.30 pm. Sam Austin 07921 840616

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**THE CHURCH
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