

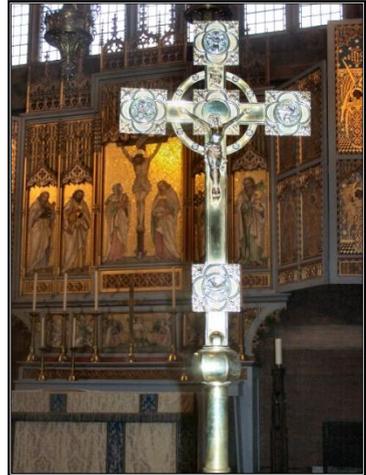


St Faith's Church, Great Crosby

NEWSLINK

November 2012

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	10.30am	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: November 2012

Dear Friends,

At the time of writing, Anglicans are waiting and praying for the decision on the next Archbishop of Canterbury. By the time you read this the appointment may well have been announced, and, like our own vacant position, we may or may not be 100% in favour of the first choice - but there will certainly be great relief that the waiting and uncertainty are over.

The Church of England at this moment in history - probably not for the first time - is balanced between a multi-faceted past and a potentially dynamic future - or is that an already declining future? The outcome could well depend on our new leaders, whether, seeing a glass to be half-full, they act with inspiration and enthusiasm, or, seeing the glass as half-empty, they stoically attempt to manage perceived decline.

I would argue in favour of the former; many might see that as naive in the face of current difficulties but surely any committed Christian would want growth and expansion to further the spread of the gospel; however some might say managing decline is not gloomy but merely realistic. As the future has not happened yet I see no reason, if all the congregations in all the dioceses agreed that the way forward for the Church of England needs to be vibrant and positive, that it could not be made to be so - and likewise our United Benefice. Again the charge of naivety could be made but I prefer to see it as an act of faith (what was it Jesus said about mustard seeds?) and what's more, as an urgent need. Today's world is corrupt. Whether it is any more corrupt now that at any other time in history is open to debate. Certainly Jesus and his disciples were called to speak out against the failings of their day, and God saw it necessary to send the Ten Commandments in Moses' time.

There are so many happenings today that should never happen if we all accepted Jesus's teachings fully: the ruination of our planet; the differences between giving a banking executive a bonus of thousands of pounds, and denying a homeless young person a living wage; we mention "starving children" so often we are in danger of compassion fatigue! - and yet they are still starving; whilst some brokers get rich by financial speculation - firms and countries can lose assets at the press of a key so that one man can make more money. War, terrorism and famine

are common, and truth is an endangered commodity - who trusts politicians or the newspapers? How do we know what is really going on?

All this is why I believe we cannot afford NOT to invest in our own church, our national church and the global church. Who else will stand up for the oppressed? Who else will fight for the truth to be heard? Someone needs to take a lead to press for complete transparency in all financial dealings, and public accountability for all public spending. If a charity mismanages £2000 they could be shut down; governments can mismanage £200,000,000 and no one is held accountable. How sane is that?

Where is our responsibility in all this?

Many people are depressed and despairing, feeling there is nothing one small person can do to change this world. One person alone, even a very able leader, certainly cannot alter much. But if all Christians stand together, uphold the laws of God in their personal lives, and stand firmly behind those campaigning for justice and peace, then change can happen. We have to keep the faith, and encourage each other not to give up, but fight the evils of today with prayer and practical action. Faith is not believing change could happen, but believing that it will.

We could never do this on our own. Fortunately the timeless help and support of our loving God is still freely available to us just for the asking, as it was when this psalm was written (Ps.4, vs.4 - 8):

In your anger do not sin:
When you are on your beds,
search your heart and be silent.
Offer right sacrifices
and trust in the Lord.
Many are asking,
“who can show us any good?”
Let the light of your face
shine upon us, O Lord.
You have filled my heart
with greater joy
than when the grain and the new wine abound.
I will lie down and sleep in peace,
for you alone, O Lord,
make me dwell in safety.



May we pray that ALL persons will one day dwell in safety, as we are privileged to do.

God bless,

Cynthia



Patronal Pageantry 2012

The weekend of the Patronal Festival at St Faith's has come and gone, celebrated as ever with colour, pageantry, music and rejoicing. As ever, the Patronal High Mass, this year celebrated on Friday 5th October, the Eve of the Feast of Saint Faith, Virgin and Martyr, captures the headlines. It was so good to welcome back Fr Richard, (Canon Richard Capper, Canon Pastor of Norwich Cathedral), our vicar from 1983-1997, to celebrate and preach for us and to us. St Faith's-tide is always a time for memories, and never more so than this year. Richard's inspiring sermon reminded us again of our century-long heritage, of our past and our hopes for the future; the text follows, and images of the night are reproduced in this issue and, more colourfully and in greater numbers, on the church website.

Sunday morning saw a pleasingly busy church full of folk, young and old, for the feast of the Dedication, with the young people of our uniformed organisations helping Revd Denise to insert the building blocks of the church, and wine and cake supplied by the good offices of newly-weds Craig and Laura. The lovely service of Festal Evensong, with the choir again in fine voice, was a final chance to celebrate our building, its people and its traditions, with joyful anthems and the familiar words of the ancient service, not least the evening collect 'Lighten our darkness, Lord' as the late autumn sun shone into the choir.

Denise paid rightful tribute to all who brought together this three-day festival of remembrance and dedication – and it was perhaps especially good to have these beacons of light and hope to reminding us of how much we have to be thankful for - and proud of - and to inspire us as we continue our journey through the uncertainties of our interregnum.

Treasure in Clay Jars



St Paul, writing to the church in Corinth, says, 'We have this treasure in clay jars'. We hold the treasure of the gospel of Jesus Christ within ourselves, within these earthen vessels that are frail and weak and mortal. The danger for me tonight is that I will be too nostalgic – but I hope not. It is less than two weeks ago that we celebrated at Norwich the dedication festival of the Cathedral and we sang that hymn which I always associate with St Faith's: 'In our day of thanksgiving'. I am so glad we are singing it tonight as our communion hymn. Two weeks ago as I sang, 'These stones that have echoed their praises are holy And dear is the ground where their feet have once trod' I thought of St Faith's: not just this building but the people here who by their lives and often by their deaths communicated the treasure they carried in earthen vessels.

I recognise the influence they had on my life and on my understanding of faith in Christ. You will all have your own memories of those saints, faithful people who, though not perfect and often with many all too obvious faults and blemishes, revealed the richness of God's love. They are people who have inspired and encouraged us on our pilgrimage of faith. We give thanks to God for these earthen vessels and the treasure they contained.

This week I have taken part in the Requiem Mass of a well-known and much-loved priest in the diocese of Norwich. He was not an easy man to get along with. He could be sharp and critical but he accompanied many people on their spiritual journey. Even though he had been dying of stomach cancer for two years, he continued to be alongside many people. His last sermon in the Cathedral was to retired priests and his text to them was the same as mine tonight: We have this treasure in clay jars. In the middle of his sermon he took hold of a clay pot and threw it down from the pulpit to the stone floor, smashing it to smithereens. It was very dramatic. I thought of repeating it tonight but flying fragments of pottery can cause damage to wood and to people! He was forcefully making the point that we are broken people; that we are cracked pots and we are people who fail. He was speaking to 200 retired priests who had given years and years of service to the Church. And they knew he was right. Their experience of ministry had taught them how frail and weak and inadequate they were and they knew those they had sought to serve shared their brokenness. This recognition of failure is perhaps the beginning of wisdom. For despite this brokenness they knew they were privileged to contain a treasure. They had been given a treasure that they were obliged to share with others. It is a treasure that is precious beyond measure. It is a treasure without price. It is the treasure of the love of God in Jesus Christ. God's love for us and our love for Him and for each other lies at the heart of our faith. It is the treasure we offer to others, despite our failing and inadequacies.

In our first reading the prophet Isaiah speaks of the God who created us and redeems us. Isaiah's people had gone into exile, but they were not forgotten God remembers them and loves them individually. 'I have called you by name, you are mine,' he says. In the modern confirmation service, before the Bishop lays hands on the head of the candidates they are anointed with oil and are told 'God has called you by name and made you his own'. We may be broken and fragile people. We may be damaged and lost in a fast-changing world but God has not forgotten us or turned his back on us. He has given us the treasure of his love. We belong to him. We are valued by him. We are loved by him. We may be broken clay pots but we contain the treasure of his love, a treasure not to be kept to ourselves but to be shared with those around us.

Whatever happened 1,700 years ago in Agen during a time of persecutions, St Faith recognized both her frailty and her weakness but she was unwilling to let go of her greatest treasure, her greatest strength: the love God had for her in Christ

and the love she wanted to share with others. She was certain she should not compromise that love. It was a love that would hold on to her in this life and embrace her in eternity.

So, on this feast of St Faith we celebrate the love that has been lavished upon us. We do not deserve it. We certainly have not earned it. It is God's free gift to us; it is the treasure that we hold; that we share. We are loved and accepted and forgiven unconditionally by God and maybe we have caught glimpses of that truth in the faces and the lives of those with whom we have shared our journey of faith.

In my present role as Canon Pastor I have to oversee how visitors are welcomed to the Cathedral. I try to encourage our welcomers to follow the rule of St Benedict and to greet our visitors as though they were welcoming Christ. Of course because we are clay pots, how they interpret this request varies enormously. Someone in his enthusiasm welcomed the bishop to his own Cathedral church. Another was seen chasing a visitor because they had not taken the right leaflet. We don't always get it right. We are broken and splintered clay pots. We are mere feeble, inadequate, misshapen human beings but we contain a treasure, God's love and acceptance. That is what we have to accept about ourselves and of each one of us. That is what we have to share with one another. And that love is what we celebrate tonight.

Richard Capper

Medic Malawi and the Eye Surgeons

As I am sure most people know, for some years now the people of St Faith's have supported the Medic Malawi charity, and in particular the Anglican hospital of St Andrew's. It is good to get reports of how things are going out there, but never more so than this extraordinary and moving account of the first visit of the Eye Surgeons to that hospital, in Mtunthama, Malawi, written by the new Chairman of Medic Malawi, Stephen Drew. I defy anyone not to be affected by this remarkable account and thank God for the easy access to such important surgery we have in UK.

Margaret Haughton

The logo for Medic Malawi, featuring the words "MEDIC MALAWI" in a bold, orange, sans-serif font, set against a dark brown rectangular background.

The Day I Looked into the Face of Joy

It is 7am, and 30 people are sitting with a mixture of nerves and excitement, still with the large eye patches on their eyes from the previous day's operations. Each

person has been totally blind for years, but the visit of the eye surgeons to St Andrew's this year has offered hope in their darkness.

The volunteer surgeon, Nicholas Bearn from Liverpool, arrives, and gently, reassuringly, begins to remove the patches. The first lady, desperately poor and unnecessarily blind for ten years with cataracts, blinks at the fresh sunlight. First, she smiles. Then she whoops with delight. Then she just cries.

Nicholas slowly makes his way around the room. He has been working non-stop all week, with a fellow surgeon, Herman, who has come by road from South Africa, and a support team, including a GP and a Dentist.

They have all been camping next to the Theatre – a welcoming friendly camp, full of smiles and warmth. The Dentist and GP have been out to the villages with a travelling clinic and a loud megaphone every day; Nick and Herman been in the Theatre. But now he has a job to do.

Each patient still needs his care, as some eyes have recovered quicker than others – calm words are needed to some – “just get used to the light” and “the nurse will clean up a couple of scars there”. An invisible Mexican wave of excitement circles the room as more and more people can see again. One man just stares at his own hands.

A woman counts us all, pointing at what she never thought she would see again “one, two, three...” An old man secretly hums the tune of Amazing Grace – (just think where the first verse of that goes....) One lady was right alongside me that morning at 7, and as her eyes were opened again, she stared at me. “I have not seen my children for eight years and I have never seen my grandchildren” she said “You will see them today!” I replied, and as I looked into her face, I knew I was looking into the face of sheer joy.

And now for an Eye Clinic...



What a privilege it was to be there with the surgeons in July. It came about through a link with The Malawi Eye Surgery Fund of UK, and we have now become firm friends and plan to work together. Please see their website for more wonderful photos. They are a great outfit, led by Nick Ashton, and they themselves work with ‘Doctors For Life’, a rather nomadic group of Christian Medics from South Africa who like to get to the remotest parts of Africa by road. We were the second item on the national news while they were there.

“Visiting Eye experts in Kasungu” was the story, because improving eye treatment is now a national priority. The Malawi government are urgently wanting more eye rural clinics for earlier interception of cataracts and trachoma, therefore it is also our objective at MedicM to build a permanent eye clinic at St Andrew's. It will be used by the hospital Clinicians for early detection and listing, and then have the

equipment and medicines needed for specialists to visit from within or beyond Malawi to work there for a period.

Finally the Malawi Eye Surgery Fund will have a base when they next visit, prior to venturing further into even more inaccessible places. Personally, I am mainly looking forward to that annual visit because, as you may detect, the unwrapping of the patches at 7am was just about the most moving hour I have ever spent. And they say you can't make a difference in Africa.

Stephen Deew



Harmony & All That Jazz ...again!

Question – “How do we follow the huge success of Harmony & All That Jazz last year?”

Answer - Put up our communal feet and congratulate ourselves?

Do nothing and wait for someone else to come up with an idea?

Do it again!

I suppose it was inevitable that this option was bound to be chosen since, despite the money raised last year the problems in Sierra Leone were still there – disease, poor water, lack of schooling, shortage of food etc.

I had paid a return visit to Waterloo Sierra Leone this spring on behalf of the Partnership, and could see the huge improvements that we have made between us in so many areas: another school being built, another well pumping cool, clear, clean water for 50 or more homes, smiling children in their school uniforms, eating hot bread from the new bakery. The need to continue giving support to help these wonderful people was obvious and a challenge for us all.

So I was delighted when St Faith's agreed to a second Harmony and Jazz evening, and equally delighted when members of the Wayfarers Chorus and the Timepiece Jazz Band enthusiastically agreed with the plan.

And what a great evening it was! The Chorus had a number of new songs under their waistcoats reminding us what a “Wonderful World” we live in and Timepiece donned their black hats and took us down the Traditional Jazz route to St Louis and all points south!

Following on from the strenuous finger exercises of last year, the training of the audience continued with singing a four part round. “Make New Friends” went the

appropriate lyrics, and after only minimal rehearsal we produced a fine sound that would make Gareth Malone green with envy!

So with my grateful thanks to Rosie for her excellent supper, my friends at the back of church for their help, raffle donors for their support, the Wayfarers Chorus, Timepiece, St Faith's Church and of course the wonderful audience, I was delighted to put 600 more pounds in the bank in support of the Waterloo Partnership.



hankyou!

Rick Walker

Craig and I would like to thank everybody who was involved in making our wedding day so very special. The day was perfect and everybody had a lovely time. We'd like to thank Reverend Denise and the choir for making the service beautiful, everyone has commented on how nice it was. Also, a special thanks goes to St. Faith's Brownies who came to watch and showered us in confetti! Once again, thanks to everyone, we had a lovely day.

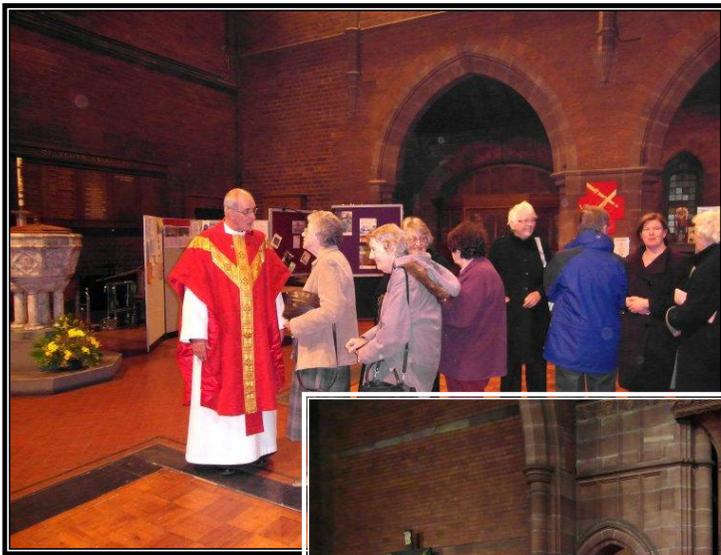
Laura and Craig Jones

Christmas Tree Festival 2012



'Christmas Is Coming' we hear each year and panic arises. However, the Tree Festival team is at the ready. Initial meeting complete, tree sponsors and charities are alerted and ready for action and plans for the 2012 festival are already very much under way, with sewers sewing and preserve makers very sticky; the trees are about to be ordered - so there is no going back. Such organisation is essential for the success of the event and this means many committing their time and talent to keeping up the standard achieved over the past three years, which is why I am asking for volunteers to sign up for duty sessions over the period from Sunday 2nd December until Saturday 8th December when stewards, sales people, baking and making persons and assistants to the catering team will all be needed. Those already experienced volunteers know what a splendid atmosphere there is during the festival week; for those who have not taken part, sign up and have a great time. The rota will be appearing very soon and plenty of jobs are available, so have a go.

Margaret Houghton



The Patronal mass is ended...

but the smiles and the greetings are carrying on. Fr Richard Capper greets old friends after the service



Friends Reunited

Fr Richard with Revd Denise and Fr Dennis (above) and with Denise and Ged Callacher sharing a happy moment (and in Ged's case a whole bottle) in the hall



More Harmony and Jazz

See Rick Walker in full voice above and on page 8





Wedding Belles
 The Brownies on parade at the wedding of Craig and Laura. See page 8.



Patronal Pageantry
 Images of the St Faith's Eve High Mass on October 5th.
 Story and sermon on page 4.



'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of the unrighteous'
 Maureen on door duty at the Patronal High Mass



Paula's progress
 Paula O'Shaughnessy from St Mary's was licensed as Reader to the United Benefice on 22nd September at the Cathedral, and posed by St Mary's altar a week later.
 Story on page 9.





Online extras 1

Left R.I.P. Sister Elizabeth, SSM with Fr Neil Kelley in St Faith's Hall. Story and tribute on page 11.

Below left The harvest display in front of the altar at St Mary's on Liturgy and Lunch Sunday.

Right Lunch after Liturgy: tucking in after the service at St Mary's.

Below right At the back of St Mary's, Paula O'Shaughnessy poses for the camera with her fellow-readers Fred, Cynthia and Jackie and Revd Denise (see page 10)

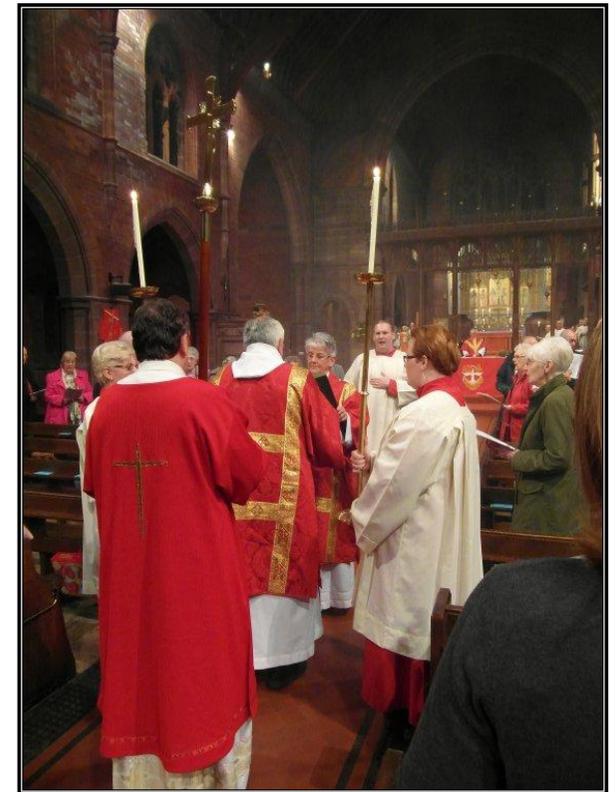




Extra Pictures 2

Three more scenes from the Eve of St Faith's High Mass: at the statue of Saint Faith – note the missing toe on the infant Jesus's right foot (*left*) Processing into the sanctuary (*below left*) and reading the Gospel in the midst of the congregation (*right*)

A final glimpse of the Wayfarers close harmony singers in full voice at the concert raising funds for the Waterloo Partnership



Paula's Progress

Saturday 22nd September 2012 was a very special day in Liverpool Cathedral, as 12 people were being admitted and licensed to the office of Reader in the Anglican Church, one of whom was our very own Paula O'Shaughnessy.

It is always a joyous occasion to witness the start of new ministry, but that day I felt a little 'extra-happy', not only because it is evident that Reader ministry is on the increase, but also because Paula is both a friend and colleague, and I was her mentor (or one of them!) for the past couple of years, so it was especially good to be able to attend the Reader Licensing Service. Paula and I have shared many a discussion, debate and quiet prayer-time together and I have followed her spiritual journey since she began attending St Mary's a number of years ago, and it was a privilege to be part of her special day.

Bishop James spent the morning with the prospective Readers, and he also presided over the ceremony and preached an excellent sermon on new ministry, and one could not but help but have goose-bumps witnessing this special event. My prayers go out to all who were licensed that day, both in Liverpool Cathedral and throughout the UK.

A prayer for new ministry...

Ever living God, strengthen and sustain all newly licensed Readers, that with patience and understanding all may love and care for your people; and grant that together they may follow Jesus Christ, offering to you their gifts and talents; through him who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever and ever. Amen

We send our love and prayers to Paula and all of the new Readers as they begin the next step in their ministry.

Jackie Panny

Paula writes...



The Reader licensing service at the cathedral was a very moving experience. I had not anticipated the overwhelming nature of the occasion. I was so glad that I had made the journey, and it had not been alone. It was wonderful to have so many friends from the United Benefice there to share the day with me. I am thankful to all the congregation and Ministry Team, for their love and prayers - it truly is a great privilege which has been granted to me.

The bishop's charisma and sincere spirituality brought home the true meaning of

the licensing - to have received food and then to go out and feed others. He reminded us all of this, in the Chapter House, when we made our solemn declaration, prior to the service. The bishop asked us to call to mind all those who had fed us and helped us on our journey. I felt quite tearful, as I recalled those special people.

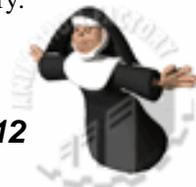
I will endeavour to offer a heartfelt commitment to all in the United Benefice, in my new ministry as Reader.

With Love and Prayers,

Paula O'Shaughnessy

Many at St Faith's and St Mary's will have fond memories of the sweet-natured, cheerful and affectionate nun who visited us from time to time, and stayed with Fr Neil at the vicarage. Following the sad news of her recent passing, we asked Fr Neil for a tribute to her. Below, therefore, we print the text of his sermon at her funeral mass. It tells the story of this very special lady, and gives an insight also in to the monastic life she entered and adorned. It is particularly fitting that she should be laid to rest on the eve of St Faith's Day, the day when she so often joined us in festal worship. May she rest in peace and rise in glory.

Sister Elizabeth, SSM **St. Mary's Convent, Chiswick, 5th October 2012**



Thanks to the foresight of John Mason Neal and the witness of this (and other) religious communities in the Church of England, many have come into contact with the workings of the Religious Life. And many would also say that, once they have come into contact with a religious community, there is indeed something of that way of life which they find attractive. Something that rubs off on them. Not all of us are called to take life vows and live in Community, but nevertheless wish to be linked with the ethos and prayer-life of that Community. After all, a Religious Community is a group of people coming together, always being the best of friends, never having any petty jealousies or resentments, always being nice to everyone all the time.... Who wouldn't be attracted to that way of life?!

Anyone who has experience of any religious community will know that it's just like an ordinary family in many ways, with all its ups and downs. Except you can't escape one another! Not easily, at least. So why would someone want to come and join this rather demanding way of life?

That's a question that can be answered at many levels. The simple answer, though, is because that is what God asks of some people. Betty Bailey, as she was known until her profession, was a wife and mother. She ran a home. She had a family. That's a part of her life that many of us have never shared in. But some years after the death of her husband, she examined the direction of her life and responded to a sense that God was calling her into the religious life. The Religious Life is not for all, but it certainly becomes all for some.

And so it was that some 20 years ago, aged 66, Betty Bailey was professed as Sister Elizabeth. And, after a short time in East Grinstead, she came to serve the Community in Chiswick.

Some referred to Elizabeth as having a life 'outside the convent walls'. Indeed, she did. She had a family, she loved her August holidays to Walsingham and for the best part of something like 12 years spent a week with me each year in Crosby, Liverpool; a working week, it has to be said. Her visits often coincided with our Patronal Festival and so she would read a lesson or lead intercessions. And in Liverpool she was invited out for meal after meal! The only drop of alcohol she could be persuaded to partake of though was... a little Bailey's! She was – I believe - a good ambassador for the religious life – up and down the country. She would sometimes say "some of those sisters are so miserable. They ought to get out more!" Obviously she wasn't referring to anyone here today!

There are priests who have worked alongside her for far longer than I did whilst a curate here in Chiswick, but I think we will all remember that beaming face that greeted us when we entered the Sacristy to vest for mass. When Elizabeth was elevated to the dizzy heights of Sacristan, taking over from the formidable Sister Hazel, she absolutely loved every detail of that work. I remember her telling some friends in Liverpool what being assistant sacristan entailed; she came to life as she explained the detail of it all. I'm sure that they had no idea what on earth she was going on about, but she spoke as if she had been given the most marvellous job in the world. And in the right way she was proud of that work.

Some of us can testify to the fact that it wasn't always sweetness and light. If Elizabeth had something to say to you, by way of ticking you off, she managed to do that! Forget that smile; she could be quite forceful if she wanted to be. But at the centre of her spiritual life was the mass. Like so many of us here, she came from a catholic tradition where the concept of women priests did not at first sit comfortably with what we were used to; but the mass, rather than the gender of the priest, was important to Elizabeth and that fuelled her daily life. And, as a late vocation, relatively speaking, she of course had a freshness and excitement about her new vocation which others who'd been at it for longer might well have forgotten! For all of us, priests and religious especially, routine can set it and freshness can disappear. But not for Elizabeth, at least for the greater part of her religious life.

I asked Fr. Kevin Morris, of St. Michael and All Angels' Church Bedford Park, for some words which give a Chiswick incumbent's view of Elizabeth:

Sr Elizabeth came for very many years to lead the Stations of the Cross for us during Lent. She always led the devotions with a deep sense of reverence and calm which people found very moving and the profound sense that what we were doing really mattered. She had a lovely voice and disposition for such things – which helped and didn't get in the way of the focus of each station. She of course loved Walsingham and very often she used the Walsingham booklet – heavily annotated by her – as she guided us around the church.

She always came to Corpus Christi – which I think was the Feast on which she was professed. She led the intercessions, which she wrote herself. They naturally revealed something of her own wide concerns for the church and for the world and the kind of specific prayers she liked to pray – particularly for those who were struggling with their faith.

She most certainly prayed for many people who struggled with their faith and, to those around her in her latter days, it seemed that she struggled with her faith, too. She coped with her increasing deafness by being good at lip-reading. But when her sight prevented that as well it did make her a different person and, at times, a less happy soul. Many heroes of the faith have written of their own struggles with dark times in prayer, times when prayer seems empty or a waste of time. And for someone who began to know physical blindness and profound deafness more than many of us ever will, a further spiritual darkness would have been particularly painful and difficult to bear. But Elizabeth was supported by those who loved her and those who prayed for her, just as she has loved and supported so many of us along our journey.

An ambassador for the Religious Life, Servant of Christ, mother, grandmother, friend and fellow pilgrim on the journey... we thank God today that Betty followed that call and that Sister Elizabeth has touched and influenced our lives for good. Let us remember that eager willingness to be about the Lord's business. Let us pray for her today, who has so often said so many prayers for us. Her world may have seemed lacking in sound and light, the end of her earthly life a difficult path to tread. But, pray God, that smile is now back on her face as she is welcomed into God's merciful arms. We pray today that for her the light of God's Love is now fully shining and the warmth of his voice is clearly heard. May she rest in peace.



Bring us, O Lord God, at our last awakening
into the house and gate of heaven,
to enter into that gate and dwell in that house,
where there shall be no darkness nor dazzling, but one equal
light;
no noise nor silence, but one equal music;
no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession;

no ends nor beginnings, but one equal eternity;
in the habitations of thy glory and dominion,
world without end.

after John Donne (1571-1631)

Jr. Neil Kelley
Rector of Bushey



Registering the Past... again

Chris Price

'Frost and east wind' saw out 1905: 'wet and stormy' saw in 1906, and it was still 'stormy and cold all day' by Septuagesima. Names that will ring bell with some, perhaps, were D.G Fee Smith and R.J Herring, who preached variously in the early weeks of the year. Mr Baxter's preoccupation with the weather reached a gloomy climax in mid-February: it was 'wet', 'very wet', 'stormy and wet – **very** bad night', 'very wet' and 'wet' between 8th and 15th. Worship continued, nevertheless, with a Three Hours Service conducted by R.G.Williams of Minsterley, Salop, recorded on Good Friday. Easter Day communions were down to 204. Nothing much else seems to have happened, if you don't count 'Imprecatory Psalms' as a sermon theme on Easter 4, until the weather seems to have picked up in June ('Slight shower' on Trinity 3). The collection at Evensong on July 15th (£3.12.2) is earmarked for 'Sunday School Treat'.

The vicar took a long break starting on August 5th, and J.W.Tyrer officiated at all services. Mr Baxter was back on September 2nd to take the reins and note 'great heat'. September 23rd has a crowded tiny annotation, reading 'Ordination at Ch.Ch, Harvest F. At S. Luke's, S. Nicholas and Sephton (the old spelling for Sefton). Box for Parish Room 9/8.' This latter, less than 50p today, wouldn't have gone far towards the plans for the parish hall.

Matins remained the central Sunday service, with Litany appended to it on October 14th. The next event of note, sandwiched between 'wet' and 'very bad night, hail & rain' was the opening, on Monday October 22nd at 8 pm, of the new Parish Hall. The Rural Dean, Revd C. Elcum (presumably he of the consecration ceremonies – had he moved into the Deanery, or was it larger then?) did the honours.

Sunday afternoon Children's Services continued every three or four weeks, and on November 25th is recorded against one such service: '£5.8.8 collected by the children for the Children's Porch in Liverpool Cathedral'. Christmas communicants showed an increase from the previous years, but just after we read 'Dec. 26 & 27 no one present for H.C. Snow.'

Apart from the ubiquitous weather (Hard frost...snow... fog... rough... wet) little is recorded in the first weeks of 1907 until a Wednesday afternoon is shown as 'short service for members of the Sewing Meeting – every Weds. in Lent.' St Mary's features in March, as a confirmation is recorded there. After the Good Friday Three Hours is logged, there are 241 Easter Day communicants, although Holy Saturday is still not observed. On Easter 4 there is a Service for Men at 3.15 pm. Numbers are not recorded, but £29.2 was collected for the British and Foreign Bible Society. On May 31st the margin records 'Private Celebration' but nothing more. Thomas Robinson, M.A. relieves the vicar during August 1907 for the usual month's break.

St Faith's Day, October 6th, fell on a Sunday, and our patron is properly recorded as Virgin and Martyr, although the sermon at Evensong focussed instead on 'The Diocletian Presentation' (!). James Coles of Madagascar took Sunday School and preached at Evensong on October 13th, and five days later we read 'Lantern Lecture by Rev J. Coles for S.P.G. 16/-' A week later 'Mr W.E.Taylor buried at Crosby. He was the 1st People's Warden of St Faith's.' There was a Bazaar, presumably for our church, in 'Blundellsands Assembly Rooms on October 31st, Nov 1 & 2'. Then only brief weather reports adorn the 'Remarks' column of the register until on December 21st we read 'Ordination in Cathedral. Rev P. Youlden Johnson ordained Deacon – to the Curacy of St Faith's.' He signed in and preached the next day at Evensong. The Watch Night Service at 11.15pm on New Year's Eve ushered in the year of 1908.

January saw the Sunday School Prize Giving and the presence of our choir at St Luke's for the funeral of (I think it says) 'Mr Roger, Blundellsands Hotel'. Earlier, Mr Baxter had celebrated Epiphany, on Monday, January 5th, with just five attending. D.G. Fee Smith is now recorded as coming from 'St Paul's, Liverpool' – doubtless one of the many city churches which have since fallen by the wayside. A Bible Class for Young Women started on March 8th, while on 31st, at a confirmation at Christ Church, there were a healthy 25 candidates from St Faith's. Fr Herring is now recorded as being from St John the Baptist, Toxteth and, thanks to Mr Baxter's tireless recording of events in surrounding churches, we learn that 'St Mary's Church closed for 3 weeks from Mar 29th'.

A Fr Richardson from St Luke's, Southport, dropped in to take the Three Hours on Good Friday. Whether his church's churchmanship; was as extreme as is the case today is uncertain, but St Faith's was yet to wear vestments and use incense, so he may have had to compromise. Easter Day saw 264 communicants. Soon after, Rev S.J. Sykes (St Mary's, Waterloo) and our old friend Rev Charles Elcum (from Horsfall's foundation of St Agnes, Ullet Road, Liverpool) came to celebrate the Dedication Festival on April 24th. On the Tuesday and Thursday of Whitsunday week there was 'no H.C. Vicar ill'; soon afterwards the hefty sum of £29.12.0 is recorded as having been sent 'as Thankoffering to the Pan Anglican Congress'. A revealing marginal entry for 8th July reads: 'Funeral at Smithdown Rd Cemetery, L'pool. Mrs W.E.Taylor's old servant R Beezley'. She was the widow

of the first warden of St Faith's. On July 19th the Matins preacher was Fred. F. Grensted – a priest who taught at Merchant Taylors' School – the first of several subsequent appearances. Thereafter there was little of note – not even weather – until an entry writ large across the book on Tuesday, October 20th, which reads 'The Lord Bishop of Liverpool visited the Parish to inspect the Church and Parish Hall, & stated that there was nothing in the ornaments of the Church to which any objection could be made.' This triumphant declaration was signed by Thomas Howe Baxter, Vicar and Chas. W. Huson and William Gay, Churchwardens (this latter, as Dr Gay, has a memorial plaque in St Faith's in the south aisle.) The need for a visit, and for the statement, is evidence that beneath the calm surface of the register's weekly entries objections from Protestant extremists were continuing; George Houldin's 1950 history – text online in the church website – records the visit and its context. Mr Baxter addressed the congregation on the subject the next Sunday evening after Evensong. Thereafter the weeks seem to have passed without incident. There was a 'Guild Service' (unspecified) on November 29th, 206 Christmas Day communicants – and £1.5.3. collected at the watchnight service which ended 1908.



A Reflection for All Souls-Tide

There are some thoughts that come upon us frequently but which we push away as too morbid, too depressing. Such a thought for some people is death. There are reminders of death all around; the long column in the evening paper, death on the roads, flood, fire, accident, the news bulletin. We get used to the fact of death. But we insulate our-selves against its reality. We seldom think – "I must die".

Yet death is an ingredient of life, the finale, the end-product. It is more sensible to live with the thought of death than to try and shoo it away, frightened by it. A person who lives in full consciousness of the fact that he must die is not morbid. He is – to use a current word – realistic. For death is real, as real as life. And the thought of death makes life vivid, active and wholesome. It teaches proportion, stops a man or woman getting too attached to things that are not lasting and indispensable. A man who rents a house for a short time will not spend a fortune on it. He will see what is important, put that right, and leave the trimmings. And life, for any man, for any woman, is a short-term lease.

It is, for some people, a helpful and valuable thing at night to compose themselves to the thought of death. One can be surprised how in a short time death ceases to frighten, how it steadies the mind and clears the vision. And night is a good time to think of death, because sleep is a kind of rehearsal of death. We leave things behind. During the day many things get out of proportion, little anxieties take on the size of mountains, a tiny disappointment darkens the whole horizon. The present moment blots out the future. But all this is twisted, out of focus. The thought of death helps to restore proportion, helps, in fact, to let us see things as

they really are. The important things become important. The little worries become little again. And death itself will not seem so frightening.

Christ often talked of death, and he talked of it naturally, reassuringly. For death is natural, as natural as life. And Christ talked of death as going home to his Father's house. He came to show us the way, asked us to follow him, in life, in death. But, perhaps, the thought of death more than anything helps to focus our minds on the importance of goodness. During the day all sorts of other things tend to take priority; money, or pleasure, or revenge. But in the quiet of the night we can put that right. To a dying man money doesn't seem all that important even though he be a millionaire. When Walter Scott was dying he turned to his son-in-law and said something worth remembering: "My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here". That was the voice of experience. And by thinking of death we partly experience it. We harden the mind. We embrace reality. By thinking of death we understand life. The thought of death gives point and purpose to life. Otherwise we are living in a dream-world. But there is no need for this. Death is, above all, a fact. If we accept it as a fact, it will become a light. Death will lose its terror. And life will have a deeper, richer meaning.

Je Dennis



A Choirbook for the Queen

During the wonderful celebrations of Her Majesty the Queen's Diamond Jubilee a project to celebrate her sixty years as Queen has been quietly unfolding in Cathedrals, Churches and Chapels across the country. www.choirbookforthequeen.org.uk contains 44 anthems written in the last decade. 11 anthems were specially commissioned from leading British composers and are being premiered across the country. Many have been heard on BBC Radio 3's Choral Evensong. The final anthem to be premiered (BBC Radio 3 Choral Evensong on 5th December 2012 from Westminster Abbey) is called 'Advent Calendar'. It is composed by Sir Peter Maxwell Davies and based on a poem by Rowan Williams, who steps down as Archbishop of Canterbury in the New Year.

Universally acknowledged as one of the foremost composers of our time, Sir Peter Maxwell Davies has made a significant contribution to musical history through his wide-ranging and prolific output. He lives in the Orkney Islands where he writes most of his music. Maxwell Davies' huge output of work includes operas, two ballets, music-theatre works, eight symphonies and numerous concerti, light orchestral works and large-scale works for chorus. Maxwell Davies has guest-conducted international orchestras at the highest level and retains close links with the St. Magnus Festival, which he founded in 1977. He was knighted in 1987 and appointed Master of The Queen's Music in 2004.



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Pay to Pray, says the Pope?

Catholics must "pay to pray": German Catholic bishops have announced plans to effectively excommunicate worshippers who refuse to pay the country's church tax. In a "general decree", approved by Pope Benedict XVI, those Catholics who opt out of the levy - collected by the state and passed on to churches, minus a handling fee - will be excluded from Communion, confirmation, confession and (unless they repent) a religious burial, and will be blocked from becoming godparents. The tax, which increases an individual's income tax bill by 8-10%, is paid by anyone registered as a member of the Jewish, Catholic or Protestant faiths. But faced with a growing exodus since the child abuse scandal, and consequent drop in income, the Church is warning followers that if they officially renounce the faith to save money, they must face real consequences.

The Week – with thanks to Denis Griffiths

The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



VICAR

Vacancy

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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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Mr Daniel Rathbone. Tel: 07759 695683

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Mrs Lynda Dixon, 928 7330

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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

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The **December 'Newslink'** will be distributed on or before **Sunday, November 25th**. Copy by **Sunday, November 11th**, please - but all contributions are welcome at any time.

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