



**The Parish Church of Saint Faith,
Great Crosby**

NEWSLINK

November, 2016

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00 am SUNG EUCHARIST & Children's Church
Holy Baptism by arrangement
6.30 pm 1st Sunday: Evensong

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Interregnum arrangements

Please consult the weekly service sheet (in church and online) for all information. Morning Prayer is usually said daily at 9.00 am Monday to Friday, and Evening Prayer on Fridays at 6.00 pm. There is usually a eucharist on Fridays at 6.30 pm. For regular updates see the church **website bulletin**:
<http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/bulletin.pdf>

Around Waterloo: The Eucharist

2nd and 5th Mondays & Feast Days as announced - Liverpool Seafarers' Centre 10am; Wednesdays 10am - St Mary's; Wednesdays 7pm - Christ Church.
See the weekly online bulletin as above for full details of services and any variations.

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, or to arrange a visit to someone in hospital or at home.

IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

Please telephone as for home visits, or a member of the ministry team.



From the Ministry Team : November 2016

Many readers will be familiar with John Betjeman's lovely poem "Christmas", the first verse of which is

The bells of waiting Advent ring,
The Tortoise stove is lit again
And lamp-oil light across the night
Has caught the streaks of winter rain
In many a stained-glass window sheen
From Crimson Lake to Hooker's Green.

Far less known is another poem of Betjeman's, entitled "Advent 1955".

The Advent wind begins to stir
With sea-like sounds in our Scotch fir,
It's dark at breakfast, dark at tea,
And in between we only see
Clouds hurrying across the sky
And rain-wet roads the wind blows dry
And branches bending to the gale
Against great skies all silver pale.
The world seems travelling into space,
And travelling at a faster pace
Than in the leisured summer weather
When we and it sit out together,
For now we feel the world spin round
On some momentous journey bound –
Journey to what? to whom? to where?
The Advent bells call out "Prepare,
Your world is journeying to the birth
Of God made Man for us on earth."

At the beginning of each Christian year we are encouraged to keep the end of life in view. There is truth in the paradox: "In the end is my beginning." So far from being a contradiction, this interpretation of the march of time drives away weariness and boredom and keeps us spiritually fit.

The calendar year is marked with a new beginning each January. There is a change in the numbering; year after year the figures are adjusted and the correct calculations are made. No mention of the end appears in the forecast of the future. Each year is just another year.

The names of the months suggest the seasons through which we pass, the cold climate, and then the not so cold. The Christian calendar adopts a different approach. The names of the Church's seasons have a spiritual meaning; they help us to see life's purpose and the wholeness of existence.

Advent bids us interpret our life in terms of Christ's life. The season heralds not just another beginning but a fresh start. None of us has remained unchanged after the passing of twelve months. Therefore, there is always an urgency for a new approach. We need to find a new perspective for time as it goes on and we ourselves have new work to do. Advent prompts us to enrich with faith and hope this life of ours, and to perceive the quality of timelessness within it.

Advent words, in the liturgy at the year's beginning, are stirring. The message is frank, direct, and wholesomely disturbing. Cast off, put on. Such short commands stimulate. Now is the time; it is high time to awake. Now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation. We learn that it is important, in more ways than one, to know the time. To be punctual is important enough and considerate also. Yet knowing the time involves more than the exactness of clock-time, it also reveals time as a moment of crisis, of choices and decisiveness. Advent approaches us, and searches for a decision. Time judges us.

In one sense, the season prepares us for the good news of Christmas. The news of the birth of the Christ-child will hardly strike us as good, unless we approach the festival in a mood of expectancy. The "now" of Advent is instant and urgent. The present moment for action becomes important for the lasting effect which a change of heart and a generous gesture can bring to life. The "now" is linked to the "end" and its significance gains mighty proportions, when this is perceived.

We look to the end at Advent. We are on the way – the pilgrimage continues – we are called to be seekers and searchers. As we move through things temporal, year after year, we are finding glimpses of things eternal.

The German Lutheran, pastor, theologian, anti-Nazi dissident and key founding member of the Confessing Church, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, having been tried and found guilty with others accused in a plot to assassinate Hitler, was executed by hanging in Flossenburg concentration camp on April 9th 1945. His final recorded words are now famous: "This is the end – for me the beginning of life." All that went before in his life of strength and struggle was summed up in that new beginning.

With every blessing,

Fr Dennis



My Panda Pilgrimage



In March this year, I retired from the Women's Hospital. Within six weeks to say I was restless is such an understatement. The first thing I did was apply for a return to nursing course (having had my fill of midwifery) was accepted and started at Chester University within weeks of applying. So that helped a bit, but I couldn't help feeling that I was ready for another adventure. You may remember that in moments of madness over a period of two years, I did one trek across the Sahara, one to Annapurna base camp in the Himalayas and worked in Mulago hospital in Uganda. Well that satisfied my itchy feet for a while, but they've been playing up again.

I spoke to friends and looked on the internet for inspiration. My daughter suggested walking in Japan, wasn't sure about that. Then I found it! Working with big cats in Zimbabwe (as you do). However it was very expensive and I decided that if I was to go to such a politically unstable country, I had to trust the company I was to go with, especially as I would be travelling alone. So plan B. Same company (Travellers Worldwide) different country, cheaper option and maybe a bit safer. I do think that insanity has struck again. I'm going to China on November 5th to volunteer in the giant panda reserve in Chengdu.

Decision made. I researched the company and the reserve, found what ex volunteers had written, all good so far.

Adventure booked you think? Oh no, you can't just book, you can request to volunteer, then you have to be accepted. The first of many forms, my I.T. skills rapidly developed, now I had to scan documents, add attachments to emails and print forms to complete, scan them and return them. I.T. terrifies me but part of the adventure so here goes. Well I managed that, filled in my health form and because I admitted to having asthma, I had to have confirmation from my GP that I was fit to go. Have you tried to book a GP appointment lately? Impossible to get through on the phone so I went in person. Nothing available for two weeks! Booked that, saw the GP - £20 later, another hurdle surmounted. Not content with that, another health form arrives and I have to assure the reserve that I do not have any conditions I may pass on to the pandas including psychoses and schizophrenia. I assured them I had not yet been diagnosed with these, so I was finally accepted.

I was free to apply for my visa. To do something like this in China, not only do you have to be formally invited but you have to submit proof of where you're staying. OK, managed that, went to the visa centre in Manchester, allowed four hours, it took four minutes, wow! I had to return at the end of the week to collect it, on the internet the cost was £80, oh no £151 - the extra was for administration.

Last week I went to town to book my flights having failed miserably on the internet. STA travel had been recommended. I sat down with young lady called Catherine at

10.30 and left at 3.30 (with a break for lunch while the computers crashed), she was amazing. I left with flights via Hong Kong, the only problem being a 9 hour wait in Hong Kong airport on the way back. So I thought, well, seeing as I'm there already, I may as well pop in and have a look at the place, I've booked 2 days there. Now I need a hepatitis jab so back to the GP. First appointment 4th November, I go on the 5th. Back to STA travel, oh there's a world shortage of Hep A but come in the next day they'll see what they can do.

So now I'm all ready to go. I don't know what to pack; apparently we are given a uniform. The reserve is in the mountains but not too cold I hope. I think the work will involve a lot of shoveling but I can do that. The place seems state of the art with incubators for the very tiny pandas, and if I'm ill there's a hospital very nearby at a nuclear facility. We will be given Chinese lessons for two hours every day and our weekends are free.

The first two days I stay in a hostel and I'm so worried that when I go out exploring, I'll get lost and even if I manage to ask someone for directions, I won't understand the reply! What fun! I've probably bored you all enough for now, I thought I might let you know how it all goes when I come back if you can stand any more of this and, if my I.T. skills allow I,ll try to include some photos. I can, help feeling all in all I'm a very lucky person.

Marie Griffiths

(Late news: Marie is back with tales to tell. Next month, we hope....!)

Church is so bland, laments retiring Dean



The Church of England is attempting to get rid of "colourful" and "uppity" clerics in favour of "bland" business managers, a senior clergyman said in a blistering attack on his employers before he retires.

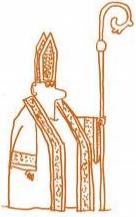
The Very Rev Charles Taylor, Dean of Peterborough, suggested that Anglican leaders who excited the public imagination were being replaced by "monochrome blandness".

In his farewell sermon, the Dean admitted the recent death of Bishop David Jenkins, the controversial former bishop of Durham, had led him to wonder: "Where among the leaders of today are the colourful clerics and turbulent priests, the prickly prophets, the rebels and reformers?"

He added: "It is surely of salutary significance that newly appointed deans and bishops these days are sent on an induction course - not as you might think, to hone their skills in theology, or liturgy, community outreach, or pastoral care, but to take a mini-MBA.

"The pattern of the Good Shepherd has been hijacked by the model of the chief executive officer."

A cash flow crisis at Peterborough Cathedral meant staff were in danger of going unpaid over the summer. A loan was secured from the Church Commissioners and it was announced that Mr Taylor was to retire. According to the Church Times website, the Dean, who is 63, hinted that retirement was forced upon him.



From the Bishop of Liverpool

I'm writing to say how very sorry I was to see the recent story about St Faith's in the Liverpool Echo. As you know, I was not in the Diocese when these matters arose, but I can well understand how hurtful and distressing it would have been for your community to see an old and painful story rehashed again.

From my perspective St Faith's is a strong worshipping community with a great future. I have been glad to visit you on a couple of occasions since my arrival and to see this for myself. I remember the warm welcome I received, and the sense of a church worshipping gloriously and facing the future with confidence. I am confident that St Faith's has worked hard, under the recent leadership of the Revd Sue Lucas and supported by the wardens and congregation, to look to the future with real hope and trust in God.

I want to assure you of my full support and the support of Archdeacon Pete. I am praying that God will show you the person who is truly called to lead St Faith's and St Mary's into the next stage of the journey and into a new and effective Waterloo team ministry. I have every confidence in that process.

St Faith's has shown great strength of character over the last three years. The way you all rallied round to raise £40,000 to replace the roof ead, and the initiative I read about in the Bulletin regarding the Teddy Bear trail shows a splendid, robust and positive spirit.

St Faith's is a fine church with a tremendous tradition which enriches our Diocese. I know you will continue to draw together and to look forward, and I want to offer my support to you in that. Please continue in that hopeful direction, telling the good news of the things God is doing in your community and building a strong new future at St Faith's. This comes with every blessing and with renewed assurance of my prayers.

+Paul

We are very grateful for this timely and supportive letter received from Bishop Paul.



Coffee and Chat

The first of the hoped to be monthly meeting of St. Faith's new social group took place the second Saturday in October with fantastic success. Eighteen men and women gathered for delicious cakes, drinks, etc. at Write Blend Book and Coffee Shop, South Road, Waterloo. It emerged that the proprietor, Bob Wright, is a former St. Faith's chorister whom some remembered. He made us most welcome by providing private seating area on the ground floor, looking out upon the busy street and surrounded by hundreds of books.

A tranquil setting for renewing the warmth, friendship and camaraderie which we all so missed in recent years. By unanimous agreement, we shall be meeting every second Saturday each month and judging by the expressed 'apologies' our group should quickly grow.

Corinne and I were absolutely thrilled by the turnout and extend our thanks to all who joined in the fun.

Please remember that friends from without the Church are always most welcome, also, a very special welcome awaits friends from times past.

Liz Mackert



Patronal Indulgence

It is many years since I stood here in this pulpit at St Faith's. I think it has only been once since my ordination – perhaps 15 to 20 years ago and I was ordained in 1981 as an ordinand from this Parish.

This church has been responsible for many a calling - people who have ministered to many in varying situations throughout Christendom from Archbishop to teacher, from parish priest to Chaplaincy, in this country, and each of the continents in our globe.

Indeed as well as me, three other clergy involved in this celebration of St Faith, Fr Dennis, Rev Denise and Fr Colin, have each had our vocations fostered here, been nurtured - encouraged and affirmed. In one sense we have committed to taking up our crosses and finding those vocations in Christ.

The reputation of the number of ordinands from this place is extremely impressive and a credit to the numbers of faithful Christians who have worshipped here over the years since its dedication.

There has always been a distinctiveness about St Faith's and it has a national if not international reputation, and that is not just because of its clergy, but because of you, the committed and faithful worshippers, together with those who have gone before whose memory, example and faith we thank God for: those who have taken up the challenge to carry the cross and have followed in faith, found Christ.

In looking at your website the other evening, I was interested in seeing and learning of the number and variety of places dedicated to St Faith. Some of them I had heard of but I didn't know of the former Consecrated Garage, (uncovered by Les Crossley, who has now joined that cloud of witnesses) or the Ship Inn with the press headline Fathers, Sons and Holy Spirits! Then there is the Car Transporter and Passenger ferry to the Isle of Wight named after our Saint. There are many others too, so if you haven't seen the web pages, spend some time on the site and have a browse. Congratulations to the website manager Chris for what is evidently a superb site.

And while talking about the web site, perhaps I could formally welcome Teddy Bear James and all his friends who I believe are due to appear here today.

Recently, Ann and I were at a parish retreat from Latchford in Warrington, together with people from various churches from many parts of the country, celebrating the Assumption of Our Lady at the Walsingham Shrine in Norfolk.

I don't always remember sermons and addresses, but sometimes a phrase or sentence will stick in my mind: THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS

I am sure that all of us here this morning are full of good intentions - and I am also sure we fulfil most of them – but we are all fallible and as “in Adam ...” we lose the way, yet we also know about forgiveness and the sacrificial love of God through Our Lord Jesus Christ so that we can revisit the road and try again.

If we listen to God in our time of prayer and reflection we can find the road that leads to God and heaven, the signs and maps are there for us all.

Although many things have changed since my childhood here there is still that distinctiveness, which might have been misunderstood by some (even in high places!). but that distinctiveness is embedded in the very walls of this place as well as the people of the worshipping community and the Waterloo Group of Churches.

The sharing of spiritual life and traditions helps, and will always help to enrich our lives and experiences of our faith, as you come together as God's church to serve the community and your neighbourhoods.

As I look back over my seventyish years of life, one of my first memories was being brought to Evensong as a small boy about 4 or 5 – sitting on the back row with a butterscotch sweet to keep me quiet.

The inevitable happened and having swallowed the sweet I was rushed outside where mother and father desperately squeezed, shook, fingers down my throat with the assistance of a long serving Jim Burgess, the verger until the offending sweet was thankfully retrieved.

I wasn't put off church but have always been cautious of hard boiled sweets. I was introduced to Sunday School where my dad had become a Sunday School teacher --- I well remember Bunny Mountfield and George Houldin, who seemed to run Sunday afternoons, Raymond Clarke and Derek Clawson were teachers too (and both followed ministerial callings) Derek was also a cub leader and I joined them, eventually becoming a Sixer, but never graduated to the Scouts. My route was as a Choirboy (and Head Choirboy too) and then training to become a Server - at least six weeks of Friday evenings trimming and polishing, yes polishing candles and then polishing and preparing the silver for Sunday - then came the training to be a Server.

I suppose I have now lapsed into reminiscing mode! Having become Head Server eventually, I was asked by Fr Charles Billington to be his crucifer when he was inducted into his new parish at Harold in the St Albans Diocese. The Bishop, as soon as he saw my red cassock and cotta, remarked that he well remembered wearing those same robes when he was a server at St Faith's, The Bishop was of course Robert Runcie, former Server who of course became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Denise and Dennis will no doubt remember the dances that Shaun Howard and I ran with the youth club - no disco, but three live bands, one of which was run by David Delaney (Irene's brother). A pair of Playhouse tickets would be bought, together with a box of chocolates and we sent the Vicar out for the night!

We progressed from youth dances to church hall dances for the adults with a licensed bar and three years of Royal Iris cruises up the Mersey, each being very successful. Hiking weekends away and "pop-up" communion services in the sand hills at Formby are some of the other memories that come to mind. Then there was the annual Parish Dinner at the Blundellsands Hotel and later at the Civic Hall and the "order of the Wooden Spoon"! (one year it was a Paddle!) *(It was awarded to the year's biggest 'stirrer'! Ed)*

Other memories would have to include our wedding, with a Nuptial High Mass and many other times and events, including our children's Baptisms (one of which was during the Easter Midnight Eucharist).

There are many other memories that come flooding back. I am sure that the most important event was when I felt that calling – nudging – that God wanted me to do something different. It took two long walks with Fr. Peter Goodrich along the beach from the Royal Hotel in Waterloo to the Blundellsands Hotel (now luxury apartments) to work through the issues.

To my surprise, Peter Roberts, a co-conspirator in the dances at the church Hall was going through the same process. We were both accepted for training and joined the Northern Ordination Course together. We were both Deaconed and Priested in

Liverpool Cathedral together: Peter to serve his title at St Thomas's Seaforth and later in South Africa and I to Birchwood in Warrington. A move to Newton le Willows for five years was followed by a move to St Margaret and All Hallows, Orford, then to Warrington Parish Church of St Elphin as Rector, becoming an Honorary Canon of Liverpool Cathedral in the early 2000s.

The Gospel story comes at the end of a time when Jesus and His disciples share a time of openness. Jesus had asked, "who do people say that I am and who do you say that I am?"

Peter had replied "You are the Christ" and he was given the keys to the gates of heaven, then Jesus went on to explain what was to happen to Him - to be killed and to rise again. Peter replied "this will never happen to you" to which Jesus suggested he was a hindrance - "Get behind me Satan!" Peter's good intentions were a distraction to what Jesus knew to be the road to God and what God's intentions were.

We too need to affirm and discern within ourselves (and for each other) the intentions which are God's to avoid being a hindrance to His plan. We walk with Saint, by faith and in faith to our final destination.

May God bless you all as you discern your way together as a group of churches in Waterloo, sharing each other's distinctiveness to go forward in mission and ministry to serve God's Kingdom. May I thank you for allowing me the indulgence of reminiscing and every blessing for your future together.

Fr Michael Finlay

The editor, who shares some of Fr Mike's memories, assures him that his reminiscences are more than welcome and need no indulgence.



Congratulations Akela!

Helen Kibbey writes:

On Sunday at the Advent Sunday Parade and Toy Service we marked the 25 Years' Service as a Cub Scout Leader here at St Faith's Scout Group of Mike Carr.

Mike is and always will be an enthusiastic Cub Scout Leader. His dedication to ensuring that the Cubs joining 10th Crosby St Faith's Scout Group "do their best" is unwavering.



A Capella Concert

An evening concert of unaccompanied singing by the Wayfarers' Chorus and Indigo Vibe Singers raised funds for the Waterloo Partnership. Badara Mansaray, chair of the Sierra Leone organisation, turned up, dressed up and spoke up in thanks.





Lighting Up

Rick helps David reinstall the re-gilded and repaired sanctuary lamps.

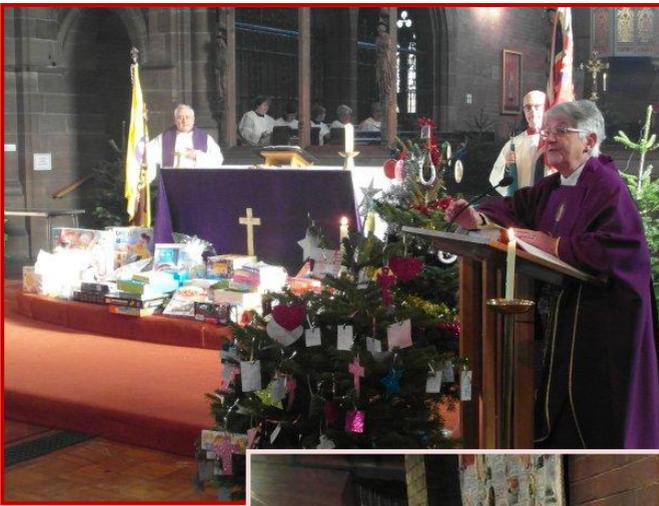
Wot - no Trees?

The cubs are ready for the trees, but they haven't arrived (see p18)

Surprise for Akela

Mike takes to the mic after a surprise presentation. (se p10)

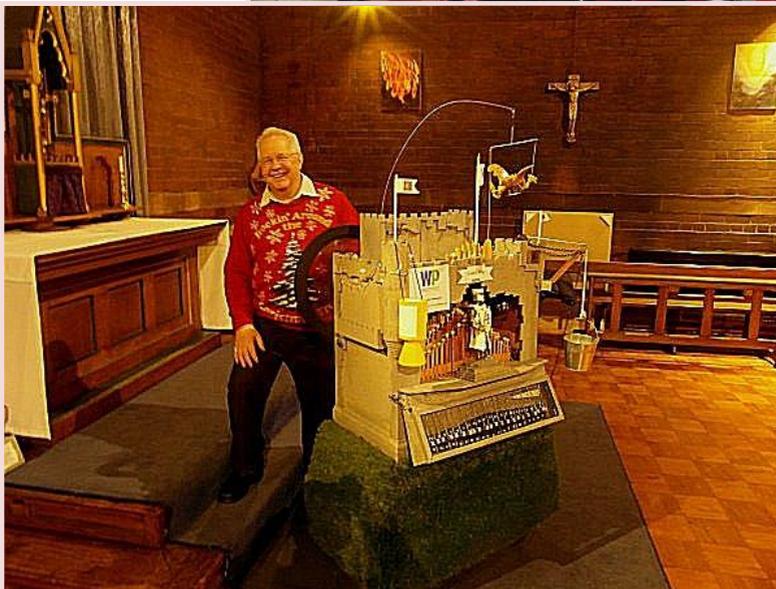




Toys and Prayers
Denise at the Toy Service
with the Prayer Tree and the
offerings of toys

We've found our Bear!
The Rainbows and their
leaders pose by their bear on
the Teddy Bear Trail

Still grinding away
Rick and his organ ready to
entertain the crowds





Baubles and Brass

The church was full of decorated trees, brass bands, visitors and carols on the Wednesday evening of the Christmas Tree Festival



He has inspired many young people as Akela and given hundreds of Cubs fantastic memories to cherish and reflect on, along with a complete repertoire of “bad” jokes. The favourite of many is; ‘What’s brown and sticky? A brown stick’.

He is known for his love of chocolate, although he does tell the Beavers and Cubs that only Akela Mike can eat chocolate so if they have any they’d better pass it to him. Mike loves to go camping and enjoys teaching the Cubs and others the skills for a successful camp – friendship, teamwork and adventure. He has passed on the joy of building a fire and then lighting it from one match, (it’s always funny how Akela’s fire will light with one match but everyone else takes a few a few goes). He has taught generations to carve whistles from twigs, sculpt spoons from branches and prepare a twig for marshmallow toasting. Some may have even learnt how to pitch and strike a tent, but never the lesson that tents are not sound proof.

Mike doesn’t just support, teach and encourage the Cub Scouts, he teaches our Young Leaders (14-18 year olds) the skills to support them in growing as young adults. As with the Cubs, he helps them to enjoy new adventures; to experience the outdoors; interact with others, gain confidence and have the opportunity to reach their full potential.

• A few words of reflection and thanks from Mike

I discovered Scouting when my eldest son was eight years old and told me he wanted to go to Cubs here at St Faith’s on a Tuesday night. I took him along and stayed that night to settle him in and never really left.

After a few weeks, I was helping out at a Dads and Cubs camp in Llansannan, North Wales when Alan Jones, who was the Akela at the time, suggested I sign up to become a leader. We were laying a tracking trail at the time on a cold dark Saturday night. Six months later I was an Akela. The rest is history. I’ve lost count of the number of camps that I have been on since then but there is still no substitute for the feeling of excitement and anticipation on arriving at a camp site on a Friday evening.

I have so many amazing memories from the last 25 years, but the most satisfying, for me, is watching children grow in confidence as well as in age, seeing some of them become young leaders and then adult leaders and remembering them as they were cubs. Remembering the smiles as they master skills or groan and put up with one of my many dreadful jokes. None of it would be possible, however, without the rest of the Leaders in our team, who are fantastic and put so much time and effort into making our Cub Pack “the best Cub Pack in the whole world”.

Thank you one and all. I get so much fun and enjoyment from Scouting and I recommend it to everyone of any age. Get involved! You won’t regret it.





Yet More from the Registers

Among the crowds who eagerly await and devour these monthly excitements, none seem to have spotted the un-deliberate mistake at the very end of last month's episode. Your scribe spoke of having organised a Talents Scheme some 50 years *earlier* than the one registered as having been staged in 1956. Ancient he may be, but not that much: *later* was what he intended to write.

1957 opened with the Circumcision celebrations, and featured in the same week two weekday evening Nativity Tableaux. After this cutting-edge activity, we settle down to the steady procession of worship, presided over by Frs Hassall and Telford. Then on February 14th, St Valentine is honoured by just two romantic communicants, followed the next evening by A Recital of Music By The Crosby Musical Society (*who they? Ed.*).

Sexagesima Sunday comes round once more, with a Baden-Powell Thanksgiving Service in the afternoon. Alongside the entry Fr H. has pasted in a magazine cutting, recording his gratitude for a series of practical gifts to the church. There is a vestry hot water system, and a bowl to replace the 'Nasty, cracked one' hitherto in use. Mr Gerald Laybourne ('my excellent Sacristan') will be delighted. Nearly 60 years later, Gerry the Sacristan Bear has been installed to perpetuate his memory. Confused? See www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/bearnecessities.html and all will become clear.

The vicar goes on to thank the donor of two oak candlesticks in memory of 'the Reverend (*not Father*) Sydney Singer, who for a good many years served this parish well.' But despite an earlier appeal, Fr Hassall wonders why more people have not funded one of the new chairs that are needed. 'Surely there are people who can afford £3 as a thankoffering for blessings received!' he says sternly. Finally there are gifts for the Children's Corner and the Lady Chapel: the former two candlesticks funded by Miss A. Simpson of St Christopher – a one-time children's home with which St Faith's had connections for many years.

We hasten on through Lent (featuring a series of Compline Followed By Question Time). The Church is duly Clipped on Mothering Sunday. Until now there have been few visiting signatories to break up the long succession of WHs and CHTs. Then, as the pages turn, we come in Holy Week upon no fewer than 10 signings-in of our most distinguished Old Boy, Robert Alexander Kennedy Runcie. In his journey from St Faith's to Canterbury, he was in 1957 Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge. He took a series of Complines with Address, the Good Friday Three Hours' Devotion and a series of masses high and low. There are 407 recorded communicants on Easter Day, including exactly 200 at the 8 am celebration.

The routine returns for the succeeding weeks and months. On Trinity Sunday, 16th June, a marginal note reads 'Peter Ryan (server) ordained priest, Carlyle (*sic*) Diocese'. A few

years later he became a Roman Catholic and, as Monsignor Ryan, has more than once subsequently returned to the church where his faith journey began.

Six Sundays later, Evensong is recorded as being followed by Hallowing of the Garden of Memory – a unique use of the verb. On August 25th, ‘Severe Storms swept through the Country for 48 hrs.’ On the feast of St Michael and All Angels, the aforementioned Peter W Ryan calls in and worships and celebrates with us.

Fr Telford, having seemingly been away for a while, signs in on 8th October for what appears to have been his penultimate service, although no mention of this apparent fact is ever recorded.

Backtracking a few days, Fr Hassall recorded, in the margin of 29th September, ‘Severe influenza epidemic.’ Possibly as a result of this, just after St Faith’s Day, a series of weekday services (between October 10th and 12th, between 14th and 19th and variously for four further days a week later) were cancelled – 13 days in all, probably the longest period in our church’s history. The Sundays were covered by Paul Nichols, T.W.A. Sleight (UMCA), Joseph F Parker – and CHT, putting in a solitary and final appearance. The vicar recovers and takes the reins again, but hereafter there are no weekday Tuesday or Thursday services recorded. W.H. ploughs a solitary furrow into the winter; on Wednesday December 11th he presides over an unusually timed Ceremony of Light (Toc H) at 8.45 pm. A week later a Carol Service for Merchant Taylors’ is presided over by T.W.Silkstone (from whom, if it is any interest at all, this writer bought his house a few years later!)

December 23rd is ‘very foggy’ but it doubtless lifted for CHRISTMASS 1957. There were 301 communicants at midnight, out of 402 for the day. The Sunday in the Octave saw a Service of Nine Lessons and Carols as the year drew to its close.

For the year, the devoted Fr Hassall logs 8,011 communicants (slightly down from the previous year’s 8078) £1408.9.3 in collections (well up from £1153) and £48.16.2 in Gift Boxes, as 1957 moves into 1958. Given a fortnight without services towards the end of the year, the figures do the indefatigable parish priest continuing credit as St Faith’s faces a new year.

Chris Price

Lavatory Break

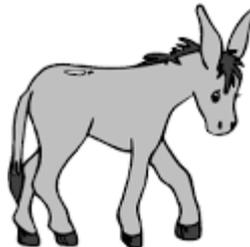
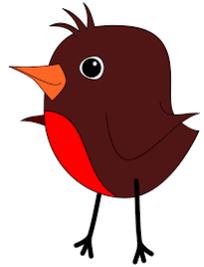


A prisoner who took legal action after he tripped over a slipper when his cell light went out because of an electrical failure was awarded £3,750 after a judge decided the prison authorities had failed to restore power in a reasonable time.

A High Court judge dismissed an appeal by the prison authorities against the award. He heard how the prisoner had had a hip replacement and had mobility problems. He had needed the lavatory during the power cut and tripped while feeling his way in the dark, the judge was told.

Reflections on a Christmas Card

Said the donkey to the robin
'What are you doing here?'
Said the robin to the donkey
I'll soon make that quite clear.
You mark I'm looking upwards,
Your eyes are downward cast.
There's something you are missing.
A vision which must last.
I know I'm small, of little worth,
And you are big and strong,
But I've a secret in my breast,
I'll give it you in song.
But promise first you'll pass it on
To human donkeys too,
Who keep their eyes glued to the ground
And miss the heavenly view,'
'I promise,' neighed the donkey
In best vernacular.
'Then here it is,' the red-breast said:
'The Message of the Star.
Look up, not down. Lift up your heart!
There's Light, there's Joy, there's Hope;
And mortal men need not despair,
As through the world they grope.
Look up! for God has broken through
This sordid earthly scene.
And through its common fabric, weaves
A golden arrasene.
Look up! Look up! though dark the day,
The Christmas Light breaks through,
And human hearts uplifted are,
Where Christ is born anew.'



Child's Play

Running in the playground has been banned by a headmaster who claims it causes too many bumps and bruises. He said the policy was put in place because children kept running into each other, causing injuries.

A petition has been handed in declaring, with pleasing predictability that the ban is 'health and safety gone mad'.

It will not have escaped readers' notice that in recent weeks and months Teddy Bears have featured largely in our church. Twenty of them sit in windowsills and nooks and crannies around the building, each with his or her accompanying story, and they are to be seen in bright colours on the Teddy Tea Towels and the accompanying booklet. The full text of the latter is online at www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/bearnecessities.html



The introductory page of the booklet is reproduced below for anyone still in the dark about this fine project. Oh, and the young - and young at heart - may avail themselves of a Teddy Bear Trail leaflet and questionnaire to send them off on the hunt.

Welcome

... to the Teddy Bears of St Faith's Parish Church, Great Crosby

The idea came from a visit to the Church of St Gregory, Bedale, Yorkshire, by members of our Men's Group. In that church they came across a Teddy Bear Trail, guiding visitors round a series of strategically placed, costumed and decorated teddies, each representing an aspect of their church's life.

Some years later, in October 2016, at the conclusion of a very successful recruiting campaign, the Bears of St Faith's were paraded, blessed and appropriately positioned around our church. Each is accompanied by a plaque explaining its meaning and significance, with the aim of telling visitors (the young and the young at heart!) what goes on in an active, worshipping church community – and possibly helping them to make their own journey of faith.

There are 21 assorted animals to be found around our church and they are illustrated and introduced in this commemorative booklet. We would like to think that they bear witness to the many individuals and organisations who have sponsored, dressed and adorned them, and whose loyalty and faith have sustained the family of St Faith's in the past and, with God's help, will do so for many years to come.

The bears are also featured on the colourful Teddy Bear Tea Towels which have been commissioned to celebrate the arrival of the bears. If you go down to the woods today, you can see the parade on the back cover.

We hope you enjoy our ursine parade and, if you are a visitor, that you will come and see us again. We would be more than happy to welcome you to our church family.

With thanks to Rick Walker, Denis Griffiths, Chris Price and the people of St Faith's

The Earth is the Lord's

A talk given at a service of prayer for the natural world.

As I am getting older I find myself groaning much more. I groan when I stand up after sitting for a while. I groan when I sit after I've been standing for a while. I groan in the morning, groan at night, and groan after I've eaten too much. That's nothing unusual though, because we humans, by nature, are groaners!



In Paul's letter to the Romans, chapter 8, the word groan is used 3 times. We are told that creation groans, we groan, and the Holy Spirit within us groans.

St Paul has been talking to the early Christians about the rich privilege that is ours to be children of God. However, in the midst of these blessings there is also the reality of suffering. Not only is there the natural human suffering of getting older and going through the difficult transitions of life, there is also the suffering that comes from being a child of God. There is a cost that comes with following Jesus.

It is important that we face these times squarely. Make no mistake, the Bible never tells us that if we come to Jesus all our problems will go away. Yes, we will be set free from the condemnation of sin and made new in Christ, but along with this comes the recognition that we are people of God, with a responsibility to care for one another, and for the world in which we live. This may mean that we need to go against the complacent culture of our world, and make our voices heard when speaking out against pollution and all things which result in damaging this earth in which we are privileged to live.

The relationship between human beings and the earth is increasingly complicated and urgent. Every day there are stories about pollution, global warming and animal species facing

extinction, and it is up to humankind to look after the world, and all that is on it. Sadly, although human beings are seen as the most intelligent life form on earth, they are responsible for almost all of the damage done to the planet.

Throughout the scriptures, we get brief, but powerful glimpses of God's great plan. We know from the Genesis account that all of creation was affected by the fall of humanity and we know that all of creation is restored in the redemption of humanity. And it is up to humanity, today, to ensure the earth is secured for the benefit of all who live on it.

Today we are so very aware of the damage being done to the environment; global warming, fossil fuel exhaustion, etc, and so it might come as a surprise to realise that, not only can the world be restored, but that we, as followers of Christ, should be active in leading others to take greater care of our world. The Bible has very little else specific to say about the environment, but it explains the principles of stewardship (responsibility) for God's creation. However, some Christians today still do not believe that taking care of the world is solely their responsibility. This is true to some extent, because as Christians, our main responsibility is in proclaiming the gospels and bringing people to know Christ as Lord and Saviour. But, as well as creating us in His image, God also created the earth and gave it to us to look after.

Some theologians believe that Christian views of creation all too easily become anthropocentric, that is, seeing creation as existing for humanity rather than for God. Though many see creation as being there for human benefit, the bible clearly tells us to take care of creation.

The theologian Calvin was eager to remind humankind of the necessity of taking care of the earth. He said: *“Let him who possesses a field, so partake of its yearly fruits, that he may not suffer the ground to be injured by his negligence; but let him endeavour to hand it down to posterity as he received it, or even better cultivated.*

Moreover, that this economy, and his diligence, with respect to those good things which God has given us to enjoy, may flourish among us; let everyone regard himself as the steward of God in all things which he possesses. Then he will neither conduct himself dissolutely, nor corrupt by abuse those things which God required to be preserved.”

So let us help stop the world from groaning, let us take more care of it, as God commanded; for our sakes, for the future on humankind and all species which live upon it, and in obedience to God's command.



Jackie Parry

On the Road to Recovery

By the time you read this I will have had my 6th (and hopefully last) cycle of chemotherapy, and be looking forward optimistically to a “CT scan” in the New Year. The doctors and staff at Aintree hospital have been fantastic in looking after me and deserve high praise for their sensitive approach to helping me cope with what was a devastating diagnosis.

I want to thank everyone for all their Get Well cards, messages, emails, 'phone calls, beautiful flowers and of course your prayers. Included among them were messages from five previous incumbents! All these have helped during the first five difficult months.

Thank you also for the delicious meals that you have sent Rick to help keep his spirits up – I know that he really appreciated them!

Once I have been given the All Clear following the scan, we can start planning our caravan holidays for next year and if we are lucky will re-book the cruise that we were to have taken this autumn around the Mediterranean.

Please continue to pray for us and for all those who have health issues – believe me when I say that the feeling of support from St Faith's has been an important part of the journey. I wish everyone a Happy Christmas and hope that 2017 will be a really great year for St Faith's.

Rosie Walker

This and That

You have been reading the November magazine, whatever the calendar tells you. The editor apologises for the delay, and looks forward once again to the resumption of normal services by the year's end (or even the year's beginning). At the time of going to press (he always enjoys such delusions of grandeur) our eighth annual Christmas Tree Festival, despite such minor crises as the non-arrival of the actual trees until the day of opening, has proved a delight and a success, with the Teddy Bear Trail captivating children and the Military Band thrilling a full church. Whenever the next magazine appears, it will look back in satisfaction on a splendid week: meanwhile there are some pictures to be going on in the middle of this issue – with more words and photos next time. Oh, and the editor apologises for trotting out once again his favourite ever cartoon on the back page.

Christmas is coming...

... and the services follow the usual pattern.

December 24th (Christmas Eve)

The Christingle Service at 5.30 pm; Midnight Mass at 11.30 pm

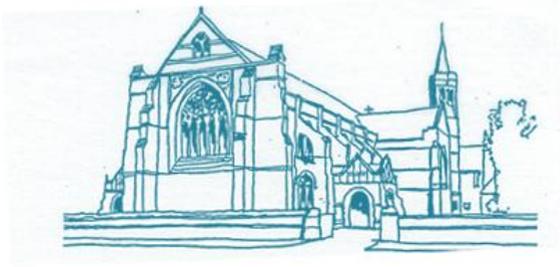
December 25th (Christmas Day) ; Sung Eucharist at 11.00 am

December 26th Holy Eucharist at 10.30 am

December 27th Holy Eucharist at 10.30 am at St John's Church

December 28th Holy Eucharist at 10.30 am at St Mary's, Waterloo Park





The Parish Directory and Church Organisations

VICAR

Vacancy

For all enquiries ring 928 3342

Parish Administrative Assistant email dunngoeff@talk21.com

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CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER

Ms Helen Kibbey, 17 Oxford Road, Waterloo. L22 3XB. 293 3416

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

Mrs Jackie Parry. 928 0726

Mrs Brenda Cottarel. 928 4275

MEN'S GROUP

Monthly as announced. Geoff Moss 928 1273

BEAVER SCOUTS

Thursday 5.00 – 6.15 pm Mike Carr. 293 3416

CUB SCOUTS

Thursday 6.30 – 8.00 pm. Mike Carr. 293 3416

SCOUTS

Thursday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. Mike Carr. 293 3416

RAINBOWS

Monday 4.45 - 5.45 pm. Geraldine Forshaw. 928 5204

BROWNIE GUIDES

Monday 6.00 - 7.30 pm. Mary McFadyen. 284 0104

CHOIR PRACTICE

Friday 7.30 pm - 8.45 pm.

MAGAZINE EDITOR and WEBSITE MANAGER

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The next magazine will be a joint December/January issue, and will doubtless arrive some time early next year. More than happy to print (almost) all offerings at any time.

Church website: www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk

Online edition: www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/magazine.pdf

Online events diary: www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/googlecalendar.html

Friends of St Faith's Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/23599022440/>

email: cdavidprice@gmail.com



"Strictly speaking," said the archdeacon, "you should have applied for a faculty"



THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



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