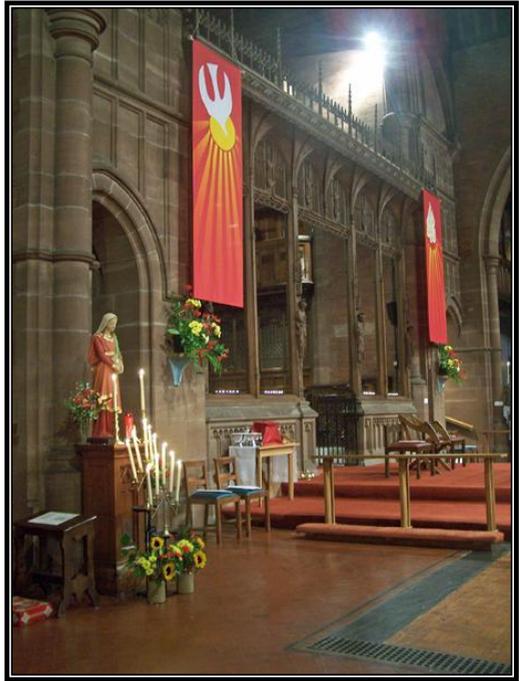


Newslink

**ST FAITH'S CHURCH, GREAT CROSBY
PARISH MAGAZINE**

OCTOBER 2013

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00am SOLEMN MASS and Children's Church
1.00pm Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Please see details week by week posted on the website bulletin:
<http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/bulletin.pdf>

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.

IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

Please telephone 928 3342 or a member of the ministry team.



From the Ministry Team

Redemption is one of those safe religious words that trips off the tongue of the preacher and flows unobtrusively in one ear and out the other of the religious consumer. It does not, generally, pass through the mind. No disturbance is caused. It is part of a whole insider's vocabulary. The programmed Christian expects to be fed these words, feels well satisfied and has every reason to believe that what she or he has been fed is the Word of God itself.

To the "unconverted" these words convey no meaning, at all. Shouting them from the roof-tops is no way of breaking through the communication barrier. Nor will packaging them in ancient or modern hymn tunes do the trick. The breakthrough to a living faith does not just call for a new vocabulary; it calls for something like re-birth, with all the attendant traumas. At least to begin with, we cannot do without words, words that begin to open the mind and strengthen the heart. Liberation is such a word. Prisoners know what it means. Slaves know what it means. For hungry people it means bread.

Liberation can, of course, be forced back into a religious ghetto, narrowed down to fit into a set of doctrines. It can be tamed; but not easily, and not at all, if, as the scriptures insist, our faith is about discipleship. And discipleship (another word in need of a fresh arising) is about following a person; following, not blindly, but out of a trusting relationship.

Moses was such a person. He was close to God. The people of Israel, in slavery in Egypt, saw that he was close to God. When Moses gave his people God's law to live by, they knew that it was genuine, even when they failed to observe it. Now they could measure their own lives against the demands of a just and caring god. "Trust me," said Moses, "and – against all the odds – I shall lead you to the borders of the Promised Land; lead you out of slavery".

Moses was true to his word. And God kept faith with Moses. Then the people of Israel began a new, long wait for the promised Messiah who would usher in "a new heaven and a new earth". Could the young, radical rabbi, Jesus of Nazareth, possible be that

person? Again, against all the odds, some of his fellow Jews believed it and followed him. Only four, it seems, had the kind of faith, however, to follow him all the way to the place of his execution for the crime of blasphemy and of allegedly claiming to be some kind of King. Of those four, three were women. One of those women was to be the first to tell the world that Jesus was alive. Alive to give new hope to all people: men and women and children, Jews and Samaritans and Romans, friends and enemies. Now the Mosaic law, like all good gifts not to be despised, was no longer the last word: the last word was love. That was the freedom; and always had been. "Love God and love one another" had always been the summary of the old law. John spelt out what that meant by how he lived and died: no one would or could be excluded from God's love. This was not cheap grace that could be earned with a little effort. It was a free gift, inviting love in response.

But Jesus warned his friends that their new found freedom was dangerous in a world of sin. They were to expect treatment no better than his own: "All will hate you for your allegiance to me, but those who held out to the end will be saved". That is the good news that, will wipe away our easy smiles and, in the end all our tears. Then words like a liberation and redemption will be needed no more.

With my love and prayers,

Fr Dennis



On Sunday, September 15th the Archdeacon of Liverpool, Ven. Ricky Panter, brought this statement to the PCC's and members of both churches in the Benefice. He asked for prayer for all concerned at this time.

St Faith's Great Crosby with St Mary's Waterloo

The Bishop of Warrington has been made aware of serious relationship difficulties within St Faith's Church. As a result he is instigating an Episcopal Visitation whereby your Priest in Charge, Fr Simon Tibbs, has agreed to step aside temporarily to enable a senior church leader, nominated by the bishop, to investigate and report on the situation.

This may take some time in order to enable a reflective process to be set in train, for the congregation and its leaders, and to prepare the way for a resolution. The retired Bishop of Hulme, Rt Rev Stephen Lowe, is the Bishop's nominated Visitor. The initial period for the Visitation will be six months from the date of the Notice. During this time the Bishop will ensure that the ministry of St Faith's church and parish continues under the supervision of an experienced priest. He has asked Fr Paul Nener to fulfil this supervisory role, for which a working agreement will be negotiated with the archdeacon, the wardens and Fr Denis Smith. It is the bishop's desire that Fr Paul should receive a warm welcome and full support.

Fr Simon Tibbs will temporarily move house (and it is intended the vicarage will be let) and will continue to minister as Priest in Charge at St Mary's Waterloo.

It is clear to the Bishop that he could not allow the current discord within the church community of St Faith's to continue. The Visitation will enable him to get a clear understanding of the underlying issues in order to discern the parish's future path. Apart from acknowledging the existence of serious relationship difficulties, this process implies no prior judgement regarding the abilities and calling of Fr Simon Tibbs.

The Bishop's main priority is to make sure the worshipping life of St Faith's can carry on during this period. The Bishop is also calling for the fullest co-operation possible from all members of both churches, particularly those who have written to him expressing their concerns, with Bishop Stephen Lowe's Visitation.

Saint Elsewhere

Chris Price



St Faith's, Great Crosby is of course, rightly seen by our people as the epicentre of celebrating our patron saint – although we might acknowledge the part played by the community at Conques in France, where more than a few have made pilgrimage from Crosby. But as we prepare to honour Faith on October 6th, it is good to pay tribute to the other places in our own land and further afield where she is honoured.

Over the years I have assembled a list of churches and assorted establishments which bear the name of St Faith. You may be surprised to know that the list currently stands at 56, and occasional additions are still being made. Some 39 of these are in England, mostly in the south, with 5 elsewhere in the UK and 12 overseas. The full list may be accessed on the church website at www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/sfchurcheslist.html with links to those which have their own websites.

And if you go to www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/saintelsewhere.html there are a series of illustrated articles about a good number of the churches and places on the list. Most of them are, like us, normal, unremarkable parish churches scattered around the land, but some have what are known as 'Unique Selling Points'. Here are a few samples to whet the appetite.

St Faith's, Ohenimu, Rotorua, New Zealand, is known as the Maori Church, and features a window depicting Christ walking on the waters, dressed in traditional Maori costume, topped with Kiwi feathers. The 'church' of St Faith in a suburb of **Hemel Hempstead** was, for a time, situated in the vicar's garage (A 'house church' with a

difference). The chapel in the asylum known as the **Stanley Royd Hospital** was dedicated to our saint. Saint Faith's at **Belper Lane End.**, in Derbyshire, was when last heard of being put up for sale, despite a vigorous campaign by its small congregation. Another St Faith's, at **Dunswell**, near Hull, suffered serious flood damage a few years ago and the congregation worshipped that Christmas in a nearby hostelry, the Ship Inn, prompting the inevitable headline in their local paper: 'Fathers, Sons and holy spirits', and the equally inevitable references to their being room at the inn.

There are chapels to, or bearing images of our saint in **Westminster Abbey**, **St Paul's Cathedral** and **Tewkesbury Abbey**. The **crematorium** for the city of Norwich is known as St Faith's and is where this writer's father was cremated. And to conclude, a few oddities not identified with a particular church. Back on home turf, there is a setting entitled 'Saint Faith' of the well-known hymn, '**Sun of my Soul**' by one-time organist at St Faith's, Mr George Lewis. A **ferry** plying out of Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight is called 'Saint Faith'. In remote areas of Canada, a lay organisation that called itself '**The Bishop's Messengers of St Faith's**' was at work in the first half of the last century. And finally, and even more remotely, there were to be found a few **St Faith's** tokens: rare and valuable South African tokens whose origins are obscure but which may be connected with a Roman Catholic mission somewhere out there. Our blessed patroness certainly seems to have got around a lot since here fiery origins; it is good to think of here being the centre of worship in so many places near and far, and to wonder in how many of them prayers are offered on October 6th each year.

Chronicles of a Choirboy



*This second instalment of **Graham Barry's** memoirs of his years at St Faith's carries the story forward to the early 1950s. It might have been better termed 'Carry on Camping' as it focuses memorably on the delights of life under canvas in the uniformed organisations of over 60 years ago. Graham has asked that we publish his email address on the off-chance that anyone reading his articles might remember him and get in touch. He is grahambarry@optusnet.com.au*

The sheer excitement of Cubs reached its peak at camp. Just one night away from home and under canvas, but it was probably the first night most of us had spent away from our mothers. I didn't know anything about it (aged 9 or 10) until I was offered a place because someone else couldn't go. Of course I was grossly ill-equipped, I whose mother had to be dragged kicking and screaming to buy my uniform, and who got the wrong type of cap because John Manners Emporium in South Road didn't have the full gear and there was no way she was going into Liverpool to the Scout Shop. So I grabbed a coloured blanket I thought was suitable and ignored the warnings of one of the others about how cold it got at nights and headed off.

It seemed that Akela - Mr Houldin - Sir - was the director of a timber firm in Liverpool in his other life. He was evidently pretty well off, living apparently alone in

a big house in a posh road until he took in a niece and her son when her marriage broke up. But he used to load us on to the back of one of the timber trucks with all the gear and off we went to an outer rural area of Liverpool known only for being close to Rainhill, where there was reputed to be a lunatic asylum, as they were still called, at least by us.

We were in our element. This was what it was all about, running wild in a gang out in the country, albeit for just 24 hours or so. Kenny Charnock was full of his wonderful sleeping bag – “made of real goose feathers!” – and I think it was he who warned me how cold I was going to be, and sure enough he was right: I hardly got a wink of sleep, quite apart from the fact we all couldn’t stop talking for sheer excitement of being under canvas. There’d been a camp fire, over which something or other was cooked, and lots of campfire songs. We had a whale of a time, but I was sure glad when the sun came up and I could get some heat back into my bones. At some point, either that camp or the next one, Kenny rather foolishly stored a big bottle of lemonade in his goosefeather sleeping bag and of course it broke: no more skitting about goose feathers for Kenny.

A funny thing happened on that first camp away from home, which I’ve only just remembered. I took some of our Fairy soap with me, but as soon as he saw it, Kenny Charnock let out a whoop of laughter, and said, “You’ve brought kitchen soap!” I didn’t know what he was talking about. As a matter of fact we used an industrial strength yellowy soap for household things at home. But the fact was I didn’t know anything about toilet soap, it was all one to me. Now Kenny wouldn’t knowingly hurt anyone’s feelings for the world and immediately glossed it over when he saw my incomprehension, quickly saying, “Oh actually it’s good for you.. .” It was another of those tiny moments when the gradual transition from working class to middle class makes itself apparent.

I was hooked on camping from then on. I loved methodically putting up tents and lighting fires the right way, and as time went on those camps got progressively more exciting, especially when, aged 12, we progressed to the Scouts. Again a lot of the glamour of that was sparked by Kenny Charnock progressing to the Scouts a year ahead of us and going to his first week-long camp at Coniston Water, as it was known locally. Lake Coniston was part of the Lake District, and it just so happened that Sir Malcolm Campbell was going for the world water speed record there that summer. Kenny came back flourishing his autograph, full of tales of all the dirty songs he’d learned, or half learned, round the camp fire or on the lorry, like ‘The Good Ship Venus’.

We – that was, from memory, me, Stan Spencer, George Pass and Dave Mawdsley, who’d all progressed more or less together – were a bit disappointed not to go to Coniston in our first year ourselves, but in fact we went to somewhere equally exciting, the Isle of Anglesey. I suppose I was a bit blasé because I’d been there a couple of times in the family car, visiting my brother when he was on HMS Conway, and based in the Menai Straits, but this turned out to be very different, with a crowd (troop) of largely older boys and a company of Girl Guides in an adjoining field! The

farmer must have let them out as a business arrangement. There was instant electricity between the older boys and girls, and the younger ones too, though not quite the same. My patrol leader, Peter Howarth, who was supposed to be madly in love with buxom Barbara Skinner back home, was immediately taken with one of the more nubile Guides and between them they cooked up a plan to all meet at night in the barn that the lucky Guides had to sleep in.

While the overall memories of that Anglesey camp are enchanted, the things that stick in my mind are, first, that Peter Howarth, who was actually our head choirboy and the first kid I ever knew to have appendicitis, turned out to be a sadistic bully who bashed me around at every opportunity; second, just after we'd all bedded down at night, the seniors would bring round a big dixie of cocoa, and Stan Spencer managed to inveigle his way into their numbers doling it out; and thirdly being scared shitless by a weird insect in the woods, poetic justice since Kenny Charnock had managed to slice a dragonfly in half in our first half hour there, lashing out with his sheath knife.

Quite out of the blue my mother appeared unexpectedly half way through the week, having driven a carload of Mrs Mawdsley, Mrs Spencer, Mrs Howarth and somebody else to make sure their little darlings were all right. My mother was the life and soul of the party, joking and clowning around, so out of character as far as I was concerned, a side I'd never seen. They were laden up with tins of fruit and evaporated milk that we all made ourselves sick with that night. Oh, and Steve Cook, son of the church's cleaning lady, came down with inflamed kidneys on the first night, presumably from the hard cold ground and was laid out for the rest of the time.

No, maybe that was the next year, in Wales? That year (1951) I'd just been for a fortnight's youth hostelling through Germany with a school group and was scheduled to arrive back the day after they'd left. So Mum and Harry dutifully drove me there – I wasn't prepared to miss out – and we arrived in pouring rain to be greeted by the terminally weird Dave White, the deputy scout leader who was running things.

As luck would have it, it poured down the entire week. It really is very hard to sustain the euphoria of the experience when you're largely stuck inside the tents and if you touch the sides it causes a drip, and the whole site is a mud-bath. It was not a success.

In between times we would go for individual weekend patrol camps at a place called Tawd Vale, somewhere near Ormskirk, on the bus. It must have been owned collectively by the Scout movement, because it was a mecca for different troops through the whole district.. We were called the 10th Crosby. Tawd Vale was actually a great place. I remember going one weekend with our scoutmaster, a guy called George Goodwin who had a glass eye. There was a creek there where it was just about deep enough to splash around in a pool, no matter how cold or rainy, but the most memorable part was that George's glass eye went out of kilter at one point and no one dared tell him – it looked really spooky – and he didn't realise until he came to shave the next morning. He was not happy.

Another time I went in a group that included the odious Bruce Moffitt and a kid called

something like David Johnson, a none-too-clean kid who lived in Jubilee Road, one of Crosby's few remaining slums. During the night he started vomiting copiously, and there was no doubt in his mind and experience that he had a migraine, something I'd never heard of. But all Bruce Moffitt could go on about was that his clothes stank, something that wasn't as obvious to me with my background.

There was one year when the annual camp was at Tawd Vale which I thought was a bit of a cop-out and wouldn't go – after all I had to extract the cost of going from my Mum; not an easy task at the best of times. By the time I went again we must have been seniors, i.e. over 15, because by then Tom Pincock had left the school troop and joined ours, possibly because his older brother James had begun to take a role as a scout leader. I was never sure why he did, but Jimmy was a good guy, a 6th former at Merchants on the science side, and an Armour prize winning pianist/organist, under the tutelage of St Faith's organist, Mr Pratt I think.

To be continued

A Hymn for the Patronal Festival

Lord of our life, we lift our hearts
In thankfulness and praise.
Your guiding hand has kept and held
And led us all our days.
How great your mercies through the years;
How great your love outpoured.
Make of our lives an offering,
Our living, loving Lord.

For those who raised this house of faith
And served it through the years;
Who worshipped in this family
And shared its joy and tears;
Within these walls they found the grace
To see their journey through;
Victors at last in life's long race,
We gave them back to you.

Lord, for a century of praise
Here on this holy ground;
For Faith in whose strong sacrifice
Our watchword still is found,
We give you thanks, and ask your grace
For holiness like hers:
To keep the faith
Throughout the turning years.



All of our life, in every step,
By you is known and planned;
All of the future, yet unknown,
Is safely in your hand.
Here we remake a living story:
Here we your grace implore;
Christ be our light, our power, our glory,
Now and for evermore.

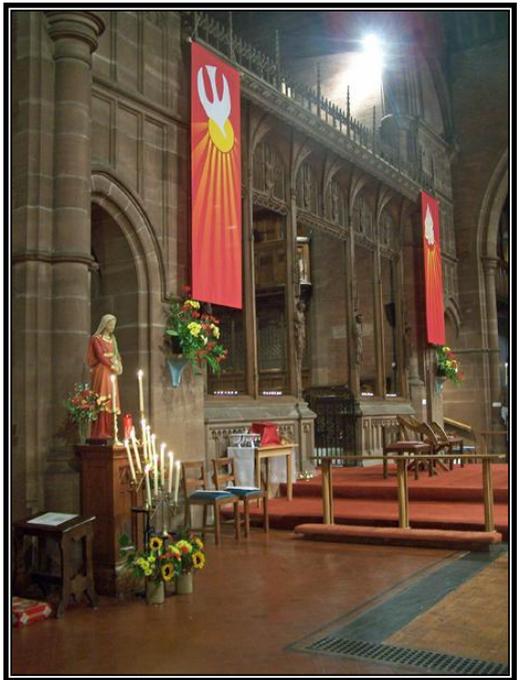


‘The Moving Finger Writes...’

... But when it writes these days, does it use a pen or a computer keyboard? My generation (which means yours, looking around the pews), grew up, of course, in an age when fountain pens ruled, ballpoint pens were a novelty, and handwriting was guided by principles of elegant calligraphy. There was (and doubtless still is) shorthand to speed up the process of recording and writing, but the norm was that of pen on paper. The only keyboards were on typewriters, usually manual but then electric, but those who used them were taught the rules of spelling, grammar, punctuation, layout and associated etiquette and expected to abide by them. Newspapers were produced by elaborate and clever machines which converted keyboard keystrokes to ‘hot metal’ – cast slugs of lead with raised letters which, when locked together in rows, eventually produced newsprint on newspaper. Remember John Bull printing outfits?

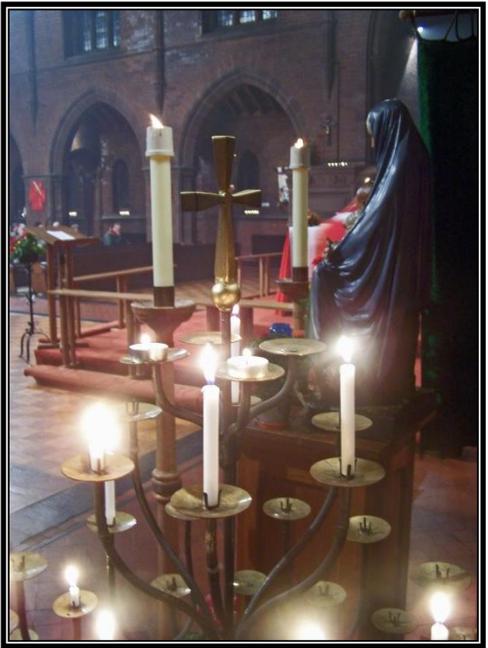
For this writer, the age of enlightenment dawned with the arrival at the school where I taught of the first (slow, primitive) computers. At first I couldn’t really see the point of them (who needed glorified typewriters?), until a colleague persuaded me that they were the future of communication. I dipped a tentative toe in the electronic pool and began the process of coming to terms with such arcane terminology as WYSIWYG and living in a WIMP environment (ask Denis Griffiths). I did a bit of tentative programming (I refuse to use the American spelling) and in due course the rest, as they say, is history.

With access to this new world spreading through the population, the changes in communications lifestyle have come thick and fast, if sometimes imperceptibly. Bulky, slow desktop computers have been joined by portable laptops, and more recently by tablets (i-Pads for most, but mine is the superior Samsung Galaxy!) - and are now even smaller with ever more sophisticated Smart Phones and even wrist-worn devices. And telephones, breaking away from their anchorages on walls, became free to roam house-wide, and then, with the swift advent of the mobile phone, world-wide. As they have become little computers in their own right, the distinction between computers, phones and now televisions is becoming blurred, as the world is diminished and words, pictures and information became instant common property.



Patronal Images

Scenes from Patronal Festival High Masses in previous years at St Faith's.
This year's service in on St Faith's Day, Sunday, October 6th at 11.00 am



'In our Day of Thanksgiving'



And the moving finger? Fewer and fewer of us use pens, at least for the old-fashioned creating of letters and memoirs. Most of us probably rely on a keyboard or a touch screen to record, access and convey information. We increasingly rely on search engines to take the place of dictionaries and encyclopaedias, store our memories, pictures and films online, and often read books on a screen rather than on a paper page. And if this is true for ‘silver surfers’ (I quite like being one of these), it is even truer for our grandchildren, for whom life without their electronic gizmos is almost unthinkable.

Good or bad? The heated debate is constant, with the critics lambasting the new generation for their obsessive tweeting and texting, while the latter pour scorn on the unwired for missing out on the richness of their cherished electronic lives. But, like it or not, the new world is upon us, as reality blends with virtual reality, and it seems only sensible to do what has always been best practice when faced with potentially threatening change: adapt, rather than die, enjoy the best of the new and filter out the worst. Everyone will have their own scorecard, but for what it’s worth, this is my tentative tally of the pros and cons of the world of Facebook, Wikipedia, the cloud, the Kindle, the busy texting thumbs and the endlessly evolving electronic universe.

The down side: the much-criticised bad-mannered obsession with non-stop texting at the expense of direct social intercourse. The lazy over-reliance on dubious sources of online information as a substitute for proper enquiry and research. The decline of measured and accurately-expressed opinion in an age of easy and unconsidered messaging. The very real and evident danger of stalking, bullying and grooming on social media sites. The devaluing of sex through easy access to pornography. The disenfranchising of those who cannot keep up with new technology. The obsessive need to record trivial details about ordinary lives in blogs and tweets. The illusion that the virtual world is as valid as, or even a good substitute for, the real world.

The up side: increasingly easy access to world-wide information on every topic under the sun – and an opportunity to develop critical skills by discriminating between the useful and the worthless. The ability to keep in touch by words and pictures with family and friends at any distance. The capacity to organise and store images, memories and records and to retrieve them at will. For those unable to live the full lives they would choose, the chance to experience at least an image of their dreams in increasingly lifelike virtual reality. For those unable to spell or write fluently, automatic electronic correction and improvement of their outpourings. For the lost or in danger, a lifeline of access to help and rescue. Navigational aids to guide those who are too lazy to read maps half way across the world (and sometimes down blind alleys). The opportunity to create stylish books, magazines, galleries, debating chambers, forums and so on, via self-publishing and self-designed websites. A meeting place for like-minded people and a comfort to the lonely, the housebound and the shy. Clever electronic adaptations for even the severely handicapped to communicate. The creation of a world where tyranny, dictatorship, political censorship, exploitation and corruption are increasingly hard to conceal, and where the truth may more easily prevail. And that is my choice.

Of course the electronic age has made it all too easy for evil to proliferate – but equally clearly what is good in our world and our society has a greater chance to flourish. For Christians, there has never been a time which offered more opportunity to spread the gospel and reach out the hand of love and friendship. ‘The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on...’ As the pen makes way for the mouse, the keyboard or the stylus, that finger now moves across the touch-screens of the world and reveals ever more of God’s universe of infinite possibility and delight.

Chris Price



Registering the Past

Last month’s meander through the closing pages of the second service register of St Faith’s ended with the continuing evidence of growth in 1919. Weekday and Sunday worship is increasingly well-attended, Festal Evensong seems well established, and visiting preachers seem almost to be queuing up to grace St Faith’s pulpit, six feet, as they say, above contradiction. Collections are equally faithfully registered, with those at the Tuesday Holy Communion regularly going to ‘Rescue and Preventive Work’ (although with takings between 1s.1d and 3s 7d on typical days, it is unclear how much Work this would have bought.)

As 1919, the first full year of peace, draws to a close, Messrs Brierley and Scholfield faithfully maintain the fabric of daily worship, with twelve services recorded in an average week. Little else is logged of special interest, although it is just possible to see squeezed in, on Thursday 11th December, a service labelled ‘Service and Address’, conducted by JB, with the provocative address title of ‘The Church and Romanism’. 88 attended, and coughed up 16s.2d. This seems to have been one of a short series on various denominations: for the record, there were 66 present for ‘Congregationalism’ but only 39 for ‘The Baptists’!

On the second Sunday in Advent, there were 194 seated for the Choral Eucharist, 104 at the Children’s Service and 317 at Evensong. Christmas Eve featured and 8pm Festal Evensong (still no sign of a Midnight Mass!), and Christmas Day (a Thursday and ‘Very Wet’) attracted 351 communicants for three services. St Stephen (Boxing Day) saw a 9.15 am ‘Sung Eucharist’ (subtle distinction perhaps?) with 56 present but just 9 communicants.

The turning of the year saw a distinctive change. Flagged up as Festival of the Circumcision of Our Lord, there was the first recorded ‘Mid-Night Sung Eucharist’ with 184 present and no fewer than 66 communicants. It is interesting to speculate as to the way the fasting rule was applied: this was the highest figure for some time for a

service other than the early Sunday eucharists. It is also interesting to note the replacement of the Protestant Watch-night/New Year's Day terminology with the uncompromisingly Catholic Circumcision (as it were!).

Numbers hold up as 1920 begins – 200 at a Sunday Sung Eucharist – now regularly so termed, so perhaps the distinction between 'Sung' and 'Choral' is of no significance – and 357 for Evensong. That Sunday is recorded as being 'Very Wet – All Day', yet there seem to have been well over 600 attendees over the course of the day. Clearly they were made of sterner stuff than their modern day counterparts.

The vestry red ink bottle, seemingly empty for many weeks, gets a refill for 1920, to provide the rubrics for Sundays and the Festival of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Ash Wednesday sees four services, including a well-attended Evensong and Sermon. Gerald E. Jones preached that one, and on the following Sunday evening M.L.Warrington (the bishop) preached to 473 devotees, making just under 900 worshippers for the day in all.

During Lent there is an extra early Sunday Holy Communion, although one of them only yielded 9 pence on the plate! R.F. Bradley took a C.E.M.S service one Sunday, while the splendidly-named G.Hardwick Spooner spoke to 377 Evensong attendees. In between there is a collection given to 'S.Chad's College, Durham' – one of the relatively infrequent references to our patrons and Douglas Horsfall's creation. C.L.Elcum, still going strong since his presence at the church's consecration 20 years before, preached on Lent 4. Amazingly, on Tuesday 23rd March at 8.00 pm, there were 297 present for a Service and Address given by a certain Wakeford (initials unclear) The next day the aforementioned M.L.Warrington signs in for a confirmation service (no further details given), followed the day after by a red-letter minuscule 'Festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.' Three days later Palm Sunday, with just under 700 total attendees, and a sermon by the Vicar of St Peter, Rock Ferry, ushers in Holy Week.

As might be expected, there were even more eucharists in Holy Week – two or three per day as well as evening addresses. Maundy Thursday has yet to develop its current pattern, but featured an evening Preparation for Easter Communion. Likewise Good Friday saw no communion, but there were 196 present for the Three Hours to hear the Rector of Sefton, and 130 in the Parish Hall at 8.00 pm for the first recorded Lantern Service. No vigil or the like on Easter Eve – but no fewer than seven services on Easter Day, starting at 6.00 am and ending at 6.30 pm. In all there were 321 communicants on the day, but a very impressive total attendance of 1,167 – 460 of them at Evensong. Low Sunday belied the name, with 355 at Evensong.

Emerging from this welter of minute detail, it is sufficient to say that in the weeks that followed the pattern is sustained, with regular attendances of well over 200 for the Sunday Choral Eucharists, and anything from 280 to 350 in the evening. At Whitsun (still so labelled) the hardworking Assistant Curate reaped a Whitsun Offering of 17.8.10 (850 bottoms on seats for the day). On June 13th Alfred B. Edlestone signs in,

and officiates regularly until July 2nd: the curate is away, perhaps spending his £17.8.10. P.Youlden Johnson (a name from the past) is around twice in July, otherwise the services, attendances and collections roll on through the summer. 'A.B.E.' is back, this time seemingly giving JB a break, from mid-July to late August. The next landmark comes with the familiar date of Wednesday, October 6th.

Definitely a red letter festival in 1920. The eve is marked by Festal Evensong (134 present); the day starts with an unusually time 6.45 am Choral Eucharist (75) and another Festal Evensong (121). Over the Octave there are five visiting clergy signing in. One of whom (A.E.Crowder) preached to 435 folk on the Sunday within the octave. This was easily beaten a few weeks later when G.H.Jobling preached to 619 souls at Harvest Thanksgiving Evensong. U.M.C.A. (Universities' Mission to Central Africa, a High Church organisation) was the focus for St Andrew's day.

Suddenly – shock, horror - we read that Evensong on December 12th pulled in a mere 149 people, whereas there had been 151 for the morning Choral Eucharist. The reason is clear – SNOW is reported for the evening. Christmas Day saw 261 communicants and 445 attendees – and still no Midnight Mass. December 31st ushered in 1921 with another midnight Circumcision special, and another year settles down to the familiar pattern of wall-to-wall services.

As we rush through the last few pages of this first register and enter Lent, there seem for a while to be fewer huge evensong turnouts, although there were 490 on the 2nd Sunday in Lent, oddly annotated as SELF-DENIAL SUNDAY. The final page of the book records a daily weekday Holy Communion, with between 3 and 8 communicants, 667 bottoms on pews for the 1 Sunday – and one final meteorological observation on almost the last line before the register runs out. It is WET.

Chris Price



The Waterloo Partnership

You are cordially invited to join other supporters of the Partnership for a lunch at St John's school on Saturday 9th November, by kind permission of the Vicar and PCC of St John, Waterloo and of the Head Teacher, Mrs S. D'Alton'

As they enter their 9th year of work the Partnership need your help more than ever to continue their work in education, health and community support.

The meal will cost just £12 for 3 courses and soft drinks – and will start at 1.00p.m. If you have not been to St John's School before then come and see the inspirational building in the heart of Waterloo.

Tickets will be on sale shortly from Rosie and Rick Walker.



Quiz Night

in aid of Emily Skinner's Malawi Fund

Saturday 26th October at 7.30pm

Tickets £6 – includes supper (bring your own bottle)

Entertainment by Southport College Performing Arts Students



Bear Fruit for the Future this Harvest

This harvest, as we celebrate God's bountiful creation, our church is standing alongside communities in Brazil whose most important harvest is under massive threat.

Did you know that every Brazil nut you've ever eaten was gathered from wild trees in the Amazon rainforest? They cannot be cultivated: they do not survive without the complex forest ecosystem and are dependent on particular types of bees, orchids and rodents that live there.

Every March, Bebé Albenize and her community work incredibly hard gathering Brazil nuts from the rainforest. These nuts play a central role in the life of the community, who live in poverty. They provide vital nutrients in a place where up to 10 per cent of children are malnourished, and they are virtually the only source of income for buying essentials like medicine. Without the nuts, life would be almost impossible for the community: and yet the rainforest is under threat from mining and logging companies. That's why Christian Aid partner the Pro-Indigenous Commission of São Paulo (CPI) is helping the community gain the legal rights to its land.

As we celebrate God's good gifts this harvest, let us remember CPI's work, Bebé's community and their struggle to protect this complex and fragile creation. This harvest, we are helping them bear fruit for the future. Thank you so much for all you can give.

'Pray for us to find a way to make a living from the Brazil nuts and continue living here on our lands.' The harvest appeal will support Christian Aid's work in Brazil and around the world.



Welby: Church on Edge of a Precipice

The Archbishop of Canterbury has warned that the Anglican church is tottering on the brink of disintegration amid disputes between liberals and traditionalists. In his most stark comments yet about divisions over issues such as homosexuality, the

Most Rev Justin Welby said the Church was coming perilously close to plunging into a "ravine of intolerance". He even drew parallels between the crisis afflicting the 77 million-strong worldwide network of Anglican churches and the atmosphere during the Civil War. And he likened the collective behaviour of the Church to a "drunk man" staggering ever closer to the edge of a cliff. Many of the issues over which different factions in the Church were fighting were "incomprehensible" to people outside it.

He spoke out during a sermon in Monterrey, Mexico, which he was visiting as part of a plan to travel to every province of the Anglican Communion at the start of his ministry. He has inherited a Church deeply divided at home and abroad. At home, he has been attempting to resolve the seemingly intractable disagreements within the Church of England over women bishops. But the worldwide Anglican Church has also been split between liberal provinces and more conservative regions for several years after the US Church consecrated its first openly homosexual bishop.

Archbishop Welby said the Church had to steer a course between, on one hand, compromising so much that it abandoned its "core beliefs" and, on the other, becoming so intolerant that it fractured completely. Addressing a service in Monterrey, he spoke about the life of Jeremy Taylor, a cleric imprisoned after the Civil War. "I sometimes worry that as Anglicans we are drifting back in that direction," he said. "Not consciously, of course, but in an unconscious way that is more dangerous. Like a drunk man walking near the edge of a cliff, we trip and totter and slip and wander, ever nearer to the edge of the precipice.

"It is a dangerous place, a narrow path we walk as Anglicans at present. "On one side is the steep fall into an absence of any core beliefs, a chasm where we lose touch with God, and thus we rely only on ourselves and our own message. On the other side there is a vast fall into a ravine of intolerance and cruel exclusion. It is for those who claim all truth, and exclude any who question. When we fall into this place, we lose touch with human beings and create many small churches - divided, ineffective in serving the poor, the hungry and the suffering, incapable of living with each other, and incomprehensible to those outside the church. "We struggle with each other at a time when the Anglican Communion's great vocation as bridge builder is more needed than ever."

John Bingham, Social Affairs Editor, Daily Telegraph

Archbishop Welby makes reference above to the thorny issue of women bishops. Those of us who welcome these good ladies will have been heartened to hear that the Church in Wales had just agreed to allow women to become bishops. Like their counterpart Anglican churches in Scotland and Ireland, they have accepted the principle, with resounding majorities in their three debating house, although in none of these three communities have any women actually donned the mitre.

This leaves the Church of England as the only U.K. Anglican body to have so far resisted the move, although doing so recently by a tiny majority. It seems inevitable that, like the majority of overseas Anglican churches, the running tide will sweep away this last barrier before long. As a result, doubtless the Archbishop's problems will grow even greater, and the minority of Anglicans unable in good faith to accept the ministry of women priests, let alone bishops, facing a painful dilemma. As Dr Welby's metaphorical drunk man staggers nearer to the cliff edge, we can only hope and pray for a soft landing for the Church.
Ed.

Sonnet for Saint Faith's

They built in trust before the houses came —
Foursquare uncompromising brick and stone
And gave their church a fearful martyr's name
To mark its witness where it stood alone.

Thus Douglas Horsfall's bounty came to be,
Founded in faith, sailing against the tide —
People and priests one in adversity
With prayer and sacrament their daily guide.

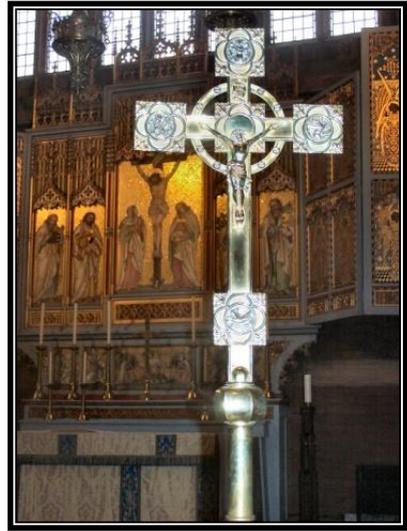
So through a century this temple grew:
Succeeding generations gave their best
To pass this blessing to the steadfast few
Who loved this place and found in Faith their rest.

Ours is that trust: to guard in latter days,
For all who come, a house of prayer and praise.



The Editor, who also wrote this poem, is embarrassed by the endless stream of writing emanating from him this month and for the smaller than usual size of the issue. Readers are implored to supply more material in future months and break this near monopoly!

The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



VICAR

Temporarily unavailable

PARISH OFFICE

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

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19440

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Mrs Maureen Madden, 37 Abbotsford Gardens, Crosby. L23 3AP. 924 2154

DEPUTY CHURCH WARDENS

Mrs Christine Spence, 52 Molyneux Road, Waterloo. L22 4QZ. 284 9325

Ms Brenda Cottarel, 6 Lawton Road, Waterloo. L22 9QL. 928 4275

TREASURER

Mr David Jones, 65 Dunbar Road, Birkdale, Southport PR8 4RJ. 01704 567782

PCC SECRETARY

tba

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Daniel Rathbone. Tel: 07759 695683

GIFT AID SECRETARY

Mr Rick Walker, 17 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 3TL. 924 6267

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

Mrs Lynda Dixon, 928 7330

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

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

SACRISTANS

Mr Leo Appleton, 23 Newborough Avenue, Crosby. L23 3TU. 07969 513087

Mrs Judith Moizer, 1 Valley Close, Crosby. L23 9TL. 931 5587

SENIOR SERVER

Ms Emily Skinner, 1 Valley Close, Crosby. L23 9TL. 931 5587

CHILDREN'S CHURCH

Sunday 11.00 am in the Church Hall.

CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER

Mrs Linda Nye, 23 Bonnington Avenue, Crosby. L23 7YJ. 924 2813

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. 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 November *'Newslink'* will be distributed on or before **Sunday, October 20th**. Copy by **Sunday, October 6th**, please – but all contributions are welcome at any time.

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