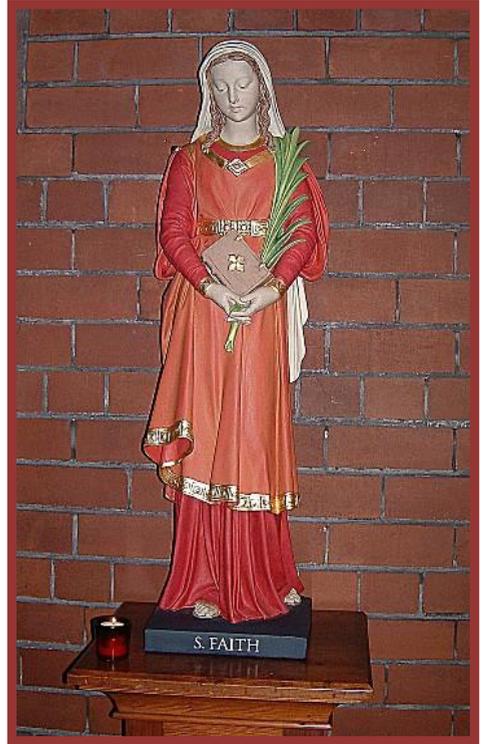




## Portraying our Patron

An early 12<sup>th</sup> century representation,  
part of the Conques Treasure, and the  
modern statue in our church

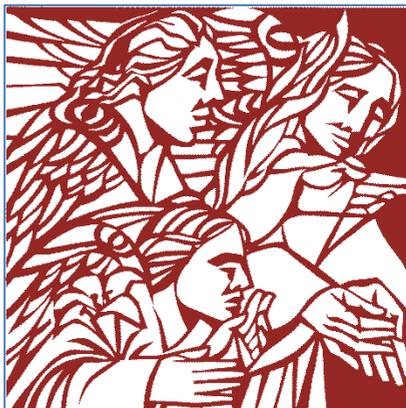


**The Parish Church of Saint Faith,  
Great Crosby**

# **NEWSLINK**

***October, 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 said daily at 9.00 am Monday to Friday, and Evening Prayer on Fridays at 6.00 pm. There is 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 : October 2016**

Late September and October are the traditional times for most Anglican churches to designate a particular Sunday as Harvest Thanksgiving. Having first been told of Parson Robert Hawker by my friend the current Bishop of Norwich, the Rt. Rev. Graham James, on holiday with dog, Toby, in the West Country in the late 1990's I drove to the coastal village of Morwenstow in North Cornwall to visit the place of this legendary priest. One of the highlights of the excursion was to tread the narrow coastal path to "Hawker's Hut" and sit on the very spot where, many years ago earlier, Parson Hawker is said to have smoked opium and written much of his poetry. Certainly the scene, looking out to sea, was without doubt awesome and inspiring and it would be easy to see how such a magnificent vista empowered and enriched the Vicar's imagination.

Parson Hawker, as he was known to his parishioners, not only taught them to place great value on human life and did all he could to relieve their poverty but he also instructed them to recognize and firmly resist evil. He himself had a remarkable instant awareness of both good and evil, an ability seen as a gift and said to be often possessed by those who live close to God, and close to nature. The Reverend Hawker, however, claimed that he not only "sensed evil" but "smelt it." No baby remained unbaptised in his parish, for it is said that if Parson Hawker passed a cottage where there was an unbaptised child, he would cry out in a loud voice, "I smell brimstone." Within hours, the child's parents would be at the vicarage making arrangements for the baptism.

The vicar was equally quick to recognize people and places he believed to be under God's special protection. Morwenstow church was one such place because, he claimed, it was built upon holy ground marked out by St Morwenna herself. He once preached a sermon in which he developed this theory with true Celtic imagination. He believed too that all holy places were guarded by angels who like himself "did battle for God".

His concern for the children of the parish did not cease with baptism. He devoted much time and energy to their instruction and the young loved him. At a time when few of them had had the opportunity to learn to read and write, he was greatly appreciated for his story-telling. He recited tales about St Morwenna and the Cornish saints, about King Arthur and his Knights (Morwenstow was not such a great distance from Tintagel, which was thought to be one of the seats of King Arthur) and above all, about the children's own guardian angels. So great was the affection borne for him by the village

children that when they were ill and had to take medicine, which their mothers were unable to induce them to swallow, the Vicar was sent for; without further struggle, the little ones would meekly take any medicines administered by Hawker's hand.

This eccentric, lovable and fascinating man (said to have gone parish visiting with his pet pig) although the vicar of such a remote village in a county which in those days was almost cut off from the rest of England, had an influence which extended far beyond the River Tamar or even the shores of the United Kingdom. This was the far-reaching result of an initiative taken by Parson Hawker to show his parishioners that, although they were poor, they had much for which they could be thankful. They lived in beautiful surroundings, their harvests never seemed to fail and their hedgerows abounded in berries of all kinds, which could be used in wines, jams and preserves. In 1843, Parson Hawker issued this notice to his people: "Brethren, God has been very merciful to us this year. He has filled our garners with increase and satisfied our poor with bread. Let us offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving among such as keep Holy Day. Let us gather together in the chancel of our church on the first Sunday of next month. On the first morning of October, call to mind these words."

Thus he instituted the first ever Christian Harvest Festival.

It seemed a harmless notice, yet at that time, it resulted in an outcry. The parson's friends accused him of reviving pagan rites. The Bishop of Exeter reprimanded him and angry letters appeared in the press, but all to no avail. The Harvest Festival soon became one of the most popular occasions in the Church's year. Even those whose faith is minimal can bring themselves to take part in an act of thanksgiving for the harvest, whether in churches, chapels, schools or often these days in public houses. Furthermore, the Harvest Thanksgiving has become the channel through which those whose needs have been satisfied can give generously both in kind and money to those who are hungry or in desperate need – a cause close to the heart of the eccentric and colourful Parson Hawker of Morwenstow.

With my love and prayers,

*Fr Dennis*



## The 'F' Word

When the Spanish Inquisition, as imagined by Monty Python, wanted to torture their victims into confessing to heresy, there was only one thing for it: the comfy chair.

Now the use of comfortable seating has become a test of orthodoxy in real life after an ecclesiastical court banned the use of padded chairs in a church on the grounds that they were verging on the ungodly.

The Consistory Court of the Diocese of Coventry has ruled that the use of upholstered seats in a historic place of worship could be ‘overly casual’ and ‘incompatible with a house of God’.

Parishioners of a local church applied for a faculty (special permission: the ‘f’ word, as it is known at St Faith’s) to replace their woodworm-infested pews in order to open the church, which has no hall, for children’s and community groups. The Chancellor agreed that the pews were of ‘little merit’ but ordered that any replacement chairs must not be upholstered, after the Victorian Society and Historic England argued that the planned cushioned seating was ‘unworthy’ for the historic building.

‘It is to be remembered,’ said the Chancellor, ‘that an overly casual appearance can be incompatible with a house of God and can be as unattractive to newcomers as an appearance of excessive rigour.’

A churchwarden said: ‘Many of the congregation are elderly and they are entitled to comfort now and again.’

Rumours that the Chancellor also suggested the introduction of hair shirts and spiked kneelers are entirely false. (*I made that bit up. Ed!*)

## When Mary came to Liverpool

*Chris Price*



Over sixty years ago, newly arrived in Liverpool, I attended the mid-morning Sunday eucharist at the Cathedral. As the robed choir and clergy processed in I was more than a little puzzled when, bringing up the tail, a priest in plain surplice and black stole toddled in. He was the celebrant. On another occasion, I was regaled with the tale of how Jessie Gale, a devout member of St Faith’s, left her chair at the cathedral to go up to the altar, genuflected, and was solicitously picked up by vergers who feared she had collapsed.

Probably no diocese in the land was so Protestant-orientated; it had not been many years previously that local Anglo-Catholic priests were excoriated, attacked and even prosecuted and imprisoned for popish practices.

Fast forward to October 2009 and the unthinkable happened. The priests of the Anglican Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham came here and took over the cathedral for the day. There were statues carried in procession, a sung mass, benediction, exposition of the blessed sacrament, workshops, confessions, bells and smells galore. The place was busy all day and the services were packed. It is hard to imagine so great a contrast with half a century or so earlier.

Together with a contingent of the St Faith's faithful, I shared the joy of worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness that day, and seeing in wonder what had always seemed a vast but somewhat colourless building echoing with colour and appealing to all the senses – in short, if only for a few hours, showing forth all that I find most appealing in the catholic tradition.

Why do I resurrect memories of seven years past in 2016? Quite simply, because, although I only woke up to the fact afterwards, Walsingham came back to Liverpool a few weeks ago and, by the look of it, did it all again. Had I known, I might have made the pilgrimage. As it is, memory holds the door, and provides an excuse to reprint the slightly light-hearted verses I penned in October, 2009.

## Our Lady of Liverpool

When Mary came to Liverpool they opened wide the door  
And bore her in with trumpets where she'd never been before.  
The Great Space echoed brightly with the tinkling of the bell;  
The sounding air was filled on high with incense's sweet smell.

In skullcap and in cummerbund the purple bishops walked  
And down each aisle and on each stair black-garbed incumbents stalked  
And in the Lady Chapel they celebrated 'Mass'  
And many a wondrous ritual came happily to pass.

Before the great High Altar was the Sacrament displayed  
With soaring smoke and twinkling lights while queues of faithful prayed.  
Workshops and presentations filled the great cathedral's space  
And all was happy festival in this our holy place.

Our Lady sat on high in glory 'neath the soaring tower  
Her clone was in the Lady Chapel till the evening hour  
To hear the word, then sit in state, surveying all the crowd  
As choir and congregation for Benediction bowed.

When Mary left her Holy House, to Liverpool she came  
And left us feeling that our lives might never be the same.



# Who was Saint Faith?



Little is in fact known of our patron, and no-one seems sure why Douglas Horsfall, our founder and benefactor, named his new church, consecrated in 1900, after a young French virgin and martyr. It is believed that Faith lived in the 3rd and 4th centuries at the time of the Roman Emperor Maximilian (286-305 AD) and died in Agen in the Garonne Valley in French Aquitaine. According to Jean-Claude Foy's 'Visiting Conques', 'a young Christian girl named Foy' (from the Latin 'Fides') refused to make a sacrifice to pagan gods and was put to death by the occupying Roman authorities on the orders of the Governor Dacian, who had her roasted on a brazen bed and then beheaded. Other versions of the story record a miraculous shower of rain extinguishing the fire and necessitating the subsequent beheading. Faith was just twelve years old at the time. 'Other Christians from Agen, among whom were Bishop Caprais, moved by her example, submitted in their turn to an agonising fate.' Her body, secretly buried, was transferred two centuries later to the basilica constructed on the actual place of her martyrdom. 'It is quite certain that the various accounts of her Passion related well after her death, evoke more the feeling of 'The Golden Legend of the Lives of the Saints' than any historical reality.'

Five centuries later, it appears that romantic legend became closer to reality when 'the names of Sainte Foy and Conques became associated for ever.' Towards the end of the 8th century, a hermit called Dadon settled to a life of contemplation in that remote valley, and a community of monks joined him, following the Benedictine rules. Following a grant of land from the Emperor Louis the Pious (son of Charlemagne), the community began to flourish. At a time when the worship and valuing of holy relics was growing - and the possession of relics were coming to be seen as conferring great prestige - the Conques community set about obtaining some. 'After several fruitless attempts', it is said, 'they set their heart on obtaining the precious remains of Sainte Foy at Agen. The theft, obliquely referred to as the 'discreet transfer'(!) took place in the year 866 AD.'

Other accounts tell the entertaining story of the Conques monk who apparently attached himself to the Agen community, won their confidence and was entrusted with the task of guarding the relics. Once alone, he took to the hills with Saint Faith, evaded his righteous pursuers and found sanctuary in Conques, on January 14th, 866, where our saint's remains (if that is what they actually are) remain to this day.

The abbey was rededicated to Sainte Foy and, discreetly glossing over its highly questionable acquisition, grew and prospered. Crusaders and pilgrims going to the shrine of St James at Compostella invoked her intercession and heaped treasures and gold on the community. The celebrated reliquary jewel-encrusted statue of the saint dates from this time and has long revered as a memento of her life and death.

There were two other, more historically authenticated, dramatic episodes in Saint Faith's journey down the centuries. In 1568, at the height of the Reformation, the

Huguenot Protestants set fire to the abbey, burning the roof down and doing much damage. At the time of the French Revolution, in 1792, the monastery was suppressed and scattered, and its mediaeval treasures, including the 'Majesty of Sainte Foy', were taken out of the decaying abbey and hidden in villagers' homes, walls and outbuildings to avoid being requisitioned and melted down. The monastic buildings did not survive, but the abbey was restored and its treasures recovered and reinstalled.

## Following up Saint Faith

The trail of our patron saint has not gone cold. After quite an interval of time, there came news of her life and legend - and of yet another (possible) dedication to her name.

Mary Rae, the descendant of our esteemed founder, Howard Douglas Horsfall, visited us at St Faith's and provided an article headed 'Historical Notes', which she says 'was printed in 1866, when HDH was ten years old'. It gives information about 'our' saint, with the usual basic story, but with some interesting little extras.

Faith, the daughter of Christian parents, was, according to this account, 'of remarkable beauty, but insensible to the allurements of the world.' Her steadfastness in the faith, her refusal to sacrifice to Diana and her painful martyrdom, are all faithfully recorded. She is 'represented with a crown on her head, her body stripped to the waist (not in any of our pictures or statues! Ed.); a clasped book or a sword in one hand, while the other rests on a brazen bed or holds a bundle of rods' (she was 'half-roasted' on the former after having been beaten with the latter.) Our statue (see the cover), as is the case of some of the other images of the girl, do indeed show a clasped book (contents unspecified) but she is usually holding a palm rather than a bundle of rods.

Following the trail of linked references on Google, further interesting details appear, some of which this writer had not come across before. I suppose I should have known that the Spanish for our saint is Santa Fe (hitherto more associated by this writer with an American railroad!) The story proclaimed of the appropriation (or theft) of her relics from Agen (where she was martyred) to Conques is well enough known. It is claimed online, however, that 'during the ninth century, Faith's cult was fused with that of Caprasius of Agen and Alberta of Agen. One legend apparently states that during Christian persecution, Caprasius fled to Mont-Saint-Vincent, near Agen, where he witnessed the execution of Faith from atop the hill. Caprasius was condemned to death along with Alberta, Faith's sister, and two brothers. All four, according to the story, were beheaded.'

(Wikipedia declares that Alberta of Agen is a saint of the Roman Catholic Church, martyred at the same time as St Faith, but does not mention her as a sister. Her feast day is the website manager's birthday... March 11th)

Finally, this revealing site says that her legend portrays her as a patron who could turn against those who only gave small donations to her church at Conques! Miracles associated with Faith are referred to as *joca* - Latin for 'tricks', or 'jokes'.

And so the story grows in detail, and the ‘legend’ is fleshed out with a family and a black sense of humour. Whether or not Faith existed, with or without siblings and index-linked miracles, her cult is world-wide and, as we know, there are quite a few churches and other places and things dedicated to her name. Mary Rae’s cutting speaks of ‘sixteen churches in England... named in her sole honour, and Little Wittenham, Berks, in the names of Saint Faith and All Saints’. As a matter of record, the current English tally stands at 38, without the Little Wittenham church. Searches now reveal the existence of a church there, but it is dedicated to St Peter. However, a footnote to one website seems to imply a historical dedication to St Faith and All Saints, so it’s now on the list.



## 100 Club September winners

1	76	Hilary Weston
2	105	Chris Tudhope
3	24	Cathy Taylor

## Viva Espana!

As some of you will know, at the end of last year Brenda and I bought a house in Spain. We were able to visit it briefly in January and February and we returned in July for a two month stay. Although the house came fully equipped we needed to buy a larger bed and some garden furniture; the house itself was in need of some redecoration.

Our house is situated on a pretty estate of about two hundred houses, near the seaside town of Torrevieja. The houses are white walled with roofs of shiny blue tiles. We share a large swimming pool which is conveniently situated next to our house and many houses have their own pools. The streets are lined with small trees and though are gardens are small they are mostly well planted with shrubs and climbers, often night fragrant.

Many estates around this area are mainly inhabited by Brits, however our neighbours are predominately Spanish and French, with a scattering of Germans and Scandinavians.

Casa 62, is comfortable and air conditioned but we spend most of our time outdoors on the veranda or under the gazebo, where we dine most of the time, or in my favourite place, the roof terrace or solarium, as it correctly called, which affords us a view of pool and the nearby pink lagoon and the distant mountain ranges. After dinner, we sit there to watch the sun go down and the moon and stars come out accompanied by a glass or two of Rioja.

The pink lagoon is really pink: at first I assumed its was due to some pollution, a dye works perhaps? No, it is a natural phenomena. The lagoon has a high salt content and consequently a peculiar kind of plankton that are pink. Brine shrimps eat the plankton and become pink and flamingos graze here on the shrimps which give them their

beautiful pink plumage. The high salt content of the lagoon means it is a good place to rake salt and at the edge of the lagoon hills of shiny white salt await transport to many tables around the world. Our solicitor and estate agent assure us that the salty air makes for a very healthy environment but just in case they are wrong we have the reassurance of a large modern university hospital across the main road, not that far from the house.

The area has houses large and small, old and modern. Locally we have a small supermarket Dualprix and a little further away there is a larger Mercadonna. On the way into town we were amused to see Aldi and Lidl stores. A ten minute walk brings us to a small area of restaurants and bars, our favourite is the Goya, very Spanish, with friendly staff who are happy to smilingly correct innocent mistakes: “No senior you must not say that!, if my ‘usband hears you he will keel you.”

On our wish list to the estate agent was a desire to have an Anglican church in the vicinity and we are lucky to have an active Anglican community here, the chaplaincy of St Peter and Paul at Torrevieja. The recently appointed incumbent is Fr Richard Seabrook who with his team of assistant priests and readers, ministers to six parishes in the area. Our local church in Los Balcones is owned by the Roman Catholic Church but they are happy to share it with us for services on Sundays. In addition we are custodians of a charming chapel in nearby Lago Jardin and we have eucharist there every Saturday evening; this was the chapel to a large mansion which unfortunately has turned to ruin.

First visitors to a new house are always an important milestone and in August we had our first visitors, Brenda’s daughter and son in law with their children and a friend. I confess I was a bit anxious about them coming because we haven’t all stayed together for a fortnight but we all got along well The visit left us with fond memories of long evenings enjoying barbecues and sitting around the dinner table outdoors, laughing and joking with a bottle or two of wine and a particularly nice memory of watching three year old Nina learning to swim. Besides memories we are left with a more concrete memorial that of a mural of a flamingo in the pink lake which Brenda’s son in law painted on the wall of the roof terrace, which became a talking point amongst the locals.

Summers must end, though not in Torrevisa and on the appointed day we locked up our blue-roofed house in the sun; it has very good locks and steel grills on all the windows and a heavy wooden front door that would do credit to a bank. After two and a half hours in the air we were back in John Lennon airport. Why did they call our airport after a pop musician - but I suppose it could have been worse they might have named it after a notable politician. Imagine landing at the Derek Hatton international airport!

How relieved we were to find this September was uncharacteristically warm, allowing us time to get used to the cooler climes of Waterloo and how pleased we were to see good old St Faith’s and all the familiar friendly faces and I could once again don my red frock and my cute cotta. Now my tan is washing off and every day my knees become paler soon they will be fish belly white and we will have to return to Torrevieja to get them re-browned.

*Gareth Griffiths*

## The Christmas Trees are Coming!

The bakers are set to start the great 'Bake in' and would be very grateful for donations of flour (both varieties), currants, sultanas, raisins, glace cherries, candied peel, ground almonds, sugar both brown and white, roll-out icing and white marzipan or if it is easier a small cash donation so that we can buy what we still require. Every little helps to fill the cake stall with festive goodies. There will be a box at the back of church for items.

Thank you in advance, you are always so generous.

*Irene Taylor* on behalf of the baking team.

*(More about the Trees and less about teddies next month! Ed)*

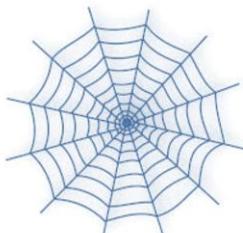
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We were sad to hear recently of the passing of Mary Foy, mother of Mike, one-time organist at St Faith's and the editor's son-in law. She was a devout churchgoer, and at her funeral in Kirkby, a poem she had written was movingly read out. We are very happy to share her words.

## Distractions at Mass

I saw a cobweb hanging in our church the other day.  
It distracted my attention and I found I couldn't pray.  
So I watched the web, so fragile, swaying in the breeze;  
My mind was hypnotised by it as I went down on my knees.  
The sun streamed through the window and that tiny thread, so bold,  
From grey, within a second, became a strand of gold.  
I saw a transformation as it danced before my eyes;  
All the colours of the rainbow filtering from the skies.  
It was only dust to start with, hanging from the ceiling,  
Till the hand of God changed it and sent my senses reeling.  
I remembered that I too am dust and can be dull and grey  
Or shining like that cobweb, along life's busy way.  
The thing that makes the difference, as anyone can see,  
Is the grace from God, sent freely, to the likes of you and me.  
Now the priest upon the altar holds the host between his fingers;  
Another transformation, as Our Lord's body lingers.  
I haven't heard the gospel or listened to the scripture,  
But that cobweb there has given me a really vivid picture  
Of how Our Lord can take and use a simple little thing,  
To show in it his story, and the light His way can bring.  
The cobweb isn't there now; I think it's blown away.  
But its memory will stay with me throughout the coming days.





## From the Registers

*Chris Price*

The year of 1955, as recorded in St Faith's service registers, begins with the established pattern of worship maintained. Fr Hassall tackles all eucharistic celebrations (daily at 7, 8 or on Mondays 10.30 am) while Cyril Telford, still to be priested, takes the Sunday and weekday daily evensongs. In the first few months of the year weekday communicants are in single figures, except for red letter days, early Sundays vary between 65 and 80, while the 10.45 has, as always, just the celebrant taking communion, with one or two occasional additions.

Lent comes upon us, with extra services, and some noteworthy weather ('very heavy fall of snow'... 'Intensely cold'... 'more snow' and 'still more snow') over a five day period. 'Women's Deanery Service' and 'Sung Eucharist with instruction' feature in Lent; the latter, held on Saturday mornings, attract a few fasting communicants and between 2 and 29 under instruction.

Holy Week sees daily Stations of the Cross with Tableaux right through to Good Friday. Maundy Thursday features a 6.30 am Sung Eucharist with Procession, with 88 (+) communicants. The only recorded attendance figure for Good Friday is for the 8.00 am Mass of the Pre-Sanctified: just the vicar there by the look of it. Easter Day saw 388 communicants in all, bringing the total for the year up to 2,460. The Feast of Dedication, 21<sup>st</sup> April, added 35 to the total: it marked 55 years from the dedication of St Faith's in 1900.

For the inside of the first week in May, Fr Hassall is noted as being 'away in retreat' ('on' might have been a less ambiguous preposition to have employed); consequently there were, possibly uniquely, no eucharists for four successive days. Pentecost Sunday sees an interesting marginal note alongside the 8 am celebration: ('+ Scouts in camp for visit of Lord Rowallan). Then, from 2<sup>nd</sup> to 18<sup>th</sup> June, W.H. is without the services of C.H.T. – the vicar conducts no fewer than 38 services during that time.

The summer months are entirely unremarkable, until on Saturday, October 1<sup>st</sup> at 8.00 am Cyril Harry Telford, clearly now priested, takes Low Mass with 40 (+15) receiving from him. Hereafter he shares the altar with the vicar, and the weeks roll on to Christmas(s). It is thus spelt throughout the season, with 323 at the 'midnight' and a further 77 on the Day.

The year ends with the total recorded communicants being 7,676; the year's final record reads: 'ELECTRIC LIGHT SCHEME 1955 £1,159.9.0 (all paid immediately the bill was received)'.

Anno Domini 1966 kicks off with a Carol Service with Procession on the evening of January 1<sup>st</sup> (The Feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord, and a Sunday). Apart from one

or two gloomy weather annotations, the next entry of interest is on 12th February (Quinquagesima Sunday – those old names roll off the tongue!), when the preacher at Evensong is Reginald B. Parker, Principal of Igobi College, Lagos, Nigeria.

We move into Lent, with a scattering of visiting signatures, some of the legible ones including Charles Warrington, J.M.Buckmaster, Bishop H.Gresford Jones, F.W.Dillistone and, on Mothering Sunday, Clifford Liverpool (Bishop thereof). Holy Week saw daily evening Mission Services, for which the vicar records those present as being 50, 61, 83 and 61.

Easter Day saw 411 communicants over four masses, plus the afternoon Children's Service (where your pedantic scribe is delighted to see that a stickler for accuracy - not this writer - added a black apostrophe to the red-letter 'Childrens'). Of much greater interest is the signing in of R.A.K. Runcie, celebrant at 7.00 am, and preacher at the Sung Mass and at Evensong. Fr Hassall makes no comment, but this is of course Robert Alexander Kennedy Runcie returning to the church where his pilgrimage to Canterbury started. He would in 1955 have been Vice-Principal of Westcott House theological college, his Cambridge alma mater. In 1956 he would be elevated to Principal at Cuddesdon College, whence he went to become Bishop of St Albans and finally Primate of All England. Most readers will be aware that Robert Runcie never forgot his roots in Crosby and St Faith's, and visited us on several memorable occasions as Bishop, Archbishop and finally as Lord Runcie of Cuddesdon. We will always honour his name and thank God for his life. An extensive archive of his life, achievements and local connections is on our website at [www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/Runcie.html](http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/Runcie.html).

Fr Hassall would of course have no way of realising that he was entertaining an angel unawares on Easter Day, 1956. In the months that followed there is even less to disturb the registered life of St Faith's. Charles Pakenham preaches, the weather is 'very stormy' for July. An early mass is Votive of the Holy Spirit', there is a requiem for 'R.W.Jones (warden)' and a 'Retiring Collection for Hungary'. Suddenly it is CHRISTMASS 1956 with 412 communicants, a Fall of Snow and a plethora of red-letter notes as the year ends. For the record the communicant total is 8,078, collections £11.53.19.1, gift boxes £53.11.9 and Talent Scheme £336.50. This last is news to your archivist, who was unaware of such a scheme until he ran one such some fifty years earlier.

Two years covered this time. What excitement beckons in 1957?



## Music on Saturdays

Another series of Saturday Lunchtime Recitals has flown by and we are looking forward to the new series in 2017 already!



## Patronal Festival

Four pages of pictures of the happenings at St Faith's on October 9<sup>th</sup>. The pictures speak for themselves, but there are lots of words on page 19ff to make sense of the ursine manifestations.









This year, our Director of Music, Robert Woods, took on the responsibility for organising the performances and we thank him for all the work he did. It's always a challenge when last-minute changes have to be made but he coped magnificently.

The series of eighteen recitals opened on April 30<sup>th</sup> (later than usual) and finished on the 27<sup>th</sup> August. During that time, we enjoyed many different recitals ranging from solo instrumentalists, to singers, choirs and singalongs! There was music to celebrate HM the Queen's 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday in June and there was some real talent to see and hear.

Two of the highlights were the poignant "Vive la France" recital only days after the shocking terrorist attack in Nice. The singing of La Marseillaise was very moving. The final recital in the series was going to be an opportunity to sing the lovely Requiem by Gabriel Fauré but two choirs had to drop out at the last minute. Should we cancel? No! We put on a CD of the Requiem and several members of choirs came along anyway and joined in to what was a fitting end to the series - and it was good fun too.

Apart from enjoying the music, the recitals bring in much needed income to the church and the figures for this year are (last year's in brackets):

**Income: £1,677** (£1,538)

**Attendances: 729** (780)

So, although the income went up – thank you! – the attendances slipped a little. We owe a very big debt of thanks to all the performers who gave their time freely and to the team of caterers who provided refreshments each week.

Next year, the recitals will start on Easter Saturday, 22 April, and we look forward to seeing you there. Watch out for details on our website about other musical events during the year: the list of 2017 recitals will be published as early as possible in the New Year. Again, thank you all for your support and we look forward to welcoming you back very soon!

*David Jones*

*Treasurer*

## Julie Andrews Comes Of Age

To commemorate her 69th birthday, Julie Andrews performed 'My Favourite Things' from the legendary movie 'Sound of Music'. Here are the lyrics she used. Readers are encouraged to sing along with her...

Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting,  
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,  
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,

These are a few of my favourite things.



Cadillacs and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses,  
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,  
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,  
    These are a few of my favourite things.

When the pipes leak,  
When the bones creak,  
When the knees go bad,  
I simply remember my favourite things,  
    And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions,  
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,  
Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring,  
    These are a few of my favourite things.

Back pain, confused brains and no need for sinning,  
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinning,  
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,  
    When we remember our favourite things.

When the joints ache,  
When the hips break,  
When the eyes grow dim,  
Then I remember the great life I've had,  
    And then I don't feel so bad.



## St Faith's Down Under

“Meant to tell you, Mum, did you know that there is a St Faith's church just down the road from where we now live?” It was just a brief comment from my son Edd who, as many know, now lives in Melbourne, Australia. “Really?” thought I, “then I must investigate further!”

Just a quick search on the internet and St Faith's church, Burwood, popped up on to my screen. Actually, our own website has a link to it too, so I didn't need to look very far! It looked a pretty church, quite modern and with a thriving church community with lots going on and is one of only two churches dedicated to St Faith' in Australia. I saw the vicar's contact details so thought I would send a quick email to introduce myself and sent best wishes from St Faith's here in Crosby, and mentioned that I was visiting Australia in a few months' time. I received a very pleasant email from the vicar Stephen and an invite to visit them and learn more about their ministry and community, and the mission of the Anglican church in Australia.

After a few email discussions, it soon transpired that Fr Steven was retiring the week before my arrival in Melbourne and he was moving to Adelaide to be nearer his granddaughter, so as you can imagine, we enjoyed a lovely chat on the delights of being a grandparent! Because Stephen was retiring and therefore wouldn't be at St Faith's when I visited, he passed on my email address to a lovely lady called Gill, who is ex-warden and married to the organist and Advocate of the Diocese, and is also currently doing a degree in theology, so we had plenty to chat about as well as my impending visit to St Faith's. It was agreed that I would attend the Sunday Eucharist and coincidentally, they were having a BBQ that day, and so I was invited along to that too! My first "Aussie barby"! Apparently, they held a parish BBQ the first Sunday of each month - the joys of living in a hot climate, and I'm sitting here recalling the number of BBQ's we have had to re-schedule due to the rain!

It was a lovely day and we all, that is Edd and Jonnie (my sons), Bridie and Scarlett received a warm welcome. The service was very quiet and not quite as I'd expected, and there was only a small congregation that day, as interregnum and holidays took their toll on the attendance. The church, which I initially thought was only about 10 years old, was actually older than me, being built in the mid-50's and was quite ahead of its time with its circular shaped ceiling, windows and side rooms. Scarlett delighted the congregation by crawling under the pews and dropping the hymn books during quiet times, but Bridie soon discovered a play area next to the chapel, with large glass doors, which she said made her feel as though she was still part of the worshipping congregation, and Scarlett was happy playing with the books and toys.

The BBQ, was soon full of delicious meats, including steak, lamb chops, pork and of course, kangaroo steaks, which I was encouraged to try as I "couldn't come to an Aussie barbie without trying the roo". It was absolutely delicious, accompanied by a variety of salads, a delicious glass (or two) of wine, and followed by Pavlova and fresh slices of pineapple. Scarlett happily played under the tables, waving to people and saying "hi" and enjoying spoonfuls of pavlova.

I was given a tour of the church and grounds and a brief history. I was particularly interested in the beautifully unusual wooden cross which was in the courtyard, overlooking a paved labyrinth. Apparently it was originally a piece of driftwood which someone had found, and was fascinated by the natural cross-like shape. It is really beautiful, rustic and 'real'. It was a really lovely day. We received a very warm welcome and have been invited to visit next time I'm in Aus. I learnt more about the ministry of the Anglican church in Australia, which has the same challenges as we do here in the UK, and they have kindly promised to pray for me in my training, and especially next June when hopefully, I will be ordained deacon.

All in all, a very pleasant day, and we (my family and I) look forward to visiting next year. The people of St Faith's Burwood send their love and best wishes to all at St Faiths, Crosby, and send an open invitation to all.

With my love and prayers,

*Jackie Parry*

# Saint Faith's Hymn

A faith that lives, Lord grant to us this day:  
A faith that springs to life from love divine,  
A faith that's nurtured by Christ's living word,  
And strengthened by his gifts of bread and wine.

Saint Faith our patron, teach us how to live,  
To fix our eyes on God and seek his ways,  
To follow closely where the saints have led,  
And, finding Christ, to serve Him all our days.

Not by great deeds, or martyrdoms alone,  
But by each sacrifice of love and care,  
By work well done, discomfort gladly borne,  
By ceaseless watchfulness and patient prayer.

Help us to keep the faith the saints held dear,  
And may our lives a living witness be,  
That the whole world shall see our Risen Lord,  
His kingdom come, and all mankind be free.

Praise be to God, Creator, Lord and King,  
Who with the Son and Spirit ever gives  
Eternal hope, redeeming love divine,  
And living, steadfast faith, a faith that lives!



## Plane Speaking?

Every time the Pope is cornered by the press on an aeroplane he seems to say something awkward. Remember "Who am I to judge?" - his remark about people in a homosexual relationship? This time, on the way back from a trip to Armenia, the beans he spilt were about a new commission to study the question of whether women should - or indeed could - be made deacons. The commission members were named recently. If that doesn't sound explosive, consider that the Church of England made Elizabeth Ferard a deaconess, and, the next thing we knew, the place was thronged with women bishops. Granted, it took 152 years between the granting of Deaconess Licence No 1 to Miss Ferard ('a strict disciplinarian, with an indomitable will') in 1862 and the ordination of Libby Lane as Bishop of Stockport in 2014.

So could it happen in the Catholic Church? After all, the Pope's infallible, isn't he? If he waved his magic crazier we'd have women deacons, women bishops, women cardinals and a woman pope, wouldn't we?

Not really. Infallibility doesn't mean that the Pope can just invent new teachings. In 1871, the year after papal infallibility was defined, Lewis Carroll had the White Queen in 'Through the Looking Glass', declare: 'Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.' This was meant as a parody of hard-line infallibilist Catholics who thought the pope should be able to spin new dogmas like candyfloss. But their ambitions were dashed by the strict limitations put on the circumstances when the pope's word must hold true. In effect, Pope Francis is bound by the tradition of the Church, which is to say, the teaching handed down from the Apostles. As far as women priests are concerned, Pope John Paul II pronounced in 1994: 'I declare that the Church has no authority whatsoever to confer priestly ordination on women and that this judgment is to be definitively held by all the Church's faithful.' Pope Francis agrees. 'That door is closed,' he's said.

In which case why has he appointed this commission? Its 12 members include six women, and its conclusions are by no means foregone. Some say that it might recommend the creation of women deacons of a kind like the C of E deaconesses of 1862. In English Canon Law we find a surprisingly strong statement: 'The Church of England holds and teaches that from the apostles' time there have been these orders in Christ's Church: bishops, priests, and deacons.' The deaconesses of 1862 did not receive such orders. Not till 1987 was a woman ordained a deacon (rather than made a deaconess) in the Church of England.

There seem to be two silos in the Catholic Church: one holds the ordained hierarchy of bishop, priest and deacon, and the other unordained ministries. In the unordained silo, women, like men, can baptise. There too, women can wield authority surprisingly like bishops' - after all abbesses often carried croziers as a mark of authority over parts of the Church. Why should women in this silo not also act as cardinals, some ask?

It's as clear as fire from heaven that confusion, both innocent and deliberate, will follow Pope Francis's initiative. If the Catholic Church behaved like a political party, it would ordain women as fast as the Tory party embraced equal marriage. But it doesn't, and, whatever bafflement it may cause, it won't.

*Christopher Howse*

## **Services Support Group report**

The speaker at our Services Family Support Group's October meeting was Val Batchelor of Flame International, a small and sadly little known charity that was a revelation to us all when we heard what they do and the places they go.

Flame came into being approximately 13 years ago with Val being in from the start after she had retired from a long career in the Army, where she had already been involved with bringing God's living message to any service personnel who were interested. She organised quiet weekends away, mainly for Army wives (much more keen on weekends away) who came home re-charged and having found/renewed their faith. Their husbands would have benefited from the renewal and finding the joy of spiritual life, but being 'big tough Squaddies' it's hard for them to admit that this is what they really need! But seeing the change and renewal in their wives they understood that they too would benefit and finally went along. Flame had started.

The places visited by Val and her teams are in those countries where wars, acts of terrorism, military and inter tribal conflicts have taken place, in some places still continuing, they are definitely places that will not be found in a Thomson brochure! The work Flame goes to do is to help all those damaged by these conflicts, both the population, women, children the elderly, but also the troops, leaders and the politicians all need the healing they offer.

Many of the women and girls are rape victims and are obviously deeply traumatised. Val and her team(s) aim to help these women and girls through counselling, caring through Gods word and strength from each other. Many of the ladies who are trained as counsellors have been rape victims themselves, so can sympathise with the horror and humiliation these women feel; they help them through showing God's love and joy in the laying on of hands and finding how to love and respect themselves once more. The success rate is remarkably high. The same form of counselling is given to the rapists, many of whom are either soldiers or police who, when high on drugs, alcohol and the frenzy of war, lose all self respect and respect for others, commit these terrible crimes. Again the success rate is high. The teams also go into the prisons which are nothing like prisons in this country, they are truly evil places - overcrowded, dirty, insanitary, totally unsafe for anybody who enters, especially women, but enter they do, naturally under guard, but they put complete faith in God which has never been misplaced. Yes, they have experienced the fear of the unknown, but their deep faith even overcomes that fear helping them return to such dark places to do their very special work. They do have the help of the local pastors with the language and access to various places that would be impossible without them. The prize possession of the pastors is a Bible. It matters not if they can read or what language it's printed in, it is a Bible and that is what makes it a treasure forever.

Listening to Val's experiences was amazing, eye, ear and mind-opening. Her faith is unshakable, the joy it gives her and the joy of passing that on to others was heart warming to hear. She was delighted to hear about our little group and the part St Faith's has played in supporting members of the Armed Forces and hoped that we will continue for some time to come. So to remember Flame and the work which they undertake in our prayers is the least we can do.

Our next meeting is on Wednesday November 2<sup>nd</sup>, to which you are all welcome and then, during The Christmas Festival, we will be holding our Carol Service with Military  
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Band, on Wednesday November 30th at 7.30pm. It's a great evening so come early to get a good seat!! See you in November...

*Eunice Little*



## The Bear Necessities . . .

*A selection of writings to mark the events leading up to and culminating in the splendid happenings of Sunday, October 9<sup>th</sup> last. It was of course the Sunday within the Octave of the Feast of St Faith, Virgin and Martyr, our esteemed patron, but the traditional Patronal pomp and circumstance was embellished by the Procession and Dedication of the Teddy Bears. Rick writes about it, a Yorkshire vicar wishes us well, we remember the great Winnie the Pooh, and one of our own bears tells his story.*

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What a way to celebrate our Patron Saint. A wonderful Eucharist presided over by six priests, (four of them St Faith's ordinands) an inspiring sermon, music of the highest order, visitors from our three closest neighbouring parishes, clouds of incense highlighted by shafts of autumn sunlight... oh and a few teddy bears.

Yes, this was the day that the teddy bears arrived at St Faith's!

For the last few weeks and months, there has been much thinking, plotting and sewing (and the occasional visit to Build a Bear) as several groups of worthy parishioners have expressed their ideas about what St Faith's means to them through the medium of *Brunus Edwardii*.

Based on an original idea spotted by the Men's Group in St Gregory's Church in Yorkshire, 19 unique Teddy Bears were ceremoniously paraded and welcomed into the church by Fr Dennis, representing almost every aspect of life at St Faith's from the catering team to the choir and ordinands. Even the temporary guest appearance of a venerable bear wearing a knitted dress (don't ask) was applauded and enthusiastically admitted to the family and placed in position where they will 'live'.

Over the next few weeks you can expect to see a few innovations as the bears make their presence known – a Teddy Bear Trail for young visitors exploring the church, perhaps a visiting Father Christmas bear, and a picnic in the spring? Some even more than usually excruciating puns from our editor? (*you never know your luck. Ed*)

Photos and detailed explanations will no doubt be found in future editions of *Newslink* and from time to time the patter of tiny paws scurrying around the church will be heard as the family grows.

Whatever the future brings us, this was a Patronal Festival to remember, and one that I was delighted to have been able to play a small part.

My thanks to everyone who entered into the spirit of the project and have given us a colourful and thought provoking addition to the church furnishings!

*Rick Walker*

Dear Rick

We are delighted that you wish to emulate our teddy trail and pray that its introduction this weekend will be the start of many great blessings for you all as you proceed in your journey of faith. I look forward to following some of your bear antics on your web site and wish you every blessing for the future

*Ian M Robinson*

*Rector, Bedale with Burrill, Thornton Watlass and Leeming*

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There are photos on our centre spread, more to be seen online at [patronalbears2016.html](http://patronalbears2016.html) and an expanding feature about some of the individual animals at [bearnecessities.html](http://bearnecessities.html). And finally, a few more bear-related bits...



## Winnie the Pooh – a much loved bear

Winnie-the-Pooh was born 90 years ago this month, on 14 October, 1926 – in the sense that this was the date on which the world-famous children’s book by A. A. Milne was first published. Technically, Winnie-the-Pooh, also called Pooh Bear, is a fictional anthropomorphic teddy bear hero of a number of books, always illustrated by E H Shepard, who therefore gave Pooh his distinctive shape in the mind of the reader. To his many admirers, Pooh is the wise, kind and loving companion they always wanted – a bear of very little brain and with many faults, but whose heart is always in the right place. The Pooh stories, written originally for the author’s only son, Christopher Robin, and set in an area recognisable as Ashdown Forest in Sussex, have been translated into many languages, including a Latin version, Winnie ille Pu. Though naive and somewhat literal-minded, honey-loving Pooh composes songs and hums and comes up with unexpected solutions to problems. He also invents the game Poohsticks. He has been recommended to Christians for his love toward his friends, such as Piglet, Tigger, Kanga and Rabbit – all modelled on Christopher Robin’s soft toys. Examples of Pooh’s wisdom are widely quoted. His refusal to let Piglet worry him can be seen as deeply Christian: “Supposing a tree fell down, Pooh, while we were underneath it?” “Supposing it didn’t,” said Pooh after careful thought.

# Bertie the Choir Bear



Hello, everyone! My full name's Herbert Bear (but you can call me Bertie!)

I was named Herbert after four famous composers of Church Music, all called Herbert: Howells, Sumsion, Murrill and Brewer. Their music has been sung a lot over the years by St Faith's Choir.

I'm wearing my robes ready to help lead the singing in a service. We

wear robes similar to those sometimes worn by priests and the people who assist them around the altar; and we mostly sing from the choir-stalls (though not all the time!)

The Choir does two jobs in the worship here: we sing some special pieces of music on our own, (such as anthems and motets) and we support the congregation's singing in the hymns and the liturgy. (And besides all that we've sometimes performed in concerts, too!)

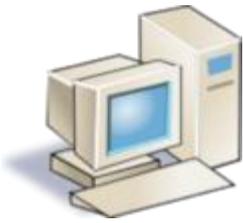
Church choirs practise their music ready for the services: we have ours on Friday nights, and also on Sundays, just before the service. We're led by our Director of Music, who plays the organ for the services, leads the practices, organises the music and sometimes conducts us. He sometimes has to come rushing down from the organ loft (up above the choir-stalls) to conduct us when we're singing on our own!

Many church choirs belong to an organisation called the RSCM (Royal School of Church Music), which encourages people to write new music, and helps choirs to keep to the highest standards they can achieve. (I've done several RSCM tests, as part of their "Voice for Life" scheme, and so I've earned a red ribbon for my medal. You wear different colours as you do more advanced tests.)

Life as a choir-bear can be quite busy and very enjoyable, really! If you think you might like to join us, then why not speak to our Director of Music? He can tell you a bit more about us, and what we do!

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Our thanks go to Rick for his sustained efforts to bring this ursine manifestation about, the kind donors who funded the bulk purchase of bears and all who made them the splendid creations which they are today. The Liverpool Diocesan website and bulletin have uploaded an illustrated feature of our project. Meanwhile, we are bearing up well...



## Vicars urged to get online to spread word

*John Bingham*

In ages past, the technical side of a local vicar's calling might have involved nothing more challenging than locating the correct page in the prayer book and keeping track of the lectionary.

But in the age of instant communications, when some people may be more likely to venture into their parish church in search of Pokemon than prayer, clerics are being advised to keep up with the times.

The Church of England has issued guidance to clerics and congregations to help them navigate a bewildering array of apps and online sites to help them in church life.

It suggests that committees such as Parochial Church Councils use the messaging tool 'Slack' to coordinate discussions on topics such as fixing the roof or organising Christmas services.

Other advice includes using an app which makes it quicker and easier to broadcast services on Facebook, and using a site which combines blogs, newsfeeds and YouTube videos to 'inspire your parish magazine'. Clerics are encouraged to make their own Gifs - animated images - to spread the Christian message online.

'Make photographic stop-motion animations, create mini-action moments and more - the possibilities are endless,' adds the guidance from Tallie Proud, the C of E's digital media officer.

The initiative is the latest in a series of efforts to urge the organisation to become more technologically savvy.

Recent examples include putting orders of service onto an app, so that those in the pew who wish to do so can follow readings and prayers through their smart-phone, and broadcasting services live online to reach out to those who find it too 'scary' to attend in person.

C of E officials fear that unless the church embraces social media it will fail to get its message to those who live much of their lives online. It is offering places on 'social media for beginners' courses for liturgical luddites.

'It's not a question of if your church should be on social media, but how is your church going to make a difference through social media, and when,' Miss Proud said.

# The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



## **VICAR**

Vacancy

For all enquiries ring 928 3342

Parish Administrative Assistant email [dunngoeff@talk21.com](mailto:dunngoeff@talk21.com)

## **ASSISTANT PRIESTS**

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

Revd Denise McDougall, 58 Hartley Crescent, Birkdale, Southport PR8 4SQ  
01704 550590; 07888 97564

## **READERS**

Mrs Jacqueline Parry, 21 Grosvenor Avenue, Crosby. L23 0SB. 928 0726

Miss Paula O'Shaughnessy, 30 Curzon Rd, L22 0NL. 286 2764 / 075823 19440

## **READER EMERITUS**

Dr Fred Nye, 23 Bonnington Ave, Crosby L23 7YJ Tel 924 2813

## **CHURCHWARDENS**

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

Mr Rick Walker, 17 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 2TL. 924 6267

## **ASSISTANT CHURCH WARDENS**

Mr Bill Dagnall, 14 Duddingston Ave, Crosby. L23 0SH. 928 4997

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

## **TREASURER**

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

## **PCC SECRETARY**

Mrs Lillie Wilmot, Flat 7, 3 Bramhall Rd, Waterloo L23 3XA. 920 5563

## **DIRECTOR OF MUSIC**

Mr Robert Woods, [robertwoods1986@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:robertwoods1986@hotmail.co.uk). 07847 251315

## **GIFT AID SECRETARY**

Mr Rick Walker, 17 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 2TL. 924 6267

## **VULNERABLE ADULTS OFFICER**

Mr Gareth Griffiths, 6 Lawton Road, Waterloo. L22 9QL. 928 4275

## **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**

Chris Price, 17 Queens Road, Crosby. L23 5TP. 924 1938

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**The next magazine will arrive some time in November. To avoid having it largely written by the editor, please provide lots of material at any time.**

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Church website: [www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk](http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk)

Online edition: [www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/magazine.pdf](http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/magazine.pdf)

Online events diary: [www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/googlecalendar.html](http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/googlecalendar.html)

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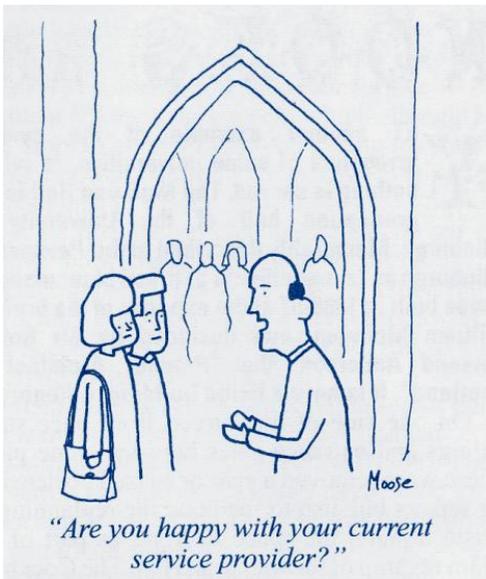
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