



The Parish Church of Saint Faith,  
Great Crosby

**NEWSLINK**

October & November 2017

# 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

Please consult the weekly service sheet (in church and online) for all information.

<http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/bulletin.pdf>

### **Around Waterloo: The Eucharist**

2nd and 5th Mondays & Feast Days as announced - Liverpool Seafarers' Centre 10am;  
Wednesdays 10.30 am at St Mary's; Wednesdays 7.00 pm at Christ Church.

## 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 5065 to arrange this, or to arrange a visit to someone in hospital or at home.

## IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

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





## **From the Ministry Team      November 2017**

Dear Friends,

It's another one of the first-time things you do when you begin in a new place, write a letter for the church magazine!

And where do you begin? The autobiographical angle has already been covered, All Saints Day is going fast, will the magazine be out in time for Remembrance Sunday, (*yes, just! Ed.*) and I am hearing about a forthcoming Christmas Tree Festival. This year is going very fast.

Our year ends at midnight on the 31<sup>st</sup> of December, but the church's year will have ended by the time it gets dark on the day before the first Sunday of Advent. We will slip from year A in the lectionary when we focus on St. Matthew's Gospel to year B when our focus will be St. Mark's Gospel. Advent Sunday traditionally heralds a whole month of preparing to celebrate the feast of Christmas. As the Advent hymn will remind us "Let every heart prepare a throne and every voice a song." But then there is the Christmas Tree Festival, numerous carol services, Christmas dinners and parties to draw our thoughts away from the important discipline of Advent. Life in a monastery is much simpler. But God calls us to be disciples in the here and now right where we are, with all the pulls that make Advent complicated.

But jumping back a few weeks to the Festival that happens on the last Sunday of the Churches year, we finish the year by celebrating Christ the King. Not a nice tame constitutional monarch like our Queen Elizabeth but an absolute monarch from the bad old days of the Greek and Roman Empires.

Our Bible readings in Ezekiel will point us towards a King who judges between sheep and goats, and in Ephesians is enthroned in the highest place in Heaven, and a judge in Matthew who is questioned over his judgement by the goats: 'When did we see you Lord?' A judge on a far away throne is easier to deal with, but a judge who looks at us through the eyes of the needy asks us big questions.

"We find thee Lord in others needs  
We see thee in our brother  
And what we do we do for thee  
Incarnate in our neighbour."

It's an old hymn a bit out of fashion nowadays, so when you read brother think of sister too.

A soup kitchen in New York was run by a larger than life African-American cook. And before the many people queueing outside were let in for their free meal every day she insisted on praying with all the helpers. The prayer went along these lines; "Lord we know you are in that queue somewhere today, when we come to serve you may we treat you right!"

Disciples who seek to serve the king of the universe, by welcoming his needy children.



*Fr. John*

## **Licensed to a Living**

Fr John arrived at St Faith's on the evening of Monday, 30<sup>th</sup> October, 2017, centre stage in an occasion of much rejoicing, pomp and circumstance. It was great to see the church filled with not far short of 200 congregation, choir, officiants, clergy and readers.

The words below formed part of the licensing service and explain what went on. The full order of service is online on our website, together with galleries of photos taken before, during and after the service, and a few from the excellent bean feast in the church hall. There are also some photos in the middle of this issue.

We warmly welcome Fr John and his family to St Faith's and the vicarage, and look forward in real hope to whatever the future holds for us all. We are all only too well aware of the rough waters we have navigated for some years now, and although common sense suggests that we will be lucky to enjoy plain sailing in the years ahead, we all hope and pray for calmer waters.

## **Institution, Induction, Installation...**

### ***What's it all about then?***

The arrival of a new incumbent in a parish is always an important event. For him it is a new sphere of work; for the members of the Church and the people of the parishes, it is a new chapter in the worship and life of the whole community.

To mark this new beginning, priest and people come together with the Bishop to offer themselves afresh to God for the work of the Gospel. This service is both a

legal ceremony and an Act of Worship, which reminds priest and people of their shared responsibility for the proclamation of the Gospel and the service of God's People.

The legal preliminaries include an Oath of Allegiance to the Crown, and Oath of Canonical Obedience to the Bishop, and the Declaration of Assent. This declaration assures the congregation that their priest believes, speaks and acts in a way a Christian minister should, so that they can trust his ministry.

The Institution denotes the admission of the Priest to the spiritual care and leadership of the parish. The Induction gives the Priest the legal charge of the church buildings and property, and the right to receive the income of the benefice. The Installation places the priest in the midst of a worshipping, praying and witnessing community.

This is both a joyful and solemn occasion. Please spend time before the service to think about its meaning and to pray. In your prayers remember John and his family. Remember also, our Bishops and all who share with them in the work of this diocese and your own commitment to Christ, as a member of his body, the Church.

## **Greetings from St Luke's**



It's been a busy three months since ordination, which was such a special day and one which I will never forget; the culmination of a long journey of faith, with its ups and downs, twists and turns, and my acknowledgement and acceptance of God's call to ordained ministry. A journey which has brought tears, questions, doubt, awe, humility, tears, strength, and a lot of love and support from family, my friends and God. A journey which I feel so privileged to have been called to do. And the journey continues with my curacy at St Luke's, Crosby.

St Luke's is a lively, active church, and has a different, more evangelical style of worship, which is very different to the Anglo-Catholic style which I am familiar with and love. I must admit to being a little unsure if this style of worship would 'suit me', but I strongly felt God calling me for ministry there and when God calls, you follow! However, I am actually pleasantly surprised at the diversity of worship at St Luke's. Basically, there is style of worship to suit most tastes; which is something that I have been interested in promoting for quite a while now: that is, one church, different forms of worship, in order to enable people with different preferences in style of worship, to nurture their faith. I believe that if a person is happy in his/her worshipping life, and their faith is nurtured and strengthened, then this could lead to that faith being spread out to others and God's love being shared by many, to many. For as our Lord himself told us, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to all creation." (Mark 16:15, NIV)

I have been warmly welcomed into the church community and, right from the start, my

curacy supervisor and incumbent, Rev Amanda, got me involved in regular worship, leading and preaching at a variety of services. There are three services every Sunday; 9am, a more traditional, communion service; 11am, Morning Worship, an informal Service of the Word that offers praise and teaching for all ages and is accessible to those exploring their faith; and 6:30, Evening Worship, which is an informal service of worship and teaching. All services are well attended and are very different in style; the 11am and 6:30pm vary week to week. This is helping me to learn and understand different forms of worship and the diversity of liturgy and worship materials available which can enhance the service and brings a variety of choice for people exploring in, and building of, their faith. So I'm learning a lot!

St Luke's is also very active, and the church community are involved in lots of different activities. For example, to name but a few, Keystone - helping those who struggle with Dementia or any memory problem, and for their carers; Bereavement & Friendship Group - which meet monthly to support those affected by bereavement; Crafty ladies - a group of ladies who make cards and gifts to raise funds for Hospice and local charities; Nifty-knitters - making gifts for shoebox appeals, seafarers' mission, Malawi, Age Concern; Groundforce - a large group of people who look after the church grounds. There are also different activities, e.g. prayer groups, listening to God, Walking Groups, Fellowship groups etc. As you can see, a very busy church community! Unfortunately, as I work full time, I am unable to be involved in everything on a regular basis, but will 'pop in' to meetings when I can.

Talking of work, this is soon to change as I have been offered the role of Chaplain at the Liverpool Women's Hospital. Chaplaincy is a part of ministry which I have always felt called to do, and it seems so well timed that the role should become vacant shortly after my ordination! It is a part-time role, so I will be working as chaplain on Tuesdays and Thursdays (with on call) and work in Clinical Audit the remainder of the week. Quite busy, but I think will be a good split between the two roles. I begin my new role on 2<sup>nd</sup> October, and am really excited to start on this next step in my ministry, and it doesn't affect my curacy at St Luke's because I am an SSM (Self Supporting Minister; previously known as NSM) and therefore I continue in my secular employment at the Liverpool Women's Hospital. At this point I'd just like to say a huge thank you to Rev Denise and Fred for giving me excellent references; thank you and bless you for your unceasing support and friendship.

So, dear friends, that's a brief update on my journey so far since ordination! I've been very welcomed into St Luke's and continue getting to know people, making friends, enjoying the variety of worship and feeling challenged at the same time; although there are a few funny stories to tell, for example, leading a service from the wrong book and noticing a very confused congregation! But I will share these with you another time. I'm looking forward to starting my new role as Anglican Chaplain in the Women's Hospital, and also excited about going to Australia, with all the family, in November, for Edd and Bridie's wedding, and seeing my beautiful granddaughter Scarlett again, who is now 2 years old. How time flies!

I think often of the family of St Faith's and St Mary's with great love and affection, and

I continue to keep you all in my prayers, especially as you are entering a new phase as you welcome Fr John as your new incumbent. I pray that his ministry at St Faith's and St Mary's will be fruitful, and that the United Benefice will flourish in the unity and fellowship of God's unending love.

I look forward to seeing you all again soon.

With my love and prayers

**Jackie xx**



## **TV vicars - the answer to Church prayers?**

Learning the cha-cha-cha and appearing on reality television is somewhat unusual behaviour for a Church of England priest. But senior Church figures say that celebrity vicars like the Rev Richard Coles and the Rev Kate Bottley have made it more accessible - and contributed to a ten-year high in the numbers of trainee clergy. This year there were 544 new trainees, up from 476 last year - the largest figure in a decade.

New priests are also getting younger, with 28 per cent aged under 32, up from 23 per cent last year.

The Church of England has had a PR boost in recent months with "celebrity vicars" Coles and Bottley appearing on television and in the media. Coles, a former member of pop band The Communards, is one of this year's Strictly Come Dancing contestants while Bottley, who rose to fame on the Channel 4 series Gogglebox, has been announced as a new Radio 2 host.

The Bishop of Repton, the Rt Rev Jan McFarlane, who was one of the first women to be ordained by the Church in 1994, said she believed the pair had made the church appear more accessible. "With Richard and Kate, being on Strictly Come Dancing and shows like that, they've just come across as human people who happen to have a strong faith,"

The number of women in ordained ministry is also at a record high. Of the 544 ordinands - or trainee priests - starting their courses this year, 274 are women, a 19 per cent rise on last year. The Church now has 5,690 women priests.



## **Authority: a timely recent sermon**

The whole idea of 'authority' has changed radically over the last fifty years, and I've certainly seen some changes in my lifetime as a doctor. Gone are the days when the consultant was God, and when every word he spoke (and it *was* usually 'he') was treated as gospel. The growth of consumerism and the internet has undermined our

respect for authority, for politicians, for science, and particularly for so-called ‘experts’: with Google at our fingertips we’re all experts, aren’t we? My views on life, and my opinion, are now as good as anybody’s – or so I’d like to think!

Recently we have seen this change at work in many different ways. Discontent with the educated elite and the establishment contributed to both the Brexit vote and the election of Donald Trump. People power made itself felt vociferously, even stridently, when it came to the leadership of both the Child Abuse and the Grenfell Tower enquiries: and there was the whole tragic business of Charlie Gard. Neither have the beleaguered Bishops and Archbishops of the Church of England been spared their share of stick.

Of course a moment’s thought will tell us that not all spurning of authority is helpful or desirable. Children need both rules and boundaries at home and at school, as they grow up and learn how to live in the world alongside others. And our whole system of law and order depends on consent, and on accepting the proper powers and responsibilities of the police, and the authority and independence of our magistrates and judges. I’m sure you can think of many other examples. Trouble is; we’re much happier when the weight of authority falls on someone else, and tend to resent it and feel it’s ‘unfair’ if it falls on us. Sometimes we have to ask ourselves Ezekiel’s question – ‘Is it not your ways that are unfair?’

So what, as Christians, should be our attitude to authority? When, and how, should we recognise and respect it? We have of course only one perfect model of authority, and that is Our Lord. And in the wonderful hymn to His crucifixion and resurrection quoted by Paul in the letter to the Philippians, we learn the nature of his power and authority. Every knee should bow at his name and every tongue confess that He is Lord because he emptied himself, took the form of a servant, and was obedient. Obedient to the point of death, even death on a cross. A strange sort of authority, this obedience. Far from being servile or populist, it comes from heaven itself, from God. As this morning’s gospel reminded us, it is not of human origin.

It’s helpful here to look at Our Lord’s friendship with St. Peter as a guide to how Our Lord’s authority works, as far as the church is concerned. Peter was the first disciple to recognise that Jesus’s authority came from his status as Messiah, the Son of the living God. But when Jesus explained that this meant he had to go to Jerusalem to face the opposition of the religious and military authorities, and to be tortured and killed, Peter couldn’t take it. Peter ignored his Lord’s authority – he knew better – ‘God forbid it Lord!’ he said. God forbid that you should go the Way of the Cross – but Jesus knew that this was the will and purpose of his heavenly Father. Peter was a good man, and his love for Jesus was deep and genuine. At the same time everything that he had been taught told him that the Messiah was to rule in triumph over his enemies, and would restore the lost Kingdom of Israel. So on a human level his protest was understandable and justifiable. It was just that this was not God’s way, God’s plan, for the salvation of the world.

Soon we are to have a new parish priest, and we continue to pray for God’s blessing on John Reed, and on Ruth, Alan and Emma. We pray because all priests need the gift of

the Spirit. They stand in a difficult place, in the middle, between God and his people. They have to be, like Jesus, servant-leaders, and from this derive their authority. And they have to preach and live the gospel, which is the way of resurrection – but also the Way of the Cross. I don't really know what the future holds for us here. It would be lovely to have proper catering facilities, a full church with lots of children, lots of servers up front, lots in the choir, gorgeous music and gorgeous ritual – and I pray for all of these. But if I'm honest I have also to acknowledge that this is not necessarily where the Lord will lead us. And so I also pray that we may be given the gift of discipleship, that under Fr. John's authority and guidance we may follow our Saviour along the path that the Lord, and the Lord alone, will choose.

This would be a good time to reflect on our future, and on what Our Lord's priorities for us might be, as servants of the servant-King, in a world that is so needy, a world that so much needs loving. And we are all tired; we need some refreshment and restoration. Perhaps above all we need to be reconciled and healed from past hurts, and finally to put behind us any residual resentment we feel for past wrongs and criticisms. So let's pray that with Fr. John's help we may be renewed through and through. As Ezekiel might have said to us 'Get yourselves a new heart, and a new Spirit'!



*Fred Nye*

## **Priests get crib sheet to decipher C.of.E prayers**

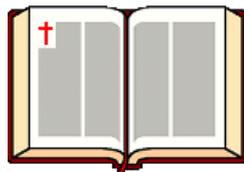
Priests-in-training are to be given glossaries for the first time to help them understand the Book of Common Prayer because they struggle to decipher the language. The Prayer Book Society, which gives out free copies of the 17th-century book to first-year students in theological colleges, will this year include a key to some of its more old-fashioned words and phrases.

The list includes definitions for words such as "eschew" meaning abstain from, "concord", for an agreement between people^ and "froward", meaning perverse or contrary. Some of the included words could cause confusion to young ordinands due to more modern definitions. For instance, in the 17th century, "magnify" didn't mean to make something appear larger than it is, but to glorify or praise greatly. At the time the book was written "meet" meant "appropriate or fitting". And "comfortable", rather than meaning at ease or relaxed, meant to strengthen or to make strbng.

Tim Stanley, the Society's press officer who conceived the scheme, told The Daily Telegraph: "The language is quite Shakespearey. It's very beautiful but it's very ancient and there are some words in it which modern readers might find difficult to understand."

The Prayer Book Society was founded in 1972 to promote the 1662 version of the book, which was first created in 1549 by Thomas Cranmer, amid concerns that it would fall out of use due to competition from more modern versions.

It is the traditional service book of the Church of England which is still widely used and remains broadly unchanged from its original 16th-century incarnation. In a press release the Society said: "Although Cranmer committed himself to setting out church services in 'a tongue under-standed of the people', the meaning of some of his language - as with Shakespeare's - has changed over the centuries."



## From the Registers

*The saga rumbles on...*

The New Year starts quietly and uneventfully. January 1<sup>st</sup>, a Sunday, is flagged up as 'New Year's Day – Feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord'. There only 50 8.00 am communicants, the rest doubtless sleeping it off, but 20, fasting or otherwise, took the sacrament at the 1030 am Sung Mass.

Epiphany, a weekday, was marked with said celebrations only, and the feast presumably honoured on the following Sunday. This latter day has a sad footnote inserted: 'Vespers of the Dead – John Holt aged 15 years.' The marginal note for the following day reads 'Funeral of Master John Holt'. (At what age would the term 'master' seem inappropriate, this writer wonders.)

W.H. takes nearly a fortnight off; during his absence T.S.S. presides. On January he insert in the 'remarks' column on successive lines 'Vespers of Dead' 'Requiem' 'Funeral of 'Carrie' Goodwin'. In the weeks that follow, the early Sunday mass more than once dips below the 50 mark, but the steady procession of daily masses and evensongs is maintained. Charles Walker visits to preach on Sexagesima Sunday. And Ash Wednesday is well attended, with 109 at three celebrations. The Sundays in Lent see the 100 mark topped more than once, and decipherable signatures include Reginald B Parker and C.S.Urwin (long time no see for the latter)

Mothering Sunday features a 6.30 pm entry of Confirmation, and the familiar signature of Clifford Liverpool, but no indication of attendances, candidates or even collection. Also of interest is the provision throughout Lent of a Saturday 9.00 am Children's Mass. Recorded numbers show a handful of adult communicants and some twenty or so children attending.

On Passion Sunday there were a healthy 132 early communicants, but only 72 on Palm Sunday. The first four days of Holy Week saw four daily services, ending at 8 pm on Maundy Thursday with the distinctively entitled 'The Lord's Supper' ('sung', says the marginal note). Good Friday has R.Lancaster for the Three Hours, and Litany and Table Prayers (a new one, this) on Holy Saturday morning. That evening there was Blessing of the Paschal Candle + Festal Evensong – but no attendance details, and of course no masses on these two days.

Easter Day, 2<sup>nd</sup> April and the week following receive striking emblazoned lettering and

lots of red. Communicants on the day totalled 370. The red pen seems to have run dry on Easter 2 with only faintly pencilled flagging up of the day, although Laurence Washington signs in for evensong.

Little or nothing disturbs the even tenor of subsequent weeks or even months until your diligent page turner notice that W.H's initials are absent between July 19<sup>th</sup> and August 16<sup>th</sup> – apart, that is, from the vicar's writing recording for Saturday August 12<sup>th</sup> 'Scouts to Camp – All Scouts Present at The Mass.' Not long after, on Sunday September 4<sup>th</sup>, Fr Hassall appends marginal notes: 'The Senior Cubs were in camp + 4 leaders. Celebrant W.H' - and on the following line '8 communicants in Camp'. On the same day George Houldin, Lay Reader signs in as preacher at evensong.

After so many occurrences of the distinctive initials of T.S.S., it comes almost as a surprise to read, following his last signing in for preaching at evensong on October 1<sup>st</sup>, the legend 'Presentation for Fr Stanage in Church Hall after Evensong - £57.10.6.' The total church collections for the rest of the week ending that day came to £42.12.11 – a clear token of the esteem in which Tom Stanage was held.

Henceforth, and for many months to come, the indefatigable Fr Hassall shoulders the considerable burden of the great majority of Sunday and weekday services (some 15 per week) with help from a few visitors from time to time.

Dipping in and out of the rest of 1961, Remembrance Day's 10.45 service is logged as 'Sermon, followed by a Solemn Requiem'. The unusual sequence will probably have been to accommodate the two minutes' silence at 11.00 am. Messrs Cawley, Bates and Houldin feature regularly in support of the vicar as Advent comes and goes.

The fourth Sunday in Advent fell on December 23<sup>rd</sup>, so it is no surprise to see a mere 38 communicants at 8.00 am. Things were far better over the actual Christmass (sic) celebrations: 335 at the Midnight Mass, and a total for the day of 409 (cf 426 in 1960).The page is colourfully illustrated once more, and the vicar unusually appends three meteorological reports: one 'foggy' and two 'snow'.

Here endeth 1961, with a recorded 8170 communicants (8629 in 1960) and £2472.18.11 total collections. The drop is marked, and the decline will continue for the next few years, despite the gallant efforts of clergy and readers. Peering into the future, however, and the arrival of Fr Charles Billington, a renaissance is in sight.

*Chris Price*

## **Another Pilgrimage**



At the beginning of the year, my sister Judith told me about a ballot that was being held to allocate tickets for the Passchendaele Memorial events to be held in and around Ypres on July 30<sup>th</sup>.and 31<sup>st</sup>. These would mark the start of the Third Battle of Ypres on

the 31<sup>st</sup> July 1917. Our paternal grandfather, Owen Jones (Taid), died early on that first day and, as he has no known grave, he is one of the many names inscribed on the Menin Gate. Taid was 32 when he died, leaving a widow and two young sons, our father, Glynne, and his baby brother, Emrys. Nain rarely spoke about her husband and Dad and our uncle knew very little about him. We have just one photograph of him with his young family and Judith has part of a letter sent to Nain by the Chaplain of the 17<sup>th</sup>.Royal Welsh Fusiliers, describing Taid as “a brilliant testimony to the faith he possessed”.

Each person who entered the ballot hoped to get a pair of tickets for one of the events. Later we discovered that 8000 people had applied. You can imagine our surprise and delight when we each received tickets for the service at Tyne Cot, while Mike and I were also awarded tickets for the Menin Gate. Mike was kind enough to transfer his ticket to Judith, and we set about making plans for the journey. Our brother-in-law, John, who is a matchless “trip organiser” decided that we would travel by car and Eurostar, staying in Ghent. He and Judith volunteered to do the driving as four people in our Mini, plus their luggage, would not have been a good idea! Judith was waiting for an ankle replacement operation and was unable to stand for long periods or to walk very far so, prior to our trip, she bought a mobility scooter which could be folded into the boot of their car. This was a great addition to our party, as I can reveal later.

In the months leading up to July, we received countless emails from the government department organising the event, giving us information, including instructions on what (and what not) to wear, and requesting all sorts of details for identification purposes. We were sent passes for car parks and even one which would enable us to pass through the police barriers in Ypres itself.

On the afternoon of June 30<sup>th</sup>, we drove to Ypres for the ceremony at the Menin Gate. Mike and John were only allowed as far as the car park. Judith got into her mobility scooter and we set off over the cobbles to St George’s Church where we were to meet the rest of the 200 descendants for the ceremony. Thanks to Judith and the “Buggy”, we were given prime position at the head of the procession, just behind the pipes and drums of the Royal Irish Regiment and the Royal British Legion standard bearers, and much envied seats beneath the Menin Gate... opposite the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the King and Queen of the Belgians and Theresa May. The Laying of the Wreaths and the Last Post Ceremony were very moving, but the memory that will stay with me was the moment when poppy petals began to fall from the roof of the Gate, one for every man who died in that battle.

After this, we were escorted to the Cloth Hall for drinks and canapes, and then to our seats on the staging in the Market Square for the event which was shown on television featuring Dame Helen Mirren, Alfie Boe, Warhorse and many others. I have to admit that our husbands, standing in the Square, had a better view of the show than we did, but we were able to see the pictures beamed on to the side of the Cloth Hall... and we had seats! At the end of the performance the “Buggy” proved its usefulness once again as we were escorted through the barriers to meet up with John and Mike while other visitors had to struggle through the crowd.

On Monday 31<sup>st</sup>. we set out very early for Passchendaele Memorial Park outside Ypres. From there, buses were to take us to Tyne Cot. On arrival, we were given our coloured identity wrist bands and told that we would be in a group scheduled to meet Prince Charles later. Once again thanks to the “Buggy” we were given priority transport to Tyne Cot and seats at the front, opposite to the Royal Party. Although we had to be in our seats by 11.30 for a service that began at 1pm., there was so much to see that the time passed very quickly. At length, the massed bands struck up with the Belgian National Anthem and those of us who could, rose to our feet. We could see movement at the main gate far below us, but nobody appeared on the pathway. The anthem ground to a halt and we all sat down again. This happened several times before any of the Royal Party made it up the very steep hill. It was only when we got home and were watching a recording of the event that we realised what had happened. As each car arrived, bearing its royal passengers, the groups greeted each other enthusiastically and began to chat, hence the delay.

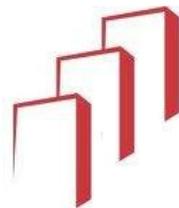
The Service itself was so meaningful, held as it was on ground fought over by both sides in what one speaker described as “a battle that has come to epitomise the horror of war”. We heard tributes from relatives of some of the men buried there and readings from letters that soldiers from the many countries involved had written to their wives or mothers. One particularly moving letter, read at the grave of an unknown German soldier, said “You do not know what Flanders means. Flanders means endless endurance. Flanders means blood and scraps of human bodies. Flanders means heroic courage and faithfulness, even unto death.”

On our return to the Memorial Park we were taken to meet Prince Charles and we were able to show him the photograph and letter. As well as these, I had the bronze disc, sent to the families of those who died during the Great War, inscribed with his name and the words “He died for Freedom and Honour”. The Prince talked to us about Taid and then allowed us to take photos of him with the group.

The whole weekend was a marvellous experience and we felt privileged to have taken part. Nain and Dad would have been so proud to know that we were there, remembering Taid and celebrating his life. The Battle of Passchendaele has become more than just a dry, historical account for us. The stories, photos and films that we saw and heard there brought it alive, pointing out the needless slaughter of a generation of men on both sides.

The final words come from a speech made by the Prince of Wales as he contemplated the 12000 graves and 34000 names on the Memorial to the Unknown. “Thinking of these men, my great grandfather remarked ‘I have many times asked myself whether there can be no more potent advocate to peace upon earth through the years to come, than this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the desolation of war’”.

*Oaf Broom*





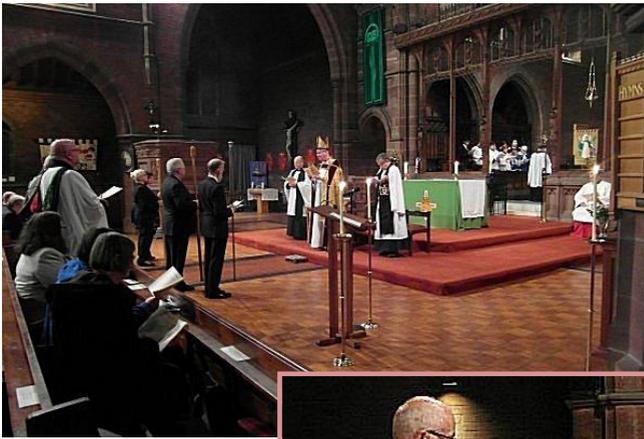
## *The Brooms on Pilgrimage*

Read their story –  
and who they met –  
on page 10

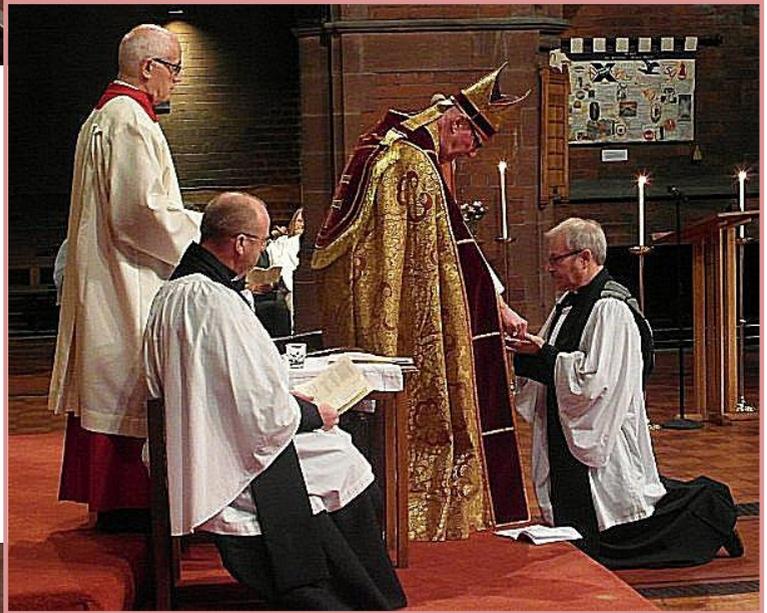
## *Cross Grained*

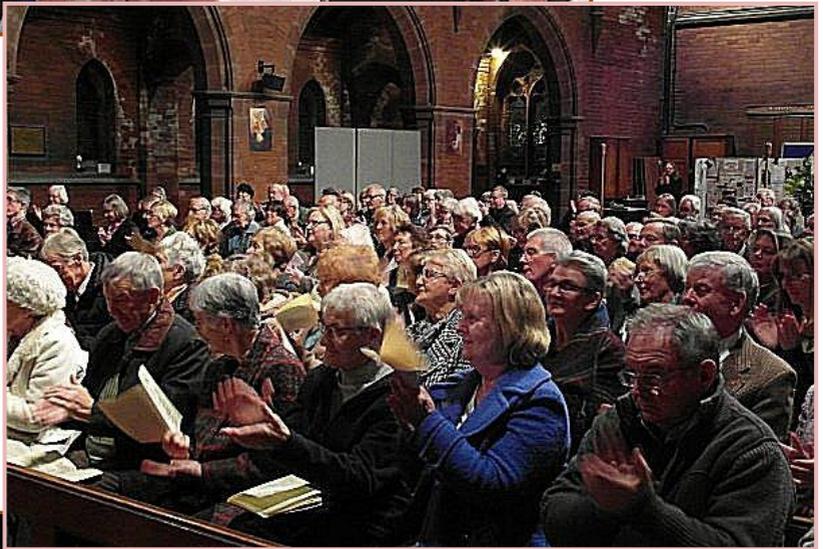
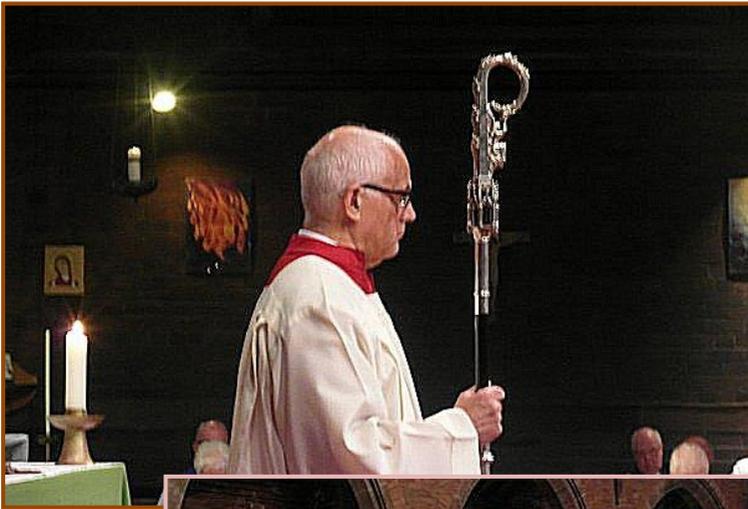
Read Rick  
Walker's before  
and after story  
on page 17





*Images of  
the Induction*







**Cheers!**

Mike Carr dispenses liquid refreshment in the hall after the induction service

**At our service**

*Right* Fr John after the All Souls' Day mass (with attendant teddy bear)

*Below* at the nave altar on All Saints' morning, with Fr Dennis and David Jones





## If at first you don't succeed . . .

A vicar of several rural parishes was driving back to his vicarage after a PCC meeting one night. It was very dark and he was feeling tired. As he rounded a bend on the winding country lane he suddenly saw a cyclist right in front of him. He slammed on the brakes and hauled the steering wheel over to the right. The cyclist was understandably shocked by this sudden threat, as the car missed him by inches. He swerved to the left, hit an embankment and fell off. The vicar jumped out of the car to check that the cyclist was alright. The cyclist picked himself up, dusted himself down and declared himself to be unhurt. However, it was too dark to properly tell the state of the bike. The vicar promised to pay for the cost of any damage and gave the cyclist one of his visiting cards, which had his name and phone number on it. When the cyclist got home he looked at the card and was somewhat perturbed when he read, 'Sorry to have missed you. I will try again tomorrow.'

## Hail and Farewell... x3!



October 17<sup>th</sup> saw the Induction of one of our previous incumbents as Rector of Chorley at the Parish Church of St Laurence.

There is nothing like recalling previous similar occasions to make us realise how quickly time has flown... seeing Neil at the church door of St Laurence placing his hand on the handle to symbolise "the real, actual and corporal possession of the church" took me back to his ceremony of handing over the church keys and the solitary walk to the main door of St Mary's in 2012 and then some months later, to the scene in St James', Bushey at the possession of that Benefice and the symbolic tolling of the bell.

I think we reckoned that about 40 people from St Faith's and St Mary's were present (that's including Fr Peter and Margaret Goodrich, if they don't mind being cast in with the hoi polloi...) and around a further 30 or so had travelled together from Bushey. In addition there were also the regular congregants of St Laurence and the required civic dignitaries, local school representatives and clerics from the Roman Catholic and Methodist churches, along with a myriad of visiting clergy. It was lovely to see previous Mirfield students who had participated in memorable Lent services at St Faith's a few years ago. Fascinating also to chat to a Franciscan Brother from Philadelphia at the buffet afterwards, not least because of his unprintable views about Trump....

Joint choirs from the town, St Laurence, St James and St Faith's, two organists, soloists, trumpeter and flautist inevitably produced a dignified, spiritual and dramatic backdrop to the service. The central element of Induction and Installation was led by the Archdeacon of Blackburn and The Bishop of Burnley, Philip North, who in his inimitable style preached a lively and fascinating sermon.

Considering that the Eucharist was also inbuilt into the service things moved along pretty speedily and it was about 8.15 when we were going into their Refectory to collect

our refreshments. Due to the large numbers present we then brought food and drink back into church and it was good to see people chatting informally together in the pews and aisles which had so recently been the staging for the pomp and ceremony.

The efficient timing was much appreciated by folk who had to travel back by road, especially of course by those who were boarding the coach back to Bushey. Although some of us it has to be said, had splashed out a bit and booked into the Premier Inn at Chorley North – an excellent venue and a lovely setting on the bank of the Leeds-Liverpool canal. We can highly recommend it to anyone visiting those parts..as well as the excellent Chorley market on a Tuesday (almost as good as Bury...)!

And so another chapter in Fr Neil's life began, just 13 days before the new chapter in the life of St Faith's and Fr John Reed.

A tribute is owed to all those whose hard work prepared for both those occasions and, indeed, to the months of interregnum which had preceded them. May the lives of priests, people and churches be peaceful and flourish, with the help of God and without too much interference from the Management....

*Maureen Madden*

## Remembering



*Delving again into the Book of Remembrance, Fr Dennis recalls the stories of more of the faithful departed*



**Stan Finlay August 25<sup>th</sup>, 1990**

A stalwart of St Faith's over a good many years, dear Stan was the husband of Vi and father of Michael. In my early years as a server in the mid-1990s, Stan was one of Ernest Pratt's choristers. As the years rolled on he gave faithful service as sidesman and was supportive of much that went on in the life of the church to which he was devoted. During the incumbency of Fr Charles Billington, when Sunday afternoon football matches in Victoria Park were part of the sporting calendar of the church, Stan loved to act as referee and did his best to curb the somewhat aggressive and competitive side of the vicar's nature. At the twice yearly Merchant Taylors' end of term services, Stan could always be relied upon to help move furniture and clear up after the school had left. It was always a joy to visit Stan and Vi in their Crosby apartment, where visitors were made to feel most welcome and a tippie of Stan's finest malt whiskey was generously offered. Both Stan and Vi were delighted to see their son ordained priest in 1982. May they both rest in peace and be raised in glory.



**Stanley Valentine Smith August 29<sup>th</sup>, 1968**

Most of the 'Brooke gang' of St Faith's were only just beginning to get to know Stan

and appreciate what good and interesting company he was, when we heard of his sudden and unexpected death. A conscientious and dependable sidesman at St Faith's, by profession Stan was a painter and decorator, who lived with his brother in what was often referred to as 'little Scandinavia', one of the two up two down terraced houses in Norway, Sweden and Denmark streets in Waterloo.

Stan was in his element sitting in the 'magic circle' of the St Faith's group of imbibers who, in Fr Charles' incumbency, adjourned to The Brooke public house after the Sunday mass to enjoy one another's company, chew the fat and plan any excursion or event that might have parish appeal. The younger ones of us present on these most pleasant and enjoyable occasions at the pub always delighted in the lively exchanges of opinion between Stan and his sparring partner Archie Pattison. Both men, bachelors in their fifties, whilst having much in common, found a level of disagreement which at times rendered their conversation distinctly entertaining.

Stan's funeral was memorable. Although a 'high churchman' Stan also had very strong leanings towards the evangelical wing of the C. of E., particularly soe of its hymns. With two sets of candelabra on the altar frontal chest, which was a substitute nave altar in those days at St Faith's, along with the Te Deum we sang the hymn, a favourite of Stan's, which has rarely been sung in our church, 'Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine.' We were sorry indeed to have lost one of our most colourful and likeable companions, but in the true spirit of friendship we drank a pint or two in his memory, and four of us drove off to Arrowe Park in Birkenhead to finish the afternoon with a round of pitch and putt. May he rest in peace and be raised in glory.

### **Jean Winifred Price September 5<sup>th</sup>, 2012**

My first contact with Jean was as a secondary school pupil at Waterloo County when she took over my regular English teacher's timetable and spent a term or two doing pre-O Level work with us. To this day I am not aware of what brought her to St Faith's many years later, but once she had arrived she became a regular and committed member of the church family. Her children having grown up and fled the nest, Jean and her husband John lived in Shaftesbury Road in Crosby. They were highly intelligent and interesting people. John had retired from a professional career in engineering, had an endearingly warm personality and was hugely knowledgeable about many subjects. The amputation of a leg followed John's deterioration in health but he remained a joy to visit and engage with. Both John and Jean were keen doers of The Times crossword and after his death Jean remained in the family home with her beloved cats, still enjoying the challenge of crossword, reading avidly and watching her favourite television programmes. Having gained a first class honours degree in English Literature and a Master's to follow it, Jean's knowledge of books was immense. It was always a pleasure as well as an education to be drinking tea at Jean's and to hear her wax lyrical about a recent radio programme she had listened to or an author she had come across. Words remained her delight and to the end of her long life the hallmark of the pedagogue remained with her.

Her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration, held at 'Lakeside', was a joyous occasion. Family and friends came from all over to wish her well, and in the mind's eye one recalls her sitting in state, receiving numerous gifts and enjoying every moment of the occasion. She was always pleased to receive visitors to her home and she was always a pleasure to be with. May Jean and John both rest in peace and be raised in glory.



### ***Ethel Clawson September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1992***

The wife of churchwarden Albert in the 1960s and mother of Ken, Derek and Pat, Ethel gave great support to Fr Hassall during his incumbency, their home always providing a warm welcome to him. In those far off early years of my being at St Faith's it was quite customary for worshippers to attend all three main services on a Sunday, and the Clawson family were no exception. As a young man I can still remember being told by Fr Hassall that Ethel possessed a huge number and variety of hats. She was, I recall, a very smart and elegant dresser.

Fr Hassall was a good friend of Ken Clawson and sometimes enjoyed time away with him on the back of Ken's motorbike. Like many of the St Faith's women of the 1960s Ethel was a member of the Mothers' Union and participated fully in the life of the parish. She had a warm, encouraging and cheerful disposition and I remember her with thanksgiving. May Ethel, Albert and sons Ken and Derek rest in peace and be raised in glory.



### ***Betty Clarke September 19<sup>th</sup> 1998***

Born in Scotland, her family split up and Betty went into care. We first met when I was in secondary school and she was employed as a house mother at our local Nazareth House on Liverpool Road. I would visit the children's home and spend many happy hours in the company of Betty and the children for whom she cared. Although a devout and practising Roman Catholic, Betty became a regular visitor to St Faith's and particularly enjoyed the social events which took place in the parish hall. In 1997, along with many others from church, Betty was present in Liverpool Cathedral for my ordination to the diaconate. She also enjoyed the celebratory lunch I hosted at the Blundellsands Hotel the same day.

By now Betty had moved on from Nazareth House to work as full time housekeeper for Canon Michael Casey, parish priest of St James Church, Bootle. She was an excellent cook and much enjoyed the opportunities for meeting people which her work in the presbytery afforded. Throughout these years Betty remained a very dear friend to my mother and me, often calling to see us and still supporting special occasions and events at St Faith's. In the final years of my mother's life Betty was willing to come to us and prepare a couple of evening meals each week, for which we were most grateful. Following my mother's death in November 1994, Betty gave me great support and continued to cook for me twice a week. In her 71<sup>st</sup> year, Betty's health failed dramatically and suddenly she was gone. On her reception into St James' the evening before the funeral requiem I was privileged to be asked to speak about Betty to the

congregation who had gathered. Many gave thanks at her requiem and to commend and 15entrust her to the God in whom she had believed and trusted all her life. As a very dear and much loved friend, may she rest in peace and rise in glory.



## Did you know . . . . .

... that in hot weather, a cedar tree can literally explode? Apparently this is a fact as witnessed by Sue Lucas in St Bart's churchyard, one of the parishes in East Ham that she now looks after.

During the very hot spell this summer a 100+ year old cedar tree collapsed in the heat and had to be taken down. Knowing that I 'liked' wood, she thoughtfully saved me a piece and asked me to make something. I suggested that depending on the state of the wood I would make something between a fruit bowl and a toothpick.

The chunk duly arrived, see the 'Before' picture (If you want to know how to transport a chunk of tree from London to Liverpool see the footnote to this article). My worst fears were confirmed when it tumbled from the carrier bag and split into a number of separate pieces – the intricacies of seasoning wood not being very high priority in the training of a priest! However, the smell was marvellous and after trying one or two cuts I decided to make Sue a 'holding cross'.

For those who may not know of such crosses, they are usually about four inches high, irregularly shaped and act as a sort of focus, dummy, worry bead, or whatever. Holding one and 'playing' with it between your fingers can aid relaxation or concentration, help to ease worries, or merely help one to pass the time. I actually bought one made of Olive wood from St Albans Cathedral earlier this year. (Rumour has it that some made from St Faith's old pew wood may even be on sale in during the Christmas Tree Festival!)

Having carved one such cross I decided that there was enough good wood for one or two more. The result is seen in the 'After' picture. The three crosses can be removed from the base for 'use', but will look rather good I think as a focus for an Easter garden.

As I was putting my tools away and sweeping up the garage, Fr John 'phoned for a chat and said that among other things he was sorting out in his present parish he had to dispose of a beech tree that had just fallen down. . .

..

Is there no peace for a warden? (*As a warden for 34 years, the answer is NO! Ed.*)

**Rick Walker**

## Serendipity?

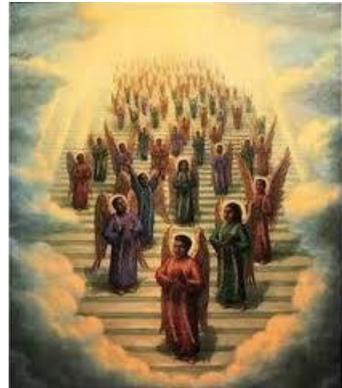
Sue has a parish administrator in East Ham whose partner works for a paint company. Occasionally the partner has to visit his head office which happens to be in Liverpool, and so the chunk of wood was packed in a carrier bag and he was charged with finding someone in the office who knew Crosby on his next visit up north. Imagine his surprise when he not only found someone in the office who knew Crosby, but someone who actually lived next door to me. Post Office - eat your heart out!

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How shall I sing that Majesty  
which angels do admire?  
Let dust in dust and silence lie;  
sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.  
thousands of thousands stand around  
thy throne, O God most high;  
ten thousand times ten thousand sound  
thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,  
whilst I thy footsteps trace;  
a sound of God comes to my ears,  
but they behold thy face.  
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,  
with all my fire and light;  
yet when thou dost accept their gold,  
Lord, treasure up my mite.

How great a being, Lord, is thine,  
which doth all beings keep!  
Thy knowledge is the only line  
to sound so vast a deep.  
thou art a sea without a shore,  
a sun without a sphere;  
thy time is now and evermore,  
thy place is everywhere



## Joan Fell: a tribute

Joan Fell will be difficult to forget. Despite much tribulation she refused to be shaped by the circumstances of her life. Maybe she was perverse and stubborn, but she was never dull. And she had the gift of gathering around her life-long and committed friends; and this short tribute has been contributed by three of them – by Chris and Angie Price, and Pauline Farrell.

Pauline's first memory of Joan was in 1952 when they were both working as hospital social workers - 'lady almoners' as they were known in those days. They both had to attend boring meetings with what they called the 'ali-moaners', and Pauline recalls Joan coming to such a meeting and immediately raising the tone. As a young woman Joan was elegant, well dressed and attractive, and clearly had the capacity to 'light up a room'. However she always hated meetings of any kind, and had a lifelong antipathy to all forms of 'management'. She was much happier working one-to-one with her patients.

Joan worked initially at Birkenhead General Hospital, and then successively at Bootle Hospital and the Royal Infirmary. While she was at the Royal there was a major re-organisation of social services, which Joan found difficult to navigate, so she resigned and took up what was to be her final post at Walton Hospital.

Towards the end of her working life, Joan became plagued for some years by alcoholism; a severe trial for her, and for her devoted friends. Help was to come from an unexpected quarter. In her early years in Queens Road she had fallen for the charms of a dashing young Merchant Taylors' neighbour and schoolboy, Robert Runcie. She claimed to have been his first girlfriend, and that they had hung out together. Whatever the truth, it is a matter of record that many years later it was Robert Runcie, as Archbishop of Canterbury, who persuaded her, in the end, to stop drinking. Our then vicar at St. Faith's, Richard Capper, phoned Lambeth Palace, and asked if the archbishop could help. Runcie then visited Joan in Queens Road, and he subsequently did his best to encourage and support her in hard times

Joan was an only child. Her relationship with her father was particularly close, and she always said that no-one would ever quite replace him. Perhaps for this reason Joan never married, although she was always keen to tell you about her string of successive boyfriends; none of whom - alas - as 'suitable' as the future Archbishop! She always told me that she preferred animals to human beings. She greatly cherished her little Scotty, Jimmy, a feisty and yappy creature on which she lavished great affection, declaring him more faithful and reliable than any human. On one infamous occasion Jimmy attacked and bit the GP while she was visiting Joan at home. The doctor called (unsuccessfully) for Jimmy to be put down, and Joan's relationship with the practice was never the same again. Being parted from Jimmy, and likewise deprived of her car, hit Joan hard in her later years. The saga of fraught encounters with local garages came to an end when she drove smartly across Liverpool Road and into the wall of the Girls' School.

Eventually Joan had to go into rest home care. Pam, the manager at Annandale, became another guardian angel. She helped sell Joan's house and dispose of the furniture, and also sorted out Joan's debts and financial affairs, which were in great disarray. Joan's remaining years in care were mostly contented, but often punctuated by frantic phone calls to friends whenever she had a spat with a resident, or the manager. Joan enjoyed her food, though she never much liked the institutional diet, which she supplemented by regular trips to Sainsbury's by taxi. It was only in the last few months of her life that she became chair-bound, and she eventually succumbed to a stroke, which cruelly left her unable to swallow solid food.

Joan was a Francophile, attended conversational French classes regularly, and enjoyed trips to the Continent with her friend Sybil, a neighbour from Queens Road. She loved listening to classical music, and would have approved of the Mahler we had played at her funeral service

earlier this morning. Amazingly, Joan's keen intellect remained intact during and after her fight with alcoholism. That she made a complete recovery is an enormous tribute both to Joan's dogged determination, and to the unconditional love of her friends and neighbours. Joan told me more than once that I should make no secret of her alcohol problems, in the hope that her recovery might encourage and inspire other sufferers.

Joan had a robust faith, was regular in prayer, and for quite a few years attended St. Faith's and enjoyed the company there. She never quite came to terms with the ritual, though, and in a characteristically sharp-tongued utterance, described Fr. Neil Kelley's colourful induction service as being more like a coronation than a church service. During her final years it was a pleasure and a privilege to visit Joan regularly in Woolston Mead, and to take her Communion. We had some memorable conversations. Joan was much concerned about the problem of pain, yet despite this she had an unshakeable belief in Providence and in God's enduring care in all her difficulties. God's Providence? Some might call it the kindness of friends. But is there really any difference?

Joan, may you now, at last, rest in peace, and rise in glory.

*Fred Nye*

**We're gathered digitally today**



The Church of England now reaches more people via social media than in services, new figures reveal. The statistics suggest the Church has now reached the point where more people follow its online accounts than attend regular services. Around 1.1 million attend services at least once a month, while the Church estimates 1.2million people are "reached" every month via Facebook, Twitter, Instagram and LinkedIn. The figures showed that the decline in regular church attendance continued in 2016, with average Sunday attendance falling to a new low of 780,000 people. Over the same period the Church has tripled its followers on both facebook and Instagram.

But it admitted it was struggling to convert a growing digital audience to physical attendance. William Nye, secretary general to the General Synod, said the figures were a "sobering reminder" of the challenge faces by the Church. He said that while the internet was an area of growth, "our challenge is to join up that growing online church life to the physical community of church that forms the body of Christ".

The figures also showed that another area of growth was midweek services, at which attendance by people who did not go on Sunday increased from 111,800 in 2011 to 122,700 in 2016. The rise is thought to be partly explained by the growing popularity of services such as choral evensong, which is held in urban cathedrals and attracts young professionals.

**Thank you from Eunice!**

As you all no doubt know now, I recently received a surprise piece of medical news that was quickly followed by some surgery. I am happy to say this went well and I am improving

daily. Most of all I would like to say a huge thank you to you all for all the lovely messages, cards, plants, flowers, kindness and prayers I have received, you and they have given me both strength, comfort and support which I will never forget.

I also must say a huge 'thank you to Irene for starting yet another new career as 'Town Crier' in the way she has kept both yourselves and me informed of things. Thank you - Much love and prayers.



Eunice xx

## **Warning: Christianity a danger to the marginalised**



An Oxford college has banned the Christian Union from its freshers' fair on the grounds that it would be "alienating" for students of other religions, and constitute a "micro-aggression".

The organiser of Balliol's fair argued Christianity's historic use as "an excuse for homophobia and certain forms of neo-colonialism" meant that students might feel "unwelcome" in the college if the Christian Union had a stall. Freddy Potts, vice-president of Balliol's Junior Common Room committee, said that if a representative from the CU attended the fair, it could cause "potential harm" to freshers. Mr Potts, writing on behalf of the JCR's welfare committee, told Lucy Talbot, the CU representative at Balliol, that their "sole concern is that the presence of the CU alone may alienate incoming students".

In email correspondence, seen by The Daily Telegraph, he went on: "This sort of alienation or micro-aggression is regularly dismissed as not important enough to report, especially where there is little to no indication that other students or committee members may empathise, and inevitably leads to further harm of the already most vulnerable and marginalised groups.

"Historically, Christianity's influence on many marginalised communities has been damaging in its method of conversion and rules of practice, and is still used in many places as an excuse for homophobia and certain forms of neo-colonialism." He said that barring the Christian Union "may be a way of helping to avoid making any students feel initially unwelcome within Balliol".

Initially he said the JCR committee wanted the fair to be a "secular space", explaining that since he "couldn't guarantee every major belief system" would have stalls at the fair, students from other religions may "suffer" if their faith is not represented. However, Mr Potts later conceded that he would allow a "multi-faith" stall at the fair, with information about various university religious societies. Student representatives of the CU were barred from attending in person.

The move sparked a backlash among students, with the JCR passing a motion on Sunday condemning the committee's ban as a "violation of free speech, a violation of religious freedom which sets dangerous precedents regarding the relationship between specific faiths and religious freedom"

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## Time for the Trees!

Christmas approaches but more importantly than that the time for St Faith's Christmas Tree Festival draws near and Brenda and I are hard at work organising. We have a division of labour I have panic attacks and grim premonitions of doom and disaster and Brenda gets on with the job. What a great team we are.

The Festival will of course conform to the traditions of our event, there will be refreshments, including our delicious "meal of the day" There will be a Bric-a-Brac stall, handicraft and cakes and preserves stall. In addition, there will be of private stalls selling jewellery, candles, beauty products, Christmas decorations, handicrafts, and lots more. As last year there will be 30 or more trees mostly taken by our faithful old sponsors some have dropped out such as the Chernobyl Project, sadly, because they have no families to host to holidays or foster the damaged children of Belarus, but we have some new sponsors such as Gilbert & Sullivan Society.

We will have several musical events. The Festival will open with the beautiful voices of "Indigo Vibe". On Wednesday evening there will be a carol service with a Military Band (not to be missed) Friday evening you can enjoy a concert and be entertained by, Danielle Louise Thomas and the "wayfarers", tickets are £10 which includes supper & wine. During the week we will be entertained by local school children singing traditional carols and popular seasonal songs.

I hope some of our readers will be asking how can we help? Well, we need more raffle prizes e.g. win chocolates, biscuits etc., we will also need some helpers, see the rotas at the back of church or contact us on 0151 928 4275.

**Gareth Griffiths**

*The Festival runs from December 3rd to 9th. Full details of times and events will be available soon on the church website and Facebook page. Don't panic, Mr Griffiths!*



# The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



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## **GIFT AID SECRETARY**

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## **VULNERABLE ADULTS OFFICER**

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## **CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER**

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

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Telephone 928 5065

**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 appear when there's enough stuff to pad it out: It will be in time for Christmas. We are as ever happy to print (almost) all offerings 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)**

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**Friends of St Faith's Facebook:**

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THE CHURCH  
OF ENGLAND



Diocese of  
Liverpool

