

NEWSLINK



'What a load of rubbish...'

The 2009 Church Holiday Club children at the Bootle recycling plant

Saint Faith's Church Great Crosby

SEPTEMBER 2009

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAYS

10.30am Morning Prayer

11.00am SUNG EUCHARIST and Children's Church

1.00pm Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)

7.00pm Compline and Benediction (1st Sunday)

WEEKDAY SERVICES (from September 1st)

Monday 1030am

Holy Eucharist

Tuesday 9.30am

Holy Eucharist

Wednesday 10.30am

Holy Eucharist in St. Mary's

Friday 6.30pm

Holy Eucharist

Saturday 10.30am

Holy Eucharist

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION

Father Neil is 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.

ANOINTING OF THE SICK AND DYING

Please contact Fr. Neil at any time, day or night, if someone is ill and requires the ministry of a priest.

HOLY COMMUNION to the sick and housebound and those in hospital

If you, or someone you know, would like a visit from a member of the Church, please contact the Vicarage to arrange this. The Eucharistic Ministers are always happy to bring Holy Communion to the sick and housebound. If you are unable to get to church and would like to receive Holy Communion at home please contact Joyce Green (931 4240). If you or someone you know would like to be visited in hospital please let Fr Neil know. Fr Neil will normally try to take Thursday as his day off.



From the Ministry Team September 2009

Dear Friends,

Having been a regular churchgoer for most of my life I reckon I must have heard over 2000 sermons by now. Some I remember in particular, most I don't, although the steady flow of messages of our Lord's words, running through my brain like water over rocks, has given me a wonderful sense of the continuous wisdom of the gospel, which continues to enrich my life.

Every now and then, however, a particular verbal illustration will stick in my mind, and I will keep coming back to it at different times in my life. It is very likely you will have heard this one too, but I make no apology for repeating it as it is well worth hearing again.

Once upon a time there was a young boy whose father gave him a jigsaw puzzle. He struggled for ages trying to assemble all the pieces into a map of the world, but however hard he tried the task was too much for him. Eventually, tired, disappointed, and frustrated, he went to his father and asked for help.

"My son," his father said, "did you not see there were two sides to the puzzle? Turn all the pieces over and see what you can do." The boy did as he was told and diligently set about assembling a new picture. It took quite a long time and was not always easy, but the task was never beyond him and eventually he put in the last piece and took it to show his father.

"Look dad, it's a picture of me!"

"Yes," said his father as he turned over the puzzle, "and look - when you get yourself right, the world gets better too!"

This simple parable had a profound effect on me when I was young - maybe because I was a big jigsaw fan? Or maybe because I recognised a truth about myself of which I had previously been unaware? I can still be so keen to rush out and save the world that I neglect to wash my own dishes first, never mind remove the log from my own eye. But if we keep doing our best to practise Christianity (and I need lots of practice) with prayer, praise, worship and service, then we shall be able to "keep our side of the street clean."

Our united congregations have spent much time discussing, and praying about, our mission here in Crosby and Waterloo. Sometimes the task of carrying the gospel further seems beyond us (but then, how do you think the disciples felt?) Sometimes we don't know where to start. The trouble is, our human will likes to have the whole world mapped out so we know where we are. But we don't need to know where God will eventually take us, only the first few footsteps. He will always go before us to show us the way; we need to shout out "Yes Lord, we are following you, show us the way." One thing we already know for sure, is that much prayer is necessary, and faith that prayer will be answered.

I wonder what will happen if everyone, in both congregations devoted an extra five minutes a day to prayer for guidance? To meet God quietly and ask him to show us the next steps to take?

Do let's try it. As the hymn says, "O make but trial of his love, experience will decide."

Yours faithfully,

Cynthia Johnson



Parties and Pantomimes...

Fr. Neil writes:

When Fr. Mark encouraged the Ministry Team to begin a process of 'strategic planning' last year, one of the questions he raised was the way in which each year we repeat various events without really stopping to consider if they are still required, or whether they still fulfil their original purpose. We at St. Faith's will not be alone in this – there are many churches which have groups and organisations whose 'raison d'être' is no longer clear. We repeat things year after year (pantomime, Open Gardens afternoon, Easter Party, Last Night of the Proms etc) because "that's what we have always done". But when we have put on things without stopping to consider whether they are still needed, they have sometimes had to be cancelled through lack of support! Part of our strategy this year under the heading of "changed priorities ahead" was to review all areas of our life together in this light.

Parish Pantomime

For the best part of ten years now since the parish pantomime was resurrected (from the days of Fr Peter Cavanagh), whilst this has undoubtedly been great fun and very

successful, the cost of mounting this has increased steadily each year. So much so that both churches this year only finished up with around £100 profit. Years ago it was ten times that amount! With some houses not as full as others during the week, the time has come to stand back and ask questions about the future of the pantomime. Next year there will be a 'year off' to allow us to do just that. It may be during next year that one of the things we decide to do is to ask the parish administrator to seek sponsorship for the Pantomime, thus ensuring that the event is a major fund-raiser for the church. But in order to decide on the way forward, we need a break so that we can stand back from it and ask some necessary questions such as "who are the performances aimed at?"... "is it primarily a fund-raising event or an opportunity for fun and fellowship?"... "is this primarily a community event?" and so on. Let's ask the questions so that we can be clear where we are going with this for 2011!

Christmas Party

One of the highlights of the year which won't ever go away is the Senior Citizens' Christmas Lunch! This started many years ago for a small number of people in the Vicarage by Angela Capper for the 'more senior' members of St. Faith's. Now, around 90 people, from both parishes, sit down to a delicious Christmas Meal in the Church Hall just before Christmas. It hasn't lost its appeal! But it is only right that St. Mary's does a bit more to help with this, given that a large proportion of the people now coming are from St. Mary's congregation. To this end, the Quiz Night which raises money for this event, will this year be held in St. Mary's Hall (Saturday 28th November) and thereafter the Quiz Night will alternate between the parishes each year. This is one of the advantages of having a United Benefice where people quite naturally and easily support and help with events in 'the other church'.

Parish Pilgrimage to Prague 2010

All those interested in a possible pilgrimage to Prague next year are invited to come to a meeting in the Upper Room on Sunday 27th September at 6pm. Please extend the invitation to any other people you think might be interested.

"Focus"

Fr. Neil writes:



One of the suggestions that came out of the post-MSI (Mission Shaped Introduction Course) 'open meeting' in June was to have more opportunities for sharing our faith together through Bible Studies and Discussion Groups. To this end a questionnaire was circulated inviting people to say what they would value most. Based on the results from that questionnaire, this will be a monthly group, open to all who wish to attend from our two parishes, but the hope is that it might be something to which we can invite

people who don't currently worship in our churches. Each meeting will focus on one particular word; and following on from refreshments as people gather, there will be a short introduction from a member of the Ministry Team and after the discussion there will be a simple act of worship to conclude.

Each evening will take place in the Annexe of St. Mary's Hall, starting at 7.30pm and finishing at 9.00pm.

Monday 21st September **“FAMILY”**
Monday 12th October **“DYING”**
Monday 16th November **“REMEMBRANCE”**
Monday 14th November **“WAITING”**



Believe it or not...

These howlers, said to have come from a Roman Catholic elementary school test on the books of the bible, were supplied by Father Dennis Smith. So they must be genuine...

Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. Noah's wife was Joan of Ark. Noah built an ark and the animals came on in pears.

Lots wife was a pillar of salt during the day, but a ball of fire during the night.

The Jews were a proud people and throughout history they had trouble with unsympathetic genitals.

Samson slayed the Philistines with the Axe of the Apostles.

The Egyptians were all drowned in the dessert. Afterwards, Moses went up to Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandments.

The first commandment was when Eve told Adam to eat the apple.

The seventh commandment is thou shalt not admit adultery.

The greatest miricle in the Bible is when Joshua told his son to stand still and he obeyed him.

David was a Hebrew king who was skilled at playing the liar. He fought the Finkelsteins, a race of people who lived in biblical times.

Solomon, one of Davids sons, had 300 wives and 700 porcupines.

When Mary heard she was the mother of Jesus, she sang the Magna Carta.

Jesus was born because Mary had an immaculate contraption.

Jesus enunciated the golden rule which says to do unto others before they do one to you.

The people who followed the Lord were called the ten decibels.

The Epistles were the wives of the Apostles.

One of the Opossums was Matthew who was also a taximan.

St Paul cavorted to Christianity. He preached Holy Acrimony which is another name for marriage.

Christians have only one spouse. This is called monotony.

Welcome to Denise

We are delighted to welcome Denise McDougall as our Assistant Curate this month. Following the Eucharist on Sunday 13th September there will be a glass of wine to celebrate our new arrival!

Denise writes....



Dear friends,

It was some time ago that I agreed to join the ministry team at St. Faith's and St. Mary's in September; the move seemed almost a life time away but these last few months have enabled me to reflect on the past and look forward to the future. Managing change is never very easy but it is particularly difficult when you have to leave people that you have become very close to over a number of years. However I firmly believe that my move from Christ Church has been ordained by God to be a continuation of my priestly calling but in another place and where your spiritual journey of faith and my own may continue to develop.

'You did not choose me but I chose you. And I appointed you to go and bear fruit'
(John 15:16)

Of course it doesn't matter where we are or what we are doing: we will always be

united in God's love, and the strength of that unity was particularly obvious to me when I was on holiday in France a couple of months ago and worshipped at a beautiful 15th century church. Some distance away from us there was a spectacular thunder and lightning storm taking place and just before the service began all the power went off. The ancient church of St. Felix was left in total darkness apart from the two candles on the altar and the Paschal Candle. The atmosphere was indescribable and God's presence was almost tangible. As the service continued by candlelight I was reminded of the worship also taking place at Christ Church, St. Faith's and St. Mary's and of course all the other Anglican Churches world-wide: Christians worshipping in their own language and traditions but still united in word, praise and sacrament.

It is good to experience different forms of worship and in different places and it is important that the Church, the body of Christ, isn't static; it needs movement for nourishment and maturity and it is right that changes do take place. God sees our potential and expects us to strive for fresh goals. I am looking forward to my move with enthusiasm and excitement and hope I will quickly get to know everyone. Please do forgive me if I don't remember everyone's name in the first couple of weeks!

Thank you for the many encouraging and welcoming comments I have received and I pray that in faith may we grow together in trust, hope and friendship.

With love and prayers,

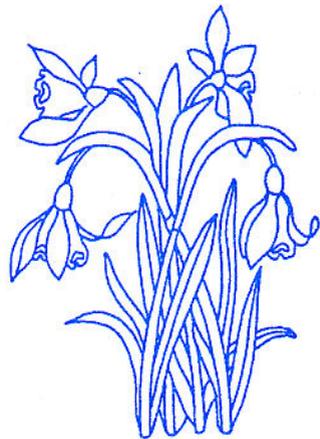
Denise

I thought this Ann Lewin poem was quite apt!

Stage Fright

It's often somewhat
Disconcerting when
God takes us at our word.
'Take me and use me,'
We say, meaning it;
But when God does,
There's a moment of surprise,
Perhaps terror, 'Me?'

Then, our 'Yes' loved from us,
Comes the realisation
That the opportunity is gift,
The outcome held in grace.



Paula O'Shaughnessy

Fr. Neil writes:

Paula, a member of St. Mary's congregation, has recently attended a selection day for prospective trainee Readers. I am delighted to report that Paula has been accepted for Reader Training, starting in September. Members of St. Mary's also heard recently that Chris Shelley (another of St. Mary's members) is currently pursuing his vocation to the priesthood and is in the early days of the discernment process. We assure both Paula and Chris of our prayers at this stage and watch this space with eager interest! Any takers at St. Faith's....? On a more serious note, if anyone does feel that the Priesthood or Reader Ministry is something they would like to explore further, then do please have a word with me.

Patronal Festival 2009

... *Advance Notice!*

Sunday 4th October - HARVEST THANKSGIVING

11.00 am Family Eucharist and Parade Service
6.00 pm Harvest "Songs of Praise" in St. Mary's,
followed by Harvest Buffet Supper

Tuesday 6th October - SAINT FAITH'S DAY

8.00 pm HIGH MASS
Mass setting: The Armed Man: A Mass For Peace - Karl Jenkins
Preacher: The Very Revd. Justin Welby, Dean of Liverpool
followed by buffet supper

Saturday 10th October - CELEBRITY ORGAN RECITAL

7.30 pm David Poulter
(Director of Music, Liverpool Anglican Cathedral)

Sunday 11th October - DEDICATION FESTIVAL

10.30 am Joint Festival Eucharist (No service at SM)
Preacher: Revd Liz Halbert
6.00 pm Festal Evensong, Procession and Te Deum



The Seventh Day Sailing

Chris Price



*In Lewis they even lock the lavatories on the Lord's Day:
No relief for the ungodly in this last stern bastion of the true faith...*

With these lines, written in 1992, I began a poem about the islands of the Outer Hebrides, lying to the far west of Scotland. An idyllic holiday there was punctuated on the Sabbath by the experience of the strict severity of a Stornoway Sunday, with everything shut, the streets silent and most bed and breakfast establishments closed, unless you were already safely indoors by the previous Saturday night. You could drive your car around (as we certainly did, to savour the divine scenery), but the ubiquitous Caledonian MacBrayne ferries, the principal link with mainland Scotland, did not sail.

Sabbatarianism held sway fearsomely, as the ultra-Protestant 'Wee Frees', the various manifestations of extreme Scottish Presbyterianism, sought successfully to preserve their vision of the Sabbath. There had been sporadic attempts over the years to break the embargo, but this righteous outpost remained unassailed on the seventh day until very recently, when the national papers reported the successful inauguration of CalMac sailings. I am indebted to David Fairclough for the various reports which form the basis of the story which follows.

The saga began with a Providential Breakdown reported a day or two before the first scheduled Sunday sailing... 'Passengers were yesterday left stranded at both Stornoway on Lewis and at Ullapool on the mainland as CalMac was forced to cancel its normal services. A ferry from the Islay run was last night being rushed north to run on the Stornoway-Ullapool route today – and make the controversial Sunday crossing.

Among those claiming God was calling on CalMac to abandon Sunday sailings yesterday was a firebrand churchman who was detained by police when Sunday sailing began on Skye in 1965. The Rev Angus Smith, a retired Free Presbyterian minister in his 80s, lay down in front of the first Sunday ferry traffic at Kyleakin in Skye.

Mr Smith, of New Sheilings near Stornoway, said: "Neither CalMac nor Phil Preston, its managing director, understand that the God of the Sabbath was speaking to them. It means nothing to them.

"If they do not have a heart or an ear to hear, they may as well be pagans. "CalMac is fighting God – not the people of these islands," added the retired minister. He said services to Lewis will lead to shops opening on Sundays and the arrival of crime from the mainland and would lead to "things that terrified parents".

Asked if the breakdown was divine intervention, a spokesman for Caledonian MacBrayne said: "I really do not think there is anyone here qualified to comment on that one."

James Tulloch of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland said it "grieved the spirit when the law of God is broken". He said the fourth commandment states "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy". "CalMac made a great play that they must keep the law," he said. "Well, I ask them what about the law of God? We will not be tried at the end of the day, when all of us stand before the judgment seat of Christ, on the basis of EU law."

The papers reported what appears to be the clinching argument for Sunday sailing. In May, CalMac said it had been approached by the Equality and Human Rights Commission following a complaint which suggested it was operating in breach of the Equality Act 2006. The company then received legal advice from a QC who said it would be unlawful to refuse to run a service because of the religious views of just part of a community.

Despite the earlier breakdown, and the dire warnings of the 'Free Presbyterians' the ferries started sailing. The first departure was greeted by a small band of protesting protestants in prayer, and a rather larger contingent of locals cheering.

Good news or bad? Keeping holy the Sabbath was once taken for granted, and many of us will remember being unhappy about shopping on a Sunday when it first became an option. The slow continuing dilution of the Christian way of life (if that is what it can be termed) should be regretted rather than applauded, you might think.

This writer does not agree. The Outer Hebrides have more alcoholism than almost anywhere you can mention, and we saw evidence of this on our Stornoway Saturday night, as determined drinkers imbibed enough to cover the next day's lost intake. Opening up Sunday to travelling, shopping and general conviviality will not stop anyone going to church or leading a quiet and abstemious life, and seems more likely instead to lessen the gulf between the righteous minority and the uncaring hedonistic majority. The Wee Frees may not have much else in common with the Islamic fundamentalists of Iran, but they are (or once were) something of a theocracy, and share a common Puritanism. And there is more to be said.

The religious map of the Outer Hebrides is a curious one. Moderate Protestant churches, and the scattered Episcopalian ones (our denomination in exile!) may be found more or less anywhere in the chain of islands from the Butt of Lewis in the north to Barra Head far to the south. But a line drawn across Benbecula, halfway down the island chain, quite rigidly divides the ultra-Protestant north from the Catholic south. In the south local culture flourishes, is preserved and encouraged, folk music and dancing abound, and the (Roman) Catholic churches are centres of life for old and young, ministering to their people happily and without severity or hellfire sermons. The



ANIMAL MAGIC

The first week in August saw 43 local children and a band of helpers and organisers descend on St Faith's hall for five days of fun and games. The children were divided into four groups: Giraffes, Elephants, Tigers and Monkeys. As our picture gallery shows, there were visits from the Transport Police, and outings to Merchant Taylors' School field, Croxteth Hall Country Park, the local recycling centre (cover picture!) and the Welsh Mountain Zoo at Colwyn Bay. The last day saw the traditional church service, where the groups showed parents what they had been making, and the evening disco and barbecue. We are most grateful to all who made the week possible, and especially Lynne and Peter Connolly who ran both this week and the previous week at St Mary's.

Photos: Chris and Angie Price, Adam Waggott and Joanne Webster. See the pictures in colour on the church website, together with the children's daily diaries.









atmosphere on Barra is relaxed and welcoming and the church has a future as well as a past. In the north, fundamentalist theology and practice reign more or less unchallenged: there are no hymns, merely a strange droning mouth-music, no folk tradition (indeed an apparent denial and repudiation of history and the arts), no colour in worship or buildings, no connection with the rich past and little or nothing to attract and keep the rebellious young. I find such gloomy self-satisfied severity deplorable: it is a recipe for the continuing death of the church and of the indigenous culture. Those familiar with the slow death of the remote community of St Kilda, even further out towards the Uttermost West, will be aware that social historians lay the blame for its decline and depopulation partly at least on the unbelievable stern rigidity of its imported preachers, forcing the islanders to prayer and the bible and preventing them from the endless daily work needed to preserve their fragile independence.. The economy of the Western Isles, as of many island communities, especially in these depressed times, is precarious enough without the dead and stifling hand of the ironically named 'Free' Presbyterian Church. The arrival of that first Sunday sailing is a small symbol of hope that the economic and population decline can be reversed. And if the churches of the northern islands could open their minds and hearts to more liberal teaching and practice, they could yet become part of a revival rather than sidelined as a symptom of decline. Two cheers at least for CalMac, then. God moves in mysterious ways.

Postscript...

Things kept on happening at Lewis in the days that followed the fateful Seventh Day Sailing. A day or two later, the first ever gay civil partnership took place – and soon after a tornado (well a mini-tornado) struck Stornoway and caused a fair amount of havoc. Readers may draw their own conclusions as to whether this was an Act of God, and if so, at which event its vengeance was specifically directed. Answers on a postcard (still no Sunday delivery...)

The 100+ Club

The August Draw Winners!

1	134	Caroline Vitty
2	88	Ada Slater
3	14	Claire Hockney
4	162	Joan Tudhope



The 100+ Club provides a valuable source of much-needed income for St Faith's – and the odds are vastly better than those of the Lottery! If you don't already belong and would like to find out more about joining the scheme, please speak to Gareth Griffiths.

Disturb us...

Disturb us, Lord, when we are too well-pleased with ourselves,
when our dreams have come true because we have dreamed too little,
when we arrived safely because we sailed too close to the shore.

Disturb us, Lord, when, with the abundance of things we possess,
we have lost our thirst for the waters of life;
having fallen in love with life, we have ceased to dream of eternity,
and in our efforts to build a new earth,
we have allowed our vision of the new heaven to dim.

Disturb us, Lord, to dare more boldly,
to venture on wider seas where storms will show your mastery;
where, losing sight of land, we shall find the stars.

We ask You to push back the horizons of our hopes;
and to push into the future in strength, courage, hope and love.

More Good News!



Readers of *'Newslink'* may be interested to learn that another member of the St. Faith's family (and the fourth woman) has a vocation to the ordained ministry. Our daughter Lucy Davis, who was a choir girl and altar server at St. Faith's in the 1980's, has recently been accepted for ordination training in the Diocese of St. Alban's. What follows is the text of the presentation she gave recently to her Selection Panel in Ely – it may give a taste of what her future style of ministry might be like, as well as giving some encouragement to those of us who find prayer difficult (don't we all!).

Please pray for Lucy, and her family, as she begins her training on the Eastern Region ordination course this September.

Fred Nye

Labradoodles and Spirituality

I need to start by emphasising that I am not a 'doggy' person, in fact I would go so far as to say that I hate dogs. As a child I would cross the road to avoid even the tamest pooch on a lead and later conveniently developed an allergy to all things canine.

Rather less conveniently I then met and married Anthony, who adores dogs. Anthony is the sort of man who will soon have even the most ravening hound reduced to a lolling drooling wreck at his feet. So, fifteen years and three children later, I was persuaded to introduce Merlin into the family mix. Merlin is a non allergenic Labradoodle, a cross between a Labrador and a poodle, looking more like a cross between a rug and a sheep.

Why on earth would I agree to this; I thought I said I hated dogs? Well, yes, I do, but I like walking, I am a geography teacher after all, I was at home to train the thing and there was going to be no nonsense. What could go wrong? What could possibly go wrong? Every day I would leave a message on Anthony's voice mail, always ending the same way "That's it, the dog's going back!" Preceding this rant would be the tale of Merlin's latest misdemeanour; the socks chewed, the floors weed upon and my dignity generally left in tatters. But how could I send him back? The children would never speak to me again, and neither for that matter would Anthony.

On top of this were the walks. Yes I know I said I like walking, but this was every day. Come blazing sun or driving rain. For a minimum of three miles. Eventually Merlin and I came to an agreement, we would just walk together. No ball, no fuss, no misbehaving. And in those walks I found space; physical and mental space away from the children and myriad demands on my time and energy. Gradually I discovered I was sharing that space with God.

I need to tell you here a little about my attitude to contemplative prayer, which was pretty similar to my attitude to dogs: very nice for other people, but not applicable to me, not suitable for somebody of my temperament, not appropriate for my busy life. Oh, I knew I ought to do it, but I struggled and railed against it like I did against Merlin. It just didn't come naturally

To my surprise through my walks with Merlin I found a new way of praying. Being outside in creation allows me to see God; the signs of hope as the shoots of spring struggle through the February slush. The motion of walking allows me to hear God. The rhythm soothes my mind and allows me to focus just on him. The hour or so away from the clutter of daily life allows me to speak to God and hold before him the people and situations in need of his love.

But is this contemplative prayer? Yes, I admit that sometimes my mind wanders, but I often find that God leaves behind ideas and connections that were not there before. I find that God speaks to me in the quiet and space I have been persuaded to give him. This type of prayer has become part of my life, part of who I am, and I would miss it if it wasn't there.

But that doesn't really answer the question; is this contemplative prayer? I have decided that prayer is a bit like dog training; you can take advice, go on courses and even read manuals, but in the end it is about a relationship, not a set of rules. God created us all to be different and loves us in our varied personalities. Therefore we have

to find ways of praying that suit us. For me that means being outside and walking. Once released from the guilt of ‘not doing it right’ I found myself drawing closer to God and trusting him more. That allows me to pray more easily inside and in stillness.

I’m sure my spiritual life still has ravening hounds in the dark corners, things I am unwilling to try for fear of failure or incompetence, but maybe next time God asks me I’ll have the courage to take the risk.

And as for Merlin? Well gradually we got used to each other. He has endeared himself to me. The way he lies his head on the children’s knees if they are feeling low. The “Uff” from my usually silent dog when the gate clicks after dark and Anthony is away. The effusive welcome that always greets me when I come home from work. He, like my prayers is part of my life and I’d miss him if he wasn’t there.

Lucy Davis

The people of St Faith’s and St Mary’s are delighted to hear of this latest in the long and distinguished line of ordinands associated with our churches. We wish Lucy every blessing and look forward to hearing news of her progress. The other three ladies referred to by Fred are Denise McDougall, Liz Halbert and Margaret Goodwin. It would be good to be able to produce a definitive list of ordinands associated with our churches throughout the past 109 years. And here’s to the next one to make Archbishop of Canterbury (probably not a woman just yet...?)



The Pontifical Ticket

(You may have come across this one before, but it’s worth repeating...!)

After getting Pope Benedict’s luggage loaded into the big black car at the airport, the driver notices the Pope is still standing on the pavement.

‘Excuse me, your holiness, would you please take your seat so we can leave?’

‘Well, to tell you the truth,’ says the Pope, ‘they never let me drive at the Vatican when I was a cardinal, and I’d really like to drive today.’

‘I’m sorry, Your Holiness, but I cannot let you do that. I’d lose my job! What if something should happen?’

‘Who’s going to tell?’ asks the Pope with a smile. Reluctantly, the driver gets in the back as the Pope climbs in behind the wheel. Almost at once, the Pontiff accelerates the limo to 205 kph.

'Please slow down, Your Holiness!' pleads the worried driver, but the Pope keeps the pedal to the metal until they hear sirens. The Pope pulls over and rolls down the window as the cop approaches, but the cop takes one look at him, goes back to his motorcycle, and gets on the radio. 'I need to talk to the Chief,' he says to the dispatcher. The Chief gets on the radio and the cop tells him that he's stopped a limo going 205 kph.

'So bust him,' says the Chief.

'I don't think we want to do that, he's really important,' says the cop.

The Chief exclaims, 'All the more reason!'

'No, I mean really important.'

'Who do you have there, the mayor?' asks the chief.

'Bigger.'

'A senator?'

'Bigger.'

'Not the President?'

'Bigger still.'

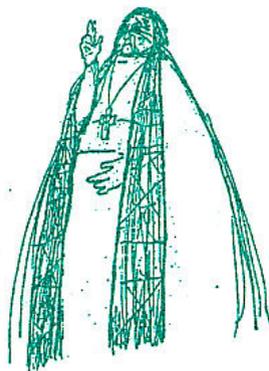
'Well,' said the Chief, 'who the heck is it?'

'I think it's God!'

The Chief is even more puzzled and curious, 'What makes you think it's God, for goodness sake?'

'He's got the Pope as his chauffeur!'

(Recycled by Joan Utley)



St Faith's Library Re-opening

St Faith's now has a permanent lending library, situated behind the notice-board screens to the left of the font.

It will be open for use whenever church is open, and an honesty box will be available.

There will be a borrowing charge of 50p per book – no time limit or booking out system, but please return books whenever you can.

Donations of new books are always welcome. Happy reading!

Edwina Harding R.I.P.

Irene and I would like to thank all who came to Edwina's funeral at St Nicholas' Church, Blundellsands and then to the service following at Thornton Crematorium.

Although in latter years St Faith's had been her spiritual home, her introduction to worship had been with her parents at St Nicholas's. So when the very detailed instructions as to the pattern her funeral service should follow - hymns, music, readings and location - were consulted, Edwina was 'going home'.

Fr Neil, as always, gave a very fitting service and address and also, knowing that Edwina had had a close working relationship with Fr Richard Capper (now at Norwich Cathedral), managed to find a recording of 'Just as I am' by the Norwich Cathedral choir, and this was played at the service at the crematorium. It could not have been more perfect.

Edwina would have been 75 on 30th August. As this also happens to be a Sunday, and with the approval of Fr Neil, cake and wine will be served after morning service to all who would like to help celebrate this day. We look forward to seeing you.

Irene Taylor
Eunice Little



**The United Benefice of Saint Faith, Great Crosby
and Saint Mary the Virgin, Waterloo Park**

SWINE FLU PANDEMIC PRECAUTIONS

Based on guidelines issued by the Diocese (and following practice in other parts of the Church of England) the following applies to the liturgy in both churches (Sundays and weekdays) until further notice:

If you are unwell it is best to stay at home.

Members of the Welcome team will use a hand-rub frequently while welcoming those attending the services.

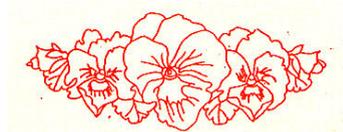
The exchange of the peace will be without handshakes or other close contact. The celebrant will not touch people's heads when giving blessings.

Holy Communion will be administered under one kind only – only the celebrant will receive the chalice. Please note that if you receive the host only, you receive “the whole sacrament”.

The use of intinction – dipping the consecrated host in the chalice – is not allowed, as it is higher risk than the normal use of a common cup, because of inadvertent finger dipping.

Holy water stoups (in S. Faith's) will be emptied and thoroughly cleaned and not used until the pandemic alert is over.

Fr Neil Kelley



Isaiah 65:24

Frances Kirby sent us this story, written by a doctor who worked in Central Africa

One night I had worked hard to help a mother in the labour ward; but in spite of all we could do, she died, leaving us with a tiny, premature baby and a crying two-year-old daughter. We would have difficulty keeping the baby alive; as we had no incubator (we had no electricity to run an incubator). We also had no special feeding facilities.

Although we lived on the equator, nights were often chilly with treacherous draughts. One student midwife went for the box we had for such babies and the cotton wool that the baby would be wrapped in. Another went to stoke up the fire and fill a hot water bottle. She came back shortly in distress to tell me that in filling the bottle, it had burst (rubber perishes easily in tropical climates). ‘And it is our last hot water bottle!’ she exclaimed. As in the West, it is no good crying over spilled milk, so in Central Africa it might be considered no good crying over burst water bottles. They do not grow on trees, and there are no drugstores down forest pathways.

‘All right,’ I said, ‘put the baby as near the fire as you safely can, and sleep between the baby and the door to keep it free from draughts. Your job is to keep baby warm.’

The following noon, as I did most days, I went to have prayers with any of the orphanage children who chose to gather with me. I gave the youngsters various suggestions of things to pray about and told them about the tiny baby. I explained our problem about keeping the baby warm enough, mentioning the hot water bottle, and that the baby could so easily die if it got chills. I also told them of the two-year-old sister, crying because her mother had died.

During prayer time, one ten-year-old girl, Ruth, prayed with the usual blunt conciseness of our African children. 'Please, God,' she prayed, 'Send us a hot water bottle today. It'll be no good tomorrow, God, as the baby will be dead, so please send it this afternoon.' While I gasped inwardly at the audacity of the prayer, she added, 'And while You are about it, would You please send a dolly for the little girl so she'll know You really love her?'

As often with children's prayers, I was put on the spot. Could I honestly say 'Amen'? I just did not believe that God could do this. Oh, yes, I know that He can do everything; the Bible says so. But there are limits, aren't there? The only way God could answer this particular prayer would be by sending me a parcel from the homeland. I had been in Africa for almost four years at that time, and I had never, ever, received a parcel from home. Anyway, if anyone did send me a parcel, who would put in a hot water bottle? I lived on the equator!

Halfway through the afternoon, while I was teaching in the nurses' training school, a message was sent that there was a car at my front door. By the time I reached home, the car had gone, but there on the porch was a large 22-pound parcel. I felt tears pricking my eyes. I could not open the parcel alone, so I sent for the orphanage children. Together we pulled off the string, carefully undoing each knot. We folded the paper, taking care not to tear it unduly... Excitement was mounting. Some thirty or forty pairs of eyes were focused on the large cardboard box. From the top, I lifted out brightly-coloured, knitted jerseys. Eyes sparkled as I gave them out. Then there were the knitted bandages for the leprosy patients, and the children looked a little bored. Then came a box of mixed raisins and sultanas - that would make a batch of buns for the weekend.

Then, as I put my hand in again, I felt the.... could it really be? I grasped it and pulled it out. Yes, a brand new, rubber hot water bottle. I cried. I had not asked God to send it; I had not truly believed that He could.

Ruth was in the front row of the children. She rushed forward, crying out, 'If God has sent the bottle, He must have sent the dolly, too!' Rummaging down to the bottom of the box, she pulled out the small, beautifully-dressed dolly. Her eyes shone! She had never doubted! Looking up at me, she asked, 'Can I go over with you and give this dolly to that little girl, so she'll know that Jesus really loves her?'

'Of course!' I replied. That parcel had been on the way for five whole months, packed up by my former Sunday school class, whose leader had heard and obeyed God's prompting to send a hot water bottle, even to the equator. And one of the girls had put in a dolly for an African child - five months before, in answer to the believing prayer of a ten-year-old to bring it 'that afternoon'.

'Before they call, I will answer.' (*Isaiah 65:24*)



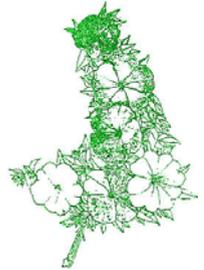
The Parish Directory and Church Organisations

VICAR

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Tel 928 3342; fax 920 2901;
mobile 07980 872203; e-mail: frneilkelley@tiscali.co.uk

PARISH ADMINISTRATOR and CHURCH BOOKINGS

Liz Mooney, Parish Office, 32 Brooklands Avenue
928 9913 (usually Monday to Wednesday 9.30 am – 4.30 pm)
email parishadministrator@btinternet.com



ASSISTANT PRIESTS

Canon Peter Goodrich, 16 Hillside Avenue, Ormskirk, L39 5TD 01695 573285
Fr. Dennis Smith, 16 Fir Road, Waterloo. L22 4QL. 928 5065

READERS

Dr Fred Nye, 23 Bonnington Avenue, Crosby. L23 7YJ. 924 2813
Mrs Jacqueline Parry, 21 Grosvenor Avenue, Crosby. L23 0SB. 928 0726
Mrs Cynthia Johnson, 30 Willow House, Maple Close, Seaforth, L21 4LY. 286 8155

CHURCH WARDENS

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Mrs Maureen Madden, 37 Abbotsford Gardens, Crosby. L23 3AP. 928 2154

DEPUTY CHURCH WARDENS

Mrs Christine Spence, 52 Molyneux Road, Waterloo. L22 4QZ. 284 9325
Mrs Rosie Walker, 17 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 3TL. 924 6267

PCC SECRETARY

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

TREASURER

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

HALL BOOKINGS

Mrs Ruth Winder, 36 Milton Road, Waterloo. L22 4RF. 474 3633

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

Mrs Lynda Dixon, c/o the Vicarage. 928 7330

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

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

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Sam Austin, Apt 13, Gladstone Court, Upper Parliament St, Liverpool L8 7JY
07921 840616. Email samOaustin@googlemail.com

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Stephen Hargreaves, 86 Molyneux Road, Waterloo. L22 4QZ. 07939 119220

SACRISTAN

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

ASSISTANT SACRISTAN

Mr Leo Appleton, Flat 6, 45 Crosby Rd N, Seaforth. L21 1EN. 07969 513087

SENIOR SERVER

Mr Ken Bramwell, 93 Rimrose Valley Road, Crosby. L23 9TF 924 9894

CHILDREN'S CHURCH

Sunday 11.00 am in the Church Hall. Angie Price 924 1938

CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER

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

CHURCH CENTRE

1, Warren Court, Warren Road, Blundellsands

CUB SCOUTS

Tuesday 6.30 - 7.45 pm.

Thursday 6.30 - 7.45 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

SCOUTS

Tuesday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. George McInnes 924 3624

RAINBOWS

Monday 4.45 - 5.45 pm. Geraldine Forshaw 928 5204

BROWNIE GUIDES

Monday 6.00 - 7.30 pm. Sue Walsh 920 0318 Mary McFadyen 284 0104

CHOIR PRACTICE

Friday 7.15 pm - 8.30 pm. Sam Austin 07921 840616

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THE CHURCH
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