

Newslink



The Parish Church of
Saint Faith, Great Crosby
September 2013

Worship at St Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00am SOLEMN MASS and Children's Church
1.00pm Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)
6.00pm Evening Service (1st Sunday)

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Morning Prayer

Monday to Friday at 9.30am

Evening Prayer

Friday at 6.00pm

Holy Eucharist

Monday, Tuesday and Saturday at 10.00am

Wednesday 10.30am at St Mary's

Friday at 6.30 pm

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION

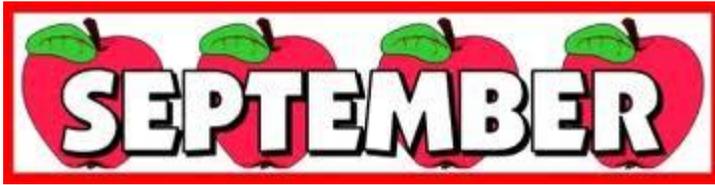
The Clergy are available by appointment to hear confessions or to talk about any matter in confidence. The Sacrament of Reconciliation is always available in preparation for Christmas and Easter and at other advertised times.

HOME VISITS to the sick and housebound and those in hospital

If you, or someone you know, are unable to get to church and would like to receive Holy Communion at home the Eucharistic Ministers are happy to undertake this - please call 928 3342 to arrange this. Likewise, to arrange a visit to someone in hospital or at home, please call 928 3342 to arrange this.

IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

Please contact the vicarage (928 3342) or a member of the ministry team.



From the Ministry Team - September 2013

Dear friends,

I do hope my letter finds you feeling healthy and refreshed after the glorious weather that we have enjoyed over the last few weeks but now as September approaches we need to prepare for a change of seasons and possibly change of pace after the relaxing summer months. Having been involved in education for all my life I have always regarded the 1st September as a new beginning; a new academic year with fresh challenges and often unsuspected changes to adjust to. So as this edition of the magazine goes to print it is the beginning of a massive time of change for many, especially young children starting school, students leaving home for the first time and new teachers who are about to enter unknown territory and also a change for me as I make some decisions about my future ministry. Any change, as has been discussed so many times over the last few months can be scary and always needs to be addressed with a clear understanding of what is happening and how and why it is happening. St. Faith's and St. Mary's have seen quite a few changes since Fr. Simon arrived in January and I hope that through his vigour, passion and vision we will be led into fresh and exciting times. Of course I have not been around to experience any of those recent changes within our Benefice but on a personal level I have had to deal with significant personal changes and have had to face new and difficult situations over the last few months.

I now welcome the opportunity to explain to you via Newlink a little of what I have been doing during my sabbatical and how I see my future ministry developing.

On June 30th I boarded a Ryanair flight to Malaga for a retreat at Los Olivos Hacienda until July 5th. I was weary and even though I had not had any Church duties since early May I was emotionally worn out and more than ready to indulge in some of my own time and space. As many of you know my dear Mum is now suffering with dementia and has moved to Thornton Hall to live. The upheaval was enormous and very confusing for her and very painful for me. The problems were compounded by some extremely difficult family relationships, the need to put Mum's home of over 65 years on the market to pay for her care and then to sell or distribute her treasured possessions.

Trying to leave my jaded emotions behind I arrived at Los Olivos Hacienda around midnight after a 2 hour drive from Malaga with the last 5km being nothing more than

a dirt track with very steep mountain slopes on one side. Fortunately it was pitch black so I didn't see just how dangerous the drive was. I was shown to my room and almost fell into bed. This longed for time and space had finally arrived! I was not disappointed and quickly settled into life at Los Olivos, for me it was the most awesome of places; it lies within the Sierra Nevada National Park, in Southern Spain with amazing food both nutritionally and spiritually, excellent hosts, good company, thought provoking discussions and so the list goes on ...

I believed I had arrived at a tiny spot in Heaven. I soaked up the atmosphere with the daily services, the sun, the swimming, the silences and the conversations; even a 'stress relief' massage was thrown in as well! I walked for miles around some of the 20 acres of land with olive and almond groves and vegetable gardens and I enjoyed the wildlife, sunsets and starry skies which were indescribable. The whole area, miles from anywhere and half way up a mountain, shouted of God's vast and awesome Kingdom. (You may like to read Psalm 104.)

The course led by Keith Lamdin, 'Finding your leadership style' was based on his book and we moved between the Monarch, Servant, Warrior, Contemplative, Elder and Prophet as different styles of leadership and how their followers would probably respond. Leadership styles may vary enormously but I do like the words, '*Great leaders rally people to a better future*' (Marcus Buckingham 2006)

It was fascinating and led to stimulating discussions which frequently continued during the next meal time. Keith's wife, Ruth led some valuable voice training sessions, although these were not quite what I had hoped for and I was a little disappointed not to leave with a newly found singing voice! The week went far too quickly and I think we all anticipated our onward journeys with some trepidation; all of us had stepped off our individual treadmills for a few days and although it was an unrealistic lifestyle we experienced some unforgettable time of peace, prayer and reflection.

What shone through at all times was the depth of God's love working in us and through us and highlighted how privileged we are as Christians to be able to respond to that unconditional love and become living signs of it in all we say and do. So where am I now being led?

I have had many conflicting ideas churning around my brain and wondered why I didn't feel a stronger sense of calling towards my next step. Why wasn't God pushing me more obviously along a particular path? Yes, God calls each one of us in different ways and hopefully we are listening and receptive but ultimately the choice is ours. Having seriously considered and prayed about various options I truly believe God is nudging me to stay as assistant priest at St. Faith's and St. Mary's. (That is of course if you will still have me.)

Taking my general health and commitment to my family I have decided that I would like a little more flexibility with regard to my Church commitments and so, after

consulting with Fr. Simon and Bishop Richard I have decided to retire from my Licence as N.S.M. (Non-Stipendiary Minister) and I have been granted P.T.O. (permission to officiate) as from Advent Sunday on December 1st. I am so blessed to have a wonderfully supportive husband, and our three daughters and their families and I do now feel they deserve more of me and my time. We have five grandchildren at present and I am so looking forward to the addition of number 6 who is due in October.

Three years ago in a Ministry Team newsletter I said I would pray that in faith we would grow together in trust, hope and friendship. That continues to be my prayer and I thank God for the privilege of being able to walk alongside you all. I do hope I can look forward to your encouragement and support once again as we continue our journeys together as disciples of Christ.

Yours in Christ,

Denise

‘Leap of Faith’



Saturday 10th August dawned clear and dry, with only a light breeze; ideal conditions in fact for the charity abseil at Liverpool’s Anglican Cathedral. The event raises funds both for the cathedral and for a number of local charities. This was the first time that the Waterloo Partnership had been involved, after booking a ‘slot’ for ten sponsored abseilers to go down the ropes on our behalf. We had been immensely fortunate to recruit a team of enthusiastic young people from the Liverpool Budo Kai Ju Jitsu Academy. They train in Crosby under the tutelage of their coach, Peter Smith, who is a loyal supporter of our charity.

Seven members of the Waterloo Partnership were there to cheer them on as they lowered themselves down the cathedral’s west façade. We were able to distribute some of our publicity material and, with the permission of the ‘compere’, talked briefly to the public about our projects in Sierra Leone, over the PA system. The abseil was superbly organised by the cathedral staff; with registration brisk and efficient, and a comfortable marquee with excellent coffee and refreshments. The volunteers’ safety was unobtrusively but expertly monitored – all very reassuring.

David Lloyd and I (both W.P trustees) were so impressed by the cheerful commitment of the Budo Kai group that we were inspired to have a go ourselves. Fortunately there were a couple of spare places, so after the lunch break we were escorted inside the cathedral to the top of the great west window, from where we started our 150 feet ‘free-fall’ descent. The views of Liverpool were (once the vertigo subsided) truly stunning. Back on terra firma we joined in the general self-congratulations!

A personal word of thanks to all at St. Faith's who have so generously donated retrospective sponsorship – fortunately David and I had photos to prove that the event really happened (*see the centre spread! Ed*). Everyone involved had a really fun day, and I hope the abseil will become a regular feature on the WP fundraising calendar. It's great that such a popular and entertaining event can also help to improve the lives of those so much less fortunate than ourselves.

Fred Nye

Notice Board



Woodlands Hospice Lunch

Sunday 15th September. A 3-course Sunday Lunch, in aid of Woodlands Hospice, will take place in St. Faith's Church Hall at 1.00 pm. Tickets £12, available from members of the committee or Doreen Thomas (928 6747). Bring your own wine.

Waterloo Partnership AGM

Thursday 19th September, 7.30pm, in the hall of St Edmund's school, Waterloo, the Annual General Meeting of the Waterloo Partnership. Everyone is very welcome.

Pets' Blessing Service

Praise God from earth...apple orchards and cedar forests
Wild beasts and herds of cattle, snakes, and birds in flight
(from The Message Psalm 148)

Following on from the Flower Festival, a Pets' Blessing is to be held at St Mary's church on Sunday 22nd September. We will gather around 4 p.m. at St Mary's church in Park Road to sniff the grounds and then those who want to, can take their owners for a walk in Rimrose Valley Park.

At 5 p.m. there is a short service for the Blessing of Pets. Pets who do not wish to associate with lots of other pets, or people, can send their owners for a blessing on their behalf. This is followed by Hotdogs, Ice Cream and Tea/Coffee. A contribution of £1 is requested to cover the cost. The event will be held in the grounds of St Mary's if fine, inside St Mary's if wet.

Ray Bissex

The 100 Club Draw: August 2013



1	£150	Russell Perry	2	£100	Brian Williams
3	£75	Caroline Vitty	4	£50	Corinne Hedgecock

The Sailing Soldiers



As reported previously in 'Newslink', our Services Support Group helped to fund a ground-breaking sailing trip organised by our friend Padre Simon Farmer. Eunice Little has sent us this lovely letter telling us more about the event – and there are some splendid photographs on the centre pages of this issue.

Dear Eunice,

Thank you so much for your prayers. We all arrived home safely. It was an amazing trip - one of the best things I have ever done in the army. God was clearly in the trip. That Thursday night before we left on the Friday I sensed God working in the life of Fusilier Shaun Stocker - not only having lost two legs above the knee, was blind in both eyes for 8 months but now has some very little sight in one eye but both ear drums got blown and mouth and nose were torn in the blast and face rebuilt and one arm was mashed too! Shaun decided he wasn't coming at the last minute as he didn't want to be a burden to the yacht and the crew but he had the courage to phone me and after a long chat changed his mind within an hour or two of being picked up. He had to come without legs as his new legs were not ready! Thank God for intervening as he had the time of his life, and said it was the best thing he had done in 3 years since being blown up.

So although few words may have been spoken by way of me unravelling the gospel messages in a more traditional way there was something profound in me having a chance to love these guys and listening to their stories as skipper and padre! In fact they all chose to call me padre rather than skipper or Simon and loved introducing me as their padre to the young friends they met along the way! Even in the night clubs! It was another Emmaus Road-type adventure.

The trip had its moments - 30 knots of wind put us all under pressure! But it was great fun too as the boat heeled over. At one point two friends (soldiers) fell out big time, the air went blue for 90 minutes and you could tell the pressure of losing limbs and life stressors being one of the causes. Another soldier shared his anger at the care one of his friends he felt didn't receive. Others were becoming really positive about their future. The trip was hugely successful in all sorts of ways and for some I pray may have a deep long term effect. The boys had opportunity to try lots of new things, not least learning to sail, but also fishing, kayaking, cliff jumping, seeing dolphins, cultural visits. With your help I was even able to buy them all oysters and let them try such delicacies, with some white wine to wash them down which they all enjoyed! We found a place where they were farmed - so we had lots of new experiences.

The nurse sadly had her granny suddenly die while we were sailing. My first mate broke his toe but apart from that we all got back safely. They were touched that people were praying for them.

So many thanks for your prayers. I am now at Headley Court writing this surrounded by the injured soldiers, but can see first-hand the care they receive from our rehab teams and doctors. It is quite extraordinary seeing all these people with missing limbs and traumatised lives. What a privilege to live alongside some of the injured for a few days and pray for them. Many found that they could open up in the safe setting that was created on the boat and one even said he was going to try church when he got home.

Simon Farmer



A Daughter of St. Faith's

It is a real pleasure to respond to the editor's request for a short account of our daughter Lucy's recent ordination. Also a daughter of St. Faith's, both as a server and a choirgirl, Lucy now lives with her family in Hertfordshire. She served her diaconate in the rural parish of St. Mary's Redbourn, and continues to minister there following her ordination to the priesthood in St. Alban's Abbey on Saturday 29th July.

During the service we were surrounded by the whole family, including our six grandchildren. It was a very happy day for us all, not least for Lucy herself, as you may judge from the picture which appeared on the cover of the last edition of *Newslink*!

Sunday morning in St. Mary's Redbourn saw Lucy celebrate her first Eucharist, with her husband Anthony as crucifer, elder daughter Ellie as server, and younger daughter Libby singing in the choir. Through the kindness of Lucy's vicar, Will Gibbs, and as a great privilege, Fred was invited to preach.

After the service we were made to feel totally at home by the welcoming congregation, with a historical tour round the Norman church and grounds, a buffet lunch worthy of St. Faith's, and cricket in the sunny churchyard for the children. A perfect end to a perfect and memorable week-end.

Please pray for Lucy, and for all ordinands, newly ordained priests and deacons, and clergy in training. As the servant-leaders of the Body of Christ they need our spiritual help and support, just as we need theirs.

Fred and Linda Nye

Registering the Past

Chris Price



We left this long-running (interminable? Ed.) look at the life and history of the early years of our church in 1918, with the arrival of John Brierley, the third incumbent of St Faith's.

To flesh out the closing events of the previous incumbent, and by way of introducing the post-war era about to begin, a few extracts from George Houldin's invaluable 1950 history of St Faith's may prove interesting and revealing, especially to any new readers.

“During the Patronal Festival in this year (1917), some forty clergy and leading officials of local churches were invited to attend one of the week-night services (with refreshments afterwards), but none accepted. It was in this year that news was received that the son of the Founder of S. Faith's - he whose name is on the Foundation Stone - had laid down his life at Cambrai.

Early in 1918 Mr. Bentley-Smith's health (never too good) broke down and for nine months the whole burden of shepherding the parish fell upon the Rev. T. R. Musgrave, the curate. Great as was the work of this truly faithful priest, the congregation appeared to lose heart and became dispirited. Added to this, came Mr. Bentley-Smith's resignation (*seemingly in April, 1918. Ed*), and for the next five or six months the parish was without a Vicar.”

The degree of what can only appear as hostility felt towards St Faith's is all too apparent from the rejection of the invitation: we might at least have expected a few local clergy to turn up, if only for the free refreshments! Robert Elcum Horsfall's death is documented elsewhere – see the Horsfall Connection and Forces pages of this site; his memorial was to appear in the form of the inscription on the chancel screen. The devotion of Mr Musgrave has been thoroughly recorded in the previous instalment: it seems even more remarkable that he provided so much continuous spiritual sustenance in the face of dwindling congregations and resources.

“On 19th October, 1918, came as Vicar (not factually) a young vigorous man of some thirty-two years of age, who had been Vicar of Greatham, Durham, Rev. John Brierley. Never did courage and determination mean more to any priest, for he found no Vicarage, no verger, no money, no coke, no magazine and practically no congregation”

This bluntly honest analysis shows just how great a task awaited the new vicar – not ‘factually’, as Houldin declares, because as a new parish St Faith's would not have a vicar until all the incumbents of the surrounding parishes from which our parish was carved out had retired or died off. Houldin calls his John Brierley chapter **‘Consolidating the Parish’...**

The register takes up the story. Mr Brierley's institution was performed by 'F.J.Liverpool', and there are 11 signatures below his. The Diocesan Ordination Candidates' Exhibition Fund' (whatever that was) reaped £6.11.4 in the collection. The next day was a Sunday: 39 took communion at 8.00 am, but no numbers are recorded for the rest of the day at 10.00 Mattins, 10.30 Choral Eucharist, 3.30 Sunday School or 6.30 Evensong. That day the new vicar signs in as John Brierley: thereafter he appears as JB alongside the still faithful M.

The latter, however, is soon to disappear from the annals; the laconic 'M' appears for the last time on Friday 8th November, after which JB presides alone until January 1919. Mr Brierley sells the records short in terms of revealing marginal annotations, but the very full schedule of daily services which marked the closing period of the interregnum is well sustained in the opening months of the new regime. There are eucharists on Mondays at 10.30 am, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 7.30 am and, slightly oddly, on Thursdays at 7.00 am. Weekday communicants are small: anything from 1 to 4 or 5 except on what are presumably Saints' days. But a feature not commented on before continues to be of interest to those who find such obsessiveness of interest. The communicant figures are, unsurprisingly, always logged in the register column headed 'No. of Communicants' – but alongside are two columns, under the heading of 'Attendances', labelled 'Morn. Serv.' and 'Even. Serv.'. The latter is never used, but the former, increasingly during 1917 and now constantly in 1918, is carefully filled in with numbers invariably significantly in excess of the preceding communicant figure. Typically we read 1/14, 2/7, 3/9, 4/10 on weekdays, the first figure being the communicants, the second the morning service attendance. In two sample weeks of the Brierley incumbency there are 13 and 14 of the former in total and 41 and 38 in the latter. Unless the larger figure refers to Mattins attendees (unlikely), these numbers suggest a regular attendance of congregations who do not take communion. This is of course the pattern for the main Sunday Choral Eucharist, where the recorded number of communicants is now between 1 and 5 on most weeks. This writer's short-term puzzlement at this apparent omission was relieved when a more careful scrutiny reveals that from soon after Mr Brierley's arrival the numbers of bottoms on seats are actually written in tiny figures on the edge of the 'Remarks' column. See the end of this instalment for an retrospective analysis of the trend these figures reveal.

This regular service pattern continues, sustained exclusively by the new vicar, with Mr Musgrave now off the scene. The anonymous 1930 history booklet (q.v.) reports that 'within three weeks of the new vicar's arrival, Mr Musgrave was stricken down with serious illness, which incapacitated him for three years'. He is given his full name of Thomas Randolph Musgrave, B.A. and an eventual destination as vicar of St James, Oldham, Manchester. There are occasional signings-in of visiting priests and preachers, and just one meteorological observation ('very cold and wet') to break the even tenor of the records as 1918 gives way to 1919, without a Watch Night service, incidentally. Christmas Day had seen 173 communicants at three celebrations.

Things began to change on the 1st Sunday after the Epiphany, with the signing in of Herbert G. Purchase. After a week or so sharing duties with JB, he takes over and

signs in for every service for three weeks. Thereafter, and through to May 21st, the two share all services, until HGP, unheralded, and by initials only, officiates for the last time. There is little to excite the archivist during those weeks and months. The daily weekday eucharists attract communicants in low single figures, with, as before, larger numbers faithfully recorded in the attendance column alongside. The Sung Eucharist number varies between 1 and 4, and the preceding 8.00 a.m. eucharist sees numbers in the low 30s. Ash Wednesday saw 33 at the 7.30 am communion, which was followed by a Mattins and Communion service.

Holy Week sees small attendances until Maundy Thursday, which featured Evensong and Preparation for Easter Communion at the unusual time for those days of 8.00 pm. There were four services on Good Friday, with the Three Hours taken by what appears to be S.R.P.Mouldsdales, but no figures are supplied. Easter Day was well attended: 29 at 6.00 am, 140 at 7.00 am, 96 at 8.00 am and 23 (presumably non-communicants) at Mattins, before the usual Choral Eucharist - a total of 265 in all. Monday in Easter Week is marked in miniature as 'Dedication of the Church Anniversary'.

And then HGP bows out, and a week before, B.Scholfield signs in, in large handwriting, and takes up the shared reins. It looks as if he is ensconced as curate, although there is no announcement of this or any other such developments. Again, we rely on the 1930 history to declare him as such, and to record his eventual destination as vicar of Kentmere in the Lake District. He is soon kept busy, and would have had to get used to early rising: he was there at Ascension Day for the 6.30 am Choral Eucharist, as were 70 of the faithful.

Numbers at the Sunday early eucharist begin to pick up now, with rarely fewer than 35 and often as many as 65 recorded communicants. On 22nd June, Percy Youlden Johnson, curate in the early days, reappears for the day, he is now vicar of St Mary at Elms, Ipswich. Another remembered name, W.H. Moysey, is present now and again in the following weeks, but the most noteworthy visitor is none other than T.H.B, annotated as Rev. T.H.Baxter, Vicar of Coatham, Yorks; this is of course the first vicar of St Faith's - although the current vicar seems to have been on his summer holidays at the time.

On September 14th, F.J.Liverpool preaches at Evensong (it would be many decades before a bishop of Liverpool would be present, let alone preside, at a eucharist): the collection was a healthy £12.14.0.

Mr Brierley's red ink pen is getting more frequent use. Interestingly, it is not used to delineate Sundays, unless these are also red letter days, but these latter stand out in the register. In particular they highlight the first full celebration of the feast day of Saint Faith, which fell on a Monday in 1919. The day is marked with two eucharists and what I think is the first recorded Festal Evensong, certainly on a weekday. Signatories over this period, some of them in red, include C.S.Hulton (I think), H.G.Thompson, Ralph Clayton, S.Phillimore, Basil R Tucker, Charles Wright and J.B.Lancelot - a

plethora of preachers signing in as congregations and collections seem steadily to increase.

And now for the minuscule logging of attendances at Sunday services. In the months after Brierley signs in and starts to record numbers, the 10.30 am Choral Eucharist attracts somewhere between 100 and 125 people. Easter Day saw this rise to 220, after which regular numbers rise to between 150 and 170, occasionally topping 200. Even more remarkable are the Sunday evensong figures. From a standing start of over 200, attendance climbs by April 1919 to nearer 300, a temporary peak of 432 on Easter Day, to regularly exceed 300 on the following Sundays. Mr Baxter's return, noted above, attracted 413 souls to hear their old vicar. But when the Bishop preached on September 14th, a staggering attendance of 1008 is carefully noted (and confirmed by a mention in George Houldin's history). There seems no reason to dispute these amazing figures, even though for the bishop they must have been hanging from the rafters and standing several deep in the aisles and side chapels. Our seating today accommodates 250 or so, and the extra pews at the front and back in those far-off days might have seated as many again, but as for the rest...?

As 1919 draws to a close Mr Brierley would have had every reason to rejoice at what had been achieved. As we plough on through the registers, we shall see that such growth was no mere flash in the pan. Clearly this was an age of fashionable attendance, and the starkest of contrasts with today's social and religious climate, where churches in general will count themselves fortunate to be able to lay on evensong at all. From the standpoint of our tradition, though, the large turnout for Sunday eucharists shows the depth of the sacramental teaching achieved here in what was for many years the only church for miles around to offer so rich a diet of the Lord's service on the Lord's day. Patterns of worship come and go – but will we ever see the like of those glory days again?

Parish Profiles

Ranee Seneviratne and the Cantilena Singers



As the 2013 series of Saturday Concerts comes to an end for another year, it seems a good time to shed some light on a group of young singers who have twice entertained us during the season, and of course their guiding light, Renee Seneviratne. While it is always marvellous to be treated to the talents of musicians not directly connected with St Faith's – and there has been a wealth of such talent on offer again this year - it is especially good to have showcased young people trained and encouraged by one of our own congregation. Ranee has provided us with the full story of her singers and of her own musical pilgrimage.

Cantilena is the name given to a group of singers, all pupils of Ranee Seneviratne. They rehearse and perform a wide variety of vocal music in concerts, festivals and

master-classes at various venues on Merseyside and beyond. The pupils are all encouraged to take the ABRSM singing examinations and to date, 90% have achieved distinctions. Their most recent programme at St Faith's was constructed to showcase pupils at various levels of training.

Ranee was born in Sri Lanka and as a child studied violin and singing. On coming to the UK, she studied singing under Professor Henry Cummins of the Royal Academy in London. After moving to Merseyside, Ranee continued her vocal studies and gained her diploma from Trinity College, London. Ranee has sung in recitals in a wide variety of venues, both as a soloist and in many choirs. She is now in great demand as a teacher of singing, and coaches pupils for GCSE, A Level and the Associated Board examinations up to diploma level. Four of her pupils were awarded a bursary from Crosby Festival of Music and Drama; two of them won an award for outstanding performance. At a conference in 2006, Ranee was invited to join a panel at the Association of the Teachers of Singing to answer questions on the teaching of singing. As a member and past chairman of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, she was asked to conduct a master-class for the pupils of singing teachers on Merseyside.

She took early retirement from Girobank as a Personal Secretary in order to study for an Associate of Trinity College London (ACTL) Diploma. After obtaining the diploma she attended a teacher training course run by the Association of Teachers of Singing. She now teaches singing at her home in Crosby, teaching pupils from the ages to 7 to 85!

In the music exams held last winter, one of Ranee's pupils was successful in gaining a place at the Royal Northern College Saturday School. She offered three disciplines: singing, piano and violin, and was advised by her tutors to offer singing as her first study.

Among her other achievements, Ranee was Chair of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, hosting their dinners held at the Anglican Cathedral, welcoming the guest speakers and seeing that all ran smoothly.

Stop Press News from the Food Bank

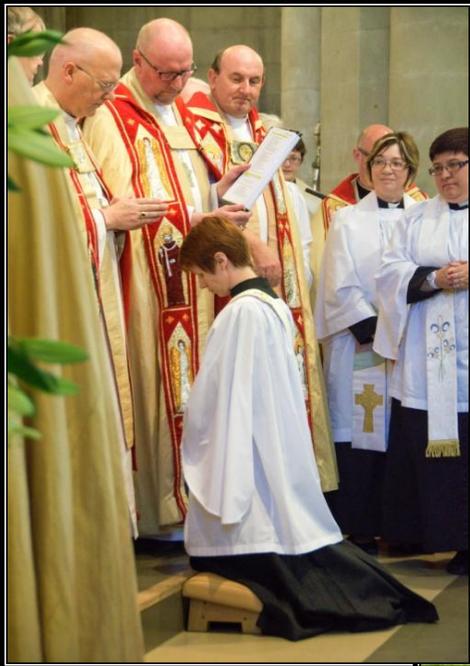
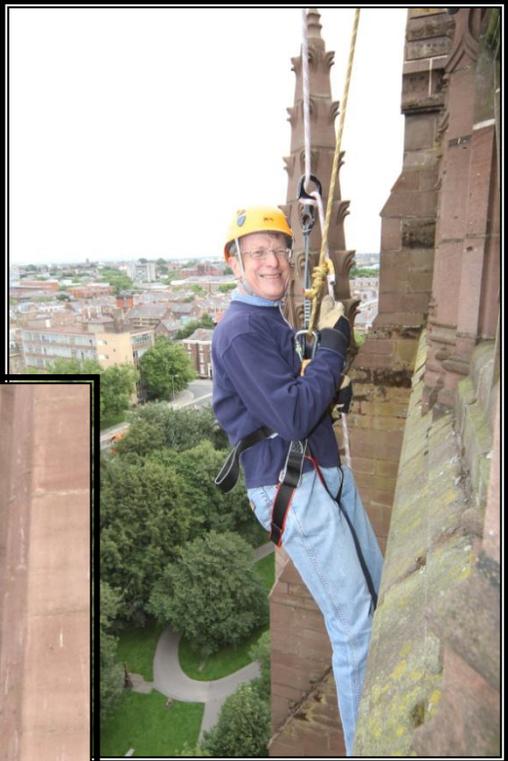


The new food bank in Waterloo Town Hall, and the two other distribution centres based at Helping Hand on the De Villiers estate and the King's Church in Thornton, eventually opened to the public towards the end of July. By then generous members of St Faith's had already given an amazing 25 stone of canned and dried food to stock the shelves of the 'pantry', where everything is stored systematically according to type and expiry date.

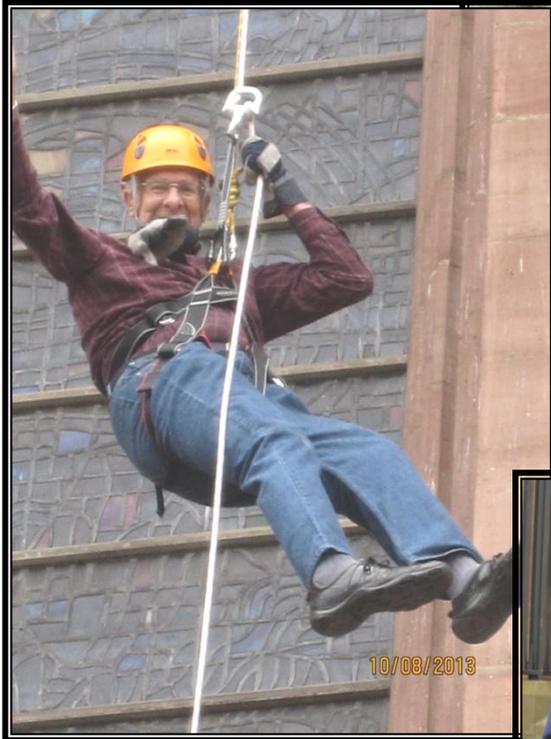
It's unusual to come into church now without finding a carrier bag of goodies in the food bank crate; and yesterday's delivery from St Faith's weighed in at 26kg, or about 12



Nye on High!



St Faith's Parish Party in the 1950s. Read the first instalment of one-time choirboy Graham Barry's memoirs from that period elsewhere in this issue



Read about intrepid abseilers Fred Nye and David Lloyd in Fred's article 'A Leap of Faith' for the Waterloo Partnership, elsewhere in this issue

Images from St Albans.
 Lucy Davis kneels at the moment of her ordination in the cathedral;
 Bishop Robert Runcie's tombstone, in the cathedral grounds, with his wife Rosalind's name now added below his own



10/08/2013

10/08/2013

29/06/2013



Soldiers
all at sea!



Our Services Support Group helped to fund a sailing holiday for wounded soldiers, through the good offices of our friend and contact Padre Simon Farmer (top right). Read the moving story in this issue, as told in Simon's letter to Eunice Little



4 stone. The preoccupation with weight, incidentally, is not just because donated food has to be moved about! The Charity Commission calculates the charity's turnover by giving a notional value to the weight of food donated and distributed, so everything has to be weighed in and out: the Rotary Club in Crosby has obliged with some industrial scales.

So far, in the first six weeks since opening, there have surprisingly been more requests for help from single people than from families, although this may well change with time. Most 'customers' have only a microwave: sometimes a family will have an oven which is not working. Problems with benefits were the most frequent cause of crisis.

The organisers tell me that there are now ample supplies of basics like soup, beans, tomatoes, pasta and cereal, but that smaller-size tins of other items would be useful. There is also an evident need for food for special diets, so vegetarian meals, and items such as soya and rice milk for example, would be very much appreciated. Thank you again for your continued and generous support for this church initiative in the local community.

Test the Spirits



Address by Fr. Simon to the Merchant Taylor's end-of-year service at St Faith's, 10th July, 2013.

Travel broadens the mind – if we let it – enabling us to do what the New Testament calls 'testing the spirits'.

A powerful experience of testing the spirits came for me during an amazing three-month stay I had in the Solomon Islands in 2008. I went there to teach Biblical Studies in an Anglican training college.

The Solomons are hard to get to. It took me seventy-two hours and four flights to get there from the UK, via Seoul, Sydney and Brisbane.

What I found when I got there was a very unfamiliar environment – an earthly paradise, once you got used to the tropical climate, with high temperatures that barely fell over night, and very high humidity, that at first made it hard to sleep.

Mosquitoes were also a bother. I had to take anti-malarials daily, and use a foul-smelling mosquito-repellent on any exposed skin. The facilities in the College were basic. You could forget about a mobile-phone signal. The college had no internet, and one very unreliable coin-operated phone serving a community of a hundred and fifty people. There was no running water anywhere – I washed from a bucket using rain-water collected off the roof, watched over by lizards and spiders.

The place was beautiful, with lush vegetation, teeming with life, all around. There was a beach I would walk down to every afternoon, with palms and tropical plants extending down to pure white sand, lovely warm sea to swim in, and never a soul in sight.

Paradise indeed. But I also encountered hell during my trip. The people were wonderful, the most different from people at home of any I've encountered during extensive travels. There was a gentleness and kindness about them that will never leave me, and the students in the College were embarrassingly grateful that someone like me should have come half way across the world to teach them.

But it seemed as I got to know the place that people lived in hellish fear.

They feared sorcery and witchcraft. They feared the *vele-man*, an evil sort of goblin that lived in the bush. Most of all, they feared possession by evil spirits.

This fear was brought home to me one weekend, when I was staying with a wonderful community of Anglican nuns down in the south part of the island.

I was woken in the dead of night by horrendous screams, and made my way down to the Chapel, where the noise seemed to be coming from. When I got there, I peered through the unglazed windows of the Chapel. By the flame of an oil-lamp that had been put on the altar, I could just make out the nuns' Chaplain, and two or three of the sisters. Lying on the floor at the Chaplain's feet was the form of a woman.

What ensued was the eeriest thing I have ever experienced. The woman had sought out the Chaplain, a famous exorcist in the area, to cast out an evil spirit. Through a process lasting several hours, the woman variously barked like a dog, shouted loudly in clear English – a language I was later told she did not speak – and moaned or whimpered like an animal in pain. At one point she writhed like a snake. Between these various episodes there would be muttered prayers from the Chaplain, and he would bend down to lay hands on her in prayer, or to restrain her when she was agitated. I stood spell-bound for two or three hours, and left, shortly before dawn, with the exorcism still in progress.

I went in some distress of mind the following morning to the Sister Superior. She told me that the 'casting out' had been successful, and the woman was now safe. She wanted to know what I thought, so I asked her straight-up whether she thought the evil spirits were real. She said, 'they are real because the people believe in them. If they seek out a priest to help them and he can't, they can die'.

What to make of all this? I had met people there who seemed intensely prayerful and close to god, yet those same people lived with the most dreadful fear. I was glad that they had the church to turn to. But it also seemed to me all wrong that, knowing the

power of God, they still felt subject to attack by harmful unseen forces. I really struggled with this. The New Testament, after all, teaches that 'perfect love casts out fear'.

It was a challenge to my faith. Life is surely not a boxing match with God in the blue corner and the devil in the red corner, perpetually slugging it out. But on the other hand, I could see that the cosmic battle in which they found themselves gave them the strongest possible motivation to pray, and to try and live well. The third beatitude of Jesus, sometimes rendered, 'blessed are the poor in spirit', is sometimes translated as, 'blessed are those who know their need of God'.

This is not the time and place to try and unpack the theology of what I experienced in the Solomon Islands.

But to all of you, both those who are further down the school, and just starting out asking your own questions and forming your own individual identity, and to those who are now looking forward to making your own way in the world, I would say this. The people of our world are more wonderfully various than you may realise. It's important as you go out and start encountering more of them, that the secularism and materialism of the society that has produced you, and its faith in technical and scientific answer to life's basic question, put you at a disadvantage in understanding how most people in our world operate.

Most of the world's people recognise, as we mostly no longer do, that at his core, man is a praying being, one in whom the instinct to seek God, and worship him, and to ask for his help in trouble, is strong. Nothing is more important in our world today than religious understanding between people of different backgrounds, and we are not well served in our dealings with people different from us if we adopt a superior attitude to their beliefs. Our developed society in Western Europe is unusual, and arguably, defective, in its sense that it has out-grown religion. Many of us decide much too early in life that God is a lie and religion a judgemental, pretentious waste of time. In consequence, we are spiritually illiterate, and inclined to dismiss the religious beliefs of others.

So my advice is this. Travel if you can, and use the encounters travel affords to develop your own spiritual awareness. Don't nail your own colours to the mast too soon as regards the claims of religion. And always test the spirits.

In July, 2013, an enquiry ended up on the editor's computer from a Mr Graham Barry, in distant Australia. He was a choirboy, wolf cub and scout at St Faith's between 1946-1952, and is in the process of writing a memoir for his children. Through the extensive archive material on our website, he had read much of interest, and he was anxious to get hold of some of the photographs on the site to illustrate his memoir, and if possible any other photos from around his time at St Faith's.

Subsequently I was able to send him much of what he was seeking, as well as a few other pictures of the church; at my request he has provided the names of a good many of the St Faith's people featured on the early group photos. He also was happy to send me relevant chapters of his substantial memoir, as a result of which both this magazine and the church website will be carrying instalments in future months. Those of us with deep roots in St Faith's will be familiar with a few of the names he quotes, as they survived into the 1960s and 1970s - notably George Houldin, Ken Clawson and George Goodwin, all of blessed memory.

Graham tells us that he has edited out passages in his family memoir in order not to offend anyone living or dead! The text below, and what will follow (in words and pictures), is a lively and detailed recollection of what already seems an almost forgotten age. It is very good to be able to add it to our church archive, and to dip into an account that brings the church, its characters and our neighbourhood to vivid and entertaining life sixty years on. It goes without saying that these are Graham's recollections and character analyses, with apologies if they do not always coincide with the memories and views of others.

Chronicles of a Choirboy

ST FAITH'S 1946-1955



I was about nine when I joined St Faith's Wolf Cubs. It was the tip of the iceberg. Along with it came the church, the choir, the Scouts, my entire social life. St Faith's defined my existence for most of the next decade. It stopped me from ever taking Merchant Taylors' too seriously and always gave me an alternative to the hothouse of public school life.

Life in the St Faith's community was magic to me – and it was an aspect of my life that my family played no part in. Mum was a Roman Catholic, from a big family of Roman Catholics. But my Dad was a Protestant, officially an unacceptable match in a city still riven by sectarianism. I don't know the details too well, but they were allowed to marry in the vestry. Was it at the Catholic or the Protestant church? I don't know, but I do know the priests harassed her to have the kids brought up Catholic until she chased them away and vowed never to go near a Catholic church again.

She was quite hot on our going to Sunday School, however: Christ Church, where my brother Frank went to school and attended the Boy Scouts. But it was boring as hell and we used to try and drop off at my cousin's in Sandringham Road to avoid going.

I'd always instinctively admired this big church with its big grounds at the College Road roundabout, diagonally opposite Merchant Taylors', both of which I would pass

on my way home from Crosby Road School if I went the long way round. So it didn't take much to persuade me to front up at the Parish Hall, also in the grounds, one Monday night at 6pm.

I was hooked from the word go. It was like two hours of team games, interspersed with some training (though I didn't realise it), with a large enthusiastic group of noisy boys between eight and 11, several of whom I knew, including George Pass, who was also starting that night. It was run by this kindly older man with grey hair, in a scout uniform, who rejoiced in the name of Akela, assisted by a handsome younger man, also in uniform, called Baloo.

As the weeks progressed I got more and more into it. It seemed to be a condition of membership that you attended Sunday School, which I was very happy to do: the church was light and airy and a nice old lady called Miss Mountfield told us bible stories. Soon Kenny Charnock was co-opting me into joining the choir and I turned up on Friday night at 7pm to be given an audition by the small fussy organist, Mr Pratt, who was positioned in the centre of the chancel in front of a small instrument like a stand-up piano with wind pedals creating an organ sound, which he tapped with the same metal propelling pencil to get our attention for as long as I knew him. I still don't know what it was called - euphonium? (*harmonium. Ed.*), but they laughed at me when I referred to it as an organ.

Somehow I passed muster and they fitted me out with a cassock and a surplice, and I joined my pals: Kenny, Stan Spencer, Dave Mawdsley, the four Voyseys and George Pass (who was there for the first time too), together with miscellaneous others whom I forget, making up around 20 in all. Indeed Akela and Baloo were there as well, members of the adult choir, but now Akela was Mr Houldin, the choirmaster.

Then five minutes before the service was due to start, Jim Burgess, who'd been verger forever (at least since 1928) started to toll the church bell in that imposing tower, a double ring for the first four minutes. Then he took it down to a single note for the final minute, so latecomers knew they'd better get a move on. As his last dings donged, I was walking in procession with all the other little angels, led by Baloo (Ken Clawson) looking very holy and carrying a crucifix on a pole out of the vestry through the nave and up into the choir stalls.

That first ceremony, Sung Eucharist, kicking off at 10.45am, was overwhelming: the chancel was full of males (all males) in full regalia with different coloured cassocks and long surplices and a priest going through his stuff at the altar, and then virtually the whole congregation filed up from the nave, up the steps through the chancel to the altar rail, where they knelt to receive communion: a swig of wine from a chalice and a wafer biscuit. Then a quick sign of the cross and they'd file out down the two side passages and back to their seats. All very High Church, did I but know it.

I nearly screwed the whole thing up on my second appearance when there were maybe 21 or 23 of us choirboys in pews only meant for twenty and I misunderstood the

instructions about which side to go and crossed in front of Ken Clawson, while he hissed "Other side!" and I just kept on going. We were jammed in like nobody's business and I was in a total daze, so when Kenny Charnock whispered: "It's okay, 'Sir' [Akela] understands," I didn't really comprehend any of it. I know Ken Clawson never had much time for me anyway, and I'm not sure if that didn't colour his views.

Then it was home for Sunday dinner (lunch) and Family Favourites on the radio, then back for Sunday School at 3, then home for Tommy Handley and ITMA on the radio and Sunday tea, then back for the much more leisurely Evensong at 6.30, when they turned the lights down as the priest gave his sermon and some of the unwary would nod off. On one memorable occasion David Mawdsley involuntarily let off this enormous fart, which reverberated round the whole church and which he never owned up to for years, but which he's now quite proud of. No one dared laugh.

The choir was more full on, but Wolf Cubs, for very different reasons, was irresistible. It was all loosely based on Rudyard Kipling and *The Jungle Book*, which I'd seen more times than I can remember at the pictures. You played, but you also passed tests, and got your first star and your second star (each representing one eye open in the jungle) and various proficiency badges, of which there were 12 all told. I loved all that stuff, passing the tests, getting the badges. I managed to get about four badges where most kids got fed up after a couple. It was fascinating when Akela confided he'd had two boys who'd got all 12. I can remember their names to this day. Peter Welch was in fact head choirboy when I first started, but God knows what happened to Michael Whitehead.

Akela also took us to a swimming pool deep in the heart of Liverpool (unbelievably, Crosby considered itself too posh for a swimming pool until many years later, the powers-that-be reckoning it would attract bad elements from Bootle – so we had to go to Bootle instead!) and gave us lessons – that's how I learned to swim. He had a belt, just a rubber loop really, on the end of a rope and he'd haul you in from the middle of the pool calling out instructions. We had a changing room all to ourselves (maybe 8-10 of us).

And there was a train-spotting club and Meccano; and he'd take us for cycling expeditions. And after Evensong he'd let us (the choir) have the run of the Parish Hall for games like Sardines, where one kid would go out and hide in the dark and we'd all try to find him, and when you found him, you didn't let on, you joined him quietly, until in the end one hapless kid was left wandering round in the dark wondering where the hell we were! It was great.

I really consider George Houldin one of the best, most honourable and sincere people of either sex I've ever encountered, but people must have talked. The only criticism I ever heard of him was about how High Church he was, and how he might go into holy orders and turn St Faith's into a Roman Catholic church. But the church hierarchy was always very firm that we were a Catholic church, just not Roman Catholic, part of one Holy Catholic and Apostolic church, a denomination the wicked Romans had tried to

steal from us. Mr Houldin used to define it for us in those terms. According to “Sir” the only difference between a high church like St Faith’s and the Romans (apart from the fact they did it all in Latin and no one had a clue what was being said) was that they believed the wafers and the wine actually physically turned into the body and blood of Jesus during the sacrament: the difference between consubstantiation and transubstantiation or some such!

To be continued....



‘A Devout Christian’

“One of the minor pleasures of this job is tracking the usage of the phrase "devout Christian". It usually means "total weirdo", and I don't think it will be easy to top a story I found in the Daily Mail about a primary school headmaster who had a breakdown.

The pupils of Horsmonden Primary School in Kent watched open-mouthed as their headmaster ‘snapped’ when the electronic organ he was trying to play refused to work. Enraged, Malcolm Hayes smashed and punched the keyboard before wrenching it off its stand and telling his pupils to follow him as he stormed outside.

Once in the car park the 49-year-old, a devout Christian [my italics], smashed the instrument again — before jumping in his car and repeatedly driving over it.

It turns out that Mr Hayes has previous form in the Mail, after he left his wife for a 16-year-old foster-daughter ten years ago. It appears that this second wife has now left him, which is why he took his frustrations out on the school’s instrument, even if that's not the organ that had been giving him trouble."

Andrew Brown, Church Times, as quoted by Fr Dennis Smith, August 4th, 2013

The Work of the Incarnation

To complete our coverage of Lucy Davis’s ordination, we are happy to reproduce Fred Nye’s sermon at her local church. See his account of the day on page 7

First, a big thank you for allowing me to preach this morning, and to Lucy for inviting me. After the joy of Lucy’s ordination to the priesthood yesterday, it’s a great privilege to be with you as she celebrates the Eucharist on our behalf for the first time. I found choosing a text a bit difficult, so forgive me if I abandon the lectionary for once and use instead some words of St Augustine: ‘You are the Body of Christ. In you and through you the work of the Incarnation must go forward. You are to be taken, you are to be blessed, broken and distributed, that you may be the means of grace, and vehicles of eternal love’.

We are to be taken, blessed, broken and distributed. You and I are to become a sacrament - not just an outward sign of Our Lord's risen presence in the world, but the means by which his love is to be made real. It is a startling commission to us, as the people of God, and I guess an even scarier prospect for those called to the priesthood, the servant-leaders of the Body of Christ.

'You are to be taken'. We don't talk about it very much, but there is something strangely attractive, even beguiling, about how Our Lord calls us and re-calls us during our Christian pilgrimage. It has something to do with the way in which he takes us as he finds us – 'Just as I am, without one plea, but that thy blood was shed for me, and that thou bidst me come to thee, O lamb of God, I come'. And there is a deep truth in the old saying that faith is not taught, but caught. My mentor as a teenager was the Rector of a country parish in Devon. A poor preacher but a deeply caring pastor, his life was rooted in prayer and the sacraments. He had a wonderful humility, and when you were with him you were aware that he walked with God, and that you were invited to come along too. It was an invitation you couldn't ignore nor refuse.

'You are to be blessed'. Not only are we called and taken, but God richly blesses us with his unconditional love. It's difficult for us to grasp, but his sacrificial love for us has absolutely nothing to do with our goodness, nor does it depend in any way on our worthiness to receive it. And so it is that everything we enjoy, the beauty of his creation, our health and wealth, our personal gifts and talents, and above all the love of partners, parents, family and friends are all signs of his caring Providence. Much of our Christian life is about thanking God for his blessings, and learning to bless him in return. In being blessed we are equipped and set apart for his service. So an Ordination is a good time for us to examine our own vocations – how can you and I best use our God-given gifts in the work of the Incarnation? And just as importantly, how can we better recognise and encourage his gifts in others? As the body of Christ we must nurture and look after each other.

'You are to be broken'. God's saving love goes far beyond the things that we enjoy. At the Last Supper Our Lord took the bread, broke it and said to his bemused disciples – 'Look, this is me! – *now* do you get it?' The Saviour whose resurrection we celebrate this morning reigns in glory with a body that still bears the wounds of his Crucifixion. In the cross we see both the cost of God's saving love for humankind, and the promise that his love will gain the victory. But there are times when people are overwhelmed – by loss or bereavement, by betrayal, or by personal failure and guilt. Words and theology seem almost worthless. All we can do is to stand alongside each other at the foot of the cross, and hope that, channelled through our care and concern, love may find a way. Discovering the openings for the divine love even in the devastating and senseless tragedies of human life is the greatest challenge we all have to face as Christians, priests and people alike. So please pray for Lucy in her new ministry, and for Will, and for all your clergy and ministers. Pray indeed for the whole body of Christ, as in this and every Eucharist we offer our failure and brokenness to Our Lord.

‘You are to be distributed, that you may be the means of grace, and vehicles of eternal love’. The spirit of God’s steadfast love, his Holy Spirit, is poured into our hearts that it may bring light and peace and wholeness to the world. It’s a pretty radical notion. To be ‘the means of grace and vehicles of eternal love’ we have to take action together, against self-interest and injustice in our local communities, in our national life, and beyond. We are called to get our hands dirty in the mess of the world, for love’s sake. It was another great saint, the blessed Francis of Assisi who said ‘Preach the gospel. Use words, sometimes’. What both saints had in mind was no moderate, cautious rationing of God’s love but an extravagant, costly, outpouring. And because that love is unconditional it is for all people, regardless of creed or colour, gender or status, education or sexual orientation. As the Body of Christ and as a national church we have some way to go before we can put aside our reservations and resentments and accept that startlingly simple proposition at face value.

Let’s pray this morning that our priests and pastors may be given grace to lead us in St. Augustine’s great commission, and that we may all be given the grace to follow and support them. In a few minutes everything will come together for us as Lucy takes the bread, the body of Christ, and blesses, breaks and distributes it. This is the heavenly banquet where no-one is left out, and where all our lives are nourished and transformed by Our Lord, the bread of life. This is where the Christian community, priest and people, becomes one with our crucified and risen Lord. And this is where we are to be taken, blessed, broken and distributed, that the work of the Incarnation may go forward.

Churchwardens and Bell Ringers face CRB Checks



A new feature in our website reproduces articles in the local and national press which focus on matters of relevance to the Christian community. Those who find such things of interest may care to click on the new link labelled ‘Comedy and Comment’ where they will also, as some readers are aware, chance upon many religious jokes and assorted curiosities.

Choir leaders, wardens and bell ringers who refuse to submit to criminal records checks will be turned away from churches, the Archbishop of Canterbury has warned.

All C of E volunteers who come into contact with children, including Sunday school teachers and people running parent and toddler groups, now face checks by the Criminal Records Bureau (CRB). Flower arrangers, refreshment stall staff and church sidesmen could also face checks if they have ‘substantial’ contact with children.

The Most Rev Justin Welby warned that the Church was being ‘utterly ruthless’ in its approach to CRB checks despite saying that cases of abuse are now ‘negligible’. In his most outspoken comments on the issue since his appointment earlier this year, he said that volunteers refusing checks were being told: ‘You can’t come to church’.

A source close to the Archbishop last night said that people who refused the checks would not be banned from services, but would be prevented from volunteering or working for the organisation. ‘The whole structure has changed,’ the Archbishop said in an interview with Total Politics magazine. ‘I know a safeguarding officer who went into a very traditional church recently ... a number of people who had been members of the church for years and years and years, refusing to fill out the CRB forms. And they said, ‘Well we’re not going to do it, we’ve been members of this church for 50 or 60 years’, and the Safeguarding Officer said, ‘Fine, don’t do it, but you can’t come to church.’

The Archbishop made the comments after a series of cases in which volunteers, including flower arrangers complained of ‘overzealous’ CRB checks. Critics have warned that the strict checks are deterring and demoralising church workers. The Archbishop said that he understood why an ‘elderly woman’ who had served her church with ‘dedication and love’ for 40 years would ‘grumble’ about the enforced CRB checks. ‘We are being utterly ruthless,’ he said. ‘You often understand why people grumble ... But it’s changing the culture, and that has effectively largely happened across the Church from about five or six to 10 years ago. We really started turning the screw. And we’re tightening up the whole time.’

Asked if the Church had come through the worst of the revelations about historical cases of child abuse, the Archbishop said: ‘No. We’re not. We got it wrong,’ he said. ‘Loads of other people did, but that’s not an excuse. We got it wrong over many years when society had a different view of these things. Post-Savile, quite rightly - I’m not complaining about this, quite the reverse, I think it’s excellent - the police and social services are going back, often over half a century, and seeing where did they get it wrong. Are there survivors of abuse still around who need to have their voices heard? And so there will be cases, some of which go back for 40, 50 years in which people were overlooked and ignored. Utterly inexcusable. So that means quite a bit of stuff will go on coming out.’



Tailpiece

The editorial computer’s defences usually screen out this sort of thing, but this one got through, possibly because of the endearing greeting. We were not amused...

Hello Dearest One

My Name is Mr Michael Davies. An Attorney, I am contacting you regarding a substantial amount of inheritance funds deposited in a security company by my late client who you share the same "surname" with, kindly get back to me for further details, on private email address: barristermichaeldavies@yahoo.com.hk

I look forward to hearing from you. Thanks and God Bless you.

The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



VICAR

Fr Simon Tibbs, The Vicarage, Milton Rd, Waterloo. L22 4RE. Tel 0151 928 3342
email fathersimontibbs@googlemail.com

PARISH OFFICE

32 Brooklands Avenue, L22 3XZ . Tel: 0151 928 9913

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

ASSISTANT PRIESTS

Revd Denise McDougall, 27 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 2TL. 924 8870

Canon Peter Goodrich, 16 Hillside Avenue, Ormskirk, L39 4TD. 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 Ho, Maple Close, Seaforth, L21 4LY. 286 8155

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

CHURCH WARDENS

Mrs Margaret Houghton, 16 Grosvenor Avenue, Crosby. L23 0SB. 928 0548

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

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

TREASURER

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

PCC SECRETARY

Mrs Lillie Wilmot, Flat 7, 3 Bramhall Road, Waterloo. L22 3XA. 920 5563

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Daniel Rathbone. Tel: 07759 695683

GIFT AID SECRETARY

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

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

Mrs Lynda Dixon, 928 7330

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

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

SACRISTANS

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

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

SENIOR SERVER

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

CHILDREN'S CHURCH

Mrs Julie Voce, 32 Aughton Rd, Birkdale, Southport. PR82AG. 01704 567270

Sunday 11.00 am in the Church Hall.

CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER

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

CHURCH CENTRE

1, Warren Court, Warren Road, Blundellsands

UNITED BENEFICE MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

James Roderick 474 6162

BEAVER SCOUTS

Thursday 5.00 – 6.15 pm Mike Carr 293 3416

CUB SCOUTS

Thursday 6.30 – 8.00 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

SCOUTS

Thursday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

RAINBOWS

Monday 4.45 - 5.45 pm. Geraldine Forshaw 928 5204

BROWNIE GUIDES

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

CHOIR PRACTICE

Friday 7.15 pm - 8.30 pm.

MAGAZINE EDITOR and WEBSITE MANAGER

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

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Email: cdavidprice@gmail.com



THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



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