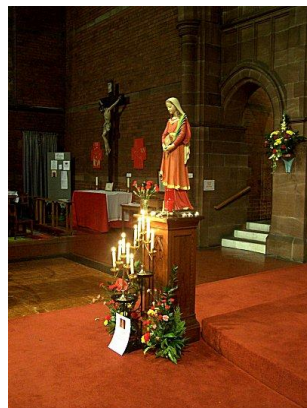


*Saint Faith's Church
Great Crosby
Parish Magazine*

NOVEMBER 2011

WORSHIP AT SAINT FAITH'S



SUNDAYS

11.00am SOLEMN MASS and Children's Church

1.00pm Holy Baptism (2nd Sunday)

6.00pm Evening Service and Benediction (1st Sunday & as announced)

On 'Fifth Sundays' there is one joint Eucharist for both congregations followed by a shared lunch – please consult the Diary of Events, website or notices for details

WEEKDAY MASSES

Monday 10.30am, **Tuesday** 9.30am, **Wednesday** 10.30am (1662 Book of Common Prayer in S. Mary's), **Thursday** 9.30am (Holy Days only), **Friday** 6.30pm, **Saturday** 12noon (or Midday Prayer, as announced)

THE DIVINE OFFICE (The Prayer of the Church)

Morning Prayer: 9.00am daily (except Thursday)

Evening Prayer: 6.00pm daily (except Thursday)

Night Prayer: 9.15pm Saturday (Vigil of the Resurrection)

Please consult the weekly sheets for any variation in times for the Daily Office

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION

Fr. Neil and Revd. Denise 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.

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.

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, or be visited in hospital or at home, please ring the Vicarage or another member of the Ministry Team. We are always happy to make home or hospital visits to the sick and housebound so please call us to arrange this.



FROM THE MINISTRY TEAM NOVEMBER 2011

Dear friends

I admit I'm not much of a gardener. In fact everyone who knows me and has visited my home can see what a mess my front garden is, e.g. extremely long grass and overgrown blackberry bushes...including some frogs/toads living under the bushes! However, with the credit crunch and being very aware of artificial chemicals being added to our fruit and vegetables, I decided to have another go at growing my own food. Again, those who know me would think this was very brave, or perhaps "potty" of me, but I really wanted to give it a go.

A few months ago, someone gave me a packet of 'salad' seeds and so I carefully planted them into a grow bag....and waited....and watered....and nurtured....and then watched with pride as the seeds began to produce shoots and grow into lovely green lettuces. So many of them, I realised I couldn't eat everything, so decided to share what I had and gave some to friends. I've also grown potatoes, spring onions and red onions, along with the wild blackberries in the front garden. I'm quite pleased with my little harvest and will continue to plant more seeds and hopefully produce more beautiful crops.

Thinking about my attempts of growing vegetables, and having in mind the time of year when the fields are being harvested, brings to mind passages in the bible where planting of seeds and their significance is mentioned. Luke 8:11, before telling the parable, Jesus explains that "...the seed is the Word of God". Throughout the Bible there is much emphasis on the planting of seeds, where they are planted, their nurturing and subsequent harvesting. Of course, we as Christians have come to understand that Jesus' referring to the seed is in reference to God's Word, and planting the seed of faith. Who was it who planted the seed of faith in you? Who has played a role or influenced your faith? Maybe it was a parent, a teacher, a priest, or other members of St Faith's or St Mary's, or maybe from another church. Or was it someone who you happened to bump into in the street? Perhaps someone who has given you words of comfort? By simply speaking to others about God, then we are planting the seeds of faith.

There have been people who are great examples of faith no matter what is happening around them. I am thankful for many people, and that God continues to place people in my life who are constantly dropping seeds of faith.

What about you? Who can you think of that has influenced and helped you with your relationship with God? Not only are we called to **receive** seeds of faith, but God also calls each one of us to **share** these seeds of faith. Not just once in a person's life, but ongoing, and with everyone.

Usually when we plant seeds we can't see what is happening. We plant them under earth, feed and water them, nurture them. And for a long time it looks as though nothing is happening and sometimes, although we have done everything we can, nothing may grow. But usually, after a little while perhaps, we see shoots beginning to appear, stretching and reaching out of the dark earth, upwards and outwards towards the light. Often it is like this when we plant seeds of faith with people; we might not see anything happen for a while, but gradually, with love and nurturing and showing God's love, that person (or people) will begin to grow in their faith, probably tentatively at first, but then getting stronger as they realise the power of God's grace and love.

“Remember this: Whoever sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and whoever sows generously will also reap generously. Each man should give what he has decided in his heart to give, not reluctantly or under compulsion, for God loves a cheerful giver. And God is able to make all grace abound to you, so that in all things at all times, having all that you need, you will abound in every good work.”

(2 Corinthians 10: 7-8)

At the beginning of October some of the children from our United Benefice, as they grow in their faith, will be starting preparations to make their First Communion later this year. Please remember them in your prayers as they take their next step in their Christian journey. Also, on Sunday 30th October, we have a joint service (held in St Faith's) in which we will share a meal together. Please remember to bring someone with you so that you, we, can help to plant the seed of faith in them.

Let us all share the seeds of faith with all people.

With my love and prayers,

Jackie





FOR THE DIARY...

Wednesday 2nd November at 8.00pm

REQUIEM MASS FOR THE DEPARTED

*with prayers by Candlelight to which all those who have been bereaved are invited.
Please make a special effort to be present to show our care and concern for those in
our community who have lost loved ones in the past year.*

✠ *Rest eternal, grant unto them O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon them* ✠



They shall grow not old...



On Remembrance Sunday, 13th November

“WE WILL REMEMBER THEM”

**with a Requiem Mass at 11am to include the traditional
Act of Remembrance.**

Saturday 26th November 10.00 am – 12noon

Young People's Advent activity & Craft Day

in S. Faith's Church Hall

This will culminate in an all-age act of worship in

S. Faith's at 11.40am

BRING ALONG A TOY, PLEASE!

At the **11am Family Mass & Parade Eucharist on 4th December** there will be the usual offering of toys. Please bring along a new toy (unwrapped). These are given to Sefton **CHOICES** to distribute to needy families at Christmas. This service will be even more special this year as some young children will be making their First Holy Communion at this service.



SENIOR CITIZENS' CHRISTMAS LUNCH

Moving this event last year, due to the inclement weather, seemed to have met with universal approval – particularly those who find January a bit of a quiet month after Christmas and wanted something to look forward to and those who were up to their eyes in the Christmas Tree Festival! Therefore this meal will not now take place before Christmas but on the last Sunday in January – when the Church is still celebrating Epiphany-tide. Watch this space...

A DEDICATED NATION

A sermon preached by Dr Fred Nye at the Dedication Festival Sung Eucharist, Sunday October 9th

We Anglicans love our church buildings, and no wonder. From tiny Saxon village churches to the gems of our medieval cathedrals we have inherited some of the most beautiful and numinous religious buildings in the world. And here in Waterloo and Crosby we enjoy the legacy of our Victorian forebears, who have left us with large, confident churches, built before the age of uncertainty began to disturb people's faith.

I wonder what Jesus would have felt towards the religious building that he would have known best, the temple at Jerusalem? What would have been his emotions as he made the journey to the temple at the time of Passover? It had been built five hundred years earlier by Zerubbabel after the Jews returned from exile in Babylon, and was one of the wonders of the ancient world. It had 40 foot marble columns adorned with golden vines, with grape clusters as tall as a man. Josephus the Jewish historian describes it, when seen at a distance, as resembling 'a mountain covered with snow, for as to those parts of it that were not gilt, they were exceedingly white'.

To Jesus as to all Jews, the temple was the dwelling place of God on earth – ‘surely this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven’. It was the meeting place between God and his people, as expressed through the Law, and the offering of sacrifices. And placed at the heart of Jerusalem, the city of peace, it was the spiritual home of the Jewish people, and the symbol of their national identity. Perhaps we can therefore share, with Our Lord, a love of our familiar place of worship as a spiritual home, a sacred space where earth and heaven meet one another.

And yet St. John tells us that Jesus was, to say the least, uneasy about how the temple had come to be regarded, and about how it was being used. In a sudden outburst, the only example recorded in the gospels, Jesus enters the building, dashes the money changers’ coins to the floor and drives out all the sacrificial animals and birds. It was another of his acted parables: he could not have demonstrated more clearly how the spiritual purpose of the temple had become perverted by concerns about money, and the externals of ritual. Only a page or two later in his gospel, John describes Jesus’ conversation with the Samaritan woman at the well. He tells her not to be too pre-occupied with the style or place of worship, because they are always temporary and provisional: ‘the hour is coming when neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem will you worship.....’ What really matters is to seek from Our Lord the living water, the gift of new life, however that search becomes expressed in worship.

And so a festival of Dedication becomes not so much a celebration of a building as a celebration of the relationship that the building expresses, our relationship with our Saviour. It is not that church buildings engender Christian communities, but that Christian communities, as the Body of Christ, from time to time engender buildings! It is we, rather than the bricks and mortar, that need to be dedicated. Here in this place the human story is played out in the constant hope of new life in Christ. Here at the start of their journey young children are dedicated to Our Lord at their baptism; here in marriage man and wife dedicate themselves to each other in faith and love and enter a new life together; here in the Eucharist the faithful share Christ’s dedicated, sacrificial life; here the penitent receive forgiveness and dedicate themselves once more to following their Lord. And here, at the end of life, we commend those who have died in faith to the Father’s loving mercy and protection, in the Resurrection hope of new life in Christ. For we ‘are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a dedicated nation, and a people claimed by God for his own’.

But we must remember that Jesus was always warning his own people about the dangers of self-righteousness and complacency. As we contemplate our future as a church community there is in fact rather little to be complacent about: we know only too well the dangers of dwindling church membership, rising bills and falling bank balances, and the risk of losing buildings and clergy. And yet I am still strengthened and comforted by that promise of new life that Jesus gave us, life that he described to the Samaritan woman as ‘a spring of water welling up to eternal life’.

The prophet Ezekiel, writing during the time of exile in Babylon, had a glorious vision of the new temple. From it flowed the water of life, bringing with it an abundance of creatures and plants, and carrying teeming new life ever downstream, to restore at last even the Dead Sea itself. What a parable for our time – and what a reminder to us that the spiritual gifts we enjoy in this place are to be shared in abundance with those outside it!

And yet if you read the account of Ezekiel's vision in this morning's lesson, you will find that the lectionary has skipped a few verses. I am always very curious when this sort of thing happens, as it often means that something difficult but rather important has been left out! The critical bit is verse 11 – still talking about the river, Ezekiel says 'But its swamps and marshes will not become fresh: they are to be left for salt'.

To the Jewish people salt was very precious. It was essential for life, added zest and flavour to food, and was used as a purifier and preservative. Jesus spoke of his disciples as 'the salt of the earth'. And so we should not be depressed as we contemplate our future, even if the stream of which we are a part is becoming a little slow and spent. For salt is not crystallised in deep fast-flowing currents, but often in life's smaller, less tumultuous waterways. So let us pray that we may yet be God's dedicated people, the salt of the earth. And let us pray that whatever the fate of this building, the spiritual waters that have sprung from it will continue to bring lasting life and hope to many, long into the future.



THE TREES ARE COMING...!

Summer is hardly over, and it's time to announce the coming of the Christmas Tree Festival! This is for the third time of asking, following the great success of the first two festivals. From Sunday December 4th to Saturday December 10th the church will be filled with some 43 trees, decorated and lit in aid of a wide range of local, national and international charities, and the public will be invited, free of charge, to visit us, admire the dramatic spectacle and give to their chosen charities.

As last year, there will be a number of special events within the context of the Tree Festival. On the evening of the opening Sunday, there will be a celebration of Advent in words and music, again featuring actor Andrew Lancel. On the Wednesday evening, to the accompaniment of a military band, there will be carol singing, and on the morning of the final Saturday a special youth concert by the always-entertaining Liverpool Saturday morning music school students.. And throughout the week, local schools will bring in groups of children to sing and perform for us. Refreshments will be on sale throughout the week.

Opening times and final details will be announced before long, and there will be lists to sign up if you are willing to give an hour or so as stewards and welcomers. So put the dates in your diaries – if you haven't already – and do all you can to support this very special event, as we reach out to the parish and the wider community and to the many good causes who will be on show.

CELEBRATING THE FEAST — AND HOW...!

Fr. Neil

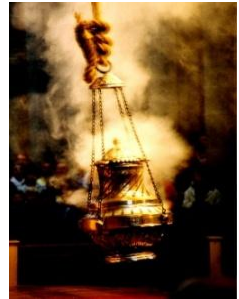
Saint Faith's Day is always a very special day in the life of this parish and this year's celebration was no exception.

A tremendous amount of work went on behind the scenes, as always, in preparation; in the church and in the hall, in Image Press, with cleaning, flower arranging, serving, singing, catering and from the comments, emails and letters I received (see some below) the festival was undoubtedly enjoyed by many – near and far. Such a joyous celebration wouldn't have been possible without the team-work and loyal dedication of so many. That is something to thank and praise God for.

It was good to welcome back former Ordinands from the College of the Resurrection now serving the Dioceses of Chichester and Lincoln and to welcome Dr. Jennifer Cooper from the College as our guest preacher. With music led by Daniel and Stephen, and a very memorable 'Ave Maria' from Fr. Ian, no-one would have guessed for a moment that we are in a musical interregnum – such were the high standards of which we are justifiably proud. The Buffet Supper seems to have excelled itself as well this year!

But finally... always best to let the punters have the last word

"What a very happy S. Faith's Day! Thank you for all the very careful thought that went into the preparation and celebration of her feast day: it has been truly memorable."



“A book I read recently suggested something to the effect that when you left church the liturgy should leave you feeling as if you had experienced a bit of the heavenly kingdom. That was how I felt tonight. THANK YOU!”

“A marvellous occasion - thanks again.”

“Being part of the service tonight made me feel so proud to be part of St Faith’s”

“Thanks for another truly memorable Patronal week. When the spirit is in danger of sinking with financial worries, falling numbers, no organist ... a week like the one just ended does so much to renew and strengthen the determination.”



A REFLECTION FOR ALL SOULS-TIDE

There is an Old Italian proverb that says: “Love makes time pass, but time also makes love pass.” It is sometimes used with reference to the Holy Souls. In November the splendour of the year crumbles, the autumn leaves fall to the ground and are blown across fields and forest. The bare branches of the trees are etched across grey and wintry skies. Nature seems to be preaching a silent sermon about beauty fading and everything disappearing. God alone remains. In such a setting November is well suited as the month we set aside to remember in a special way, those who have gone before us and with whom we lovingly passed happy times.

Memories coming flooding back of those who have been with us until recently; those who were alive last year; those who shared our childhood days; those who were the constant companions of our early adult years and with whom we met the adventures and responsibilities of life; those who gave us their love and received our own; those who gave us life. Each has carved a special place within the hearts of the people who knew them. Some of them left a name behind them, so that their praises are still sung. Others have left no memory and disappeared as though they had not existed. I read, recently, of an elderly lady with no relatives who said that one of her greatest fears was that there would be no one to pray for her after she left this world. She was the last of the family, with no one coming behind her to pray for her.

All Souls Day is an attempt to reach out in faith to those who have connections with us but who have died. As we visit churches and cemeteries we bring with us in our hearts unanswered questions as to what life is all about. Why are we here? Where did we come from? Where are we going? Is there a hereafter? While the meaning to life is often elusive, the meaning of death, humanly speaking, is beyond our grasp. Is it the final and absolute end of our existence and the mocking conclusion to life on earth? Where are our dead? What shall become of them? Shall we ever see them again? It is precisely because of the reality of death that we must take life seriously. The ground

of Christian hope is not that we can communicate with the dead but that Jesus died, rose from the dead, and will come again in glory. The person of faith believes we are precious and that death is our passing over into God. It tells us that even now we must start living as men and women of another world.

From the earliest times there has been a solidly-based belief among the faithful of praying for the Holy Souls. Some people may wonder why we pray for the dead. Does it make any sense? What possible difference can our prayers make to a person who had died? We pray for the dead for the same reason as we pray for anything. We all need to pray and praying does us good and helps us. Prayer for the dead comforts and consoles the living. Praying for our dead loved ones can help heal our relationship with them. When a close friend dies it can happen that we experience a certain amount of guilt because, being human, we have had a less than perfect relationship with the deceased. There is much unfinished business between us. There may have been disagreements that never were fully resolved. Maybe there is anger at having been left to do the nursing of an elderly parent while the brother got the property! And all of us have experienced the pain of letting go of a loved one and giving them back to God. In praying for the dead we help purify those unresolved matters that caused us bitter pain.

The truth is that a vital stream of life continues to flow between our loved ones and us, even beyond death. Since death washes many things clean, the forgiveness we pray for is purer and the healing more enduring. Ever since the first Good Friday on the Hill of Calvary when the repentant thief on the cross cried out for mercy, “Jesus, remember me when you come into your Kingdom”, the prayerful remembering of people has been at the heart of the church. We shall all meet again. Those who live in the Lord never see each other for the last time.

Fr. Dennis

100 CLUB OCTOBER DRAW

1	16	Neil Kelley
2	122	Brian (Hampers)
3	125	Peggy Mattison
4	25	Angela Woodley



The monthly draw is an invaluable source of income to the church, and heaven knows we need it! If you are not a member but would like to join, speak to Brenda Cottarel or Gareth Griffiths. The odds are incalculably better than those of the National Lottery.

FIRST HOLY COMMUNIONS 2011



*Please pray for those preparing for their First Holy Communion at Advent,
their sponsors and their families*

**Thomas Dixon
Abigail Jackson
Gavin Jones**

**Lauren Dixon
Charlotte Jones
Ethan Voce-Pascoe**



*I am the living bread that came down from heaven.
If anyone eats of this bread, he will live forever (John 6:51)*

JUST A THOUGHT

Chris Price

I was strolling along one of Crosby's leafy streets the other day when my progress was blocked by two young men. They were soberly suited and quite clearly evangelists. One of the pair, clutching what I now saw was indeed 'The Book of Mormon', seized me by the hand and declared himself to be Hank (I was right then: they were American). He loudly proclaimed his wish to share his faith with me. Over the years I

have become accustomed to being door-stepped or waylaid in this manner, and I rolled out my stock response, telling him that I was a committed Anglican Christian and lifelong churchgoer, with my own sources of inspiration and teaching - and politely but firmly declining his invitation.

Usually this is sufficient, and I am able to wish them well and bid them goodbye. Not this time. I was told, rather too loudly, that Jesus Christ featured in the Book of Mormon and that they could tell me about him. Again I declined and tried to escape. When they still failed to take the hint I told them that I saw no point whatsoever in their harassing the committed and I turned away, pursued even then by loud entreaties.

I found their hard-sell evangelism, persevered with so aggressively even when faced with a polite and unambiguous explanation of my faith, irritating, even unsettling. But later I could not help but feel reluctant admiration for young people so convinced of the value of what they had to proclaim that they were prepared to walk the streets and accost strangers, especially in an age when, increasingly, violence has become almost a natural response. How many of us, who are neither hot nor cold, would venture so much for our faith? I know I wouldn't.

Just a thought...

PICTURE GALLERY

Images of recent events in the United Benefice.



First page left

Early in the month, St Faith's resounded to the sounds of Barbershop close harmony and traditional jazz, in a memorable and very well-attended concert organised by Rick Walker in aid of the Waterloo Partnership.

First page right

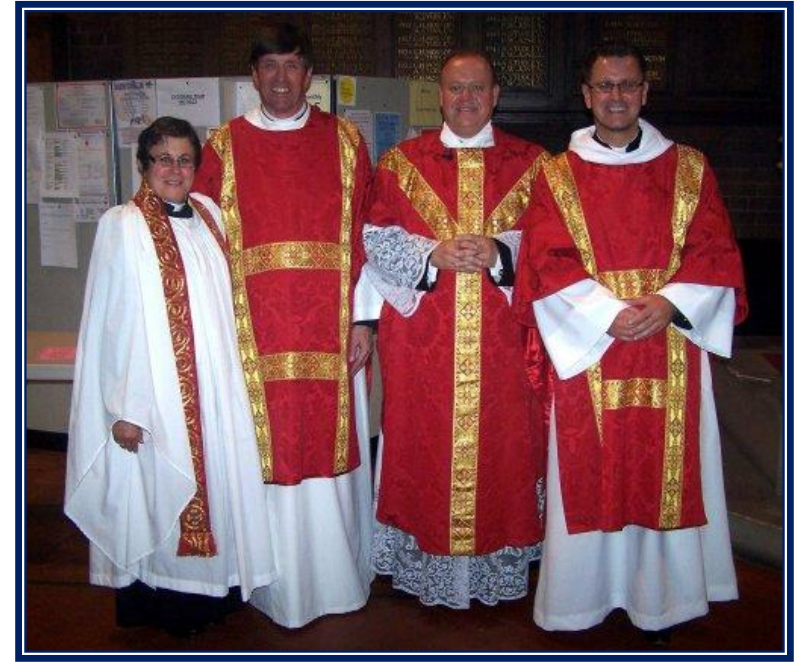
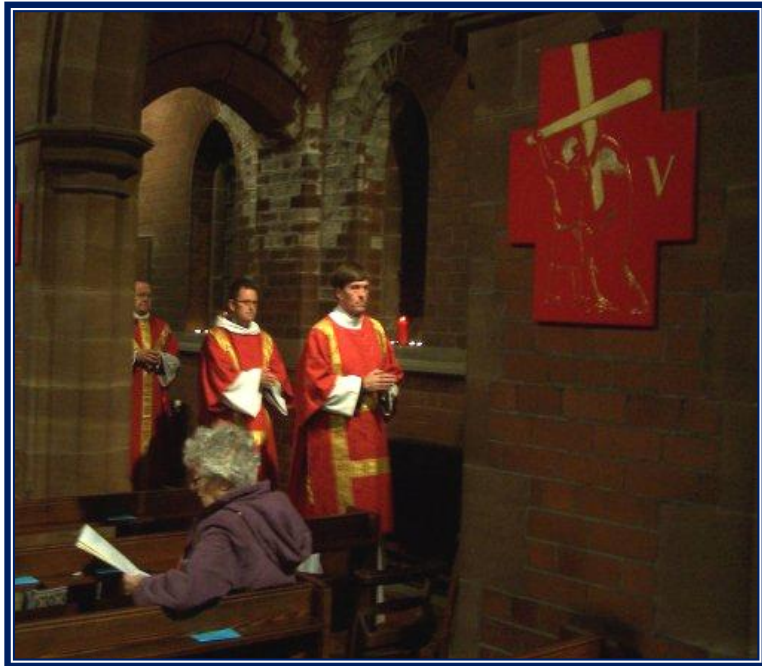
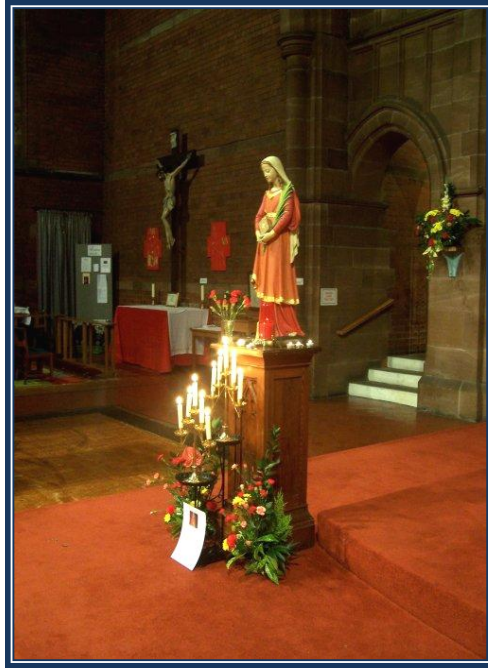
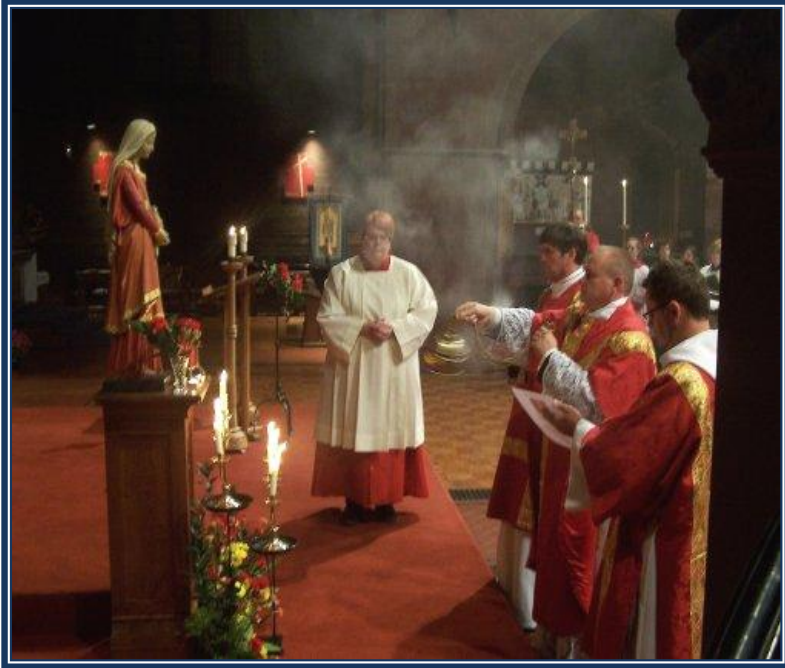
The annual Last Night of the Proms concert at St Mary's was the usual exuberant parade of flags, bells and whistles. The spirited and patriotic music was performed by Fr Neil, soprano Sarah Helsby Hughes and a very welcome addition in the form of newcomer tenor Huw Rhys Evans.

Second page

The High Mass on St Faith's night was the usual colourful and powerful celebration of our Patronal Festival and our patron saint. Fr Neil writes about it elsewhere, and the photos record a night to remember – food for the soul and afterwards for the body!

You are seeing all these pictures – and more – in full colour in this online edition. Why not save the church printing (and postage) costs by accessing the magazine each month via the church website link or by receiving an emailed notification when it is uploaded? Every little helps... If you want an extra incentive, we are actively considering charging for the printed magazine next year, and it is of course free online!





PICTURE EXTRA...

Top

After the Patronal Festival service of Festal Evensong, the sanctuary party pose before the high altar

Below

Guests at the Last Night of the Proms concert in St Mary's were three visiting officials from the Waterloo Partnership, Sierra Leone



ADDITIONAL ABSURDITIES



A recent weekend's editions of the Daily and Sunday Telegraphs carried a satisfying collection of entertaining absurdities reflecting the worlds of political correctness, the nanny state – and eccentric British Behaviour in general.

Stop Repairing Bus Shelters, Residents Told

Residents have been asked not to repair vandalised bus shelters because their DIY attempts are making the damage worse.

Harlech town council says attempts to fix shelters on a local estate had made them more dangerous. Councillors admitted that they also discouraged residents from mending shelters because if they were injured the authority might be liable to pay compensation.

Stone Me!

Thieves who stole £12,000 worth of Yorkstone paving slabs from a driveway fled empty-handed after their van collapsed under the weight of the loot. As they drove down the M25 after ripping out 120 slabs from a property in Surrey a tyre blew out and the suspension collapsed. Police recovered the van and stones the same day but it took them a week to make the connection with the missing driveway...

Conkering Heroes?

A heritage centre has abandoned plans for a medieval conker contest after their insurance company said children would need to wear goggles and gloves.

The organisers said ‘The “where there’s blame there’s a claim” culture is sadly becoming more prevalent. We just thought the contest would be a bit of fun. I remember taking conkers to school and I can’t remember anyone getting killed...’

Blackberry Picking Banned ‘To Protect The Environment’

A council has provoked anger by banning blackberry picking.

A man who organises ‘foraging picnics’ to collect wild fruit and nuts said he was ordered to stop by officials because it was bad for the environment. As well as blackberries, he said he was told hazelnuts, apples and chestnuts were also out of bounds. When he questioned the ban he was told that the acidity posed a risk to endangered great crested newts.

Woman, 76, in 10mph Police Chase

A woman driver of 76 who was chased by police at 10 mph for 17 miles stopped only when an officer tapped on her window while running alongside her car. Three police cars followed her red Ford Fiesta but she ignored them for almost an hour, believing they were chasing other motorists. After her court hearing, the defiant woman said: 'I was being very careful because it was getting dark. I was not driving fast because if you are driving too fast you cannot stop.'



AUSCHWITZ

On a recent visit to Krakow, my husband, Ted, wanted to visit Auschwitz. My feelings about such a visit were ambivalent. Not being a history fanatic, historical sites often leave me cold and my feelings about this particular one were uncertain. Yet I was acutely aware of this site being one of import for me, not as an individual, but simply as a human being. I had no idea of, and was not prepared for, the flood of emotions which this visit would evoke, and which have been with me since.

As we arrived, rain was falling like tears, under a leaden sky. Wholly appropriate for a place so redolent of pain and suffering. We were allocated to an English-speaking guide who spoke with great eloquence and gravity. In a corridor, she pointed out that not everyone had been given a number on their arm – used for identification purposes. The first arrivals were photographed, and these photographs lined the walls of one of the corridors, men on one side, women on the other. Underneath each photograph was the name of the person, the date of their arrival, and the date of death – often only one month apart. The faces reflected the suffering that had already occurred, their eyes reflecting despair and hopelessness.

We continued with a tour of the various rooms in the blocks. Different artefacts were shown behind glass walls. Suitcases for example. They had been told to each bring one suitcase containing their most treasured possessions, and had gladly done so, believing they were being transported to a place where they would have a better life. On arrival at the camp however, these were taken from them and the contents sorted. Jewellery was sold, clothing sent off to Germany. We were shown the wooden pallets where they had to sleep on straw, with only one blanket and six to a bed. Then the punishment cells, including one in which there was a very small ventilation hole, and in which several prisoners would be packed for the night, with the result that they often suffocated. Another cell had the dimensions of a telephone box, and in here, four men would have to stand all night, then still go to work the next morning.

The lump in my throat had gradually grown bigger as we saw, listened, imagined. It threatened to choke me when I saw the crutches and the children's shoes. The sight which eventually brought about my undoing however, was confined behind a glass wall in the largest room. Stretching to the height of a man, and reaching along the length of the room was a pile of human hair. Seven tons of it we were told, found in bales when the camp was liberated. The guide explained that women had their heads shaved when they were admitted to the camp. The hair was sorted and graded, then used to stuff cushions and make fabric. It came to me that what I was seeing was the actual physical remains of women who had lived, breathed and died in this place. I was caught. I couldn't bear to look, yet I couldn't look away. The solidarity and sorrow I felt for these unknown women indescribable and indefinable. Silent tears crept down my face as I tried to imagine how they must have felt when the one thing they had left, the one thing which defined them, was taken from them. Most people, both men and women, care about their hair, or lack of it. It is an essential part of who they are. In the Bible we hear St Paul speak about women's hair and of the dishonour of a woman with a shaved head. In the Song of Songs, the Bridegroom speaks of the hair of his beloved. For these women who had already lost everything, freedom, family, hope, this must have seemed the final extinction of self.

There was much more to see, including another camp known as "The Death Camp" at Birchenau. Each sight, each commentary added to the questions zooming round my head. Where was God in all this? How did these people maintain their faith? Why was such suffering inflicted upon a people known as God's people? The problem of suffering and how we reconcile it with a God of love has been one of the great theological questions for centuries. Many theologians have tried to give us answers, but these are often glib and unsatisfying. There are in fact no words, no explanations which can satisfy these questions. As so often we are simply left with the mystery of faith. All we can do is pray:

"Lord I believe, help my unbelief".

Joyce Green

HOLOCAUST

Tonight, at Auschwitz-Birkenau,
The railway tracks that, for a million Jews,
Led to the gas ovens of the Final Solution,
Are lit with countless points of golden light,
Set down in memory by the silent crowds
Who came this day to tread once more the ground



Marked out for ever as the ultimate horror
Of man's inhumanity to man.

Within this awful, still unbelievable circle of death,
Now, half a century since the baleful flames went out,
Men of all faiths and of none offer prayers:
Intoning their grief to the uncomprehending skies,
And a poet lifts up in strong and simple words
Memories of a million journeys into the dark.

They wander, sombre, wrapped against the cold and the past,
Amongst the dreadful ordered rows of huts:
The sickening showcases where lie, frozen in time,
Hair, spectacles, shoes, teeth: the heaped pathetic debris
Of the lost lives of a generation, and of a nation.

For some, to come back here at last
Is perhaps to exorcise the haunting shadows of their past.
Others stare, blank-faced, at photographs
Of the shuffling, skeletal bodies of the walking dead;
Or read the soulless statistics of suffering:
Torture, experiment, mutilation, and the many faces of death,
And know that, though they somehow survived this dreadful place,
They are marked by a branding that has scarred their lives
And will be always with them.

This is a day to be forgotten;
And it must be remembered for ever.

Chris Price

January 27th, 1994

The starting-point for these lines was the television reports on the 50th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz. I take the liberty of reprinting it now to accompany Joyce's moving account.





CHRISTMAS TREE FESTIVAL 2011

Sunday 4th December at 6pm

Churches Together in Waterloo
“A CELEBRATION OF ADVENT”
in words and music



with Andrew Lancel

BARBERSHOP AND BAKERIES

A Waterloo Partnership Update



It's a great pleasure to respond to the Editor's request for an update on the work of the Waterloo Partnership, bearing in mind the tremendous support that we receive from local churches, and especially from St. Faith's. The latest example of that support, the 21

spectacular Barbershop and Jazz evening that Rick Walker organised on 23rd September, raised a four-figure sum for our projects in Sierra Leone. Our grateful thanks to everyone who contributed so generously to this event.

Although Annual General Meetings can be very ‘ho hum’, the Partnership’s AGM in September was a rather special occasion, and provided a good opportunity to publicise our activities. The well-attended meeting contained a fair sprinkling of parish clergy as well as a Roman Catholic Bishop! We welcomed as visitors the Chair of our partner committee in Sierra Leone, Alieu Mansaray, accompanied by two of our project co-ordinators out there: Aminata Mansaray and Hellen Whenzle. The guest of honour was His Excellency Mr. Edward Turay, the High Commissioner for Sierra Leone.

Amongst the ‘Apologies’ was one from Lord David Alton of Liverpool. You may have noticed from our literature that Lord Alton is now the charity’s Patron. He has a distinguished record in the fields of citizenship and human rights, and it is a great honour to have his support.

After the customary report from the Secretary, Rick Walker and David Lloyd gave illustrated presentations on the progress of our projects. As you will probably remember, they had visited Sierra Leone in January with our Chair to see the projects for themselves. What follows is a rough summary of these reports.

Last year, through the generosity of our donors, we were able to provide £44,915 for our work in Waterloo S.L. This has enabled 40 children to go to school, 350 women to receive farming tools and seeds, and an additional bridge and well to be constructed and maintained. We have supported two workshops, one for trainee car mechanics and the other for the progressive handicapped development organisation, and have supplied the health centre with vital equipment. Two bakeries have been established, providing employment and improved nutrition for the community. Last but not least the Kulafai school building project has been enhanced by the addition of a toilet block. We have learnt a lot about ‘tropical’ toilets from this scheme and now provide them for every community building we construct! A second three classroom structure will be built for Kulafai in the very near future.

We introduced a new system for managing our projects this year, and our donors may be interested in hearing how it works. We believe it is important that the Waterloo Partnership UK should respond to need rather than impose solutions, and that our partners should select and initiate all the projects. Project proposals are therefore drafted and prioritised by our partner committee in SL (WPSL), and are usually reviewed at our annual joint planning conference held out in SL in the New Year. Projects are subsequently considered formally by WPUK trustees, and appropriate funding agreed. Local project co-ordinators are appointed by WPSL, signed contracts are sent to WPUK, and the necessary funds transferred to Sierra Leone. Quarterly reports on project progress are sent to WPUK. The cycle is completed at our annual planning conference, when all projects are jointly audited and assessed.

In this way we are able to work closely with our partners at every stage of a project's development, and our donors can be assured that their money is used strictly for the purposes for which it was intended.

We are very grateful to all who contribute to the success of this process; to the Chair of WPSL, to the WPSL committee, to all our project co-ordinators, and above all to our supporters in the UK who provide the cash! We are also particularly grateful to our UK Chair, Teresa McLaughlin, who has been the WPUK work programme co-ordinator during this important formative year.

AGMs can indeed be rather dry and boring affairs, but this year's was different. It was an occasion for welcoming our supporters both from the UK and Sierra Leone, for celebrating what we had achieved together over the past year, and for looking forward to the challenges and opportunities of the future. But we could not achieve very much without the help and generosity of St. Faith's, and of our local church community. For this, all I can say is THANK YOU!

Fred Nye

MEDIC MALAWI REPORT



Margaret Houghton has sent us this report from our missionary project in Malawi

Mtunthama has been buzzing this summer. The tenth anniversary of the opening of St Andrew's Hospital took place on 30 July, attended by the Minister of Health, the Bishop of Lake Malawi, local MP's, local chiefs and village headmen, and over three thousand people eager to celebrate the occasion! There were of course speeches (de rigeur in Malawi) and singing and dancing by choirs, community groups and several branches of the Mothers' Union, some of whom had travelled considerable distances to be there.

Also able to join in the celebrations were three groups from UK – St. Peter's School, Exeter, Wrekin College, Shropshire, and Sedbergh School, Cumbria. St. Peter's and Wrekin had adult groups as well as students. St. Peter's constructed a roof for a primary school in a nearby village and then rebuilt the orphanage playground; Wrekin repainted the church and helped out at the orphanage; Sedbergh created imaginative designs which they painted on the interior walls of the hospital wards. But more importantly, they all spent time with the local community, sharing ideas, learning about each other's cultures, experiencing something of different ways of life. No doubt many of the UK youngsters will have returned home with a new perspective on life, having seen how material possessions do not in themselves create happiness, but that love and kindness in a deeply caring community are the values that really matter. Let us hope that such a perspective will stay with them.

One of the orphans, Jacob, has just completed the first year of his training to become a Clinical Officer. His fees have been met in part by money from the books sold at the back of church. Another of the orphans, Thomas, has just been interviewed for the same course and we are optimistic that he will be accepted; Sedbergh School have undertaken to pay his fees. Jacob has been volunteering at St Andrew's over the summer break, and he intends eventually to seek a permanent post there when he qualifies. We have just received his first year exam results which are excellent, placing him among the top ten students of his year.

Frank and Eunice Dzantenge, after fifteen years at All Saints' Church, have moved to St Paul's parish in Lilongwe, the capital city, and Frank is also to be Diocesan Projects Officer. Please pray for them in their new role; their drive and vision will be much missed in Mtunthama.

As Stephen Drew takes over the reins of Medic Malawi, having long supported us and having initiated the involvement of Wrekin College where he was until July the Headmaster, Dot and I step back – a little! We shall continue to work for Medic Malawi and of course we shall support Stephen in any way we can. We thank you all for your wonderful support over the years, and ask for your continuing prayers for the work of Medic Malawi, and especially for Stephen as he takes on the challenges that lie ahead.

Mac Forsyth

(It is very good in these straitened financial times to be able to carry two reports in this issue highlighting organisations abroad to which we continue to give significant support at St Faith's. And as we went to press, there was a third event, this time supporting a charity much nearer home, when we organised a fund-raising dinner in the Church Hall in support of Woodlands Hospice. We hope to report in more detail next month. Ed.)

IN OUR DAY OF THANKSGIVING

Colin Oxenforth



At the Patronal High Mass I sang with tears running down my cheeks singing this beloved hymn. It always moves me, and I was not the only one with tears in their eyes. Of course, it took me back to the St. Faith's of my childhood, time in the choir and as a server, but it was the memory of so many people that I found so moving.

All Saints and All Souls bring together the past and the present this month, just as in a differing way Fr Dennis' articles have also done. I would like to add some of my own

memories from those days and perhaps their significance. I think I was given a gift of a vision of faithfulness in present and past, as well as a view of the Church throughout the world. A lot of this is thanks to dear Miss Caroline Mountfield, teaching me about Charles de Foucauld, Nicholas Ferrar, Fr. Damien as well as the usual round of biblical and other more celebrated heroes and heroines. I think she taught me more about Grace and Works than anyone else. She retired from the Sunday School many, many times and received a large, black handbag on each occasion.

Of course she was not the only Sunday School teacher. As one myself at one time I remember working with Anne Selassie, Mabel Pickup, Margaret Storer; and we used to go a short walk into the park after the Sunday afternoon lessons, chat and then suddenly all decide we had to go home for tea. It took ages for us to admit we were all rushing back to watch *Noggin the Nog* on Children's television. (I am please to tell you this is available on DVD, though at a dreadful price.) I also acted with Denise in a play produced by Tom Stanage, even taught Dennis briefly. Mike Finlay's dad also taught me briefly. Collecting the weekly stamps in earlier days was a great joy, especially if you were a good attendee and had a prize at the end of the year. I won an Ancient and Modern, and English Hymnal with full music and a crucifix.

There were of course many characters. Miss Henderson – a retired missionary who cycled everywhere on a “Sit up and beg” bicycle and had lisle stockings that were darned to a remarkable degree that gave her an additional aura of sanctity and wonder, though I never knew exactly where she had been in the Mission Field. So many names I can't remember any longer, but visuals are still strong. One lady used to arrive in a ballerina hoop skirt, a very large hat and high heels and peroxide ringlets, accompanied by her children and husband. Her walk down the aisle was a sight to be seen. I remember banners that have long turned to dust, and the processional Cross that became redundant when a new crucifix with the symbols of the Evangelists appeared. The old one was eventually given to St. Andrew's Orford when Tom Stanage was there, after my own Father french polished the pole and also the brass and semiprecious stoned cross and then lacquered that. It was the only contribution I think he made to St. Faith's.

My own Grosvenor Avenue produced two ladies of rich memory. Auntie Nuttall lived across the road and first encouraged my mother to send me to Sunday School. I went and took to it like a duck to water! (thank you Mona!) It must have been around Easter, because on enquiry I told Auntie Nuttall we had ‘Alleluias, Alleluias and more Alleluias’! When I grew a bit I was presented with her bible – wonderful leather binding and gold lettering – E. Mercia Drawbridge 2nd March 1899. As well as a text with lots of cross references, there was a multitude of articles and photographs of early manuscripts, ancient inscriptions, concordance, coins and maps. I think it was responsible for some academic interest in the bible! Another, Mrs Fowler, lived in a house with gas lighting. We used to go over the road to change the mantles for her, and were often rewarded with a wonderful orange jelly.

Dear old Jim Burgess remains in my mind ringing the bell and fulminating against some real or imaginary insult from Fr. Hassall. I never worked out what had happened, but they sparred like an old married couple united in their love of the church. He chunnered away to himself most of the time, had a glorious smile when pleased and was part of the fabric of the place. Madge Palmer was part of the flower arranging rather than the building itself and was faithfully at all parish events, typical of the supportive nature of so many people.

Social life and fundraising so often went hand in hand until the first "Christian Stewardship" campaign took away so much socialising and sheer fun. Helping at the Rummage Sale was marvellous; especially on the White Elephant stall. There were crowds on the pavement in Milton Road and suddenly Fr. Hassall would order "OPEN THE DOORS" and the hall was flooded with eager people. It was all very exciting. Coffee mornings stopped only temporarily. I remember them starting, using small tins of Nescafe. We sat at little tables for four also used at Beetle Drives. I vividly remember my Mother who could be very tart without even trying, saying to her dear friend Dorothy Scobie, "There is a time and a place for Reece's biscuits, Dorothy, and this is NOT one of them!" Comments like "I saw you walking down Lawton Road yesterday Dorothy, and you looked lovely from the back" could trip off her lips with ease. My brother Keith said to her after one particularly awkward comment to my Father's sister, "You spend half your life explaining you didn't mean what you just said!"

Using the word Milton reminds me of the MAGPIES. Milton Amateur Group Presenting Innumerable Entertainment Services. It was very good. So many people joined in, like and pantomimes and tableaux, to good effect. Ann Dickinson was even then the faithful accompanist, though I also remember her winning a prize for singing at the Crosby Festival. I played a piano piece at the Alexandra Hall, and Ann sang "Les Filles de Cadiz" at a concert for prize winners. We did have a lot of fun in those days. The Youth Club went to the pictures to see films like "The Nun's Story", and thought we were being very bold going to a coffee bar in South Road! An evening in St. Faith's Hall with a Dansette record payer was really living!!

There were formidable people around as well. Miss Williams, who donated the statue of Our Lady, was one of them. She always wore well tailored two-piece suits and also went to St. Margaret's Princes Road, not to mention being seen (allegedly) by a fellow pupil of my mother's, smoking a cigar in the staff room at Merchants' Girls School. She is one of the very few people I cannot remember seeing smile. But like so many other people briefly remembered here, she was a model of faithfulness for me and I suspect many others. Formation is not a word used much today, but I firmly believe, and truly, that I had a wonderful formation at St. Faith's, learning to live a simple catholic life within the Church of England. I am SO grateful.

(We hope to persuade Fr Colin to recall more of his memories in a future edition! Ed.)

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

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

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Thursday 6.30 - 7.45 pm. Mike Carr 293 3416

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Tuesday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. George McInnes 924 3624

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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

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THE CHURCH
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