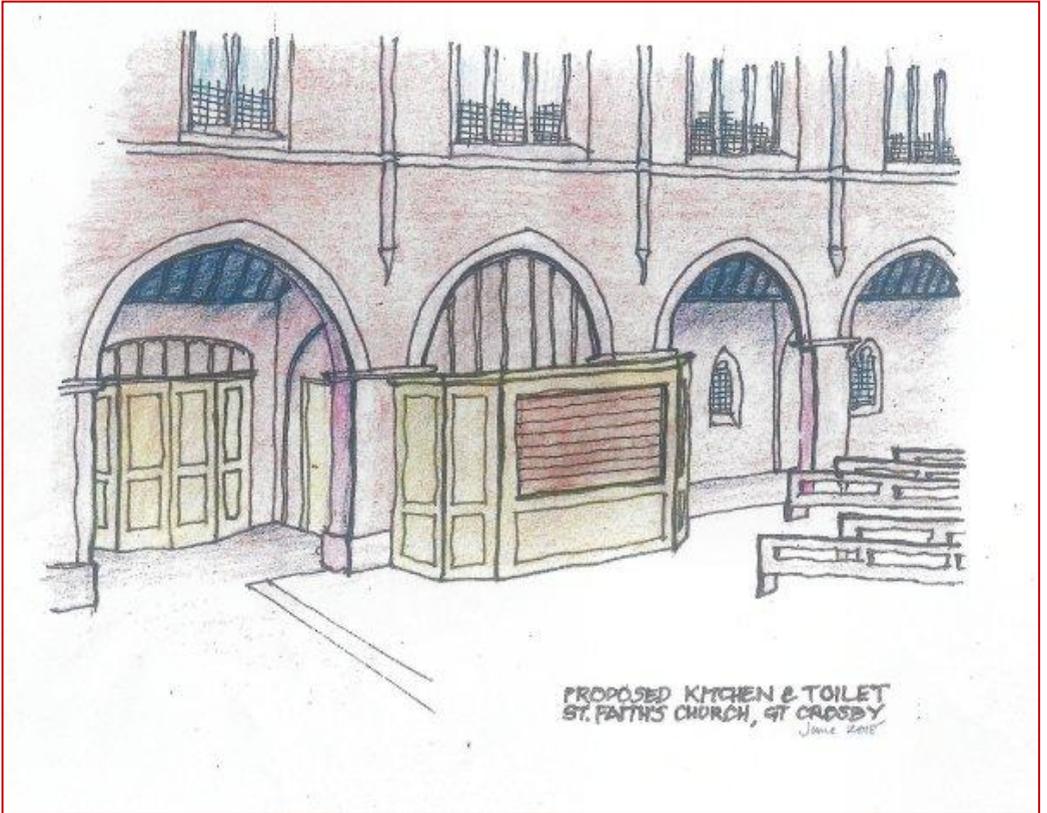


'Hunger and thirst after righteousness!'



The Parish Church of Saint Faith,
Great Crosby

NEWSLINK

October 2018

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00 am SUNG EUCHARIST

Holy Baptism by arrangement

6.30 pm 1st Sunday: Evensong

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Morning Prayer: weekdays as announced, at 9.00 am

Holy Eucharist: Tuesday at 7.00 pm; Thursday at 12 noon

Please consult the weekly service sheet (in church and online) for any changes

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

Around Waterloo: The Eucharist

2nd and 5th Mondays & Feast Days as announced - Liverpool Seafarers' Centre

10am; Wednesdays 10.30 am at St Mary's; Wednesdays 7.00 pm at Christ Church.

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION

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

HOME VISITS to the sick and housebound or in hospital

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

IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

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



From the Ministry Team - October 2018

Dear Friends,

Autumn is a time of change, in succession green leaves become hues of yellow, fiery red, brown, black and skeletal. Trees and shrubs show off their multi-coloured berries, and the gradual falling of leaves allows the golden autumn sun to light up shaded places. In church the green Altar frontal of Trinity or ordinary time, will change to the blood red of the Kingdom Season. The red frontal's appearance will be punctuated by the purity of white for the special festivals of All Saints and Christ the King. And in the midst of this we remember those who no longer stand beside us. Firstly at the celebration of All Souls, which this year will be at 7.30 pm on Thursday 1st November, where we remember loved ones and other faithful servants of God. The service is a focus for those who have lost people in the last year, but remembrance is important to many others. All Souls marks a point in the year when we recognise a hallowed space in the calendar for those living in our memories and in eternity. In Christ the faithful, living and departed are bound together in a communion of prayer.

All Saints will be celebrated on Sunday 4th November. The festival was instituted to remember all the saints who hadn't got special feasts, and as a "catch all" in case someone forgot the name of someone important in the church's past.

Many nations will fall silent in Remembrance on the 11th of November at 11 am; a century after the guns fell silent at the end of a terrible war where ninety million combatants and sixty million civilians died. We remember those who died in wars throughout the twentieth century and in this current century. The Parish Eucharist at St. Faith's will begin that day at 10.45 a.m., so the Act of Remembrance can take place at 11.00 am. Many words have been written and spoken around the centenary of the First World War; on Remembrance Sunday every year we reflect in respectful silence on the courage of those who gave their lives, and the awful cost to families and communities.

The last Sunday of the church's year is Christ the King. The readings give us two sides of Jesus's Kingship, Lord of Heaven and Earth, and the Man on trial for his life. That is the paradox of Jesus, truly God and truly Man. The feast is a fitting end to the year and yet its celebration is often overlooked, falling between Remembrance and Advent which quickly becomes immersed in Christmas.

Fr. John



For Saints' Days

We join hands
with the living
who are learning to love.

We dance
with the dead
whose vision still lives.

We pause
with the angels
in remembrance.

Elizabeth Baxter

A Ruby Reflection

Fr Dennis

By happy coincidence, one of my Lancaster University friends sent me a text message in early summer inviting me to her husband's Golden Jubilee celebration as a priest, which was to take place in the church of St. Laurence, Long Eaton on Saturday 22nd September. Canon Michael Brinkworth had also been a friend at Lancaster but, having then been a member of the society of the Sacred Mission, had not lived on campus with Pam and I, but had been based at the Society's country house at Quernmore, a few miles away from the university.

In introduction I used the term "happy coincidence" for I knew that, as Fr Michael would be celebrating on the 22 September, my own 40 years of Priesthood would be on the 24th September and the prospect of being with my good friends over that weekend made great appeal.

And so it was that late September arrived and at 11.00 am on Saturday 22nd a most beautiful and significant celebration of the sacred mysteries took place, with about 150 parishioners, family, fellow priests and friends all in attendance, giving their support to Fr Michael and offering their thanks to God for 50 years of devoted priestly service and commitment which this faithful and much loved priest had given to the church. It was a truly wonderful occasion, with Fr Michael celebrating the mass and his parish priest, Bishop Roger Jupp, preaching a memorable sermon, appropriate for such a significant milestone in a life of priestly service..

After the mass, during the buffet lunch in the church grounds, I was introduced to the daughter of a former Archdeacon of Lancaster who, when in 1968 he had been Vicar of

St. Michael on the Cliffs, Blackpool, had interviewed me on the ACCM conference I had attended in Staffordshire, with a view to my being selected for ordination training, post graduation. It was lovely to reminisce about those far off days and the lady in question seemed delighted that I had memories of her father and knew other clerics from that era with whom she too had acquaintance.

On my return home from Derby it was a joy to have received a card from Bishop Nigel McCulloch, former Bishop of Manchester and old boy of St Faith's. Again my mind travelled back to 1965, when on a train from Liverpool to Crosby I had met Nigel, who was then in training for the priesthood at Cuddesdon, and he had talked to me about the necessary steps that had to be taken if I was to pursue what I was beginning to believe was a vocation to priesthood. Many of us still at St. Faith's will remember the Feast of Corpus Christi when the coffin of Nigel's mother, Audrey, was placed in the aisle in front of the Altar before the Sung Mass, with Nigel, wife Celia and their daughters in attendance. The following morning Audrey's body was removed to St Michael's Church, Blundellsands, where her funeral was to take place.

Another card of congratulation had come from my good friends Ron and Barbara White, worshippers at the lovely Anglo-Catholic parish of All Saints, Middlesbrough. One or two at St. Faith's may remember Ron, who lived in Bootle in the late 1960s and came regularly to mass on Sundays and immersed himself in all the social events and activities which were a feature of parish life in those days. Ron, who worked for the Inland Revenue, was with us until 1974 and was a dedicated member of the "Brooke Gang" of that memorable era in the life of our parish.

So, forty years on from my priesting, in Liverpool Cathedral, obviously a moment never to be forgotten as that great organ sounded and, with Bishop David Sheppard, we processed from the Altar to the West Transept, thoughts turn to the wonderful and happy memory that evening of my first mass in St. Faith's with Myles Davies as Deacon, Derek Tinsley as Sub-Deacon and Canon John White, Chaplain of the North West Ordination Course, as preacher. It was with the greatest joy that the hymns of the resurrection rang out, a large congregation made up of family, friends, teacher colleagues, relatives, parishioners and fellow priests joined me on one of the happiest days of my life.

The years since September 1978 seem to have flown by, and many things have changed in the life not only of St. Faith's but also in the wider church in general. Whether or not all the changes and developments have been for the good is indeed a matter of opinion and for discussion, but there is no going back and we put our trust and confidence in God to lead us into the future that is in His hands.

As I write this Reflection I have been pleased to have assisted with the current interregnum at the very beautiful church of St. Luke's Southport. Since teenage days I have always had a great affection for the building and people of St Luke's. We are approaching St. Luke'side, a time of year I particularly like. The critic Philip Toynbee kept a marvellous diary for the two years before he died, and one entry reads "October 20, St. Luke's summer. Trees have the power to startle me more and more." Bishop

John Taylor claims that the chief work of the Holy Spirit is to open our eyes and give us a vision – a way of seeing things – which otherwise we do not have. And he suggests the Holy Spirit can open our eyes in three particular ways: first, he can open our eyes to “the heartbreaking beauty of the world”; second, he can open our eyes “to the brother in Christ, of the fellow man or the point of need”; third and supremely, he can open our eyes to Christ.

So often it is the artist, the poet or the painter who sees the extraordinary nature of the ordinary and enables us to begin to see with new eyes. To quote William Blake, we need what he calls “our doors of perception” to be cleansed, for “unless the eye catch fire, the God will not be seen.”

Supremely and primarily the Holy Spirit opens our eyes to Christ. Not just to Jesus of Nazareth, who was once met and listened to and followed at a certain point in history, but to Christ here and now. For we can’t any longer experience Jesus Christ as a man as the disciples did, but we encounter him as a life-giving Spirit. Once the ascension has taken place, once he has returned to the Father, once there is no person to see and hear, then his followers have to look for him with new eyes. They have to turn and look into one another’s eyes and listen to one another’s words, receive forgiveness from one another’s lips – receive the broken bread from one another’s hands. It is here now that the Christ is chiefly to be recognized and found: we have to find him incarnate in our neighbour. Not least, as Jesus said, we have to find him in the suffering bodies of the poor, the hungry, the outcast and the imprisoned.

This is the most important and miraculous opening of our eyes: when the figure of Jesus in history and in the Church encounters us in and through one another as the living Christ. When mother Teresa of Calcutta used to feed the starving destitutes and care for the dying, she would say that she was serving Jesus “under the distressing disguise of the poor.” Over the tub in the Home for Dying Destitutes where the destitute and the dying were washed, there were simple words: “The body of Christ.”

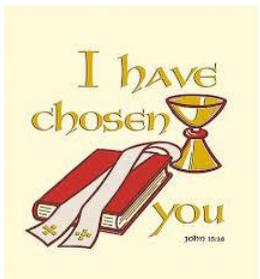
And Jesus said, “You have eyes: can you not see?”

In those words which for many of us at St. Faith’s have for a long time carried special significance:

For the past – thanks

For the future – yes

The people of St Faith’s, whom Father Dennis has worshipped amongst and served so faithfully for so many years, congratulate him on his forty years as a priest and wish him many blessings for whatever the future may bring.



A Poet on Prayer

Chris Price

In this very occasional series, I present famous religious poems of the ages, and try to explain something of what makes them special. This one of George Herbert's is a favourite of mine, and one which I especially enjoyed teaching before I finally hung up my gown.

Prayer

Prayer the church's banquet, angel's age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth
Engine against th' Almighty, sinner's tow'r,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-days world transposing in an hour,
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices; something understood.



George Herbert, early 17th century Anglican priest and poet - and arguably the greatest of the many marvellous poets and writers of whom the Anglican Church may justly be proud - is perhaps less well-known than his famous contemporary John Donne ('Ask not for whom the bell tolls: it tolls for thee') but probably deserves to be better known. Seemingly destined for a life of academic and courtly fame, he took instead the life of a humble parish priest, as Vicar of Bemerton, near Salisbury, where in a few devoted years he wrote a wonderful collection of religious poems called 'The Temple' before dying sadly young, aged only 40. He is known to church people as a hymn writer ('Teach me, my God and king...'), but far more of his poems, including this sonnet, richly repay study.

Within the straight-jacket of the sonnet's 14 lines and its prescribed rhyme and rhythm scheme, Herbert produces what is really little more than a catalogue of phrases describing prayer: but they are wonderfully vivid, varied and striking, and packed with 'metaphysical' images: word-pictures which present apt, but unlikely and sometimes daring ideas. He begins with the familiar idea of prayer as something which feeds the church, then proceeds to link it with the timelessness of the immortal spirits we call angels. Then he speaks of it as a returning to God of the spirit which created man, an

explanation of the soul of man and an expression of man's continuing journey to God. Finally in the first verse (quatrain) comes the bold idea of a depth-sounding measuring the distance between earth and heaven.

The images become increasingly bold, even warlike. Prayer is a siege engine attacking God; a tower from which man may hurl missiles at the Almighty; a returning of God's thunder to its creator and an emblem of the spear which pierced Christ's side at Golgotha. It can in one brief spell turn upside down the traditional six days of creation in its direct approach to God, and it is a divine melody heard and held in awe by all. The next line is a sublimely simple list, cataloguing the gentler aspects of prayer, before the poet turns to more exalted metaphors. It is man's version of the heavenly food of Manna, it is the highest experience of good men. It brings heaven into man's level of comprehension, and presents him to God as in his Sunday best. Next Herbert moves out into the celestial dimension of the stars and the exotic picture of the fabled bird of Paradise.

The final couplet begins with the beautiful image of bells heard in heaven (and equally from heaven), and continues with the concept of prayer as that which gives life to the soul. It is the legendary eastern land of spices: and finally it is something which gives man at least a partial understanding of God himself. Just a list, then, but a sublime one, and one which, in fourteen compact lines possibly says more about prayer than the more prosaic utterances of a shelf-full of theologians. At its best, poetry can be an arrow penetrating spiritual truth and experience; and this is poetry at its best.

20 Years of Saturday Recitals



Another season of our ever-popular Saturday Summer Recitals has flown by and next year's are already in the planning stages! We enjoyed eighteen performances from Easter Saturday through to 11th August, although one had to be cancelled due to illness.

Our thanks must go to our Director of Music, Robert Woods, for planning and organising a varied programme for our twentieth year. Once again, we enjoyed some outstanding musical talent, not least from young people. As well as several of our regular performers, it was good to welcome some new ones this year like singers Anna Marie and Joanne who performed as "Soubrette" in July. We were also delighted to welcome back Fr Neil Kelley for two very popular recitals, one with Gregor Cuff and one with Daniel Chandler.

The recitals are always a great opportunity for church outreach and we are always pleased to welcome old friends and new week by week as they gather for refreshments both before and after the music.

Last year we saw a healthy rise in both attendance and income and, for the 2018 series, there was a substantial rise in income, due in no small part to the excellent work done by our dedicated catering team.

Income: **£2,826** (2017 - £2,088)
Attendances: **1,015** (2017 – 1,009)

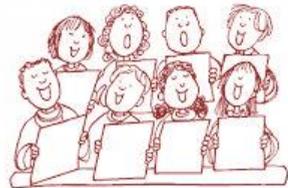
The surplus from catering services amounted to 54% of the total (£1,524) which is an excellent achievement. The team deserves a special “Thank You” for providing a tasty range of sandwiches, cakes and drinks and, this year, we had the “Cake of the Week” too! Thank you, too, to the people behind the scenes who look after the organisation of the recitals on the day and to Robert for all his work. He was busier than ever this time with a number of changes to the advertised programme.

We also owe a big “Thank You” to all the performers who give their time so freely and generously to entertain and inspire us with their music. Without their generous support, these recitals would simply not happen.

Next year, the 2019 season begins on Easter Saturday, which is a bit later on 27 April so please make a note in your diary. Watch out for details on our website about other musical events during the year, including the Christmas Tree Festival in December, and the list of the 2019 recitals will be published as early as possible in the New Year.

Thank you for your support and we look forward to more wonderful music in the months ahead.

David Jones
Parish Treasurer



The Line to Heaven **Inscribed upon a tomb in Ely Cathedral**

The line to heaven by Christ was made
With heavenly truth the Rails are laid.
From Earth to Heaven the Line extends
To Life Eternal where it ends.
Repentance is the Station then
Where passengers are taken in
No Fee for them is there to pay
For Jesus is himself the way.
God’s Word is the first Engineer
It points the way to Heaven so clear
Through tunnels dark and dreary here
It does the way to Glory steer.
God’s Love the Fire, his Truth the Steam,
Which drives the Engine and the Train.
All you who would to Glory ride

Must come to Christ, in him abide,
In First, and Second, and Third Class
Repentance, Faith and Holiness,
You must the way to Glory gain
Or you with Christ will not remain.
Come then poor sinners, now's the time
At any Station on the Line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.



'The Tongue is a Fire'

A sermon by Fred Nye

If anyone doubts the Bible's relevance, then this morning's epistle might change their minds. The letter of James is just packed with wisdom for our own times – indeed for all times.

It is said that actions speak louder than words. But for James, words are themselves actions, and very powerful ones at that. The tongue is like the rudder of a large ship: its small movements can take us where we want to go, or set us on a collision course. Speech can bless or curse, it can be a catalyst for the growth of truth, peace and understanding, and it can also be responsible for the cancerous spread of falsehoods, prejudice and malice. Words can vilify, intimidate and ostracise.

Perhaps more worrying still, our words make us what we are; they reinforce and encourage our fears, prejudices, pet hates and blind spots. Our speech is the alter ego, the 'other self', of our personality – and the one feeds on the other, for good or ill. At worst, as James says, the tongue stains the whole body, or as Jesus put it 'it is not what goes into the mouth that defiles a person, but it is what comes out of the mouth that defiles'.

In our own time our words can be spoken, written, or carried on line. The growth of the internet has greatly multiplied their power: now they can 'go viral' and set up a chain reaction that can be impossible to reverse. Even in the first century, James knew that the tongue is a fire that can set a great forest ablaze.

Because of this property of exponential growth, words are often more potent and more damaging than deeds: just look at the consequences of Islamic fundamentalist radicalisation on disaffected and impressionable young people. But there are many other examples. Internet bullying has added a new dimension to an old problem, especially for the young. Peer pressure, via social media, is an all too effective means of destroying teenagers' self-confidence and self-esteem. Too often it leads to depression, destructive behaviour and self-harm. Words conveying ridicule, fear, loathing or malice towards our fellow human beings so often lead to persecution, oppression and marginal-

isation. It is truly terrifying to chalk up the countless instances when this has been true of religion, and to acknowledge the weight of the wounding words that have been spoken against Jews, and Moslems, and Christians, against the Yazidis and the Rohingya peoples, against Roman Catholics, Protestants, Dissenters and Huguenots. And you can probably think of other examples a bit nearer home.

Early on in his letter, James encourages everyone to be quick to listen, slow to speak, and slow to anger. It takes great wisdom and maturity to know when to speak and when to stay silent. There were times when Jesus conveyed his moral authority through his silence, notably when an adulterous woman was confronted by a lynch mob, and when he himself was on trial for his life before Pilate. On the other hand I have to admit to keeping quiet when I should be speaking out. To paraphrase St. Paul, I say what I shouldn't, and don't say what I should. To follow Jesus' example, it is rarely wrong to challenge injustice, and to speak truth to power when that power is unscrupulous or corrupt. Jesus wasn't afraid to challenge the religious and political authorities when they exploited or excluded the poor and the marginalised. Indeed you could argue that it was his words and his teaching, just as much as his actions, which took him to the Cross.

Speech is very precious. Despite the crassness and triviality of the media, most of us are grateful that in our own country we have a Press that is free to criticise our rulers and hold them to account. The role of the Press, or the 'fourth estate', both in Whitehall and the White House seems more and more critical for the survival of truth and democracy. But there are, and must be, limits to free speech. Even in the USA you cannot incite violence, advocate paedophilia, or encourage suicide. Many years ago an eminent US lawyer said this: 'Abuses of freedom of expression... tear apart a society, brutalise its dominant elements, and persecute even to extermination, its minorities'.

All of this may seem a long way from that favourite whipping horse, political correctness, which is so often derided by free speech fundamentalists. It's true that what we call 'PC' is often nannyish and nit-picking, and sometimes just plain daft. But we should just be a little bit careful before we break its unspoken rules: the dividing line between the witty and the wounding is often paper-thin. And let's avoid mockery, however light-hearted, if it just reinforces our prejudices.

It's clear that our words can unite or divide, can promote peace or conflict. Not so long ago we had a prime example of that dilemma in our own church, when two contentious articles appeared in our Parish Magazine. Both concerned the Israeli/Palestinian conflict, but were written from opposite sides of the political divide. In the subsequent uproar, two of our church members left St. Faith's.

The point at issue has become very topical. How can anyone support the legal and civil rights of the ordinary people of Palestine without tacitly approving the tactics of Hamas, or criticise the State of Israel without being, or seeming, anti-Semitic? And how can anyone defend Israel's aspirations without ignoring the pleas of the poor or branding them as Islamist? And how can our spoken and written words on this issue promote peace in the region, and among ourselves, rather than make things worse?

Well if you thought I had all the answers, I'm afraid I'm going to disappoint you. But what I'm sure about is that we urgently need a spirituality of speech, based on Our Lord's example. The elements of that spirituality might include the love of the truth, humility and honesty in speech, a bias to the disadvantaged, the value of encouragement and of righteous anger, the need to speak truth to power, the wisdom to keep silent, and a tolerance for being misunderstood. But given the complexity and spontaneity of speech, just writing a new rule book won't work. We need instead to become steeped in the humanity of Jesus, the Word made flesh, so that filled with his love we can do no other than speak in his name, and with his voice.

A Warning for Wardens



A Church Warden who repaired a roof damaged by lead thieves ended up in court and has been ordered to pay legal costs. Martin Watts used Sarnafil, a plastic-based roofing membrane, at medieval All Saints Pickwell, a church court was told.

Thousands of pounds' worth of damage had been done when thieves struck at the Grade I listed church, which dates from the 13th century, in 2016.

Church wardens established that replacing the lead would cost £12,840 plus architect's fees, compared with the £7,760 cost of composite material. But after heritage groups described the roof as "visually objectionable", it emerged that Mr Watts had failed to apply for court permission to do the work using Sarnafil.

Mr Watts received backing from area dean the Rev Peter Hooper, who said he was "more than happy"-with the replacement roof, though he added that he could not condone the decision to install it without permission.

Supporters argued that the decision had been taken by the parochial church council (PCC) as a whole. However, Mark Blackett-Ord, the chancellor of the diocese of Leicester, said Mr Watts was the "driving force" and ordered him to pay the costs of the court proceedings.

He said the new roof, which is likely to last around 20 years, could remain as it would be "wasteful" to remove it, but it "should be inspected and maintained with the greatest care".

The chancellor added that Mr Watts could not take a contribution to the costs from church funds but members of the PCC were free to make individual contributions if they had backed the decision.

Everything INCLUDING the kitchen sink!

What do we want from our back of church development? Perhaps we would all agree that good food with lots of choice is at the top of the list, followed by tasty snacks, tea and coffee and ‘home baked’ pies!

But I think we can all agree that we’ve got all that now so why are we spending all this time and trouble on something new?

As the years have passed, the need for more domestic facilities in church has changed. We are seeing more and more concerts, Saturday recitals, Parish lunches, our Christmas Tree Festival and all manner of other uses for the church building that Mr Horsfall could not have imagined – in addition the need to provide helpful and friendly access to the church for all.

To meet the demands of a modern congregation, audience or gathering, to enjoy our wonderful church, we badly need several new facilities:-

- * A decent kitchen with fridge, freezer, hot and cold water, storage and a decent dishwasher is just one item on the list.
- * Toilet facilities (including disabled) must be included.
- * The main doorway to church has to be made easier for all – too many doors and steps or ramps are not acceptable any more.

After talks with our architect and the diocesan adviser on fund raising and planning, we believe that we have a solution to all three problems that will see St Faith's fit and ready for the future. The overall plan can be seen on the board at the back of Church, and the sketch on the cover of this issue shows a view of the proposed kitchen seen from the steps of the font as drawn by Eric Salisbury.

You will see that the kitchen is actually built into the side aisle with a servery facing into the church. Through the doors on the left will be two toilets with storage in an ante-room in what is now the North Porch.

In the main entrance in the South Porch, we are considering a gentle ramp into church and although the existing oak doors will be retained, the inner doors will hopefully be automatically operated sliding glass to allow much more light into the building and remove the uncertainty of which door to open!

As you can imagine, the cost of these modifications will be significant, but we already have some legacy money and a very generous gift from St John’s Church along with some of the proceeds from our own catering. We are now able to progress to the next stage of the project – final design and planning approval, and, with the help of a grant we can plan to start building within the next year.



Welcome back, Jackie!



It's been over a year since I last wrote to you following my ordination to Deacon and move to St Luke's Crosby, and in the meantime I have been blessed to be ordained priest on 9th June 2018, at Liverpool Cathedral. What an amazing day!

I'm still trying to get used to being called a Reverend, and still take a second look at the post with 'Rev Jackie Parry' on it, thinking it's for someone else. But yes, it's definitely me and I continue to feel so privileged and blessed that God has called me to ordained ministry.

My curacy at St Luke's is going well (I think!) and I feel part of a loving Christian community and continue to take an active role in the Ministers team. I am well supported and guided. It's also been a year since I started in my role as Trust Chaplain at the Liverpool Women's Hospital. In both my curacy and my chaplaincy, there have been quite a few occasions of laughter, and some tears, as I put down roots and became more established in both areas of my ministry.

St Luke's continues to be a very active church and I am fortunate to be involved in its day to day life, although as I continue to work full time at the hospital, I can't get to some meetings and events, which is a little frustrating, but that's life! I've made some lovely friends and continue to feel welcome. Presiding at my first Eucharist was a wonderful occasion, although apparently I read the wrong prayer at the end!

My first baptism wasn't at St Luke's, but was actually an emergency baptism of twins at the hospital, who were quite poorly at the time. They've been through some tough times, but continue to grow stronger each day. It was such a privilege to do this baptism, surrounded by close family in the little room on the unit, when quite a few tears were shed. But I'm so pleased to hear that the twins are now doing well.

My first baptism at St Luke's was actually the very next day and so different to the hospital baptism. The church was full, with children running around and the worship was lively. I baptised four gorgeous babies, but I was so nervous that I'm sure they must've picked up on this as the first three children cried as soon as I held them! The fourth baby just looked up at me and smiled though, and I felt so relieved she seemed happy, that I whispered quietly to her "thank you for not crying" at which point I heard a ripple of laughter emerging from the congregation. I looked up and said "did you hear that?" There was a resounding "Yes!" I'd completely forgotten that my microphone was still on! Oops.... I won't forget that in a hurry!

Part of the training for all newly-priested Curates is to officiate at the mid-day Eucharist at Liverpool Cathedral and act as Chaplain for the day. Following group training at the Cathedral on presiding and leading in worship, our dates were set for when we would preside on our own, although the staff at the Cathedral are so supportive you knew there

would be someone there to help and guide you. I led the midday Eucharist on a Saturday, which turned out to be the day that people were paragliding down the cathedral, so it was quite a busy day! There were plenty of people for me to chat to, many of whom were not from Liverpool but had either come to the cathedral to support family and friends crazily gliding down the cathedral, or were on holiday, and some who needed support and had sought comfort in a house of God. I presided at the midday Eucharist held in the Lady Chapel, which is one of my favourite areas of the Cathedral. This went well and I was pleased to hear that I seemed to be comfortable and knowledgeable on how to set up the altar. St Faith's Eucharistic tradition definitely being the source of my experience! I was also delighted that Fr John invited me back to St Faith's to preside at the Harvest Festival. It was really lovely to be back amongst you, and a wonderful experience to be able to preside at the Eucharist in St Faith's, which is the place and community which helped to nurture my faith and ministry. It was also the first time I'd worn a chasuble since being priested! Thank you Fr John for inviting me, and the family of St Faith's, for welcoming me back so warmly.

I'm yet to officiate at my first wedding, although I have assisted in a few and have been privileged to do a few wedding blessings. Beautiful occasions in celebration of love and in the presence of God, is yet another reminder of how blessed I am that God has called me to this ministry.

So, that's just a brief account of my ministry over the past year or so. My in-house training continues, which I'm enjoying very much, although I admit it can be tiring at times with working full-time as well as part time curacy, but it is very well worth it! I continue to keep you all in my prayers, and always in my affection, and thank you once again for all the love and support you continue to show me.
With my love and prayers,

Jackie x

Remembering

EDGAR FOIZEY: December 14

A graduate of London University in 1903, Edgar Foizey trained for the priesthood at St. Aidan's College, was made deacon in 1907 and ordained priest the following year. In 1921 he became Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, Caldmore, in the Diocese of Lichfield, and upon being made a Prebendary remained as Parish Priest for many years.

It was to this parish that in 1924 Fr William Hassall (Vicar of St. Faith's 1948–1965) was licensed to serve his title. Fr Hassall so enjoyed this, his first appointment, that he



chose to stay with Prebendary Foizey as assistant priest for eleven years, until he left to take up the incumbency of St. Stephen's Wolverhampton, in 1935. Throughout the eleven years of his curacy at St. Michael's, Fr Hassall developed a strong friendship with the Foizey family and Mrs Foizey, an accomplished vestment maker, made mass sets which, having been given to Fr. Hassall, made their way to St. Faith's, where they are still in use this day.

A great joy to Fr. Hassall was being asked to be Godfather to Prebendary and Mrs Foizey's baby son Michael. Years later Michael graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, trained for the priesthood at Westcott House and held the incumbencies of St Mary Magdalene, Munster Square and St. Peter's, London Docks. It was in February 1979 during half-term week that when staying in London at the Community of the Resurrection's house, The Royal Foundation of St. Katherine, I was able to go to the Solemn Mass of Ash Wednesday at St. Peter's and that evening renew my acquaintance with Fr Michael, whom I had last seen in February 1970 when at the funeral requiem mass of Fr Hassall at St. Stephen's Wolverhampton, Fr Michael had celebrated with Fr Tom Stanage (Curate of St. Faith's 1958-1961) as Deacon and Derek Clawson (former server and friend of Fr Hassall at St. Faith's) as Sub-Deacon.

Last year, through "Google" research I was able to establish contact with a parishioner of St. Michael's Caldmore (the church experienced an enormous fire in the mid 1960s and was rebuilt). The parishioner was kind enough to forward me two black and white photographs of clergy, choir and people of St. Michael's taken in the 1930s, with Fathers Edgar Foizey and William Hassall centre stage. These have brought me great pleasure. May Edgar Foizey rest in peace and be raised in glory.

JOHN FRANCIS CARDEW TAYLOR: December 19, 2004.

John, of dear and blessed memory, was the son of Father Cyril Francis and Mrs Winnifred Taylor,. Having trained for the priesthood at St. Stephen's House Oxford, Fr Taylor was Vicar of All Saint Newborough from 1934 until his death from cancer at the age of 41, in 1939. Born in 1930, as a boy John had been sent as a boarder, probably on a clergy son's bursary, to the King's School, Canterbury. With two young children, John and his sister Rosemary, Winnifred Taylor had to vacate the country vicarage and look for a new home.

The family moved to Birmingham and settled into parish life at one of the city's finest Anglo-Catholic Churches, St Alban the Martyr. It was here that John began his days as an Altar Server.

In 1958 the Taylors moved further north to Crosby. Rosemary took up a biology teaching post and John began working as a shipping clerk in Liverpool. St. Faith's, with its catholic tradition was the obvious place for the family to make their spiritual home, which they did for the rest of their lives.

In the early 1960s the family often worshipped at the 8.00 am mass on Sunday but with the arrival of Fr Charles Billington in the summer of 1966, John was delighted at being

asked to serve, and some years later was reliable and conscientious in the role of mid week sacristan.

Throughout his time living at 35 College Road North, John continued to pursue his life-long interest in transport, particularly trains and busses. He enjoyed cycling and youth hostelling and upon joining the Crosby Caledonian Society, became very fond of Scottish country dancing.

John was naturally gregarious and greatly enjoyed being in the company of his fellow servers and many friends at St. Faith's. He was a helpful and enthusiastic assistant leader of the church youth club and very much liked, sharing in the camaraderie of the "Brook Gang" which met after the Sung Mass on Sunday in the local hostelry. Servers' outings, parish socials, day excursions and hill-walking expeditions were all eagerly participated in by John, and his genial and endearing manner was much valued and appreciated by us all.

Winnifred Taylor lived to celebrate her hundredth birthday, but not long afterwards John's sister, Rosemary, began to show signs of dementia and became a huge burden of responsibility for his. When caring for his sister became too demanding, John arranged for her to be looked after in a local nursing home. John continued living in the family home for a few more years before deciding to "down-size" and move to two rooms which were available at the Abbeyfield Home in Agnes Road, Blundellsands.

This new chapter would, I think, have suited John down to the ground, to enjoy a daily lunch cooked by the Abbeyfield housekeeper and eaten in the company of fellow residents (all six of which at the time were elderly ladies). Alas, a long tenure of this new chapter was not to be as John tripped, fell down the stairs and was admitted to Aintree University Hospital, where he died a few days later.

The numbers of people who attended our beloved friend's beautiful requiem mass on Christmas Eve morning, 2004 bore eloquent testimony to the great respect and high esteem in which John was held, both in the local community and amongst the worshipping family of the church which had come to be such an important part of his life. He was indeed a Christian gentleman of "the old school", a devout and committed churchman and, from my personal perspective, as good and faithful a friend as one could ever wish to have.

In the April of 2005, to honour John's memory, a special Burns Night was arranged to take place in the Parish Hall. To reflect our friend's great passion for Scottish country dancing and to celebrate his life a Ceilidh band was hired to play, and over a hundred parishioners and friends attended. There was a piper, several sporrans, an Address to the Haggis, a meal of haggis (or shepherd's pie for the faint-hearted majority!) a liberal supply of beverages and with music from "The Poachers" an evening of enjoyable Scottish folk dancing. With a tribute paid to our dear departed friend by yours truly this was indeed a night to be remembered.

In the summer of 2005 seven of us from the parish drove down to Newborough with

John's and his sister Rosemary's ashes. After celebrating a requiem mass in All Saints Church, the ashes were interred in the grave of John's father and mother. We were treated to a most enjoyable lunch in the village pub by a Church Warden of the parish and returned to Crosby in late afternoon.

It was typical of John's generous and loving nature that in his will he bequeathed very substantial sums of money to be given to the three churches that had meant so much to him throughout his life, All Saints, Newborough, St. Alban the Martyr, Birmingham and St. Faith, Great Crosby.

One parishioner described John as "one of life's innocents." He was that, but to those of us who were privileged to know him as a dear and much loved friend, he was so much more. May John rest in peace and be raised in glory.

CHARLES ALFRED BILLINGTON: December 20, 2014

Born on the Wirral on St. Matthew's Day, 21st September, 1930, Charles went to Birkenhead School before doing two years National Service and then reading for a general arts degree at the University of Leeds. As an undergraduate he lived at the Community of the Resurrection's Hostel in Leeds and then spent two years training for Ordination at the College of the Resurrection in Mirfield .

In 1955 he was made Deacon and went to Holy Trinity, Carlisle, to serve his title. Priested the following year, he remained in Carlisle until 1959 when, wishing to test his vocation to the Religious Life, he returned to the Community of the Resurrection and spent two years in the noviciate before taking First Vows. During his five years at Mirfield he undertook the usual tasks and responsibilities of C.R. brethren: going out to parishes on Missions, leading Retreats, preaching Holy Weeks and giving spiritual direction. Life Profession in C. R. wasn't to be, and Charles left the Community in 1964 for a three month curacy spell at his childhood parish of St. Paul's, Tranmere, where whilst under the mentorship of Fr. Richard Daintith, he met Heather, was married and at the invitation of the Bishop of Hulme took up the challenging and difficult appointment of St. Aidan's, Bradford, Manchester – a tough down-town parish.

Two years later, St. Faith's, having been in interregnum since Fr. Hassall's retirement in November, 1965, Charles accepted the invitation of Laurence Brown, Bishop of Warrington, to come to St. Faith's as Vicar. In July 1966 he was inducted to the living and those of us here at the time were privileged both to witness and to participate in what was a total transformation of the church's life and fortunes. With characteristic jollity and infectious enthusiasm Charles regenerated and revitalised a moribund St Faith's into a lively, exciting and inspirational place to worship God and experience the warmth, encouragement and support of the Christian family. Looking back now, almost half a century later, the six years of Charles's incumbency were for some of us amongst the happiest and most memorable experienced at St. Faith's and it was indeed a blessing that in our hour of need God gave us a priest of such spiritual depth and vision.

Owing to their young son Chad's asthmatic condition, on the advice of doctors, Charles and Heather left Crosby in April 1992 for a new life in the Diocese of St. Albans, Hertfordshire – the country parishes of Harrold and Carlton. Eight happy years there were followed by a short one-year interval at Yeovil Marsh in Somerset,

Owing to their young son Chad's asthmatic condition, on the advice of doctors, Charles and Heather left Crosby, April 1972 for a new life in the Diocese of St. Albans, Hertfordshire – the country parishes of Harrold and Carlton. Eight happy years there were followed by a short one year interval at Yeovil Marsh in Somerset, before Charles took up an appointment as Chaplain to Leybourne Grange Hospital in Kent. For four years, during which time Heather was a secretary at Sevenoaks School, Charles carried out pastoral work with the staff and patients of this hospital for the mentally addicted. I twice stayed with Charles and the family in Kent and will not forget the unique and moving experience of Sunday Eucharistic worship in the Hospital Chapel.

In 1985 Charles moved north to Todmorden, on the Lancashire-Yorkshire border, and became the first priest to be inducted by the newly appointed Bishop of Wakefield, David Hope. A coach party of supporters from St. Faith's attended the mid week evening Induction, but within three years Charles was off again – this time to North Wales – to four village churches, including Llansannan, the place of Heather's war time evacuation. Nine years of rural, pastoral ministry brought Charles to the age of sixty seven and to retirement.

Involvement in local politics followed, and in 2002 several members of St. Faith's Men's Group, to whom Charles had been Chaplain for a number of years, travelled to Abergele to share in the Mayor-making ceremony and festivities of the priest turned politician!

In 2006, at the kind invitation of Fr. Neil Kelley, supported by fellow priests, friends, relatives and former parishioners, Charles returned to St. Faith's to celebrate his Golden Jubilee of Priesthood. A memorable Solemn Mass, at which I was delighted and honoured to preach, was followed by a sumptuous buffet in the parish hall and a good time was had by all.

Over what was a long and varied ministry Charles took a keen interest in Charismatic Renewal. Annual conference, held at High Leigh, Ditchingham and Walsingham, he participated in with great enthusiasm and commitment. His entertaining disco night organisation on these occasions became both popular and legendary.

Soon after her eightieth birthday a severe stroke necessitated Heather's departure from their bungalow in Abergele to a country nursing home some miles away. Charles visited her regularly and I saw her a few weeks before she died in January 2013. Charles's diabetic condition resulted in the amputation of two toes and a close encounter with death. To the delight and amazement of those of us who had seen him so seriously ill, Charles rallied, returned home from hospital and lived for a further two years before more diabetic related blood problems brought his tenure of life to an end on December 20th, 2014.

When Michael Ramsey was enthroned as Archbishop of Canterbury he preached on the text: “There went forth a band of men, whose hearts God had touched”, (1 Sam:10 v 26). Charles was certainly one such. God is to be thanked for all that Charles gave to the Church he served so faithfully and energetically as an Anglican priest; for his enormous sense of mirth and the love and warmth of his friendship which so many of us were privileged to share and enjoy. May our very dear and much loved brother in Christ rest in God’s peace and be raised in his glory.

Fr Dennis

From the Registers

The end of an era



Your archivist was as surprised as anyone to discover that last month’s chapter in this inordinately long-running saga was in fact the 50th one. The curious may find the complete collection on the church website, together with much else about our church’s story, by entering ‘storyofstfaiths’ (all one word, no apostrophe!) into the website search box. Also there may be found links to the Horsfall connection, the two published histories of the church, baptism records and, as they say, much more. Thanks to the diligent efforts of other who share this writer’s fascination with our past and a wish to preserve it for the future, we have online a remarkably full archive.

Back in 1965, we take up the story at the beginning of a momentous year: one which was to see the end of an incumbency and the countdown to something entirely different.

But the record of the opening months of the year look more like a continuing story, with Fr William Hassall, without the services of a curate, sustaining a full and demanding succession of eucharists. The first eight days of the new year, indeed, show him celebrating no fewer than 13 communion services.

Friday, January 1st (‘Circumcision’) had Low Masses at 7 and 8 in the morning, with 7 communicants between them. Two days later, on ‘Christmass 2’, there were 40 communicating at the early celebration and 35 at the Sung Mass with Procession. Three days later and W.H. provides three celebrations for Epiphany, with 28 communicants between them. Reverends M.H.Bates, Laurence Brown, Bishop of Warrington (twice) and D.C.Ellis preside for a few days, then we are back to Fr Hassall going solo for the rest of the month and into February, with the full Sunday provision and four weekdays masses (usually Monday at 10.30, Wednesday at 7, Thursday at 8 and Saturday at 9) following. The Sunday 8.am now averages somewhat under 40.

Ash Wednesday, celebrated amidst several seemingly snowy days, is now upon us, with
19

59 communicants at three eucharists. On the first Sunday of Lent, an indecipherable signature carries a rare annotation by Fr Hassall: 'Dean of Liverpool'. Wikipedia provides the answer: it was Edward Patey.

Fr Hassall's last Lent at St Faith's maintains the full quota of services, with a few extra items. On the second Wednesday in Lent there is an evensong conducted by H.M. (Mark) Luft, with the annotation 'Merchant Taylor's Choir'. Your pedantic scribe notes that a new hand has been providing the register entries for a while (since Sexagesima, if anyone is interested). This recorder is not strong on punctuation and spelling. The misplaced apostrophe in the name of the school is one example: a much more prominent one will follow in due course.

An assortment of preachers during Lent include Frank Hambrey, U.S.P.G., Derek Clawson, and 'Christian, N.S.S.F'. Just before Holy Week the vicar notes a Requiem for Arthur Smith. During Holy Week there are 65 Maundy Thursday evening communicants, while H.Ellis addresses the faithful for the Good Friday Three Hours.

Easter Day, emblazoned in red, attracts 177 to the two early eucharists, and 55 (numbers still creeping up) at 10.45. Thereafter the steady pattern resumes over the weeks and months, with a pause as your scribe notes that the feast on June 7th is described in a unique aberration as 'Corpus Christe'. A regular preacher and celebrant now is A.J.Osborne.

July 18th sees the first signing in of Nigel McCulloch, preaching at the Sung Mass; soon after '+Anthony Lancaster' preaches while Mark Luft celebrates for the 'M.T.S. service'. Moving on again, a minor landmark occurs on Harvest Thanksgiving Sunday, when the communicants at 8.00 am are outnumbered by those at 10.45 (34 and 36 respectively).

Sunday evensong on October 3rd has the annotation 'Organ Recital SOLO': the soloist is not identified. Then it is Patronal Festival once more, The services feature the reappearance of C.S.Urwin and B.R. (Basil) Howell in the pulpit, but relatively few at the celebrations within the octave.

The page turns and an era ends. Fr William Hassall's final Sunday sees 60 at 8 and 40 at 10.45. The following day he celebrates for the last time. It is All Saints' Day; there are masses at 7.00 am (10 +1 communicants and celebrated by Bishop Laurence), 8.00 am (8+1, celebrated by Revd M.L.Bates) and finally 10.30 am (W.H. at the altar and 25+2 in the pews) Fr Dennis tells me that he was present at all three services, which probably accounts for two of the non-communicants noted.

On the following day, Wednesday 3rd November, 2018, There is the usual early celebration at 7.00 am with 3 receiving from the Bishop, but beneath the entry and spanning the page is a bold black banner reading **END OF INCUMBACY of the REV W.HASSALL 31JAN 1948 NOV 1965.**

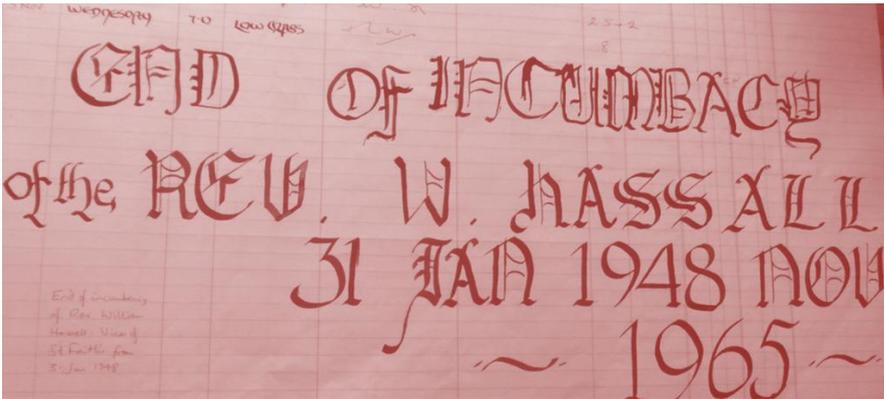
The unmissable mis-spelling of '#incumbency' is a bizarre finale to the 18 years of

20

William Hassall's tenure of office at St Faith's. This writer recalls the last few years of the ministry of a diligent priest: a man clearly in decline but faithful to the last. His name is of course engraved on the boards above the font, and on a plaque in the south choir stalls recording work in his memory on the organ above.

W.H. was the last of the old school, maintaining and embellishing the traditions established in 1900 and sustained thereafter. His successor's story will be one of change and challenge, but as we end this chapter interregnum is upon us as St Faith's treads water and awaits an epiphany.

Chris Price



Climate Change, Your Planet, Your Fault

A new report from the UN Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change has produced some even more alarming conclusions on the global temperature rise which will have a more drastic impact on such things as drought, flooding and extreme heat. That is if you believe them; there are some politicians and business leaders who vociferously deny that there is any such thing as global warming or climate change. They are entitled to their opinions but you have to think that they may have a vested interest in the status quo and are not too concerned about the future as they won't be around.

The "greenhouse effect" is the cause of global warming, at least sound reasoning says that it is, even if some people cannot see the logic. Carbon dioxide (CO₂) and methane are greenhouse gases which basically mean that they act to prevent heat escaping from the earth into space (just like glass in a greenhouse) and so the temperature of the planet rises. The main concern is about CO₂ but methane is a stronger greenhouse gas, it is some 20 time more damaging than CO₂ (the actual figure differs depending upon which report you read). We produce CO₂ by burning fossil fuels (coal and oil) but the burning of wood and forest fires also contributes to the CO₂ level. However, it is the human impact of burning fossil fuels which does most harm, but can also be controlled.

Millions of years ago this planet was much hotter than it is now; those who deny global warming latch onto that fact to claim that temperature change is natural and cyclical. It is certainly cyclical but what is happening now is not natural. Carbon was taken out of the atmosphere as plant and animal life absorbed it; thus the atmospheric CO₂ level reduced. That carbon was locked up in coal and in oil. For the past two centuries humans have been burning that coal and oil, thereby re-introducing the CO₂ to the atmosphere. The rate of that re-introduction has increased as humans have demanded more transportation, warmer homes and an abundance of products (made using energy produced by burning fossil fuels).

There is no space to go into the whole scenario of CO₂ production but a few examples will suffice. Automobiles may be more efficient today than they were 20 years ago but there are many more of them and so more CO₂ is produced. The electric car is only green if its electricity is produced by renewable energy from the likes of wind generators or solar panels. The UK generates a significant amount of its electricity from renewable sources but other countries are not so environmentally friendly. Few heavy lorries are electrically powered and there are many more of them on the roads today as we all demand more goods from China.

Although the shipping industry still relies on fuel oil, ships are a very efficient means of transporting goods a long distance. Large marine diesel engines are the most thermally efficient prime movers of any (they use less fuel per unit power developed). Container ships are massive and transport many thousands of containers each trip; large scale means less fuel. The civil aircraft, however, is a very inefficient means of transportation and it discharges its CO₂ containing exhaust high in the sky where its greenhouse effect is immediate. Just look up any clear, cool morning and you can see the vapour trails from the aircraft which have crossed over; depending upon the wind and temperature this vapour can seem like thin cloud. Now this is water vapour (H₂O) produced by the combustion of the hydrogen in the aviation fuel and is not a greenhouse gas but it can have an influence on the ozone layer in the upper atmosphere. However, aviation fuel oil is a hydrocarbon and contains the carbon which burns to form CO₂. A jet engine is very inefficient (about 35% compared with 55% for a marine diesel engine) so it requires more fuel per unit distance per unit mass. There are claims that one transatlantic flight can add as much to an individual's carbon footprint as a typical year's worth of driving. Now that depends upon how much driving you do but flying is harmful to the environment, much more harmful than any other form of transportation.

During the recent summer there was a news item on TV about the shortage of CO₂ for adding the fizz to carbonated drinks and making "dry ice" (solid carbon dioxide) for use in the air transport of frozen foods. Transporting frozen chicken from Thailand in fuel guzzling aircraft using solid CO₂ (dry ice) for refrigeration! That must surely be the ultimate in environmental suicide. No doubt the people on the aircraft also consumed fizzy drinks.

But it gets worse. Burning fuel is bad but people are more damaging. Remember at school when you were first told that you breathe in oxygen and breath out carbon dioxide. Well that is a great deal of CO₂ in a lifetime and it is not just people, it is all animals. We are living longer and there are more of us than there were last week, let alone last century. Currently there are over 7 billion people on the planet and it is fast approaching 8 billion. We eat food; we eat meat which comes from breathing animal (OK, they have stopped breathing when we eat them). More people means more animals for food and more animals means more CO₂. In the case of grass eating animals, like cattle, it gets worse as they breathe out CO₂ at one end and emit methane at the other. Methane is a very strong greenhouse gas.

Up until now we have not had the full effect of environmental CO₂ as water will absorb gases (particularly CO₂) until it becomes saturated with gas. Oceans of the world have been a very

useful sponge to soak up atmospheric CO₂, but there is only so much that the seas can take and they have now had their fill. The ability for water to absorb gas depends upon its temperature and as the temperature rises it will release some of what it has already absorbed. You can see this by filling a glass jug with cold water and then leave it in a warm room. As the temperature of the water rises bubbles will appear on the sides of the jug; that is the absorbed gas coming out of suspension. Sea temperatures are now rising and they releasing their locked in CO₂. If we did not burn any fossil fuels after today the atmospheric CO₂ level would still rise as the seas gives up their storage; they have had enough.

So, if you are still in any doubt, people are responsible for global warming and climate change. The American astronomer Carl Sagan once referred to the Earth as “A pale blue dot”. That is it. Our plant is a small water covered rock hanging in space and we have nowhere else to go. Destroy the home and you destroy everything.

Next time you get the car out or want to book a holiday abroad just think about the wartime notice which read “Is your journey really necessary?”. But, we can all ask, “What difference will it make?”. Politicians will stuff aircraft full of advisers as they make pointless visits to discuss pointless agreements with other pointless politicians. Organisations always want their “jollies”. The IMF has just held a congress in Bali; no other reason for going there other than it is an exotic holiday at someone else’s expense. Academics have their conferences which are always held in exotic and far-away places; but then I don’t suppose the Bootle Conference Centre has as much of a glamorous ring as the Las Vegas Conference Centre.

Maybe Private Fraser in “Dad’s Army” had it right “We’re all doomed”.

Denis Griffiths



Pair apologise for filming over church dispute

Parishioners have been forced to apologise for filming churchgoers as a dispute over church building works divided a village. Two parishioners at the Church of St Peter and St Paul in Bassingbourn, Cambs, took matters into their own hands when their beloved church became the subject of an overhaul. The ,£800,000 plans for the 14th-century church include installing a gallery, heating system, removing pews, improving the kitchen, and installing meeting rooms and a creche.

Jeremy Bedford and Sam Spreadbury set up a camera to carry out their own survey after they disputed attendance figures provided by the vicar.

In a consistory court judgment, Anthony Leonard QC, chancellor of the diocese of Ely, said the pair had "carried out their own survey a week or two before this hearing with the use of a camera trained on the south door from a nearby house, coupled with a visit before the service to check who was already inside". The vicar, the Revd Dr Caroline Yandell (*some will remember her father, Canon Owen Yandell, one-time Rector of Sefton Church. Ed*), and her supporters, said that around 70 people attended services, but the opponents were trying to prove that the real number was "closer to 50".

The pair had "informed the Registry that they have destroyed the recording and have written to Revd Dr Yandell and the PCC apologising for any distress caused".

At a hearing which took place in May, Mr Bedford said the objectors believed the plans were "excessive and harmful", and said they should be "scaled back" to suit the "village church".

Mr Leonard concluded that there was a "clear and convincing justification for carrying out the proposals," and allowed the plans, subject to some changes.

John Jenner, 83, an objector, said the chancellor "has just not gripped that there is so much opposition to the plans. It means completely changing the church and who is going to spend, £800,000 for a congregation of about 40?"

100+ club draw for September

1	96	Ken Bramwell
2	147	Anne Dickinson
2	43	Richard Woodley



'Snowflake' Corner

A student union is seeking to ban students from dressing up as Tories at fancy dress parties to avoid causing offence.

Kent University's student union has drafted a set of guidelines which say that costumes should not be "offensive, discriminatory and prejudice (*they mean prejudicial, but hey! they're students with better things to do than worrying about grammar. Ed*) to an individual's race, gender, disability or sexual orientation or based on stereotypes". This is to ensure that the university is a "safe space" for undergraduates, where no one is embarrassed or upset by seeing a fellow student's costume.

Dressing up as "Tories" and "chavs" are given as examples of costumes to avoid, as these would breach the "class and political stereotypes" section of the guidance. Among the dozens of outfits it deems "offensive" are cowboys, Native Americans, priests and nuns, and anyone who wears a Mexican sombrero.

Students have also been warned against anything that has a sensitive historical or religious connotations. It gives the Crusades, Isil bombers, Israeli soldiers and the Prophet Mohammed as examples of costumes to avoid.

Aaron Thompson, the Kent Union president, said: "We would ask students to be mindful of their choices and whether any offence could be caused."



Girl Power. Jackie Parry celebrates in a chasuble after the service on Hrvest Sunday, flanked by Paula O'Shaughnessy (who had preached) and Sttephanie Dunning (who has sung in the choir). Read Jackie's article on page 13.'



Forty not out. After the Patronal Festival service, there was a presentation to Fr Dennis to mark his 40 years as sa priest. Fr John applauds, but can't stop Dennis from making a speech. Read Fr D's 'Ruby Reflection' on page 3.



Last, but certainly not least



St Faith's Christmas Tree Festival December 2018



Once again St Faith's are holding a Christmas Tree Festival!

Nothing new there you may say, but that's where you may be wrong!

This is the first time we've held a Christmas Tree Festival celebrating its 10th year, the first time we've hosted St Nicholas Community choir for a Christmas concert and it will be the very first time that some of our visitors will have even visited us!

From 2nd to the 8th of December St Faith's will be filled with all the colourful lights, tinsel, streamers and music that we have come to love over the years, and of course we will be highlighting the work of many local charities and help organisations who make up the wider St Faith's congregation, and encouraging you to support them.

There will be the usual selection of craft, cake and gift stalls, the bumper Christmas raffle and other schemes to encourage you to donate. The Jam Factory is working hard to fill its warehouse in preparation, and of course the catering team are planning the biggest and best menus to satisfy the hungriest of visitors.

Most of the available trees have already been booked by charities and other organisations both old and new, and evening concerts by the Wayfarers Barbershop Chorus, Danielle Louise Thomas, the Military Band and many others will fill the evenings with music of all kinds. There are also suggestions of a Buskers organ and a guitar-playing vicar, but rumours of a guest appearance by Sir Paul McCartney have been flatly denied.

All the latest news and details will be on the notice board and there are many chances for you to volunteer your help – just add your name to a list and see what happens!!!

If you can't wait until Sunday 2nd December and need to hear more then contact **Rosie or Rick Walker** on rick@17mayfair.com or 0151 924 6267



The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



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Parish Administrative Assistant email dunngeoff@talk21.com

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Revd Denise McDougall, 58 Hartley Crescent, Birkdale, Southport PR8 4SQ

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Telephone 928 3342

BEAVER SCOUTS

Thursday 5.00 – 6.15 pm Mike Carr. 293 3416

CUB SCOUTS

Thursday 6.30 – 8.00 pm. Mike Carr. 293 3416

SCOUTS

Thursday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. Mike Carr. 293 3416

RAINBOWS

Monday 4.45 - 5.45 pm. Geraldine Forshaw. 928 5204

BROWNIE GUIDES

Monday 6.00 - 7.30 pm. Mary McFadyen. 284 0104

CHOIR PRACTICE

Friday 7.30 pm - 8.45 pm.

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The next magazine will cover the months of November and December with an elastic deadline around the time of the Christmas Tree Festival . We are as ever happy to print (almost) all offerings at any time. Only if more people submit more stuff will the magazine publish monthly again. At the moment this seems unlikely!

Church website: www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk

Online edition: www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/magazine.pdf

Online events diary: www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/googlecalendar.html

Friends of St Faith's Facebook:

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THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



'Andrew, do we want to spend
eternity in Paradise?'