

**The Parish Church of Saint Faith,
Great Crosby**

NEWSLINK

February 2017

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00 am SUNG EUCHARIST & Children's Church
Holy Baptism by arrangement
6.30 pm 1st Sunday: Evensong

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Interregnum arrangements

Please consult the weekly service sheet (in church and online) for all information.
The Stations of the Cross and Eucharist are now on Fridays at 12.00 noon (new time).
For regular updates see the weekly church **website bulletin**:
<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.
See the weekly online bulletin as above for full details of services and any variations.

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION

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

HOME VISITS to the sick and housebound and those in hospital

If you, or someone you know, are unable to get to church and would like to receive Holy Communion at home, the Eucharistic Ministers are happy to undertake this - please call 928 5065 to arrange this, or to arrange a visit to someone in hospital or at home.

IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

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



From the Ministry Team - February 2017

Susan Hill, in one of her novels, 'Gentlemen and Ladies' describes what an enormous effect the presence at a funeral of a strange man in black boots, holding a bunch of stolen snowdrops, had upon the village of Haverstock and especially upon an elderly widow, Mrs Florence Ames. She tried to persuade Mr Gaily, the name of the man who had caused this disturbance, to meet one of her friends, whom she described as 'a good person.' Mr Gaily, who was exceedingly shy and therefore reluctant to do so, asked: 'What is a good person?' In seeking a suitable definition, he was in fact asking a question which had exercised the minds of philosophers for hundreds of years.

The Greek philosopher Plato spent much of his life struggling with the problem and his book 'The Republic' contains several attempts to explain what is meant by 'a good man'.

'A good man,' he wrote, 'is one who is not given to wrong doing,' or 'a good man is one who never harms people, whether friends or enemies,' or perhaps, 'a good man is one who does not study his own interests but is concerned with the interests of others, just as a good doctor is not primarily concerned with his own body but mainly with those of his patients,' or, again he writes, 'a good man is a man whose reason rules, who shows self-control and whose life reflects an internal harmony.'

However, Plato eventually concluded that such perfection could be produced only by the perfect society, for people are not isolated individuals. A 'good man' therefore is the product of a good state.

Another philosopher, Justin Martyr, who lived in the second century A.D., reached rather different conclusions about 'a good man.' As a boy, Justin had an insatiable intellectual curiosity. He studied not only the philosophy of his own time but also the history of philosophy. He applied his mind to the ideas of the Stoics, he listened to the followers of Pythagoras and he read Plato's writings.

In order to find solitude, he often sat in a field close to the sea. He described in his own writings how, on one occasion, an old man interrupted his solitary meditations. 'He was looking,' Justin wrote, 'for some members of his household, his grandchildren, when he noticed my glance fastened upon him. I explained that I was a philosopher and upon being told this, the elderly man began to ask me questions of a kind which old and wise men have a habit of placing before clever young philosophers.'

The gist of what he said was that one ounce of experimental knowledge of God was worth all the theoretical extravagance of the philosophers put together.

Justin admitted that, when the old man had eventually defeated all his own philosophical certainties, he asked him where he should look for guidance. The man replied: 'There existed, long before this time, certain men more ancient than all those who are counted philosophers, men righteous and beloved of God, called prophets.'

Justin then wrote: 'A flame was then kindled in my mind,' and he went on to tell how he read and was filled with a love for those biblical prophets and for those who were the friends of Jesus. Thus it was, he claimed: 'I became the true philosopher' and for Justin the question about 'a good man' was solved.

'If you have any self-respect, if you are looking eagerly for salvation, if you believe in God, it is open to you or to anyone else to meet the Christ of God, that after initiation (by this he meant baptism) you too may live a truly good and happy life.' Thus for Justin, 'a good man' was a man who had met 'the Christ of God.'

Justin never gave up as a philosopher, for he taught Christianity as pure philosophy. He was always the intellectual and eventually suffered martyrdom for upholding his particular philosophy of 'the good man' – a man, he claimed, who 'upheld the true teaching' and held it in what he described as 'the true way.' Justin believed that a 'good man' was not good because he himself had managed to achieve inner peace but was one who, having been in touch with God, reflected God's goodness. Jesus himself had acknowledged this when he claimed: 'No man is good. Save God.'

Cardinal Basil Hume, in his book 'To be a Pilgrim', wrote: 'If you become good and holy, it is because God made you so. You will not know it anyway, for a really good man is unaware of his goodness.'

Heavenly Father, in whom we live and move and have our being, so guide and direct our lives with your Holy Spirit that others may see your divine love and goodness reflected in our lives, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

With every blessing,

Fr Dennis



Parish Retreat at Mirfield

The St. Faith's parish retreat this year will be held at the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, from Friday 28 April to Sunday 30 April.

If you are interested in going on the retreat please sign the list at the back of church, or contact Fred Nye (tel. 924 2813) who has further details.

Skirting round Saint Faith?



Chris Price

For a good many years now, this writer has been gathering information about other churches dedicated to Saint Faith. His findings are collected on the church website, where lists of these churches, together with some of the varied stories associated with them are published. Fortunately, there are relatively few Saint Faith's churches in the UK and worldwide, so the task is not an impossible one. So far, we have identified 52 dedications. About a half of these are accompanied on our site with links to their websites, stories about them, or both. Quite a few, though, are just names on the list, and the one in the news below was, until now, one whose name and location we knew but nothing more.

Recently there have been few discoveries or updatings, but the New Year saw the surfacing of a remarkable story centred on the medieval church of St Faith in Bacton, in rural Herefordshire. The revelation centres on what may very well have been Good Queen Bess's actual skirt - used there for some time as an altar hanging - and the existence of another St Faith, this time an English one. Don't tell me you don't want to know more...

The Daily Telegraph of Sunday, January 8th started your collator on the trail with a substantial piece by chief reporter Gordon Rayner, entertainingly headlined 'Old altar cloth? It's actually Elizabeth I's long lost skirt.' This pedant would have hyphenated the final two adjectives, without which insertion it could well have implied the existence of a short lost skirt, but never mind.

The report spoke of 'a piece of fabric described as the Holy Grail of fashion history', a beautifully embroidered textile, cut up and used for hundreds of years as an altar cloth in Bacton. It has been identified by royal garments experts as extremely likely to be the only surviving piece of clothing worn by Queen Elizabeth I. The report explains that very little costuming from before the reign of Charles I survives today, partly because Oliver Cromwell sold off the contents of the royal stores. The Bacton piece is made of cloth of silver, which could only be worn by royalty.

So how could the royal skirt have found its way to a remote country parish? The answer lies in the fact that Blanche Parry, the queen's favourite lady-in-waiting and known friend, adviser and confidante, was a St Faith's parishioner, to whom Good Queen Bess is known to have given clothes, and whose ornate tomb, in which she is seen in effigy kneeling before the queen, is to be seen in the church. One source suggests that Blanche is paying homage to the queen as Gloriana; another that the Queen represents St Faith herself. Intriguingly the same writer claims that one of St Faith's functions was to aid the blind, and that Blanche Parry suffered from blindness in later years.

St Faith's Bacton has recently loaned this unique item to Historic Royal Palaces, who will restore and conserve it and display it at Hampton Court Palace, where doubtless the name of our patron saint will be writ large.

Interesting though the story is so far, there is more to come. As ever, your scribe, following up on the tale, had recourse to Google, Wikipedia, and sites associated with the story. Anyone interested will find the trail worth following, especially if they are led as I was to the connections between St Faith and her dedication in Bacton.

The official guide to the church, free to download, says that 'the earliest known dedication of the church was to Saint Foi (or Moi/Tyfoi) a disciple of Bishop Dubricius or Dyfrig, the greatest of Herefordshire's early saints.' I was intrigued by the reference to 'our' Saint Foy (the French name for Faith) and wondered what she was doing in the lovely Golden Valley in the border country between England and Wales.

A later paragraph in the guide answers the question. 'During the medieval period Saint Foi was equated with Saint Faith, the virgin martyr whose cult centre was in Conques, France. Saint Faith's feast day was 6th October and this was remembered as Bacton's feast day as late as 1796.' Incidentally, there is another St Faith dedication in nearby Dorstone.

So who was this presumed English St Faith and when did she live, if she existed at all? Saint Dubricius/Dyfrig is well enough documented, and was active as early as the 6th century. Otherwise the trail goes cold at present. The few online references to her all seem to lead back to the Bacton Guide and provide no back-up to the story of the converging saints. The enigmatic alternative names of 'Moi/Tyfoi' yield nothing relevant online. Indeed, when asked about 'Saint Tyfoi', the ever-helpful Mr Google repeatedly asks me 'Did you mean Saint Typhoid?'

The idea of a rural English Saint Faith continues to intrigue, and it would be good to find out more. At the very least, a modest candle to the shy saint of Bacton, not to mention the site of the Royal Skirt, might fittingly be lit on October 6th.

Our list of churches dedicated to or connected with Saint Faith is online at <http://www.stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/sfchurcheslist.html>

The official guide to Bacton Church may be accessed online

Footnote: the excellent Bacton guidebook also refers to the existence of a relatively recent window representing St Faith in Bacton Church. One for the archives if anyone is going down that way?



Reviewing our Giving



'For God loves a cheerful giver'

2 Cor. 9 v 7

The Annual Accounts for 2016 show that we received just over £41,500 in Planned Giving – through the weekly envelopes or a monthly standing order. A further £2,300 was collected on the open plate each week. This is a small decrease on 2015 but, allowing for deaths and removals, the figures are encouraging and we are very grateful for your financial support.

As a measure of our giving, we look at the Parish Share which is £49,702 in a full year and works out at £4,150 every month! Our Planned Giving each month fell short of that target by about £700 and we are having to rely on other sources of income like Gift Aid and special events like the Saturday Recitals and the Christmas Tree Festival.

A review of the way we give to St Faith's is overdue. A very successful Stewardship Campaign was held in 2012, just before Fr Neil left, and significantly raised our income at that time but it has slipped back over the past five years.

The Finance and Stewardship Committee recently considered some options for raising our Planned Giving. Letters will be going out shortly to all those who give in the weekly envelopes or by monthly standing order to thank you for your giving and to ask you to consider reviewing it.

A new scheme, the **Parish Giving Scheme**, was started in the Gloucester Diocese some years ago and has been adopted by other dioceses, including Liverpool, where it has proved to be very successful. Essentially, the planned giving is switched to a Direct Debit. The money is collected on the 10th of the month, Gift Aid is collected at source and then is paid over to the parish. The added "attraction" is that there is an option to authorise an inflationary increase each year. You receive an annual inflationary letter to keep you in control.

The letters to our planned givers will include an information sheet about the PGS and a reply slip to ask for your views/questions.

If you still give by the weekly envelope, we would ask you to consider switching either to a standing order or to the new PGS if it is approved. I know that some people like to see their gift placed on the altar but this can still be done with a small card (available at the back of church) to say that you give directly to the bank.

I am happy to answer any questions you may have but very much hope that you will wish to take part in the new scheme.

Thank you for your support.

David Jones
Parish Treasurer



Post Truth, Alternative Facts, Fake News, Newspeak and... ‘Newslink’

Just as is the case when using the Bible it is, I suppose, possible to find contradictory quotations from the vast range of literature over the centuries. I have found it difficult however to find anything which can clearly contradict this one:

“Strange times are these in which we live when old and young are taught falsehoods. And the man that dares to tell the truth is called at once a lunatic and fool.”

The ‘strange times’ are generally acknowledged to be political times and while it is certainly possible to give a fairly wide interpretation to the words, it is also true that there have been many similar comments uttered over the past few months of Referenda and Presidential Elections, political back-stabbing, email hacking etc etc.

The original quotation is often ascribed to Plato but there is apparently no substantive evidence that he made such a comment. Interestingly, one of the closest matches to the words comes from an epigraph to a profile entitled ‘George Francis Train: The Man of Destiny’ published in 1871.

Train was an eccentric American financier who made a fortune from real estate and campaigned to become President of the United States in 1872. You can begin to see the thread which drew me into these reflections. The following year he was arrested and threatened with being sent to an insane asylum. He stood for a position which he called ‘Dictator of the United States’, charged admission fees to his campaign rallies and apparently drew record crowds... Among other eccentric fads he adopted was the habit of refusing to shake hands with other people when he met them and instead, shook hands with himself (there is no record of a distant ancestor of Mme May’s ever holding hands with him...)

Reflecting upon the manipulation of the truth which as Oscar Wilde said “Is rarely pure and never simple” led me also to look back to George Orwell and “1984”. In this novel about a dystopian society a new language has been developed: ‘Newspeak’. Newspeak is a language which purports to make things as simple as possible; so for example; opposites just use the prefix ‘un-’. ‘Bad becomes ‘ungood’, ‘warm’, ‘uncold’. There are no synonyms, no comparatives nor superlatives: ‘better’ becomes ‘plusgood’, ‘best’- ‘doubleplusgood’.

The intention behind reducing the number of words in this language’s vocabulary is to reduce the intensity and emotion of words and therefore to enable ‘The Party’ to suppress the population’s thoughts and emotions.

The complexity of verb tenses is reduced to a suffix ‘-ed’ so ‘drank’ becomes ‘drinked’, ‘ran - ‘runned’. (Parents will perhaps recognise here the embryonic language of our toddlers).

Once again The Party limits the number of ways to describe the world and therefore limits the population's perception of the world.

Trump's preferred method of communication? -tweeting – a message limited to 144 characters...

As the illustration of the Presidential oath swearing depicted on a recent front page of 'Private Eye' expresses it "I swear to tell the post truth, the alternative truth and nothing like the truth"....

The thread of my reflections for this article now brings me round to 'Newslink'. The reason I am writing this in the first place is because a few days ago I embarked upon a spring clear out in preparation for some redecoration. Out of the under-stairs cubby hole came about 100 back copies of 'Newslink' going back to the early 1990s! I rang Chris to ask if he had any use for them before I put them into the recycling but of course, he has a very carefully preserved archive of his own. He did suggest the idea of them possibly being kept in church where others can dip in and look back on the past; it seemed like an excellent idea so I shall be seeking the permission of the wardens...! Not being one to lose an opportunity, the editor then said, "Now you haven't submitted anything for Newslink in a while so could you just...?"

Before I took my old copies to church I thought it best (or doubleplusgood) to sort them into chronological order and, as is always the case when sorting through letters, photos etc, I could not resist settling down to reread... fatal! The photos - how we've changed... the articles by those now gone from us. and by that I mean not only those whose souls are now hopefully counted amongst the Blessed, but also those who moved away and those who 'took themselves off'...usually in a flurry of indignation!

Above all, though, what this trip down Memory Lane served to impress upon me was the absolute faithfulness, dedication and professionalism of the creator, founder and Editor of this publication. All the research, negotiation, persuasion of potential columnists, erstwhile typesetting, archive searching and inspirational personal contributions that has gone on over the years... phenomenal!

So, CDP, I salute you and have been glad of this opportunity to pay tribute to you. Also I insist that this is printed – because I can just see now one of those little bracketed interventions – '(Ed)' in which Chris makes a disclaimer or hides his embarrassment. See? Be careful what you wish for - or what the outcome of harassing magazine contributors can be!

A couple of postscripts:

George Francis Train spent his final days on park benches in New York City's Madison Square Park, handing out dimes and refusing to speak to anyone but children and animals. And I note that the Diocesan advice on Communications recommends Twitter and insists that: "It is vital that all details in a Press Release are correct"... Ha!

Maureen Madden



The editor, after overcoming his well-known diffidence decided, unsurprisingly perhaps, to publish these kind words unredacted. Thank you Maureen, and indeed all who have fed me with material, attracted notoriety or raised hackles over the half century of my tenure. Genuine apologies, too, to those who have been upset both along the way and, regrettably, more recently. Please keep articles of every sort and every shade of opinion coming And, having resisted various attempts to control, moderate, even censor this labour of love, he pledges to continue to lift high the editorial pen for as long as possible. (Ed!)

Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow?

The more observant of readers may have noticed a strange change of colour in Susie Greenwood's hair. The intention had been to venture into the 21st century (possibly for her first time) and have highlights in her otherwise grey hair.

This experiment went bizarrely off course and as with the Sorcerer's Apprentice the "apprentice" was left unsupervised and did not know when to stop!

The subsequent result is the strange orange colour giving Susie the appearance of a tangerine with a smiley face on her shoulders. Her friend Elma put pen to paper.

Elma's Poem

If you're 70+ don't dye your hair
It's just not the right thing to do.
For people will nudge and mutter and stare
And wonder what's happened to you!

They won't say anything to you bad wig
They're far too tactful for that
They may just say "what a jolly cold day"
And advise you on wearing a hat!

Of one thing you can be certain
No one will copy your style
And, so to speak, you'll be quite unique
For quite a considerable while!

So, if you must dye your hair at 70+
Make sure the hairdresser's a pro.
Be kind and gentle, but check out his credentials
And avoid all post-colouring woe!



Registering the Past

– stuck in 1959



We ended 1958 with advance notice of Fr Hassall's impending absence from the helm. His last service was on January 4th 1959, the 10.45 am 'Sung Mass for The Second Sunday after Christmass'. He doesn't sign in again until Monday, April 27th. He presides over evensong then and for some time to come, not celebrating the eucharist again until May 7th. The unhappy reason for this prolonged absence is told in brief in the 1975 history of St Faith's, as reproduced below:

“Fr. Hassall suffered a slight stroke and, after January 4th, his initials are absent from the book until April 27th, and then he took only Evensong until May 7th. 'T.S.S.' (the Revd. Thomas Stanage, his Curate now) was still only a Deacon, and the maintenance of regular Eucharists was in the hands of the Reverends E.W.Pugh, Peter Ryan, H.Cawley and others, with the Rural Dean, Canon Nichols, also assisting. A Requiem had to be cancelled, and in its place T.S.S. provided AnteCommunion and Communion from the Tabernacle: the first recorded entry of this. Canon Naylor, the Bishops of Liverpool and Whitby, the Vicar of St Agnes, Ullet Road and 'Thomas S.S.F.' were among visitors during this period.”

The registers record the admirable maintenance of daily worship in the first months of 1959, with extra services in Lent. In Holy Week Brother Thomas, SSF (Franciscan friar) took daily Compline and the Good Friday Three Hours Devotion. Easter is boldly emblazoned as in previous years, with a total of 402 communicants for the day. There were services on the following Monday and Tuesday, but none for the rest of the week. There were the usual services on Low Sunday, then offices only for the rest of that week, and most of the following week.

Then, in the week of the Octave of the Dedication Festival, Fr William Hassall returns to duty. As explained above, he takes only evensongs for a while, presiding again at the altar at 10.30 on the morning of Ascension Day, Thursday, May 7th, when there were 36 communicants, out of a total of 118 for the day. In the days that followed, W.H. celebrated the eucharist sparingly. He did however insert extra services in the margin of May 9th (6 pm. Vespers of the Dead) and 10th (Requiem at 9 am and Funeral at 3pm) marking the passing of Mrs Eva Gerrard.

The vicar was on his own during that week: an absence explained by a surely most welcome return of his curate to preach on Trinity Sunday and, on the next day to celebrate 'First Mass of Rev.T.S.Stanage'. In the weeks that followed, daily eucharists resumed, with the newly priested curate celebrating most of them. Indeed from June 17th to July 3rd Mr Hassall's initials are entirely missing again, possibly through incapacity or maybe on holiday.

But he is clearly well enough to take up the reigns again soon afterwards, and indeed from July 20th to August 15th TSS is now absent, doubtless on a well-deserved break

10

and the vicar is omnipresent. There are few marginal notes or explanations these days: one that is on record is a 'Low Mass (Commemoration of all faithful departed), offered by Fr Stanage before his summer break. Fr Hassall notes on Saturday August 8th that the congregation at the 8 am eucharist consists of '9+ 23 Scouts who go on camp today'. And there is an unusual entry on the day of the Falling Asleep of the B.V.M.: 'Sacrament of Unction and Communion' – the first use of the term this writer can recall. And at this point in late summer of 1959 we call a halt. But there is a footnote following for those suffering from possible statistical withdrawal syndrome.

Chris Price

Feedback Footnotes



Thanks to Fr Colin Oxenforth for providing these two snippets of information about priests who have cropped up in the course of this long-running saga. Nice to know someone reads it. Ed

'T.S. Wetherall was the principal of St. Chad's College, Durham and was my own first principal there. He was a good model for conventional holiness, was kindly and strict but with a wonderful humour when it slipped out! His elderly mother was regarded as a secondary relic by some as she had been catechised by the famous Fr Stanton at St. Alban's Holborn. He never sought preferment, as it was then called, and was a faithful parish priest, and that he trained us to try and be.

'Fr Telford, a curate at St. Faith's, prepared me for confirmation in 1955. He moved on to St. Anne's, Cazneau St. This parish was later absorbed into Liverpool Parish Church.'



Taking Faith to Yorkshire

Easter comes around so quickly after Christmas that the shops have little time to change from selling Christmas crackers and decorations to Easter eggs and hot-cross buns. However, for the group of men from St Faith's there is the annual North Yorkshire pilgrimage to take the strain from the shopping extravaganza. This year there were seven of us and four cars were required because of scheduling problems; so much for reducing our carbon footprint to help save the planet. By Thursday evening five of us were settled into our warm retreat house, Geoff, Rick, Michael (Taylor), Gareth and me. The workers, Paul and Brian, would join us on Friday evening when they had satisfied their employers' needs.

Actually there was another member of our group, Faith. As all who read Newlink know, the Teddy Bears of St Faith's were inspired by the Teddy Bear Trail at St Gregory's in Bedale and it had been decided that we would present a Bear to St Gregory's in gratitude for that inspiration. Faith was a natural name and it was equally

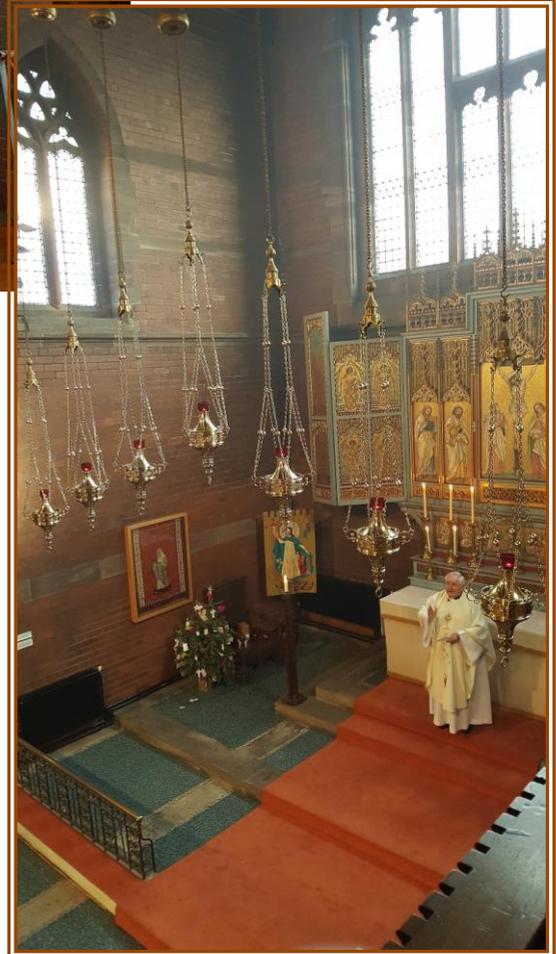
natural that she should be dressed suitably to represent St Faith's location in the Diocese of Liverpool. It seemed appropriate that a Liverpool football kit should adorn our bear (apologies to Everton supporters) and this was purchased at the Build-a-Bear store in Liverpool. Rosie Walker knitted a fine red scarf and hat: Faith was going to the colder north, and our offering was suitably attired.

Unfortunately Michael had developed a very bad cold/flu and was feeling very much under the weather on Friday morning and decided not to accompany us to Bedale. Rick had arranged that we would meet the Rector, Ian Robinson, at St Gregory's at around 11.00 am and we arrived in the town shortly after 10 (not much traffic on the roads). That gave us time for a morning cup of tea or coffee so we repaired to one of the tea shops which adorn this beautiful market town. After our refreshments we needed to do a bit of shopping so headed to the local Spar. I required a pair of rubber gloves for use when washing-up; hot soapy water plays havoc with delicate hands honed to perfection by years of engine oil and sea spray. We also collected a couple of newspapers and headed for the till. The shop assistant asked if we would like a complimentary copy of The Sun which we refused, with the comment that we were from Liverpool. He did not understand why we would turn down a free newspaper but the single word, 'Hillsborough', brought enlightenment.

After dropping the purchases off at my car we headed for the church which was, as usual, open and had no other visitors. Although we had been there a number of times before we looked around and you can always see something new. For me it was the three old wooden panels high on the north wall near the font. These were inscribed with details of donations and bequests made by local people to help the poor. In most cases the money was 'put out to interest' and the interest would go to help the poor. In a few cases the interest would provide coal for the local hospital and in others would provide bread for the poor. Most of these bequests are from the late 18th century and the intention was to provide long term aid for the poor and sick; a fine example of 'the widow's (or widower's) mite'. Interestingly there do not appear to be any bequests to the church directly. Canny people those Yorkshire folk.

In the aisles of St Gregory's there are a number of carved stones covering graves and I always tread carefully around these; I don't know why, maybe out of respect. In one of the early episodes of Last of the Summer Wine, the three characters are in an old church like St Gregory's where there are carved grave stones in the aisles. Compo, the scruffy one played by Bill Owen, asks 'Is there anyone under there?' and being told that there was takes a step backwards and then jumps over the stone. Silly as that may seem, to me it shows respect.

One other thing that Rick and I noticed was the panel inscribed with the names of the Rectors and that of the current Rector, Ian Robinson, had the letters C.Eng (for Chartered Engineer) inscribed after the name. At least Rick and I would have something to talk about with him. One other interesting thing took our attention and that was the array of photographs of officers of the church. This was laid out as an inverted pyramid with the more junior church officers at the top and the Rector at the bottom. The Rector was supporting the church officers, not ruling over them.



Let there be Lights

It took a lot of scaffolding to change some 20 light bulbs at high level. David Jones captured the happenings. Fr Dennis blessed the newly refurbished sanctuary lamps. Robert Woods recorded this moment from the organ loft

Bears to Bedale

Faith Bear joins Gregory Bear at the church where the Teddy Bear Trail began. Rick Walker and Rev Ian Robinson welcome the newest addition to the Bedale Bears. Denis's story is on page 11





A Clean Sweep – and Candlemass Crumbles

Above The labourers of the first of the monthly Saturday morning cleaning parties are seen here taking a well-earned break.

Below An illustration from one of our liturgy booklets.

Despite the portrayals of the tail end two, no resemblance to our congregation is intended





The Presentation

A reproduction of Bellini's wonderful painting.
Read Father Dennis's illuminating commentary on page 14

St Faith in the Golden Valley

The story of Bacton church, a rare piece of skirt, blind Blanche Parry and a tomb honouring our patron is on page 4.



Ian turned up at about 11.15 am and we all introduced ourselves and Rick got down to business of presenting Faith. On behalf of his church the Rector expressed his thanks and we went on to tell him how popular our Teddy Bear Trail has been. Discussion on other topics followed, not least his Chartered Engineer status. He said that he had been a civil engineer before entering the ministry and felt that his qualification in that area would be appropriate after his name on the list of Rectors. That conversation led to mention of the re-ordering of his church including an outer porch, removal of some of the pews and the installation of a nave altar. A bit like Fr Charles so many years ago at St Faith's, Ian Robinson said that he felt uncomfortable making the long trek to the high altar with his back to the congregation for so long. He also said that his experience in the civil and building engineering field gave him an insight into the work required in the reordering of the church and that he felt it difficult to keep quiet about the work.

In the afternoon there was a memorial service for the young lady whose funeral had been that morning, so we thanked Ian and St Gregory's for their help and headed back to Marske. Upon our return Michael informed us that he was not well at all and had decided to go home. He left in the early afternoon and the remaining four awaited our two other friends later that evening.

Denis Griffiths

*Rick will take up the story next month.
There are photos on the centre pages.*



Nunc Dimittis

We tend to treat the Nunc Dimittis – Simeon's song with the infant Jesus in his arms – like a mug of Ovaltine, as a nightcap guaranteeing a good night's sleep. It's what is sung at Evensong when the day's work's done and at Compline when it's time for bed. The familiar cadences are like gentle lullabies, easing us into dreamless slumber.

'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Simeon is satisfied that all he has longed for is now fulfilled in the child in his arms. He's an old man. His life is now as light as a feather on the back of his hand and a puff of wind will blow it away (T.S.Eliot's 'A Song for Simeon', *printed below*). Now he can contentedly take his leave, in the sure knowledge that his saviour has come. As we sing his words we catch his mood and our own worries begin to drain away. All's well. We can curl up and go to sleep.

Simeon, we read, was looking to 'the consolation of Israel.' This term was used to describe the Messianic age. It takes up the cry by which an unnamed prophet announced his message of hope to the exiles in Babylon. 'Comfort, comfort, my people' (Isaiah 40:1). Simeon had craved that promised comfort. Now salvation is in sight, not only for his own people but for the Gentiles too. At last he can go to God with a serene heart.

But if our impression of Simeon himself is of a contented figure with an unequivocally

comforting message, then we've mistaken our man. We've sung his song too often and with too little regard to its setting. 'The Song of Simeon' ceases to sound like soothing mood music if we return it to its context and take account of what he actually says about the child he's holding. His words to Mary paint a darker picture.

People believed that the promised 'consolation' would follow the path mapped out by the prophet. Theirs would be the destiny he had foretold. They too would rise to triumph from bitter servitude. For them too the wilderness would rejoice and the desert blossom. They too would exult over their oppressors, who would watch this mighty act of God in abject awe.

Simeon foresaw an altogether different fate for Israel: not a sunlit highway but the valley of the shadow of death. The end may be glorious, but the path will be a *via dolorosa*. The doom of Israel is presaged in this baby, born to be a crucified King. Simeon speaks of light and glory, but also of the 'falling' as well as the 'rising' of many in Israel. It will be, as Eliot has it, 'the time of cords and scourges and lamentations'. Simeon's words anticipate what this child himself will one day say: 'The Son of Man came to give his life as a ransom for many' (Mark 10:45).

For Mary herself, there's little comfort in Simeon's words. The sword, thrust into her son's side, will pierce her heart also. Simeon turns out to be a much less reassuring figure than we have made him out to be, and the 'Presentation in the Temple' and altogether more disturbing event than we had supposed.

A truer account of Simeon's meeting with the child and his mother is given by the Venetian artist Giovanni Bellini (c1459-1515) (*reproduced on our centre pages*). He wrestled with the significance of the story of Jesus as few artists have done, other than Rembrandt himself. His study of the Presentation, now in Venice's Querini Stampalia Gallery is a great masterpiece. Looking at it, we see this scene as for the first time.

An unsmiling Simeon reaches out to take the infant Christ. We are unused to seeing babies swaddled and to us the bands, which hold him so tightly, seem like cerements. He appears to be already prepared for burial – which in a way he was. Mary seems abstracted, as if continuing to 'ponder in her heart' what had been told her concerning her child. Two women standing by are lost in their own thoughts. One of them is turning away. Is she unaware of what unfolds beside her? Or is the burden of it too much. Joseph - it must be Joseph - stares intently, almost angrily, at us from out of the picture. He seems to say, 'Do not for a moment suppose you understand what is happening here.'

Simeon sought consolation. But there is pain beyond consoling, as Mary found. Others, such as C.S.Lewis, have found that to be so. In his famous 'A Grief Observed' published in 1961, he wrote: 'Talk to me about the truth of religion and I'll listen gladly. Talk to me about the duty of religion and I'll listen, submissively. But don't come talking to me about the consolation of religion or I shall suspect that you don't understand.'

A Song for Simeon

T.S.Eliot

Lord, the Roman hyacinths are blooming in bowls
And the winter sun creeps by the snow hills;
The stubborn season has made stand.
My life is light, waiting for the death wind,
Like a feather on the back of my hand.
Dust in sunlight and memory in corners
Wait for the wind that chills towards the dead land.
Grant us thy peace.

I have walked many years in this city,
Kept faith and fast, provided for the poor,
Have taken and given honour and ease.
There went never any rejected from my door.
Who shall remember my house,
Where shall live my children's children,
When the time of sorrow is come?
They will take to the goat's path, and the fox's home,
Fleeing from the foreign faces and the foreign swords.
Before the time of cords and scourges and lamentation
Grant us thy peace.

Before the stations of the mountain of desolation,
Before the certain hour of maternal sorrow,
Now at this birth season of decease,
Let the Infant, the still unspeaking and unspoken Word,
Grant Israel's consolation
To one who has eighty years and no to-morrow.
According to thy word,
They shall praise Thee and suffer in every generation
With glory and derision,
Light upon light, mounting the saints' stair.
Not for me the martyrdom, the ecstasy of thought and prayer,
Not for me the ultimate vision.
Grant me thy peace.

(And a sword shall pierce thy heart,
Thine also).

I am tired with my own life and the lives of those after me,
I am dying in my own death and the deaths of those after me.
Let thy servant depart,
Having seen thy salvation.



Carols, Brass and Trees

Our Carol Services during the Tree Festivals have always been really lovely evenings but somehow this years was very special indeed. Our magnificent church adorned with beautifully decorated trees, a Military Band (better than previous years as it transpired) then add the carols to make a perfect evening. With the church well filled, approx 180 people, sounding wonderful when singing favourite carols, what could be better?

To add to all this the retiring collection reached £302 which will be divided equally between the charities for Combat Stress, BLESMA, and The Royal British Legion. Our tree box collection was £99 and together with donations, I was able to send Scotty's Little Soldiers a cheque for £150 (there's a 'Thank You' at the back of church). So a great big thank you from Rev George Perera and me for all your generous support this year and previously, it has been tremendous and we and the charities are very grateful'

Eunice Little

100 Club winners

January

1	£150	32	Ken Bramwell
2	£100	40	Val Broom
3	£50	148	David Jones

February

1	£150	43	Richard Woodley
2	£100	21	Paul Turner
3	£50	34	Rosie Walker



Getting it Right

Paula O'Shaughnessy

In the first chapter of John's Gospel, it is all starting to happen with the ministry and discipleship of Jesus. The followers of Jesus are coming to him, through John the Baptist. In this, there is the hope, the purpose of life. John the Baptist tells us what sets Jesus apart from other men is that he is the one on whom the spirit descends like a dove and the one who baptises with the Holy Spirit.

So we can see ourselves and our relationship with God in these terms. That raises the question – With the Holy Spirit what are we like and how do we affect the lives of others?

In thinking of this, I would like to tell you a story: Many years ago, I worked as a care assistant in a rest home for the elderly, in Scotland. The rest home was run by a religious order of Roman Catholic sisters. There I met a very inspiring person. Her

name was Darshanie (a devout Roman Catholic) who was a care assistant there. When I first started my job there, whilst a student at university, I had been working with colleagues other than Darshanie. They were generally, tired, discontented and impatient at times in their work. Inevitably, through discontent and boredom, the staff would fall to gossiping, complaining and so not making life any easier for anyone, including themselves. They had a pretty hard life, low income, demanding job. Sometimes the residents were difficult and unappreciative.

Then, after working with these colleagues, for a while, the nun in charge of our wing put me to work alongside Darshanie. She was totally different. Her kindness and gentleness of spirit shone through. She was hard working too, never slacking off for even a moment. We looked after one lady who, because of her suffering from dementia, would wander off – trying to leave the building. But with Darshanie on duty, that never ever happened. We would work together and always she would check every few minutes, if the lady was still there, safely in either her room or the lounge. One of us would leave what we were doing and go and check on the lady. Every task Darshanie did was done thoroughly and with love, whether it was helping an elderly lady, washing dishes or brushing the floor.

What I saw in her is something we rarely see. Total commitment to do the right thing for the right reasons and for the good of all. By this, I mean the good of others, but also, for our own good. She never did anything to seek recognition, or through either a sense of pride, or for an unhealthy martyrdom complex.

With someone such as Darshanie, we just know all is well. We feel safe secure, and yes, a definite sense that the Holy Spirit is present within that person. For the Holy Spirit touches the lives of all affected by that person.

At times, life can just get too busy, and noisy and difficult. Then we may block the Holy Spirit from entering into our soul. How do we want to be? Do we want to time waste, gossip and express discontent with life? By this, all we achieve is to perpetuate the wrongs of the world. Instead, do we allow the Holy Spirit into our souls and to be more like Darshanie?

We know what the right thing to do is. And yes, it is not easy, when things go wrong, to keep faithful to the teachings of Christ. But this is what matters above all others.

As St Paul says in the letter to the Corinthians today;

‘I give thanks to my God always for you, because of the grace of God, that has been given you in Christ Jesus, for every way you have been enriched in Him, in speech and knowledge of every kind.’

Let us pray that we may always remain faithful to the teachings of Christ. That if we do stray, if we forget, that we will be open to receive the Holy Spirit and that the light of Christ will shine forth from us into the world.

A Lenten Thought on Stewardship



‘What was there before creation?’ is a question that cannot be answered - not because we don’t know, but because it’s the wrong kind of question. It confuses ‘creation’ with ‘making’ - it’s the difference between reassembling matter into a new form, as we do when we make a cake, or a TV set, and when we create a symphony - which exists in the composer’s mind before it has any physical expression. Making depends on competence - you may be good cook or a bad cook, but without ingredients, no one will know which. Creation, on the other hand, depends on inspiration – which is why computers cannot write great music. They lack the ability to sense when rules need to be broken creatively.

Christian Stewardship shares something of the process of creation, insofar as it helps us learn the creative ‘breaking of rules’. The rules, in this case, are those of worldly prudence. ‘Seeking first God’s kingdom and his righteousness’, being free from the concerns which rule most people’s lives, because we have, as Paul put it, ‘the first fruits of the Spirit’ as the assurance of God’s love for us, has some surprising results. Birds, and grasses, and flowers don’t worry, says Jesus. They simply are; their glory is in being what God created them to be. Human beings, on the other hand, spend so much of their time worrying about what they are to become – or what might possibly happen to them – that we often have no time to be.

At the heart of stewardship is an affirmation of our potential; an affirmation which says that, as we place what we have and are in God’s hands, we find we become enriched by being free to be most fully ourselves, able to take our part in the dance of creation.

David Jones

With acknowledgements to the Portsmouth Diocese



Saint Faith on fire again?

Thanks to David Fairclough for an interesting bit of news recently about ‘our’ ferry: the good ship St Faith, a car ferry plying between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

David sent me a report from the Maritime and Coastguard website which spoke of a fire on our esteemed vessel on 19th January, resulting in evacuation and return to port. No-one was injured and the fire was safely extinguished. Unlike her martyred namesake, this St Faith survived the flames and lives on to bear our name on the Solent.

Your editor has seen ‘our’ ship when visiting the area, and photographed her from the top of the spectacular Spinnaker Tower. Anyone still interested is invited to find a feature on the ship on our website at stfaithsgreatcrosby.org.uk/saintelsewhere.html

Mum's the Word!

The British Medical Association has said pregnant women should not be called 'expectant mothers' as it could offend transgender people.

Instead, they should call them 'pregnant people' so as not to upset intersex and 'Include trans men by saying pregnant people instead of expectant mothers.'

The advice comes in an internal document to staff outlining potentially offensive common phrases. The 'elderly' should be referred to as 'older people', 'disabled lifts' called 'accessible lifts' and someone who is 'biologically male or female' should be called 'assigned male or female'.

The BMA said the document was purely guidance for its staff 'aimed at promoting an inclusive workplace', not advice to its 156,000 doctor members on how to deal with patients. On pregnancy and maternity, it says: 'Gender inequality is reflected in traditional ideas about the roles of women and men.'

'Though they have shifted over time, the assumptions and stereotypes that underpin those ideas are often deeply rooted.' It adds: 'We can include intersex men and trans men who may get pregnant by saying 'pregnant people' instead of 'expectant mothers'.'

The guide further advises against using the terms 'born man' or 'born woman' in relation to trans people, as these phrases 'are reductive'.

Elsewhere, staff are told to substitute 'surname' or 'last name' for 'family name'. Words such as 'mankind' and 'manpower' should be avoided because it is 'not good practice to use a 'masculine noun', instead swapped for 'humanity' and 'personnel''

Conservative MP Philip Davies told The Mail on Sunday that the guidance was 'completely ridiculous', while the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth, the Rt Rev Philip Egan, said it would cause 'great confusion and harm'. However, Heather Ashton, of the transgender support group TG Pals, said it was a 'massive step forward to prevent discrimination' against transgender people.

Laura Donnelly

Health Editor, The Daily Telegraph

Darkness and Dawn



'The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light, and for those who sat in the region and shadow of death light has dawned.'

It can take a while sometimes for light to dawn. She was sitting at her desk making the

Most of the sometimes fallow, sometimes fertile, time that comes when her son is napping. The task in hand: a prayer which had been a while in the crafting. The phone rang. She answered on automatic, still trying to find a word to rhyme with 'bone'. A voice spoke, 'Is that the Minister?' (Bone... Shown..). 'Yes, this is the Minister.' There was a pause ... and then a question. 'Did you used to be a teacher? Before you were a Minister, I mean?' She looked up from her notes, her attention grabbed at last. 'Yes,' she said hesitatingly. 'Do you remember an Alistair Rose? I was in your class' – 'Well,' she said, sifting through the clutter that had accumulated in the years since she had left teaching, 'tell me why you'd like to know and perhaps I'll remember.' Another pause. 'This is Alistair Rose' came the response. 'Really? Let me think. Where are you now, Alistair? How old are you? What did you do when you left school? It can take a while sometimes for light to dawn'. Alistair answered a flood of questions with great patience... but with economy of information.

'I've been back to my old school, Miss,' he interrupted. 'I wanted to see a few teachers, say thank you, but I discovered they'd mostly all gone – retired or moved on. The thing is, Miss, everyone thought I was really quiet at school, but I had a lot of stuff going on. I'm trying to get my life sorted out but it's not easy. And I just wanted to say thank you because you were nice to me.' It is she who pauses this time, and she hears herself say 'That's really kind, Alistair. The thing is, I never really felt like I was much of a teacher. I was too young, too nervous, too sincere...' 'Oh, you were Miss, you were a good teacher.' It can take a while sometimes for light to dawn.

She has the feeling that all is not well in Alistair's world, even now. Some people leave notes, perhaps others make telephone calls, But she doesn't know what to say, how to get to the hurt, and before she knows it, he is gone. And she's left struggling with memories of the Alistair she knew or didn't know before the phone rang.

It seemed a lifetime ago: the ache in the pit of her stomach which drew her out from classroom to parish. Alistair found her years on, collared, but still tending that ache, because he wanted to say what he'd never been able to say before. And here was she trying to find the right words. Bone... Shown. Alone... Unknown...

It can take a while sometimes for light to dawn. A young man trying to gather what has come undone, a teacher searching for truth to share, the dimming day and a constant companion. No doubt the fishermen were well acquainted with the dimming day. Or was it a dawning? Sometimes it's difficult to tell. Poised, patient, ready to haul in another catch, their eyes had probably become accustomed to half-light (but, then, we can all get used to just about anything whether it's good for us or not).

We may wonder if they'd noticed Jesus wander past before. Whether they'd laughed, at his stories, heard themselves in them, smiled wryly at yet another unexpected punch line expertly delivered.

If they'd raised an eyebrow, felt unnerved a little by his directness, the clarity with which he was the world and them in it. It can take a while sometimes for light to dawn. But the now has come. Light is breaking through. And they can do no other than

20

respond to his call. ‘Follow me, and I will make you fish for people.’ Or, to put it another way, ‘Follow me. Open your eyes. See what you can yet be.’ And they go, ready to try their hand at this new-fangled fishing-for-folk.

See what you can yet be. This can just be another way of saying, recognise what is within you. ‘It’s hard to describe what it’s like finding your childhood after such a long time,’ he says softly. ‘I struggled in the first three years of life. My family didn’t know what to do with a sick child. She gave me roots I never knew I had.’ He is Morton T. Kelsey, a theologian and author now in his eighties. The ‘she’ he is describing is Clara, the young woman hired by his parents to be his nanny, though he has no memory of this.

‘It’s interesting you have to be in your late seventies to discover what kind of childhood you had.’ he says. Until then the memories which had prevailed from his childhood spoke only of rejection. Thinking he had, in his words, ‘not all his marbles’, his parents handed his care over to Clara, just a girl herself. No one had thought to test his hearing.

In his teenage years, those memories were particularly strong and painful, unbearable so, and he walked out into the hills one day with the intention of committing suicide. But as he prepared to end his life a melody came to him suddenly and inexplicably. He wouldn’t know until well into his seventies where that melody came from or why it saved him; only that it did.

One Christmas he received a letter from a woman called Clara. The name is not familiar to him, ‘Are you alive and are you still writing?’ she asked. And in the exchange that follows he discovered that his childhood wasn’t all about rejection. In his seventy-seventh year Morton goes to the nursing home to meet Clara now in her nineties. And she sings the song she’d sung to him as a baby, the song which he’d heard that day out on the hills. She sings the song which saved him. And, at last, at last, he is home. A young man trying to gather what has come undone, a teacher searching for truth to share, an elderly gentleman finding his way home, brothers with nothing to do but go, nowhere to be than with him.

It can take a while sometimes for light to dawn. Those whose fingerprints are all over Matthew’s Gospel turned to ancient words to describe what they saw in Jesus of Nazareth. ‘The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light, and for those who sat in the region and shadow of death light has dawned.’ And we, whose fingerprints are all over stories we live by, are invited to turn to ancient truth too:

It can take a while sometimes for light to dawn. But it does. It always does.

Fr Dennis



Never Again



I'll not be going there again - no thank you, not for me,
I tried St Faith's last Sunday and it's not my cup of tea.
It's not the sort of church that folk stroll into off the street
To park their parcels on the pew and rest their weary feet.

There's gates around the porch - our kids can't get in any more
To spray things on the notice-boards or scrawl things on the door.
And if you come on Sundays, you'll find it very odd
You'd sometimes think the people there really believe in God.

There's vicars dressed in fancy robes all swinging holy smoke;
It's enough to scare the daylight out of simple honest folk.
They say that they are C of E, but that's a load of dope:
I'm sure the other day I heard them praying for the Pope.

And if you peer in for a look there's nowhere you can hide -
They pull you in and sit you down before you're half inside,
To face an hour of songs and chants and bobbing up and down -
If I want to see a pantomime I'll take the train to town!

And if at last you settle down you won't find much release -
They'll drag you up and shake your hand and call it sharing Peace.
Then when the plate comes round they talk of tithing for the Lord;
Well don't they know that 20p's the most I can afford?

And when at last they're finished they come waltzing down the aisle
With cross and candles, singing hymns and putting on the style.
You can't get out for rows of priests, they're a weird lot and all -
They take your name and make you drink cold coffee in the Hall.

I want a comfortable church, an easy home from home,
Not a place of smells and bells that's on the road to Rome.
I've had enough - it's definitely time that I got weaving;
Much more of this and there's a risk I might end up believing

Chris Price

I wrote this poem some 25 years ago, inspired by the installation of the railings and gates round our porches. Following Maureen's kind words on page 8 (go, on read it again!) I offer it again for the entertainment of all who have got this far. Ed (!)

The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



VICAR

Vacancy

For all enquiries ring 928 5065

Parish Administrative Assistant email dunngoeff@talk21.com

ASSISTANT PRIESTS

Fr. Dennis Smith, 16 Fir Road, Waterloo. L22 4QL. 928 5065

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

01704 550590; 07888 97564

READERS

Mrs Jacqueline Parry, 21 Grosvenor Avenue, Crosby. L23 0SB. 928 0726

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

READER EMERITUS

Dr Fred Nye, 23 Bonnington Ave, Crosby L23 7YJ Tel 924 2813

CHURCHWARDENS

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

Mr Rick Walker, 17 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 2TL. 924 6267

ASSISTANT CHURCH WARDENS

Mr Bill Dagnall, 14 Duddingston Ave, Crosby. L23 0SH. 928 4997

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

TREASURER

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

PCC SECRETARY

Mrs Lillie Wilmot, Flat 7, 3 Bramhall Rd, Waterloo L23 3XA. 920 5563

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Robert Woods, robertwoods1986@hotmail.co.uk. 07847 251315

GIFT AID SECRETARY

Mr Rick Walker, 17 Mayfair Avenue, Crosby. L23 2TL. 924 6267

VULNERABLE ADULTS OFFICER

Mr Gareth Griffiths, 6 Lawton Road, Waterloo. L22 9QL. 928 4275

CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER

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

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

Mrs Jackie Parry. 928 0726

Mrs Brenda Cottarel. 928 4275

BEAVER SCOUTS

Thursday 5.00 – 6.15 pm Mike Carr. 293 3416

CUB SCOUTS

Thursday 6.30 – 8.00 pm. Mike Carr. 293 3416

SCOUTS

Thursday 8.00 - 9.30 pm. Mike Carr. 293 3416

RAINBOWS

Monday 4.45 - 5.45 pm. Geraldine Forshaw. 928 5204

BROWNIE GUIDES

Monday 6.00 - 7.30 pm. Mary McFadyen. 284 0104

CHOIR PRACTICE

Friday 7.30 pm - 8.45 pm.

MAGAZINE EDITOR and WEBSITE MANAGER

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



The next magazine will probably be the March issue and will arrive as soon as it's reasonably filled. More than happy to print (almost) all offerings at any time.

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:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/23599022440/>

email: cdavidprice@gmail.com

