



St Faith's Church, Great Crosby

NEWSLINK

December 2013

Worship at Saint Faith's



SUNDAY SERVICES

11.00am SOLEMN MASS and Children's Church
1.00pm Holy Baptism (*2nd Sunday*)

WEEKDAY SERVICES

Tuesdays at 6.30 pm Eucharist with laying on of hands
Monday to Friday at 9.30 am Morning Prayer
Friday at 6.00 pm Evening Prayer

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE AND RECONCILIATION

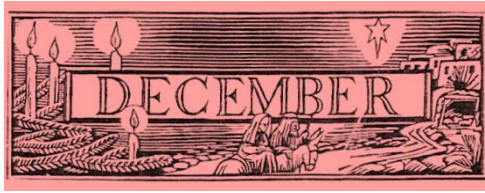
The Clergy are available by appointment to hear confessions or to talk about any matter in confidence. The Sacrament of Reconciliation is always available in preparation for Christmas and Easter and at other advertised times.

HOME VISITS to the sick and housebound and those in hospital

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

IN A PASTORAL EMERGENCY

Please telephone 928 3342 or a member of the ministry team.



From the Ministry Team December 2013

Dear Friends

The season of Advent brings spiritual blessings and renewed hope, as we prepare for the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. In the Holy Spirit there is always the promise of renewal and fresh life. It is easy to forget this, as the Church's seasons follow their cycles, and we think that it will be the same as it was this time last year.

Making that difference though, is up to us. Jesus is born and we need to wake up to that reality and to let the Holy Spirit work through us. We need to experience a new present – not that last year was not meaningful, but the changing nature of our world means that each Advent is unique and not like any other.

What can we do to make this Advent as spiritually awakening as possible? I believe that we need to pray for our present reality – to reflect on what has taken place in our lives during the last 12 months, what is happening now and to ask what that means to us and to God. How do we want our faith to grow and develop in the next 12 months? In prayer and service to God, we can improve our own understanding and that of our neighbours in this.

Maybe there is something we know we should have done by now, but for one reason or another have been putting off. Let's surprise ourselves and actually get on with it! The spiritual development of people doesn't just rely on prayer, but on action. The motto of the Anglican religious sisters at Ditchingham, Suffolk is 'Always at prayer, always at work' and can be an inspiration to us. We can become world weary and cynical if we are not careful, seeing little point in trying to improve ourselves or the world.

The reflection on the lives of the departed and the saints which we have had during November, should remind us that people and their actions do make a difference, sometimes, a really positive difference.

Together, in Christian fellowship, let us make this Advent a truly wondrous time for all.

Yours in Christ

Paula

Thank You!

A very sincere and heartfelt thank you to all my friends in the family of St Faith's for the unexpected gifts showered upon me recently to mark my 80th birthday.

The very generous gift of garden tokens, and the lovely flowers were wonderful, as was the celebration cake and wine at the back of church. It was so good to be able to mark my milestone birthday among you all in the time-honoured St Faith's tradition. Thank you so much to all who made my day so special, for the many cards and good wishes – and all the kind words.

Angie Price



Tuesdays with Fr Paul

The goodly - and growing - number of folk who have come to the series of Tuesday evening eucharists in the Chapel of the Cross to share in the laying on of hands for healing have been both enlightened and entertained by Fr Paul Nener's series of addresses since the course began. There are still several sessions left before the course ends before Christmas, and those who have yet to experience these very special and moving occasions are invited to join while there is still time.

The remaining sessions, with the themes for the addresses, are:

26th November Healing Services

3rd December Miracles?

10th December The Body of Christ at worship and at the altar of the world

17th December 'O kind and gentle death' -

The ultimate healing: heaven, Our Lady and the Saints



Welcome to the 2013 Christmas Tree Festival

Don't miss our fifth annual Christmas Tree Festival at St Faith's. We will be open at various times between

SUNDAY 1st - SATURDAY 7th DECEMBER

Charities, churches and local businesses are once again joining to create a spectacular scene, with 42 decorated and lit trees displayed for your enjoyment, with an opportunity to donate to your favourite charities and enjoy the very special atmosphere.

Admission is FREE, so come as often as you like and enjoy a warm welcome, admire the trees and stay for a chat with friends and visitors over coffee, lunch or afternoon tea, and browse around the stalls selling cakes, preserves, gifts and craft items. Throughout the week there will be entertainment by school and community choirs, concerts and visits from local schools.

OPENING TIMES and EVENTS

Sunday 1	1.00 pm to 4.00 pm (concert by Indigo Vibe choir at 2.00pm) 6.00 pm Advent service (Churches Together in Waterloo)
Monday 2	12 noon to 5.00 pm (St Mary's College choir, 1.15 pm)
Tuesday 3	12 noon to 5.00 pm (St John's School choir, 1.15 pm)
Wednesday 4	12 noon to 5.00 pm (Stanfield School choir, 1.30 pm) 7.00 pm to 9.00 pm (carol singing with military band, 7.30 pm)
Thursday 5	12 noon to 5.00 pm (Merchant Taylors' Junior choir, 1.15 pm)
Friday 6	12 noon to 8.00 pm (St Nicholas Singers concert, 6.00 pm)
Saturday 7	10.00 am to 4.00 pm (Liverpool Music Centre concert, 12 noon)

Bobcats' Space Camp

Jenny Wilson (Rama), Camp Leader



October 18th-20th saw the 10th St Faith's Bobcat Cub Pack enjoy an 'out of this world' weekend at our activity centre in the scenic village of Llansannan, North Wales.

During the space-themed camp the Cubs had great fun completing the Astronaut Training Programme; solving brain teasers and completing physical challenges to win prizes; launching bottle rockets, building planetary rover models and learning about constellations and their use in science and navigation.

The Cubs particularly enjoyed staying up late to observe the night sky. Thanks to the kind donation of a very powerful telescope by Fred Nye, a keen amateur astronomer and member of St Faith's congregation, the Cubs had a fantastic opportunity to observe the moon in fascinating detail. The Cubs also learnt to recognise the constellations in the sky overhead, saw the International Space Station fly past and observed an 'ice halo' around the moon, a rare and beautiful natural phenomenon.

Along with the space themed activities were the usual Cub camp traditions. Songs were sung at campfire, plenty of games were played, sweets were scooped and new friends made.

A great time was had by all and the Cubs were proud to be awarded their Astronomer Badge at the end of the weekend. Everybody touched down at home tired but happy and looking forward to the next adventure!

A note from Akela Mike

On behalf of the other Leaders and myself, I would like to thank Jenny for organising such a wonderful and memorable camp. The highlight for me was the reaction of the Cubs as they saw the nearly full moon through the telescopes – they were amazed! Well done ‘Rama’. *(Photos in the online edition! Ed)*

Registering the Past

Chris Price



We ended the last thrilling episode (!) in this long-running saga with the final entries in St Faith’s Service Register No.2 (June 11, 1916 to March 5, 1921). Book 3 is another bog-standard SPCK register, with the same inadequately narrow columns for recording anything more interesting than ‘Offertory’ and ‘Object’. Mr Brierley might have been expected to buy a rather more generously spaced register: nevertheless he dutifully signs in as ‘John Brierley, Vicar’, followed by Basil Scholfield, Assistant Priest’. For them both, the weather on this Fourth Sunday in Lent was ‘very wet’, which may explain why the splendidly-named G.Hardwick Spooner, Archdeacon of Liverpool, attracted a (mere!) 357 to Evensong that same day.

Thereafter, the familiar process of 5 or 6 Sunday and one or two daily services sets in again. Palm Sunday and Holy Week see goodly numbers attending: nearly 700 in all on the former, and an average of 90 on the first four days of the latter. No special services yet on Maundy Thursday, but 261 came to the Good Friday Three Hours. No Easter Vigil on Holy Saturday, but 373 communicants and some 1,363 attendees over the 7 services on Easter Day itself (492 of them at Evensong).

The next highlight occurs on Thursday, 21st April, at 7.30 pm: the ‘Unveiling of the Memorial Screen’. 11 clergy signed in, there were 434 in church, and Earl Haig’s Disabled Officers’ Fund ended up £11.4s.0d the better. The priests were from St Margaret’s Anfield, St Agnes, Ullet Road (Fr Elcum’s signature now looking rather shaky), St Luke’s, Crosby, St Mary’s Bootle, St Michaels’ Great Crosby and St John’s Waterloo.

Normality returns as the weeks unfold (149 at the Ascension Day 6.30 am Choral Eucharist being worthy of note, as is the sloping signature a week or so later of Isaac

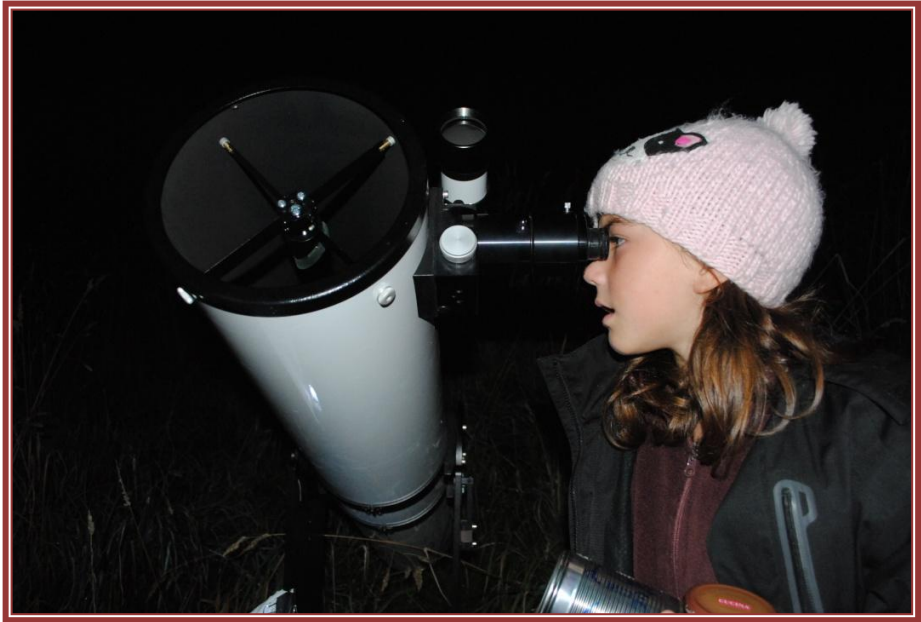


**The Bobcats'
Space Camp'
Llansannan,
North Wales**

(see the article
on page 4)

Above
Astronaut Training
Right
Launching the Rocket
Below
The Lunar Rover





Bobcats in Space

Above: I can see the moon
Below: Working with Rama



Dunedin (a New Zealand Bishop?). Tiny script on 21st June records the day as being '62nd Anniversary, E.C.U.' (the English Church Union, who raked in a mere 3s.0d on the day). St Peter's Day, a Wednesday, saw 'F.J.Liverpool' conducting an 8.00 pm Confirmation.

A decline in Sunday attendance is evident through the summer months of 1921, with Evensong numbers now rarely exceeding 300 and often dipping to nearer 200. In the autumn, however, numbers increased somewhat. The 1921 Patronal Festival saw 142 at Festal Evensong on Wednesday, October 5th, 115 at the unusually-timed 6.30 am Choral Eucharist and 184 for Evensong, at 8.00 pm as on the previous day. Throughout the following Octave numbers are good, there are several visiting clergy recorded, and when Revd T.R.Musgrave, faithful labourer in the vineyard in former years, returns on 16th October, he attracts 606 to Evensong. And soon after, 641 turn up for Harvest Thanksgiving Evensong. A sampling of that day show just 32 communicants at 8.00 am, and just 1 (the celebrant) at the Choral Eucharist: the pattern is now firmly established.

Otherwise, there is little to highlight, apart from an interesting collection for the Russian Famine Fund. Armistice Day (a weekday) features a 'Service of Remembrance' and a 'Merchant Taylor's School Service' (yes, the vicar misplaced the apostrophe!). St Andrew's Day (Wednesday 30th November) is billed as 'Continuous Prayer for Missions all day', while the following Saturday is the first recorded Quiet Afternoon, , with addresses by one P.A.Miller at 3, 4.30 and 5.15 pm (attendances not logged).

Christmas Day, a Sunday, was 'Very Wet' – 280 communicants and a total of 746 attendees. Notably, there were rather more at the Choral Eucharist (248) than at Evensong, when only 210 shook off post-prandial sleep to turn out. As 1922 began, the pattern resumes, with no special celebration of the turning of the year or, subsequently, of Epiphany. Attendance figures were lower in the following weeks, not helped by the cancellation of a Children's Service due to 'Influenza Epidemic'.

Ash Wednesday saw another Communion service; by contrast the Second Sunday in Lent featured the first recorded Masonic Service, with 278 in attendance. The Bishop preached to 638 at Evensong of Lent V, and we move into Holy Week., and a big surprise.

Good Friday had five separate services, but the Children's Service was at 9.00 am – and the vicar records an almost unbelievable 1042 present. Since the collection (for Waifs and Strays) amounted to £9.7.8 – more than double than the takings at Evensong, this seems to reflect a large, if not record-breaking attendance. With a total of 1,111 recorded attendances (and 329 communicants) over the Easter Day services, that must have been an impressive Triduum.

The Anniversary of the Dedication of the Church was celebrated by Fr Scholfield on Friday, April 21st; he was the only communicant. May 24th, the Eve of the Ascension,

was a 'Day of Continuous Prayer for the Anglo-Catholic Congress', with T.R. Musgrave returning from Hawarden to lead 152 at Evensong and 127 at 6.15 am the next day. At 9.15 there was the first recorded 'Merchant Taylor School for Girls Service' (another incorrect variant on the name).

The familiar initials of B.S. have been appearing less frequently since the spring, and seem to disappear completely after May 6th. Instead, T.H.F. (Florence) signs in and shares the services fully thereafter, until joined by A.M.Fosbrooke in July, while J.B. seems to be missing for the whole of July, apart for one solitary entry, and not in evidence thereafter until he resurfaces on 20 September. Mr Youlden Johnson reappears for the day on 27 July, while for much of September all services are taken by T.C.Dale and Gerald E.Jones. The reasons for these clerical manouevrings are unclear at this time.

Passing (relatively) swiftly on, the Patronal Festival, a weekday, was (relatively) well-attended, and soon after there were 442 for Harvest Festival Evensong. JB and THF continue their regular ministry through Advent, with the early Sunday communion seeing between 30 and 50 in the pews, Sung Eucharist numbers around the 200 mark, and Evensong probably averaging the same: the days of very big evening attendances seem to have passed. Christmas Eve still of course has no Midnight Mass, even though it falls on a Sunday, while the Day itself sees 460-odd at the services. Interesting to note the big difference between numbers at Christmas and Easter, very much to the advantage of the latter, compared to today's trends.

And so to 1923, and the next sampling. This writer, aware that at the current rate of covering two year a month will mean that he will not reach 2013 until after his 80th birthday, will attempt to use a broader brush in future...

Captain 'H' calls in



Once again the St Faith's Service Families' Support Group were treated to, and inspired by, our guest speaker who shared with us his experiences both in Iraq (2004) and more recently Afghanistan, both different and both very dangerous.

Captain H Steutl, known as Capt H, is the Regional Operations Support Officer, who looks after the welfare of the servicemen both before they depart and then while they are on deployment and also that of the families who are left behind. This covers any problems they may have, emotional from illness or bereavement within the family at home, financial, home sickness and the stress of the situation both they and their families find themselves in.

This came about as a result of his tour of duty in Iraq when out of the 1700 soldiers deployed less than 1400 returned, 78 fatalities, the rest serious and minor injuries treated either in camp or the more serious returned home for treatment. This was all in a 7 month tour of duty. He'd witnessed the stress these servicemen went through and

knew that their families were experiencing the very same, as his own family were in the same position. So, on his return he set about and succeeded in setting up this welfare position that has proved invaluable.

Capt H praised little groups like ours and similar ones all around the country with similar ideas as they are much appreciated both by servicemen and their families that people they do not know are supporting them with both parcels, letters and most of all prayer. Support for the Armed Forces has changed for the better in recent years, for when Capt H and his colleagues returned from Iraq they were advised not to travel in uniform and they travelled in coaches with darkened windows so that they were unobtrusive. Now partly because of Royal Wootton Bassett, uniforms are worn with pride and servicemen are greeted with parades and appreciation, all a fitting note in the week leading up to Remembrance Day.

Our next meeting is on Wednesday 4th December and it will be our Carol Service with Military Band. This is part of the Christmas Tree Festival and is always very well attended, so put this date in your diary and come along and join us at this great evening! Look forward to seeing you there!

Carol Service with Military Band, Wednesday 4th December 7pm for 7.30pm start.

Eunice Little

Remembering Bert Galloway



Bert's son Simon Galloway has supplied this moving tribute to our old friend, whose death Fr Peter wrote about last month.

Bert and his family were intimately involved in the life of St Faith's when they lived in Crosby from 1978 to 1988. This obituary is framed after witnessing Bert's illness and death, and then his funeral mass on Friday 4th October, and after reading an extraordinary number of heartfelt condolence messages. On Bert's death the influx of messages meant that the focus moved quickly away from the day to day struggles of coping with his sad decline, towards celebrating his life and discovering afresh from the messages received, what he was like in his prime; the positive influence he had on people from all walks of life and the Christian principles he espoused. So many messages have been received by wordsmiths much more eloquent than me, it is difficult to try and condense any of these into a short obituary. Many messages dwelt on how special Bert had been, and for many how he had influenced their lives for the better, whether through his ministry, as colleague or counsellor, or through simple comradeship.

The funeral mass was magnificent; celebratory rather than tearful, and the family is very grateful to all who came or sent messages and prayers of support on the day. We were especially pleased to have the Rev Peter and Margaret Goodrich and Dr Michael and Anne Holland visit from Liverpool as well as Ann and Bing Vis, our close neighbours on Moor Lane. The introit “Lift High the Cross” with Tim carrying the cross and Simon never reticent to pull out a trumpet stop, was inspired by the very memorable Easter-time funeral of Bert’s good friend from St Faith’s, George Goodwin.

To go back in time, Bert was born into poverty in Liverpool and moved to Sunderland when he was an infant. From an early age he attended St Gabriel’s with his brother Ron, where he would have first met Ann (nee Ranson) at children’s church. Ann, the youngest of 4, came from a richer family and her father ran children’s church and was an early adopter of home cine film, especially colour cine. Although not know at the time, they would have been close neighbours of Peter Goodrich.

Bert excelled at Latin and Greek at Bede school, and showed promising aptitude in music. He started going out with Ann whilst doing A levels. I’ve never heard any stories about other dates! It is interesting to read his A level certificates which pioneered the use of anti-forgery paper. He went on to study classics at university college London. Anecdotally his time at university seemed to be dominated by playing rugby, cricket, attending church, and a long distant courtship with Ann, so much so that he was content with his “honourable 3rd”, (which with grade escalation is probably equivalent to a much higher grade these days). He felt called to the priesthood whilst at UCL and went on to study theology at Queens in Birmingham.

He had a lot of fun at Queens, made life-long friends, increased his calorific intake, and married Ann as quite a chubby chap. They celebrated their 49th wedding anniversary in August. St Faith’s was one of many churches to indulge them with their favourite wedding hymn on their anniversary, “Deck thyself my soul with gladness” and this was sung with some poignancy as a communion hymn at Bert’s funeral mass.

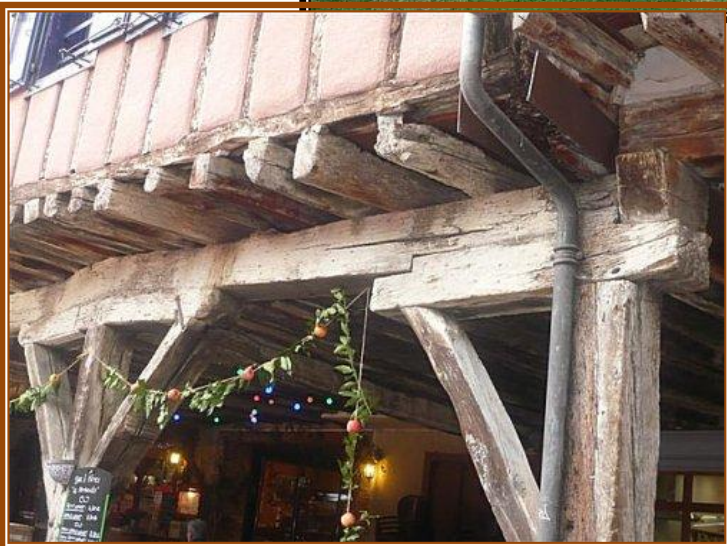
After a curacy in Holy Trinity Darlington, he knew he wanted to go into industrial mission, to bring the church’s message outside the confines of the traditional establishment. Back then a curacy wasn’t considered sufficient training for such a job, so he had to go incognito as an underground train driver in a mine for a long stretch. His cover was found out after a while because he was caught doing the Guardian crossword, but by then he had been accepted as a workmate, and not treated differently as a priest. This secondment was particularly hard for Ann, who was bringing up young children on a very low single wage.

Bert was camp officer (running St Gabriel’s boys camp in Northumberland) in the 1970s, and was chaplain for many years after that. When he was chaplain at St Gabriel’s Boys camp, the morning services in the marquee were a real focus of the camp, and everyone would come in and engage. One year he had a very ambitious



A Holiday to Conques

Images of the
Tudhopes' days in
Conques and
Mirepoix (*see Joan's
article on page 12*)



open session of simply allowing each group of boys in a tent, day by day, to ask him perplexing questions about his Christian interpretation about any subject. In 2012 this camp celebrated its centenary and Bert's grandchildren were very proud to attend and hear from other campers who held their grampy in such high regards. Many people have commented that he provided a moral and spiritual guidance to the camp and in their lives. Tim has now clocked up 47 continuous years at this camp, and the pall bearers at his funeral were all long standing campers.

Bert had a commanding voice, and was an amazing speaker and preacher. These days, Bert could have made a lucrative sideline in audio books. People often talk about crowd mentality and this is apt when considering how a crowd reacts as one, to a good speaker. The volume doesn't matter once 100% of listeners are attentive to every word. As such the message is amplified and more memorable. When preaching Bert had a knack of using humour, stories, analogies, and human situations, to best illustrate his core message. Some clergy have sent condolence messages admitting to gross acts of plagiarism in copying some of Bert's best sermons, especially those to children.

Bert and Ann started family life with Tim and Simon in Darlington, and then with Lindsay in Teeside, living on the road between Stockton and Yarm. Bert was at the forefront of Industrial Mission in Teeside: at the time this was breaking new ground for the church. As part of this role, he also helped out at All Saints', Eaglescliffe, and Simon and Tim were enthusiastic choristers. After 8 years, Bert was headhunted to lead the industrial mission team in Liverpool.

Although Ann discovered St Faith's, (by dragging the three children on foot through the rain only to arrive in time for the final hymn) the warm welcome by a certain church warden meant the family was hooked (*This ex-warden remembers it well – it was the day the clock went forward!*. Ed). Simon remembers being too nervous to join the choir, but was quickly grabbed to be a thurifer's sidekick and this was the family's first experience of a High Mass.

Bert enjoyed being a normal parishioner at St Faiths although he often partook in services when asked. However, as Industrial Chaplain he had no parish and so he was often called on as a last minute as a locum vicar. As the family had rights on the Landrover on the Sunday morning, he would robe up, and then climb on his Honda C70 and be off. No-one can remember whether he took his pipe out or not. All readers will know how diverse the Church of England is, and appreciate the tact and diplomacy required to do such a job and keep smiling.

After Liverpool, Bert was recruited to lead the London Industrial Mission team. However, church politics and the local emphasis away from Industrial Mission took its toll. This wasn't his happiest time. Bert supported Ann in her flourishing career as an artist as her emphasis moved towards batiks. He became an adept salesman at craft fairs across the country. Bert and Ann became good friends with the Rev Canon Donald Grey, vicar of St Nicholas, Pier Head and then Dean of Westminster Abbey.

Bert preached a few times at the Abbey, but one time got stuck in the poll tax riots on the way to Evensong and only arrived at the entrance as he was due to start preaching.

Bert engineered a move to the Lake District by suggesting to the Bishop of Carlisle that it would be good to combine a role between a vacancy of three parishes in Wasdale and introducing Industrial Mission to Sellafield. This job allowed him and Ann to live and walk their dogs in an area of stunning natural beauty, and gave Bert the challenge of working in Sellafield. Locally the sentiment towards Sellafield was mixed, since to some it was an important economic hub, whilst to others it was damaging, not least with Nirex's plans for deep local drilling to store long term radioactive waste. The demands of three very different parishes on top of the Sellafield job was quite considerable. He tried to be a facilitator and not to take sides but this sometimes caused more pain than otherwise.

Bert made many friends in the valley and was very supportive of local farmers and businesses, especially through the tough foot and mouth year. Bert's ashes will be scattered in St Olaf's at the foot of Great Gable and Sca Fell Pike. Only at the end of his career did the Church of England recognize Bert's contribution and made him a canon.

Bert was well known for his pipe. It wasn't unusual to see him with a pipe in his mouth, for example whilst tinkering underneath the family's series of ancient unreliable Landrovers. His questionable attitude to fire risk got the better of him though when his waste paper bin caught fire in his study in Gosforth.

Bert was willing to embrace change, and was adept at questioning conservative attitudes. He was even willing to forgo his socialist upbringing and start reading the Daily Telegraph once he realized the sports coverage was better. He never forgave the BBC for losing the test cricket, yet keeping the tennis, but eventually succumbed to subscribing to sky sports. Tim spoke at his funeral describing his Dad as the "best cricketer never to play cricket for England", a reference to a common theme in some sermons. Bert was passionate about cricket, and whilst in Liverpool captained the 3rd 11 for several years at the Northern Cricket Club in Crosby. In London he watched live cricket at Lords and in his retirement at Durham. His proudest cricketing achievement however was probably playing for Liverpool clergy in the Church Times final, when he was shown on the front page, demolishing the bowler. Bert enjoyed visiting Oxford to pass on his enthusiasm for cricket and golf to his grandchildren who live there.

Once children had left the nest, Bert and Ann spread their wings and enjoyed holidays in New York, Athens, Rome, Thailand and New Zealand. Bert discovered late in life the pleasures of snorkelling in warm seas, and after experiencing the pleasures of Thailand, never ventured into the North Sea again. He made a valiant attempt to make white socks and sandals an acceptable fashion statement, but whether on holiday, or in Sunderland this failed to make headway.

During his retirement Bert struggled to cope with increasing deafness, coupled with Alzheimer's. Bert had to stop preaching, and later stop celebrating. He switched from cryptic cross words to killer sudoku and felt less comfortable in social gatherings. He really enjoyed singing bass in the choir at St Chads' in Sunderland. To many local people he was liked as a quiet polite gentleman. Once cancer took hold, Bert's agility of body and mind deteriorated. Ann bravely managed to look after him at home until right up until three weeks before his death.

Bert's committal opened with one of Ann's favourite anthems from Brahms' Requiem, learned when she was in St Faith's choir, "How lovely are thy dwellings". The committal closed with a hymn chosen by Simon, which Bert listened to just before he died; "There's a wideness in God's Mercy like the wideness of the sea" to the tune Corvedale. If you don't know this hymn it is worth looking up. The hymn seems very pertinent to Bert's philosophy.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His Justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the head.

But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be illumined
By the presence of our Lord.



A Holiday to Conques

Joan Tudhope

At the turn of the New Year, 2013, Bill and I decided to renew our acquaintance with Conques and plan a holiday there. We asked some friends, who had been with us in the past if they wished to join us, we also asked some other friends who hadn't been to Conques before but had expressed a desire to go there, and so it was that 11 of us were committed to this holiday.

We had a get together in February to sort dates that would suit us all, surprisingly, given the numbers going this turned out to be easy and the holiday was set to take place from 15th – 22nd October.

Flights were booked, Liverpool to Carcassonne, car hire arrangements made, hotels booked. We decided to make it a two centre holiday, four nights near Conques and three nights in the mediaeval village of Mirepoix.

We stayed at a tiny village, St. Cyprien-sur-dourdou, about four miles from Conques, at L'auberge aux portes de Conques, an auberge Bill and I had stayed at in 2011. The auberge is owned and run by a young couple, Stephanie and Christophe who have two young boys, Baptiste and Nicola. Their welcome couldn't have been warmer, as was the welcome we received at the local Tabac, which we frequented regularly, managed by Isabella.

Conques never fails to get into the heart and soul; those of our friends who hadn't been before were completely enraptured by it, as were we who had visited many times (think Bill and I have been about a dozen times).

We attended mass in the Abbey of Sainte Foy, following which the pilgrims were sent on their way with a copy of St. John's Gospel and a piece of bread. This sending out of the pilgrims has gone on every day for hundreds of years. The following day we were all invited to lunch in the Priory with Frere Jean-Daniel, one of the Community brothers, who then took us on a rather white knuckle journey through the local countryside, insisting to the driver of the car he was in 'that in France we drive on the right hand side of the road' even though the road (lane) was only the width of the car !

We spent four wonderful days in that locality, many, many highlights, seeing the Treasury in Conques where St. Faith's relics are guarded, listening to an organ recital in the Abbey, driving down the Lot Valley, eating local cuisine together each evening in the lovely auberge with local wine and being able to stay in the dining room talking as long as we wanted, was just wonderful.

When it came time to move on to Mirepoix, Isabella and Stephanie saw us on our way and treated us like royalty, drinks on the house at the Tabac, champagne and canapés before dinner in the auberge, such fantastic hospitality. We were all quite overcome by their generosity.

Mirepoix was some adventure. When we arrived it was bumper to bumper with cars, no parking spaces and a nightmare to find our hotel, even in such a tiny village. We eventually did find the hotel, double parked, and having pre-booked parking spaces in the hotel garage, managed to get the cars safely tucked away. I didn't venture into the garage but was told it was a very, very tight fit.

The hotel was just a minute's walk away from the ancient village square where the

annual Apple Festival was taking place – hence the traffic. This was a sight to behold. giant planes, caravans, boats, bicycles, all built out of apples adorned the village green. There were stalls selling apples, stalls selling freshly squeezed apple juice and stalls selling cider. All the local shops, restaurants and patisseries were open late into the evening.

That evening and subsequent evenings we ate in a small bistro; again the welcome and hospitality we received was wonderful. We ate breakfast in Mirepoix outside at a local patisserie in the village square, croissants, pain au chocolat and bread straight out of the oven with freshly brewed coffee, can't beat it.

We went to mass on the Sunday in the Cathedral and then had the traditional three-hour French Sunday lunch in a local hotel.

Some of those who hadn't visited this part of France before, went off sightseeing the following day to the mediaeval city of Carcassonne, whilst others took a trip round the foothills of the Pyrenees. The weather was lovely, warm and sunny. All too soon this marvellous week came to an end and we left Mirepoix for Carcassonne airport having had a wonderful time together, full of great memories, sights, sounds, good food, wine and fantastic company.

Let's go back. Very soon.

Whither University Education?

A rant by Denis Griffiths



A friend recently sent me the news item below as it mentioned the university at which we both previously taught.

“Stonewall, the equality charity, has published its latest guide to the universities it considers to have the most gay-friendly policies and support for students. The *Gay By Degree* guide rates universities on a list of 10 criteria, including whether they have specific events, career advice or welfare support for lesbian, gay and bisexual (LGB) students.

University College London and the universities of Aberystwyth and Portsmouth succeeded on all 10 criteria for the second year running, according to the report. Meanwhile, Liverpool John Moores University and the universities of Cardiff, Glasgow and Salford scored 10 out of 10 for the first time.”

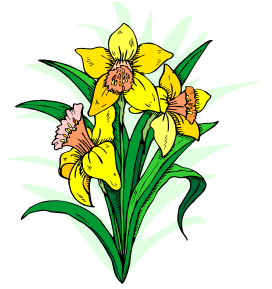
Now before I begin my rant I wish to state that I am NOT homophobic: what I have to



'We will remember them'

Members of our uniformed organisations on parade at St Faith's on Remembrance Sunday, November 10th





Poppies and Daffodils

After the Remembrance Sunday service at St Faith's, the scouts, cubs and beavers visited the local Five Lamps war memorial, then did some uprooting and daffodil planting in the church grounds



say concerns education and not sexual orientation. I do not care what people do in the sanctity of their own homes, what people choose to do behind closed doors is no concern of mine. So long as people do not harm others they should be free to pursue their own interests.

What does concern me is that student fees, which should be devoted to teaching the course of their choice, are possibly being used for purposes other than subject education. Most universities now charge the maximum of £9,000 per year irrespective of whether the course delivery actually costs that much; many students, it would seem, are cash cows to be milked at will. At this stage I might add that I went to university many years ago, in the days when you were allowed to fail, and did not have to pay any tuition fees. I stopped feeling guilty about this when someone pointed out to me that I had worked and paid taxes for 10 years before I went to university so I had effectively paid my fees in advance.

If universities can afford to subsidise things mentioned in the Stonewall guide maybe they have too much money, at least more than they require to provide course tuition. But if the universities feel that they should subsidise extra-curricular activities of minority groups, and give them specific support not offered to others, then what about these other groups? Is there a free-for-all with respect to subsidies for extra-curricular activities? What about the likes of train spotters, stamp collectors, bird watcher or (perish the thought) Christians. Should not these groups be provided with friendly policies together with specific events, career advice and welfare support?

The answer is obviously NO because it will not be considered politically incorrect to discriminate against the train spotter, stamp collector, bird watcher or the Christian. In fact aren't normal students being discriminated against anyway because the Gay by Degree Guide makes mention of gay-friendly policies, specific events, career advice and welfare support from which, by definition, normal students will be excluded. But then, I suppose that it is politically correct to discriminate against normal people. I use the term 'normal' to represent all people who are not included in the Stonewall LGB categories (the report's restriction not mine) as this organisation, which is described in the news item as 'an equality charity', does not appear to take account of them. So where is the equality?

Anyway enough about that and on to the important issue of money. What about the education and its cost. Some universities appear to be awash with money, judging by their building programmes. I studied mechanical engineering at university and that involved some 18 to 20 contact hours per week - they had actually ceased Saturday morning classes a few years before I started at university. Fair enough: that was a long time ago and things have changed everywhere. Since then three 11 week terms have become two 12 week semesters and weekly contact hours for many courses barely make double figures. That means annual contact hours of less than 240 for many courses. With annual tuition fees of £9,000 the result is that each contact hour costs the student some £37, obviously less for courses with higher weekly contact. This is not good value for money as an hour lecture is generally only 50 minutes anyway and, let's face it, many lectures can be boring. However, cram 100 students into a lecture

theatre and you have made £3,700 for that hour; that is some cash cow. I know that some courses like engineering cost more due to the provision of laboratory and workshop equipment but the "classroom" courses do seem to be over-priced as the fee is £9,000 per year no matter what the course or the cost of delivery. If you are a student, remember, that the next time you skip a lecture you will have already paid £37 for each hour of the class you miss. That is some charge just to sleep off that hangover. These costings only consider tuition fees but if you are studying away from home living expenses will amount to at least £6,000 per year, making a grand total of some £15,000 for each year of attendance at university.

Now all of this tuition and living cost might be worthwhile if the degree resulted in a well-paid or enriching job. We all know that is not the case. The country is awash with unemployed graduates and the universities still keep on producing them.

To meet the cost of university there is the Student Loan Scheme, another American import. In order to ease the financial concern successive governments tell students not to worry as they won't have to pay anything back until they are earning above a certain amount per year. But the debt keeps on increasing as the student loan accrues interest. It's a bit like a government sponsored Payday loan, except that the Student Loan Company is now in private hands and how long will that private company be willing to hold the increasing debt, particularly as the payday will be a long time coming for many graduates? I recently watched a TV programme in which it was stated that the student loan debt in the USA now outstrips the Sub-Prime Mortgage debt which resulted in the world banking crisis from which we are still suffering. I do not know how true this is but the student loan debt gets larger each year and, like the banking crash, we are all going to have to pay for it if the graduates don't.

Is it fair to cripple young people with such debt by offering the pretence of a well-paid job in the future? Are all university courses good value for money? Is it right to effectively con young people and their parents into thinking that university is the only option?

My answer to all of these questions is a resounding NO. But we shall never get out of this 'Must go to University' cycle until we strip away the myth that all degrees have a workplace value and will get you a well paid job. They don't and won't. That does not mean that education has no value, it most certainly does. Learning should never stop but to undertake a course because somebody, who knows little about the real world of work, has promised that you will get a well paid job, or any job, at the end of it is building a graduate's future on sand. There is no shortage of work for plumbers, electricians, plasterers and similar trades, but these will remain uncool because you don't have to go to 'uni' to be one and you don't get letters after your name. However, with good trade skills you do get money in your bank account without the need for a B.Plum. or M.Plust.

And finally an example GCSE question;

Multiply £9,000 by 3, then explain why you want to go to university.



The Chapel of Saint Mary, Caernarfon

Tucked away within the northwest corner of the old town walls of Caernarfon is the garrison Church of St Mary, dating from the beginning of the 14th century and incorporated as part of Edward I's Welsh castle building programme. At Caernarfon the castle and the town were conceived as a single entity and work started in 1283, continuing through the 14th century – the castle itself ultimately never reaching completion.

The west end of the church and its north wall are formed by the thick town wall which still encircles the town; the broad circular tower at the corner was once used as the vestry and is still surmounted by its small bell cote. Viewed from the Menai Straits and the Victoria Dock (now a yacht marina) the church's existence is betrayed by its large gothic windows which were put in long after its completion and must have presented a formidable challenge to install in the thick stone walls.

Passing into the town itself through the adjacent and fairly recent town gate which takes the traffic into Church Street the church is fully revealed with its small garden through which access is gained. It has been heavily restored and now appears as a rather traditional Victorian gothic structure which belies its great age. The interior more or less reflects this image with only the columns and arches dating from the 14th century in the nave to give some idea of its original appearance; a few small carved capitals have survived. The large stained glass windows are recent and include a 'Jesse' window (the genealogical tree springing from Jesse's loins) and a window by Kempe dating from 1910.

The church has been in continual use since its inception over 700 years ago and is still active. Its services are in English, which may attract those for whom the Welsh language, which predominates in these parts, is still a mystery. I understand the Book of Common Prayer is still used and a high church service but without incense. The Reserved Sacrament is kept there. In common with most churches it is only occasionally open to the public outside service times, and it was only by chance that we happened to be passing recently when someone was on duty and the church open for viewing for a few hours.

We received a very warm welcome from the couple who were looking after things, and pray that this ancient and historic church keeps active for many years to come.

Eric Salisbury



The Church in a Castle

Eric and Irene Salisbury write about their visit to the church of St Mary, which is built into the walls of Caernarfon Castle in North Wales
(See page 17)



Pope suspends 'Bishop of Bling'



By Tom Kington in Rome

A German bishop nicknamed The Bishop of Bling after he reportedly spent £12,000 on a bath has been banned from his diocese by the Pope.

The Vatican said recently that Franz-Peter Tebartz-van Elst, the Bishop of Lim-burg, 'could no longer exercise his episcopal ministry' after running up a €31million (£26.4 million) bill for a new diocese headquarters. Bishop Tebartz-van Elst's ideas of interior decoration have clashed with the Pope's calls for a 'poor' church in which bishops would stop living like princes'.

He reportedly spent £295,000 on built-in cupboards and carpentry, £665,000 on the garden and £380,000 on artworks for the headquarters, which include private apartments. The project was originally budgeted at €5.5 million but the cost has risen to €31 million and could go higher.

The Vatican said Bishop Tebartz-van Elst, 53, would now spend 'a period of time outside the diocese', while a German church panel of inquiry investigated. A newly appointed vicar general, Father Wolfgang Roesch, will step in to manage the diocese in the interim.

The bishop has defended his spending, saying that it covered 10 different construction projects and has claimed that he did not lead a 'grandiose lifestyle'. But his appeals appear to have fallen on deaf ears after he flew to Rome for a meeting with the Pope on Monday. The scandal has caused uproar in Germany, where the Roman Catholic Church receives billions of euros a year from a Church tax.

Chronicles of a Choirboy

Graham Barry continues his long-running trip down memory lane as a boy in St Faith's choir and uniformed organisations

David Mawdsley had a great soprano, and would do solos. He reckoned approaches were made for him to join the Cathedral choir, but George Houldin apparently came round to his house to warn his mother about letting him go, with dark warnings about little lads being corrupted in certain circumstances. I was gobsmacked when he told me this, just a few years ago, but when I mentioned it to cousins Noni and Bill, Bill became quite indignant, claiming to have known the people involved as honourable men. Who knows?

Also Raymond Clark had a good voice for solos and sang at his sister's wedding to John Gerard, where some sentimental old dear swore he'd never sung so beautifully. But Jimmy Pincock's voice remained my favourite: it seemed to me to be pure and unemotional, which was my ideal for a boy soprano.

The problems usually started with tenor solos. Some of those old guys like Mr Betts and little Mr Clawson, the Clawson patriarch, had a very shaky, nervous pitch.

At one point we rehearsed a new version of the Eucharist that I thought was wonderful. I dreamed of being asked to sing solo. Ha! Me, who avoided singing for years in case anyone said I was flat! Dreaming.

I must say though, when we did a procession and sang 'The God of Abram praise', one of the more archaic hymns, I would get quite inspired and glad I'd started singing again.

One of the brilliant things the choir did was to put on a show based on songs Mr Houldin had apparently composed and sketches he had written. He nicked the tunes, or some of them I guess. I was in maybe four of them. I reckoned I had a real gift for acting, so why I never did it again I don't know, but I was really proud of it. We only did one show in the parish hall but it was packed to the rafters and everybody came, including my Mum and one of my auntsies.

This must have stirred things up a bit because suddenly (or was it the following year?) a group at church was putting on a pantomime that was very much for the girls, while the choir was relegated to doing a chorale performance as a prologue.

This in itself was a really good thing, because historically girls had always just been the handmaidens in the hierarchy. One of Baldy's most memorable lines was to the effect that there would never be girls in the choir while he was alive! He obviously had great problems with the female sex, as evidenced by his horror at the scout-guide kissing game; I think the only time a female entered the vestry was to collect surplices for the laundry – or to sign the marriage register – or the cleaning lady. Things must have been moving somewhere though, under the surface: eventually there were mixed bible classes, and the boys club became the youth club (which made the organiser leave!); but predating them all was the panto, drilled to perfection, of a sort, by one Miss Pickup (Mabel?), with all the chicks in our gang providing the chorus, and Molly Simmons as Prince Charming.

I guess I (we) was (were) just jealous at not being included, because we made ourselves as pestiferous as earlier we'd done on Guide nights. Miss Pickup and I cordially loathed each other, and I'm sure her acolytes weren't all that happy with me either. Mind you, John Gerard (nice looking little man with a mo, bass voice in the choir, husband to Eve Clark, and now in charge of the youth club) was always quite cool. There was, however, an area of church society to which our gang just wasn't

privy, in which these guys were all involved, and which Stan Spencer found out about, called something ludicrous like The Magpies. It was a kind of parallel social universe that I'm sure wouldn't have suited me at all and gave me the idea it was probably time to move on, as my friends seemed to be doing for one reason or another as life itself was moving on.

I know fragile little Ann Dickinson was involved, ace piano player, and also Ena Chadwick, her mate, who I tended to link up with at parties, and dated a few times and would have liked to have seen more of, except I went to London. And John and Eve and Miss Pickup and God knows who else.

I'm sure they'd have loved to have had George Pass involved but he'd gone away to sea and we rarely saw him, though he always got in touch with me when he came home. However the photo of one of the pantomimes clearly shows George in a weird wig, next to Margaret McDonald, so my timeline is confused somewhere, 60 years down the track. George recounted going back to St Faith's at one point and bumping into three be-cassocked young men who turned out to be our erstwhile fellow choristers Derek Clawson, Raymond Clark and Frank Lee, now all trainee priests.

These three guys were just part of an opt-out group who decided they didn't fit into the normal Scout group but took up supervising the Wolf Cubs. I never could work out where they were in the scheme of things.

Oddly enough, I remember being rung up by Frank Lee's father once to ask if he was with me. Now I'd never even hung out with Frank Lee. He just wasn't one of us. But I wondered at being checked up on by a parent after a certain age. This Mr Lee rang up and asked for Mr Barry. We were old enough for me to say, "Speaking". After all, my father was Mr Whitby. Then I realised he was hoping to speak to a parent figure, Frank Lee having used my name as an alibi!

Alas, tragedy was round the corner: tiny Eve Clark had leukaemia and all of a sudden she died. I remember we (the choir) had sung at her wedding to John Gerard.

When we quit the choir, when our voices broke, the norm was to be asked to become a server, young men who'd stand around in long surplices looking holy, helping the Vicar in and out of his vestments. I vowed I'd never do such a thing, especially for old Baldy. But when I approached Mr Pratt to tell him I thought my time had come to exit the choir, he took it without demur. Was he glad to get rid of me? And sure enough, no one asked me to be a server. The bastards!

I was still quite holy, as it happened, and I even got up voluntarily for one of those special 6.30am weekday services to take communion, for which you always got paid extra in the choir (no wonder). This impressed the powers-that-be and someone approached me (probably my friend Mr Houldin) to say the vicar had graciously

invited me to become a server – as though they were doing me a favour, after having initially passed me over! I took great pleasure in drawing myself up to the height of my dignity and just as graciously declining. Or at least that’s how I remember it . . .

Like I say, church social life kept me immersed for the best part of a decade, during which I became quite holy, or at least involved in religion, even though, recalling it now, I must have put an awful lot of people offside while waltzing along, convinced I was the centre of the universe. I got confirmed, took communion, said my prayers! But what gave it all its savour, what I haven’t mentioned but what I’ve written about elsewhere was our group of girls.

I was fixated on Pat Clawson for years, little sister of Ken and Derek, and the reason I’d try to ingratiate myself with them. It never went anywhere with her, though ironically she was the first girl I ever kissed and it was marvellous. She was always the charismatic centre, despite not being particularly bright (Streatham House) or blessed with style or dress sense or whatever, but she always had a boyfriend, and usually someone who was someone. Even more ironically she eventually married a kid, a couple of years younger than us, whom we hardly knew...

The Story of Joseph Bell



The story of Joseph Bell, whose gallantry is recorded on a memorial plaque in St Faith’s is the subject of a newly-published book ‘Tarn to Titanic’ co-authored by his distant descendant Barrie Hodgson Bell. We print below the book’s introduction.

History is where we have come from, and this biography of Joseph Bell and his roots in Farlam, Cumberland, attempts to portray a man of great courage and human endeavour for his part in the tragedy of the sinking of RMS Titanic, on 15th April 1912. Joseph Bell had a significant role, with his fellow engineers, in the saving of many lives as a consequence of their heroism and bravery on that night. After 100 years this largely untold story of a remarkable figure of the 19th century, deserves to be better known. His early life in Farlam, Cumberland, now known as Cumbria, was influential on his life for what was to be his future Merchant Marine career.

The Bell families were yeoman farmers in Farlam, and Joseph Bell was born at home in Farlam House, in April 1861.

In 1881 Joseph Bell left Mr Harrison’s Academy in Carlisle, at the age of 15, and was apprenticed as an engine fitter at R & H Stephenson & Company Shipyard in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. George Stephenson was a regular visitor to the Thompson family of Farlam Hall, where the Thompson’s collieries were established along the fell-side and were serviced by railways that had been developed with the Stephensons. The ‘Rocket’ of Stephenson fame was used here, and must have been a fascinating

and curious subject to young Joseph who may have seen this to be a much more interesting future for himself than continuing on the family farm.

Having completed his apprenticeship in Newcastle Joseph, in 1883, entered the service of the Mercantile Marine sailing under the flag of the Liverpool & River Plate Steam Navigation Company. They employed him for two years, and then later in 1885, Joseph began his career with the White Star Line, serving on some eighteen ships beginning with RMS Oceanic and eventually the ‘Titanic’, covering a period of 1885 to his death in 1912.

His memorial gravestone in St Thomas a Becket Churchyard, Farlam, Cumbria is annotated with the following:

JOSEPH BELL AGED 51 YEARS SON OF THE
ABOVE MARGARET BELL CHIEF ENGINEER OF
THE SS TITANIC WHO WAS LOST WITH ALL
HIS ENGINEERING STAFF IN THE FOUNDERING
OF THAT VESSEL IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN
AFTER COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG
APRIL 12TH 1912

“NO GREATER LOVE HATH MAN THAN THIS.
THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR
HIS FRIENDS”

The 100 Club Draw for November

1	142	Stephanie Dunning
2	93	Angie Price
3	10	Mari Griffiths



And Finally

Following the editorial appeal for more material, readers will have observed that this month’s magazine, like the November one, is full of solid reading on a wide range of topics. Many thanks to all concerned!

There are no photos in the printed edition – partly because of lack of space, but also because of the cost of reproducing good quality colour photos under the new printing arrangements. There are lots in glorious technicolor in the online edition, and as the balance shifts steadily towards this publishing option, this may occur more often. Apologies therefore for this word-heavy edition – but by all means let your delivery person (or the editor) know if you would like to read *Newslink* online, and we will email you when each (FREE!) issue is uploaded. Ed.

The Parish Directory and Church Organisations



VICAR

Temporarily unavailable

PARISH OFFICE

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

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

ASSISTANT PRIEST

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

READERS

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

Mrs Cynthia Johnson, 30 Willow Ho, Maple Close, Seaforth, L21 4LY. 286 8155

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

Mr Ray Bissex, Flat 4, Garth Court, Haigh Road, Waterloo. L22 3XL. 538 4767

CHURCH WARDENS

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

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

TREASURER

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

PCC SECRETARY

tba

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Daniel Rathbone. Tel: 07759 695683

GIFT AID SECRETARY

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

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

Mrs Lynda Dixon, 928 7330

SACRISTAN

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

ASSISTANT SACRISTAN

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

SENIOR SERVER

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

CHILDREN'S CHURCH

Sunday 11.00 am in the Church Hall. 924 1938

CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER

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

BAPTISM BOOKINGS

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

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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 7.15 pm - 8.30 pm.

MAGAZINE EDITOR and WEBSITE MANAGER

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

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THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



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KEEP
CALM
AND

light a candle
this Advent