



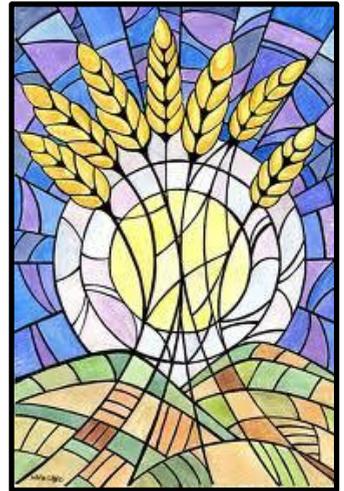
Looking up to the episcopacy

St Faith's Church, Great Crosby

NEWSLINK

November 2015

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

Morning Prayer:

Monday-Wednesday and Friday-Sunday: 9am; Thursday 8am

Evening Prayer:

Monday at *Christ Church* 5pm

Tuesday 6.30pm; Wednesday-Thursday 5pm; Friday 6pm

The Eucharist

Tuesday 7pm; Thursday (Term Time only) 7.30am;

Friday 6.30pm

Around Waterloo: The Eucharist:

2nd and 5th Mondays & Feast Days as announced - Liverpool Seafarers' Centre
10am; Wednesdays 10am - St Mary's; Wednesdays 7pm - Christ Church

See the weekly online bulletin 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 3342/07976 901389 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 : November 2015

I recall the opening lines of a sermon preached by Bishop James a few years ago, saying that he heard on the radio that it was All Saints Day. He said how delighted he was because the presenters at the radio station had recognised what a special day it was, when the church celebrated the lives of the saints. At last, he thought, the media have recognised this great festival. His delight was soon dashed however when he realised that the presenter was not talking about the church celebrating all the saints who had gone before us, but were in fact talking about the currently famous girl band called All Saints! This really amused me and I giggled about it for days. But on a more serious note, it was sad that the life and witness of the saints were not given a second thought, and yet a pop group were given a whole day for their musical history to be remembered. I write this letter just after we have celebrated our Patronal Festival, when we remembered St Faith, her strong faith and dedication to Christ. A joyous celebration, giving thanks and in remembrance for her life and witness.

November is a month of remembrance. On 1st November we remember the saints and martyrs who dedicated or sacrificed their lives to Christianity. We celebrate many individual, named Saints, but there are very many more Saints – men, women and children – whose names we do not know and who do not have a special feast day. They are among that “...great multitude that no one could count, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and languages...”, from whose eyes God has wiped every tear, and who now see him face to face in the joy of Heaven (NRSV, Revelation 7:9, 17)

We celebrate all the Saints, known and unknown to us, and we pray that God will give us grace to follow their example, that we too may come to the unimaginable joys that he has prepared for those who love him.

The following day, November 2nd, is a more solemn day when we remember all those whom we have loved and lost, and who now rest in the eternal kingdom. A day for many people which is not celebrated but one which holds great sadness. We keep all those people in our prayers, and also give thanks for their loved ones, and pray that God will bring comfort and peace in their hearts.

Remembrance continues, as on 11th November we remember all those who gave their life in order to gain freedom for others. The events of Remembrance paint clear and inspiring images. The Queen and other members of the royal family attend the Remembrance Day ceremony held at the cenotaph in Whitehall, in London; the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey; the Royal Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall. We remember individual people, their bravery, and those who died. What we remember above all is the selflessness that leads ordinary people to do extraordinary acts of sacrifice. We remember those who grow not old, who paid the ultimate price: they are many amongst the many who also served, worked and enabled; those who were also selfless and sacrificial.

Most of the Remembrance events include acts of worship and prayer. Self sacrifice for many comes from a love for our fellow human beings; our neighbours, friends and families and guided by the love of God first. When we see God's love in our lives and we are inspired to love as He does, when we understand the selflessness of God in His Son, who also died for us, we understand a God who sacrifices for us. As we read the words of scripture "greater love hath no man than he lay down his life for us", we may take strength, receive peace and rest in the knowledge of the love of God who knows and who loves us first.

*Almighty and eternal God,
from whose love in Christ we cannot be parted,
either by death or life:
hear our prayers and thanksgivings
for all whom we remember this day;
fulfil in them the purpose of your love;
and bring us all, with them, to your eternal
joy;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.*

With my love and prayers,

Jackie



An Advent Reflection

At the beginning of each Christian year we are encouraged to keep the end of life in view. There is truth in the paradox: 'In my end is my beginning.' So far from being a contradiction, this interpretation of the march of time drives away weariness and boredom and keeps us spiritually fit.

The calendar year is marked with a new beginning each January. There is a change in the numbering; year after year the figures are adjusted and the correct calculations are made. No mention of the end appears in the forecast of the future. Each year is just another year.

The names of the months suggest the seasons through which we pass, the cold climate, and then the not so cold.

The Christian calendar adopts a different approach. The names of the Church's seasons have a spiritual meaning; they help us to see life's purpose and the wholeness of existence.

Advent bids us interpret our life in terms of Christ's life. The season heralds not just another beginning, but a fresh start. None of us has remained unchanged after the passing of twelve months.

Therefore, there is always an urgency for a new approach. We need to find a new perspective for time as it goes on, and we ourselves have new work to do. Advent prompts us to enrich this life of ours with faith and hope, and to perceive the quality of timelessness within it.

Advent words, in the liturgy of the year's beginning, are stirring. The message is direct, frank and wholesomely disturbing. Cast off, put on. Such short commands stimulate. Now is the time; it is high time to awake. Now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation. We learn that it is important, in more ways than one, to know the time. To be punctual is important enough and considerate also. Yet knowing the time involves more than the exactness of clock-time, it also reveals time as a moment of crisis of choices and decisiveness. Advent approaches us, and searches for a decision. Time judges us.

In one sense, the season prepares us for the good news of Christmas. The news of the birth of the Christ-child will hardly strike us as good, unless we approach the festival in a mood of expectancy. The 'now' of Advent is insistent and urgent. The present moment for action becomes important for the lasting effect which a change of heart and a generous gesture can bring to life. The 'now' is linked to the 'end' and its significance gains mighty proportions, when this is perceived.

We look to the end at Advent. We are on the way – the pilgrimage continues – we are called to be seekers and searchers. As we move through things temporal, year after year, we are finding glimpses of things eternal.

Fr Dennis



Organising our Lives!



As a retired robot engineer who also enjoys making music, I suppose it was inevitable that the following chain of events would occur, but it all started one hot and weary day at a vintage car rally in sunny Lancashire...

Rosie and I have owned 'Annie', a 1934 Austin 10 for a few years now, and keeping her safe and mobile has been a labour of love as I tinkered with her mechanical bits and we drove to various 'events' both at home and abroad. On one occasion we were visiting the magnificent Riverside Steam Rally held at Banks near Southport and towards the end of the day whilst walking through the car park we heard the sound that has changed our lives!

Holding a Salvation Army collecting tin in one hand and turning the handle of a smallish pipe organ with the other, stood a lonely young lady. Drawn like the children of Hamelin to the sound we started chatting and before long the top was open and I was examining a bewildering array of pipes, tubes, paper rolls and wooden things. It was wonderful! The young lady had borrowed the organ from a friend and had no idea what it really was or where it had come from. Undaunted we looked for a name. The answer – someone called John Smith!

Now if you Google 'John Smith', you will achieve over 1,180,000,000 hits. Luckily 'John Smith Organs' was near the top of the list and within 10 minutes I was on the 'phone to the man himself!

In a couple of days I was reading John's plans and writings on what I now knew was called a "Busker's Organ", and within a week I was totally convinced that I could build one, and set about what became a journey that would eventually arrive at 'Castle Stig' and membership of the British Organ Grinders Association (BOGA).

Within two weeks I was surrounded by a large assortment of leather, wood and glue, some strange looking electronic circuit boards, and enough questions to fill a quiz book – I realised that I didn't know the difference between a midi and a bourdon, a puff and a celeste or a register board and a pallet magnet! 100 pipes would take a long time to make, and a glockenspiel would make a huge difference. I decided to build all the various options that I could, and with the blind innocence of a child and in total ignorance of what I had let myself in for, I set to work.

Time stood still. Annie the Austin stayed in the garage, lawns grew long, and even my hip was replaced, but after many, many hundred hours of hard work and some pretty nifty solutions to seemingly intractable problems, the basic organ was making sounds! With patience and perseverance, and much head scratching, I had built a working organ!

The last problem was how to finish the case. I am not an accomplished cabinet-maker, nor have I ever been known for my painting skills, but by now I had seen (and heard) many busker organs and I knew what the organ world was expecting.

Inspiration came in B & Q when I saw a tin of spray paint for flowerpots to make them look like they were made from stone. I could build a Castle! Ramparts, drawbridges, towers, flagpoles and spires, and with a quick spray of paint they could look pretty good. The problem of a conductor, with his or her baton, was resolved with a 12th century knight! Now here I have to admit to some non-DIY - I have an uncle who is a master at wood carving, and within a few weeks I had a 10 inch high helmeted knight with an articulated right arm, painted in white primer. The petrol head in me recognized him as a 12th Century ‘Stig’. (For those who are not aware, Stig was the anonymous racing driver in white overalls and a mask who drove cars at breakneck speed on BBC2’s Top Gear).

So ‘Sir Stig’ was born. He stands proudly on a rise in front of his home, ‘Castle Stig’, and conducts the organ with his sword and a diffident arrogance that befits the owner of such a fine instrument. Of course his chivalrous nature has allowed his castle to raise lots and lots of money for local charities and it is now sporting a flying dragon, courtesy of a well known local church magazine editor, ‘Sir Stig’ and the dragon have appeared at rallies, carnivals, open days and festivals from Crosby to Billericay. Come along to the Christmas Tree Festival at St Faith’s to meet them both!

Retirement will never be the same again!

Rick Walker

Rick and Rosie, the contraption and the editor’s dragon, appear in our picture pages.

100 Club October Winners

- 1 Suzanne Pierce
- 2 Peter and Karen Lunt
- 3 Ken Bramwell



The Gospel and Shakespeare...

and a little Jeanette Winterson

I have huge fondness for Shakespeare’s *A Winter’s Tale*. One of Shakespeare’s late plays, possibly his second to last, there is a realism about human nature to it – it’s sometimes been called ‘dark’, but I don’t think it is dark, in the way that, perhaps,

Measure for Measure is; for its end is profoundly hopeful, though not by any stretch of the imagination a ‘happy ever after’ or facile optimism.

So I was delighted to discover that one of my favourite contemporary authors, Jeanette Winterson, has written a prose reworking of it, called *The Gap of Time*. The title comes from the fact that there is just such a gap in the play itself – a gap of more than 16 years between two of its acts. *Winter’s Tale* was written just at the point that theatres moved indoors and intervals became commonplace. Not one to pass up an opportunity, Shakespeare uses the interval to represent that gap of time – whilst the audience is having a beer or an ice cream or taking a comfort break, sixteen years pass in the lives of the characters. Winterson reflected on the play, and her own process in doing a ‘cover version’ in *The Guardian* recently. And it struck me how theological her reflections are.

First, the play, in messing with time as it does, serves to remind us that we don’t own time. Leontes, one of the characters, a king, of course, rather thinks he does – and only eventually learns otherwise, and learns the hard way. Perhaps most of us do? Yet – all time and space belong, ultimately to God; which means that time – the past as well as the future, is always redeemable, and in fact, is redeemed, in the saving acts of Jesus Christ.

Second, it challenges the ‘great man’ view of history; it is anything but triumphalist, and it is the women who are the agents of change and of redemption – and, unlike in some of the Shakespearian tragedies, all three main female protagonists, Hermione, Perdita and Paulina, are very much alive at the end of the play. Isn’t this also the Gospel? It is a woman’s consent to God’s will that makes the saving acts of God possible; women stand in solidarity at the darkest point of the story, at the foot of the cross, and it is women, considered ‘unreliable witnesses’ in the ancient world, who were the first witnesses of the Resurrection.

Third, *Winter’s Tale* begins with a foundling – a child cast out and abandoned, who somehow – through the kindness of strangers, and against all the odds survives; and in the biblical narrative, it is Moses, the saviour of Israel, who survives through the cunning of women (first the Hebrew midwives, then his mother and sister); and it is Jesus, the new Moses, who survives the murderous wrath of Herod to flee into Egypt – the weak confound the strong, and as, Winterson puts it, save the story ‘from the usual consequences of male rage.’

Above all, however, its theme, like several of Shakespeare’s late plays – is second chances and forgiveness. Winterson points out that, as we get older ‘both things matter more. I’m an optimist - but time is short. Getting things wrong is easier than getting things right, and ...we need the generosity and patience of others.’ And isn’t that, in a nutshell, both the realism and hope of the Gospel, and a hint of how we might live it?



Time for the Trees



Recently our excellent editor summoned me into his presence .I promptly complied and I stood quaking before his pedagogical awesomeness, kneading my cap with sweaty hands. He said, “Look here young Griffiths, I need something for the magazine on the Christmas Tree Festival, 48 hours OK?” As he dismissed me I mumbled a reply and retreated.

So I set to write my piece for the magazine. First with stub of pencil on tear-stained paper, then with lone digit on keyboard. Thank God for spellcheck. I once again reflected on my rash decision to volunteer to be this year’s Christmas tree master. Why had I flouted the wisdom of my grandfather, Sergeant Percy Burge of the 17/21 Lancers. “Don’t never volunteer boy, that’s the first lesson I learned in the army don’t never volunteer for nothing”?.At this point I must abjectly apologise to the editor for the outrageous use of double negatives. But Percy was just a rough old cockney boy who gave me much good advice which I offer to pass on to the reader in a totally unused condition. Sorry Grandpa.

I see that I have wandered off the subject a bit. What has been happening about the Christmas Tree Festival? Well whilst some of our team have been planning the refreshments and others arranging bands and choirs. I, or rather Brenda, because she always does most of the work, have been contacting former tree sponsors. For the most part they have been most gratifyingly pleased to be asked and are enthusiastic about the event. Some are unable to take part by reason of ill health and one of our contacts has sadly died. Others are as slow at responding to emails as am I.

But fortunately we have secured several new sponsors including Vasculitis UK which exists to support suffers and their families and the professionals concerned .Until 2013 I had never heard of this condition until Brenda’s daughter Victoria began to suffer from it. Vasculitis seems to be some sort of defect of the immune system: blood vessels become inflamed and damaged. This can take place in any part of the body .In Victoria’s case her nasal membranes were principally affected .Treatment centres on drugs to turn off the immune system and steroids. Both types of drugs bring their own problems. Just thinking about it makes me feel queasy so I shall move on.

We will also be having a tree for a favourite charity of mine, the Barnabas Fund. This aims to support the many persecuted Christians around the world and especially those in Moslem majority countries .It seems especially appropriate at Christmas time to remember our suffering brothers and sisters in Christ.

The hard part of the festival is of course yet to come and rotas will be going up at the back of church for the catering, stalls and stewarding and announcements will be

made for donations for cake making stuff, things for the secret Santa stall and for the raffle. Thanks for reading this; I look forward to seeing you amongst the baubles and the tinsel and at the wine and cheese evening.

Your humble Tree Master.

Gareth Griffiths



From the Registers

After a brief breather, the saga continues.

There have clearly been a number of landmark dates in the story of our church, and Saturday, January 31st, 1948 is certainly one of them. After a difficult few years, the arrival of Fr Hassall marks the beginning of a new era at St Faith's – and this is certainly the case with the service register. The sixth register is of a different shape (upright, for one thing) and lacks the mysterious 'No of coins' column. More significantly, there is no column for attendances, so that the only statistical record, for Sundays at least, is that of communicants.

However, from here on, major occasions are marked by decorations and embellishments in the registers, beginning with large elaborate lettering marking **The Institution of The Rev William Hassall by Clifford, Lord Bishop of Liverpool and Induction by the Ven. The Archdeacon of L'pool**. It was at 3.00 pm, and there is no record of attendances, other than that of more than 20 priests. Clifford Martin heralds the signatures, then Archdeacon Twitchett (a name to do Trollope and Barchester proud, although he was to die within two years, says Wikipedia). Among the legible signings are Sidney Singer, Charles Nye, H.J.Graham, W.J.Tulloch, Harry Bradshaw, Allan Whittaker, Colin Wood, Kenneth Warren, Paul Nichols and a Musgrave-Brown. A nice footnote records that 'The Archdeacon of Salop and several others forgot to sign' – and so, it appears, did the new Vicar and Canon Urwin!

After the doubtless heady delights of what is possibly the biggest concatenation of clergy since the foundation of St Faith's, Fr Hassall (for as such he would be named, for the first time in our story), settled down to his ministry. The day after was Sexagesima Sunday (not a name much heard these days), and he communicated 90 at the 8 am service. Thereafter we bed down to the regular pattern of daily eucharists: six days a week at either 7 or 8 am. Communicants for these vary between 2 and 8, with a handful of non-communicants also recorded (e.g. 8+4; 6+6; 3+1, 2+3) Fr Hassall also notes 'Evensong daily at 6pm'.

Lent is now upon us, and W.H. shoulders the burden of daily services, aided only by occasional appearances of E.S.U. Bishop Clifford took a midweek women's service on January 19th, and C.R.Warrington, Colin Wood and Kenneth Warren put in appearances. The vicar offers Compline on Wednesday evenings during Lent.

The lettering now used for entries is distinctive and somewhat flamboyant: what it records is clear evidence of a new priest determined to make his mark. He provides three daily services in Holy Week. The Good Friday Three Hours is taken by what looks like John Brierley (yet again); then Holy Saturday sees the first appearance of 'Table Prayers' at 8 am and at 6.30pm Solemn Evensong with Blessing of Paschal Candle. Beneath this is writ 'Processional Torches introduced – given by Mr G Houldin and Mr G (*Gerald, Sacristan*) Laybourne'

Easter Day has a bold double-page red-letter wording. There are Holy Communion at 6.15 am (15 present), 7.00 am (62), 8 am (211), 9 am (48) and 10.45 (the Sung Eucharist with, unusually, 12 communicants). W.H. adds them up for us and declares a total of 348. There are also a Children's Service at 3 pm and Solemn Evensong with Procession at 7.30 pm. Despite the lack of attendance figures for the main services, we may infer that the morning's income of £11.5.7 indicates more in the pews than the evening tally of £9.11.6. The Easter offering is logged at a handsome £37.0.0. Two weeks later there are 'Two more Processional Torches given'.

Subsequent Sundays see the numbers communicating at the 8 am celebration logged successively as 62, 104, 70, 66 and 69. The vicar has logged the running totals of communicants at the foot of each page: by early May he records 2,063 since his arrival.

Ascension Day, Thursday 6th May, sees an impressive 60 communicants at the 6.15 am Sung Eucharist with Procession. Then comes Whit Sunday, again emblazoned in red, and a marginal annotation. 'Six new Candlesticks for the High Altar given by Captain and Mrs Danson, Mr and Mrs Elliot Waugh, W.H. and Mrs Holmes. (Te Deum)' the latter presumably signifying that the canticle was sung and the candlesticks dedicated at Evensong.

Corpus Christi is given top red-letter billing, and a week later we notice a distinctive entry: 'Vespers of the Dead 7 pm. Miss M. Robinson'. At this point, the running total of communicants ceases at 2,300: this writer has yet to engage upon the long slog of taking it forward into June, et seq!

Little of note now to embellish the faithful, spiky record of worship and income. There is a Requiem for Canon Barrett, and later, on July 8th, Kenneth W. Warren signs in for a service entitled 'Guild of the Servants of the Sanctuary'. Then a name jumps from the page, at the early celebration for St Swithun the priest is W.L.Mark Way. Our ex-curate would in 1952 become Bishop of Masasi in Tanzania, where he was succeeded, incidentally, by Trevor Huddleston. Presumably on leave from Africa, he celebrated again two days later.

Something new appears in late July. Squeezed in at the foot of the page, and a few days after its proper position, we read the bold statement: **July 22; 10pm Vigil of...** (on the next line, equally boldly) **July 23rd; and Investiture of Rover Scouts; 9.30.** Signing in are J.McD.Hunter, Robin Smallwood, A.Clawson, David E.W.White, G.W.Houldin and, of course, William Hassall. To add to the excitement, your scribe has just spotted the cardinal sin of giving the wrong date to several days on the same page. Then for the weekend following, August 1st, the services are taken by H.J.Graham, E.S.U and G.W.H, while a hitherto unique bracketed interpolation reads ‘Scouts in Camp (Barmouth). 8 am Holy Communion – in the Parish Church – All the confirmed present,’ and beneath ‘10.30 Sung Eucharist – In Camp – All the troop present.’ There were 17 for the early service and the usual 1 at the second. The memorable day was rounded off by Evensong.

We turn the page and more novelty appears. Centred on August 28th. A marginal note readers ‘Cubs in Camp – sung Mass 7.am W.H.’ I think this may well be the first recorded appearance of the dreaded term! And there’s more. The 8.am Holy Communion (67 present) is signed off by E (Eric) Parker, who thereafter shares the services with W.H. The latter is back in St Faith’s for the 10.45 Sung Eucharist, and doubtless to celebrate the presence of what was in fact his new priested curate.

Equally unexpected are two episcopal signatures in September. At Harvest Festival Solemn Evensong the preacher is ‘+Vincent Windward Islands’. Wikipedia names him as Horace Norman Vincent Tonks, and further informs us that the current bishop in this far-flung corner of the West Indies is the equally splendidly named Calvert Leopold Friday. A week later the preacher is ‘+Gething Melanesia’, who turns out to be Sidney Gething Coulton, a product of St Chad’s, Durham, the patrons of our living (which may explain his appearance at St Faith’s)

In much less than a year, Fr Hassall has clearly already done much and already left his stamp on the life of St Faith’s. There may not have been any great growth in attendances (although the lack of figures for the main Sunday services make it hard to tell) but the register seems to give off an air of youthful vigour and strong commitment, as future months and years will continue to show.

And of course there was that first admission of a **Mass!**

Chris Price





Three busy
Sundays for
St Faith's

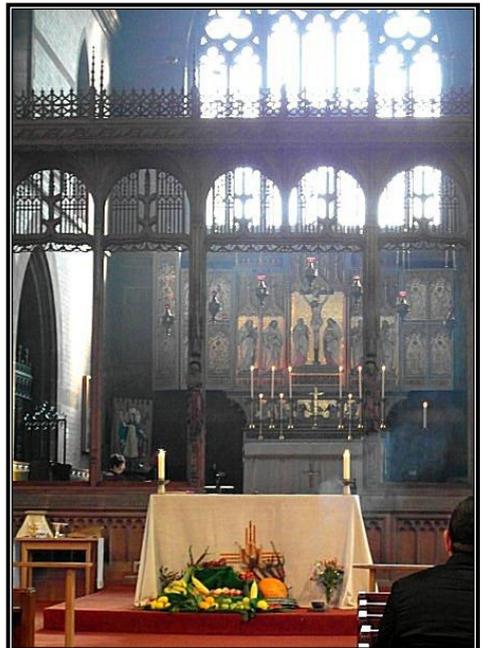
Back to Church

To celebrate the 200th anniversary of the founding of Waterloo, local churches joined for a special service in the imposing surroundings of Old Christ Church.





Safely Gathered In
Exactly a week later, back in St Faith's, we met together to celebrate our Harvest Festival, St Francistide and to raise money for Christian Aid





On Parade

As it was also a Parade Service, the young people of our uniformed organisations played a major role in this service, flag-bearing, lesson and prayer reading, acting out the story of St Francis and the wolf, and gathering round the nave altar for the prayer of consecration.



See the back cover for two cubs in the pulpit on October 4th

Patronal Pageantry

Sunday October 11, in the octave of Saint Faith, virgin and martyr, was the occasion of our Patronal Festival. The celebrant and preacher was Phillip North, Bishop of Burnley. He proved to be a dab hand with the holy water.





Hunger and Thirst after Righteousness

Definitely a Red Letter Day. Sue and Denise pose with the Bishop, then we adjourned to the hall for the Patronal lunch, when many a glass was raised in our patron's honour..



'High' Church Bishop

For obvious reasons, everyone – even the vicar – looked up to our guest. See also the front cover, proving that all the best bishops are good for a laugh.



And Finally...

Above

All washed up: Revs Sue and Denise doing their bit in the kitchen after lunch.

Left

Rosie and Rick pose with the former's busker's organ (and dangling dragon).
Read all about it on page 5.



Services Support Group

Our meetings have started again after our summer break and at the September meeting it was surprising to learn in how many places worldwide British troops are deployed. These are mainly in an advisory/support/teaching position but that doesn't mean they are not in danger: two British Airmen were killed recently when a helicopter crashed on returning to base in Afghanistan, and an Armoured Personal Carrier was seriously damaged when it drove over an IED (Improvised Explosive Device) while on patrol in Kabul; fortunately nobody was hurt. Life for serving troops still holds danger, even in supposed peaceful places.

Although there is no longer a war zone with many troops in constant danger, with the media covering the situation in depth, support is still needed for all the troops who were injured, many very seriously, and all will be needing long-term medical treatment and after care. Their lives and those of their families have been changed forever and they will all need support for a long time, if not for the rest of their lives.

There is another group of people who are sometimes not always mentioned but who have also had their world and lives turned upside down and who find it really hard to cope with what has happened. These are the children whose fathers were seriously injured or even worse killed. There is a charity, 'Scotty's Little Soldiers' which was set up by Nikki Scott, widow of Cpl Lee Scott, who was killed in Afghanistan. She realised what effect this trauma had on her children and wanted to do something to help them and other children in the same position, so that they could laugh, have fun even though their daddies had been killed. She set about doing something about it. As we are a 'Service Family Support' group I thought it would be good to raise some funds to help these children, so I will find out more about the charity, see what we can do raise some money for these children who really do deserve our help. With Christmas fast approaching, I think that it will be 2016 before this happens so at the risk of being boring "Watch this Space"!

Eunice Little

**THE
BIG
SHIFT**

It's time to leave
fossil fuels behind

Christian Aid latest

Tell our government that fossil fuels are best left in the past. It's time to make the Big shift to a cleaner brighter future.

What is the Big Shift?

Fossil fuels are one of the biggest drivers of climate change. Getting energy from them through extraction and burning is unsustainable, risking our future and the future of millions of the world's poorest people. Our money is a powerful indicator of our priorities and as long as finance is provided for fossil fuels they will continue to contribute to climate change. We want to shift money from dirty fossil fuels to clean energy so that all people can be released to have life in all its fullness.

How can we change this?

At the moment the UK Government has our money tied up in searching for more dirty fossil fuels abroad through UK Export Finance, an arm of the Department for Business, Innovation and Skills. They provide export credit guarantees to fossil fuel companies (Export Credit Guarantees provide guarantees, insurance and advice that make it low-risk to export goods and services). Moreover the big banks such as HSBC have enormous investments in fossil fuel companies which are causing devastation to indigenous communities in Indonesia and South America. But even current reserves cannot be burnt without damaging the planet irreversibly. It is folly to contemplate extracting more and creating a huge carbon bubble which will cause the next financial crisis when it finally bursts.

UK Export Finance allocated a huge £1.13bn to help fossil fuels in 2013, which is 314 times more than they gave to renewable energies! But if the UK Government stops giving export credits for fossil fuels, it will become less feasible to continue extracting and burning them, helping reduce carbon emissions and leading to more investments into renewable energy for a cleaner future.

What can you do now?

As Christians, our faith inspires us to be part of what God is doing today. We are called to leave behind old habits that hurt other people and to nurture new habits that will enable everyone to live lives to the full. The burning of fossil fuels must be one of these old habits - without such radical changes, climate change will continue to be the biggest threat to tackling poverty

1. Join The Big Shift by signing the petition at <http://act.christianaid.org.uk/> and tell Sajid Javid MP to make a public commitment to ending the government's support to coal projects through export credit guarantees.
2. Ask your pension fund provider how much of your pension is invested in fossil fuels, an investment ultimately useless because they cannot be used or exploited.
3. Consider switching to a greener company. Explore Ecotricity and Good Energy. (<http://www.goodenergy.co.uk/switch-now> or [http:// www.ecotricity.co.uk](http://www.ecotricity.co.uk))

Finally some signs that the tide could be turning.

Saudi Arabia plans to become a global leader in solar and wind energy!

IKEA has pledged \$1bn of investment in renewable energy, dwarfing amounts pledged by some countries.

Norway's \$890bn pension fund, the largest in the world, has agreed to divest \$10 billion of coal stocks joining a global divestment movement.

Pope Francis' encyclical Laudato Si calls for a radical shift to usher in a low carbon world and tackle climate change.

The first ever Muslim symposium on climate change in Istanbul called for the world's 1.6 billion strong Islamic community to phase out greenhouse gas emissions by 2050 and promote a 100% renewable energy strategy.

In August, President Obama announced America's strongest ever climate action with the Clean Power Plan.

Shell has given up its plan to drill for more oil in Alaska.

IT'S TIME TO MAKE THE GREAT SHIFT!



Table Sales Talk

After 12 years, we're still doing table sales at St. Faith's Church Hall! We have one last table sale before Christmas: that's on Saturday 21st November. Doors open at 10am until 12.30pm.

Admission is now free, so why not just pop in and see the lovely selection of NEW AND PRE-LOVED goods on sale? Everyone who attends the table sales comments on the great atmosphere and friendliness of the venue. You can browse, find a bargain, (with a lot of brand new goods on sale), or even book a table for yourself or to raise money for a favourite charity. Our stall holders are all local people, (not traders), selling new and good quality used goods, (not rubbish!).

To book a table please phone Ruth on 0151 474 3633. Tables cost £8.00 for one or £15.00 for 2. By popular demand our Christmas Toy Tombola is back! Every child (or grown up) who buys a ticket will win a prize!

So, why not pop in, see a friendly face, or stop for a cuppa? We think you'll be pleasantly surprised. As ever, Christine and Liz will be on hand selling tea, coffee and delicious hot refreshments. A massive thank you to everyone who's made donations of goods or time to the church table. We did really well in September, with the church table taking a good amount due to the quality of the donations

Corinne Hedgecock



Grace and Disagreement:

Shared Conversations on Scripture, Mission and Human Sexuality

<http://www.sharedconversations.org/dates-and-regions/>

At the beginning of September, I was privileged to be part of this Diocese's delegation to one of a series of Regional Shared Conversations within the Church of England on Scripture, Mission and Human Sexuality. Archbishop Justin has made reconciliation one of the keynotes of his ministry; and, for reasons which are quite complex, sexuality has been a source of division in Church of England, and more widely in the Anglican Communion over the last two decades. Our divisions as a Church compromise the Mission of God: for how can we proclaim the Good News of reconciliation and the peace of Christ when we are ourselves divided? So Archbishop Justin has begun this series of conversations at a regional level (for us, that included the Dioceses of Liverpool, Manchester, and Chester) and which are intended to be a place of serious, sometimes uncomfortable, but always respectful conversations that will perhaps enable us to understand our differences differently – and enable us to disagree well. It is really easy to disagree badly – but on the other hand, agreement is maybe overrated!

I found myself intrigued, challenged – and impressed – at many levels by the process; and I hope in the course of time to introduce you to some of the themes of the conversations in PCC, Ministry Team, and in the congregation – the latter probably through our Tuesday Think About slot. But I'm going to write about just two levels – the process itself, and some of the content.

The process itself was designed to create safe spaces in which questions of difference and disagreement could be explored, with the starting point that sound judgements about others must start with adequate knowledge about what they actually believe and practise. Members of the church draw very different conclusions about sexuality from their reading of scripture and hold very different views about its implications for conduct and ethics. Those who disagree profoundly still hold serious, and seriously thought out, views on the authority of scripture, the tradition of the Church and the nature of God's call on our lives. The 'safe space' within which these conversations took place was created by means of the St Michael's House Protocols. St Michael's House is Coventry Cathedral's centre for Reconciliation Ministry.

All of us were asked to affirm the Protocols at the start of the process, and to remind ourselves of them and recommit to them at various points during it. They are an excellent model of how to hold a conversation when we quite consciously know we are quite intentionally moving into difficult and uncomfortable territory. They create, in the words of Psalm 16 in the NIV version, 'boundaries in pleasant places', and they are worth reading in full and pondering – they can be found here ...

<http://www.sharedconversations.org/st-michaels-house-protocols/>. Of course, there is no such thing as a totally safe space for conversations like this – in a sense, what we signed up for in agreeing to be part of them was to take some responsibility for risking ourselves - however, they did offer a structure within which, quite consciously, we could talk about difficult stuff with greater ease, less polarization, less toxicity and more humanly.

For me, one of the aims of the regional conversations was wonderfully met in the process: the diversity of views within the church really was expressed honestly, often robustly, sometimes with vulnerability, and – certainly from my perspective I think and hope - was heard respectfully, with people really discerning that which is of Christ in those with whom they profoundly disagreed. It isn't necessarily that minds were changed – but the way in which the views of others were heard was changed. It reminded me that peacemaking and reconciliation are in no way the 'soft fuzzy' edges, rather, in some ways, the most challenging, the hardest aspect of our vocation.

Second, content: people of all views were represented from our three Dioceses, from those who hold what we might call 'liberal' views, to those who affirm heterosexual marriage or celibacy as the only sexual practices compatible with scripture. Even to represent it in that way is a kind of distortion, because those who hold the latter view might nevertheless emphasise the importance of the 'pastoral' – i.e. we are all sinners, and sexual sin is just one way in we might fall short of being in the image of God – gossip, for example, is arguably a really toxic sin and most of us have needed to repent of that at some point! Incidentally, this 'pastoral' approach is very much that taken by Pope Francis in the Roman Church – he has not in any way compromised the Roman Church's doctrine on marriage, but suggested doctrine needs to be practised within a pastoral context that recognises all people as made in God's image, as relentlessly loved by God and welcomed by God – and as sinners. Similarly, the 'liberal' view is much more nuanced than it is sometimes represented as being – there is a real and deep seriousness about marriage, but a hope that the marital nature of relationships other than heterosexual ones can be recognised and embraced by the Church. The topic of the conversations was not restricted to the inclusion of gay, lesbian and transgender people in the life of the Church, but embraced sexuality in all its facets – marriage and divorce, celibacy, singleness in its various forms...

What struck me was the extent to which the exigencies of our own experience – where, and perhaps when, we grew up, and what our subsequent experience has been – that shapes how we view doctrine, and scripture; this I think gave me pause for thought. Nevertheless, we can't make catharsis and personal experience a substitute for sustained, prayerful engagement with scripture and tradition, or the last word in discernment of our calling as individuals or as a Church.

The shared conversations did not necessarily mean that any participant changed his or her mind. Minds may have change – but that is not necessarily a measure of the

“success” of the conversations. Rather, they were intended to help us discover where we can agree, how much difference we can accept in fellow Christians without agreeing, and where we find the limits of agreement to lie. In doing so, we discovered what it means to be both bearers of hope, and agents of realism. For me, it was an experience of the Church of God – and the Church of England – at its very best.

‘But the silence in the mind’

But the silence in the mind
is when we live best, within
listening distance of the silence
we call God. This is the deep
calling to deep of the psalm-
writer, the bottomless ocean
we launch an armada of
our thought on, never arriving.

It is a presence, then,
whose margins are our margins;
that calls us out over our
own fathoms. What to do
but draw a little nearer to
such ubiquity by remaining still?



R.S. Thomas, 1913–1999

*Priest and poet, vicar of St Hywyn’s Church, Aberdaron
‘Counterpoint’, 1966*

Music Report

Speak to one another with psalms, hymns and spiritual songs. Sing and make music in your heart to the Lord. Ephesians 5:19

When we walk into church before our Sunday Eucharist, what do we hear? Some of us may hear silence, some hear people talking and socialising together... If we are lucky enough, we may even hear the choir rehearsing or the organ playing a prelude before

the service. Why is any of these important? I think that all of these point towards the purpose of our presence, to be with God and be with our neighbours. These are all signs of life in our church.

When we pause in silence before the beginning of our service to gather our thoughts and prayers, we are active. When we hear the ringing of the bell to indicate the beginning of the service, the organist plays, we stand and sing, the choir, servers and clergy move and process. We are engaging our senses in active worship, praise and prayer. We hear the word, feel the touch of the hymn book, smell (and sometimes taste) incense and see faces both familiar and unfamiliar.

An unpopular quote: "*We're all in this together*". When each of us enters this wonderful building, we enter alone but by our presence we come together to give thanks and praise for all we have. Singing is not just for the choir, it becomes much more meaningful when we all can participate in singing hymns, psalms and spiritual songs. Reading the word of God is not just for the few, we are all called to inwardly digest the word. Tea and coffee is not just for those who are served, but also by those who serve. Through what may seem a simple thought, we have become more than just *I'm here to worship to We're all in this together*. We have become a living community.

Why would I point this out? I'm sure some of you will know the infamous piece by John Cage called *4'33"*. It was an unwritten composition in which the noise from those present was the music, no notes were played on any instruments. The next time we are in church, take time to appreciate the life and sound of the building. Singing, speaking, sound of tea cups, shuffling of feet, the occasional cough! When we can hear these we remember that we are a community - using just one of the senses we have been given.

Robert Woods



Funny you should say that...

In a Liverpool church one Sunday morning a preacher said, 'Anyone with special needs who wants to be prayed over, please come forward to the altar.' With that, Leroy got in line and when it was his turn turn the preacher asked, 'Leroy, what do you want me to pray about for you?' Leroy said "Preacher, please pray for help with my hearing.'

The preacher put one finger of one hand on Leroy's ear, placed his other hand on top of his head, and then prayed and prayed and the whole congregation joined in with much enthusiasm. After a few minutes, the preacher removed his hands, stood back and asked, 'Leroy, how is your hearing now?' 'I don't know.' came the answer. It ain't 'til next Thursday.'



An Episcopalian Eulogy

On a recent journey home to Liverpool, I was offered something to read on the train. As I have neither Kindle, iPad, iPhone, tablet or any other electronic gadget, the only option was something made of paper, a picture on the front, writing inside and pages that had to be manually turned over, in other words, a book!



Harry Potter books were rejected as I'd read them, PG Wodehouse seemed the sort of thing to read languishing in a punt on the river Cam, so it fell to the third option, Garrison Keillor's *We Are Still Married*, an eclectic selection of short stories, news articles poetry and the like. Besides, I remembered reading something of his years ago, and liked his writing.

I dipped into it, but as I don't know much about Basketball, Memorial Day addresses, the World Series, (baseball), I almost gave up on my forage into Americana, feeling a bit like someone listening to a sermon that was understood at the beginning, but by the middle had lost the thread, and by the end, had no clue what the speaker was talking about.

I almost gave up. That was until I happened upon "Episcopal", which I seemed to

remember is what the Anglican Church is called outside the UK. Keillor was living in Copenhagen in Denmark at the time and missing English and wanting to hear English spoken called in at the city's St. Alban's Church.

'I never went to an Episcopal church before in my life, but there I was in Denmark, and when it comes to worship, the English language has always been real important to me. We didn't speak in tongues in the Plymouth Brethren back in Minnesota, just English, same as our Lord and his Apostles. So I went in that Sunday, and every Sunday thereafter. A few Americans were there, but most of the worshippers were Brits, including a bunch of tweed-clad couples in their seventies, who strode in like they'd just killed a fox that morning, knelt down, addressed the Lord, got the thing done and taken care of, and got up and went home to dine on beef. I liked them....

'I don't have the manual dexterity to be a true Episcopalian, who must juggle the prayer book, hymnal, and the order of service, and them sometimes a special mimeographed Kyrie or Sanctus; the music seems thin and sharp to someone brought up on the Wesleys; the bowing and kneeling are odd - in the Brethren we just clomped in and sat down, and there was no incense in the air, just cologne, and no statuary (though some of our members were less lively than others); and then if, on top of that, the sermon is about revolutionising our awareness of the homeless and handicapped, the Episcopal church is more exotic than anything in Scandinavia.'

Garrison went on to say that back home in Minnesota, 'Our clear picture of Episcopalians was of wealthy people, Yale graduates worshipping God in extremely good taste. Episcopalian was the church in wing-tips, the church of the Scotch and Soda. So when I moved to New York and walked into Holy Apostles, I was surprised to see no suits. Nobody was well-dressed. A congregation of 100 souls on Lower Ninth Avenue, a church with no parking lot, which was in need of paint, and the sanctuary ceiling showed water damage but which managed (I learned the next week) to support and operate a soup kitchen that fed a thousand New Yorkers every day, more than a million to date.

'Black faces in the sanctuary, old people, exiles from the Midwest, the lame and the halt, divorced ladies, gay couples: a good anthology of the faith. I felt glad to be there. When we stood for prayers, bringing slowly to mind the goodness and poverty of our lives, the lives of others, the life of the world to come, it brought tears to your eyes, the simple way the Episcopalians pray.'

Corinne Hedgecock





The Parish Directory and Church Organisations

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

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

ASSISTANT CHURCH WARDENS

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

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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

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

Mrs Lynda Dixon, 928 7330

CHILDREN'S CHURCH

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

VULNERABLE ADULTS OFFICER

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

CHILD PROTECTION OFFICER

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

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.

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