

MARCH 1971

5p

HALSALL PARISH MAGAZINE



Rector: The Rev. Canon W. H. Bullough A.K.C. (Surrogate)
Rural Dean of Ormskirk
The Rectory, Halsall. Tel. 321.

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Lent at St. Cuthbert's

ALL WEEKDAYS ARE FASTS

A DAILY PRAYER FOR LENT

Grant to us, O Lord, to know, that which is worth knowing, to love that which is worth loving, to praise that which pleaseth Thee most, to esteem that which is most precious unto Thee, and to dislike whatsoever is evil in Thy eyes. Grant us with true judgement to distinguish things that differ, and above all to search out and to do what is well pleasing unto Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION

SUNDAYS AT 8-0 a.m.

14th March. 21st March. 28th March.

SUNDAYS AT 9-0 a.m.

7th March. 4th April.

SUNDAYS AT 6-30 p.m.

21st March.

SUNG EUCHARIST

SUNDAYS AT 10-30 p.m.

14th March Family Eucharist.
28th March. 11th April Family Eucharist.
Maundy Thursday—8th April at 7-30 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS

Every Wednesday in Lent, Holy Communion at 7 a.m. and 10 a.m.

Every Wednesday in Lent, Devotional Service with Holy Communion at 7-30 p.m.

MOTHERING SUNDAY—21st MARCH

At 2-30 p.m. Family Service—Gift Cards for Mother. Preacher: Rev. Alan Ripley, Diocesan Youth Chaplain.

MAUNDY THURSDAY—8th APRIL

Sung Eucharist at 7-30 p.m. followed by the stripping of the Altar.

GOOD FRIDAY—9th APRIL

10-30 a.m. Mattins, Litany and Anti-Communion, 2 p.m. till 3 p.m. Devotional Hour.

HOLY SATURDAY—10th APRIL

7-0 p.m. Short Evening Service followed by the lighting of the Paschal Candle.

EASTER DAY—11th APRIL

8-00 a.m. Holy Communion.

10-30 a.m. Sung Eucharist.

6-30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

EASTER DECORATION

We are delighted to see our Church beautifully decorated and we are very grateful to those who spend much time doing this for us. Will you all help to provide the flowers for Easter Day by handing in small donations during Lent. Thank you all very much the Church always looks wonderful on Easter Day. H.B.

The Rectory,
Halsall,
18th February, 1971.

My dear Friends,

One of our greatest responsibilities is the realization that our young people are "In our hands." I came across this letter recently reprinted from the magazine called "Time."

"I love my parents and I know they love me, but they've ruined my life. I could never tell my parents anything, it was always "I'm too busy . . . too tired . . . that's not important . . . that's stupid . . . can't you think of better things . . . oh, your friends are wrong . . . they're stupid." As a result all communication ceased. We never had that very important thing — Fun.

"Oh, we had love. Prompted on their side by the thought that I was their responsibility and if I went wrong, they would be punished by God.

"After four rotten years at school and now even worse a women's college—their daughter wasn't going to be corrupted! What is the result of this excellent up-bringing?

"I'm 18 years old, drink whenever I get the chance have smoked pot and I am no longer a virgin. Why? Was it my parents or just me? I'm so very confused—but who can I talk to? Not my parents.

"My parents could read this and never dream it was their daughter. I have only one important plea to parents . . . Listen, listen, and listen again. Please, I know the consequences and I'm in Hell!"

A COLLEGE STUDENT.

Are we failing our young people? I think we are. We don't seem able to make the opportunity to give our young children the Christian training they ought to have.

Most parents are keen that their children should have a Christian up-bringing—and do little or nothing about it themselves. They just hope that someone else, school, church, aunts or somebody will do it.

The church also is keen that children should have a Christian up-bringing. We struggle to maintain Church day Schools and Church Teacher Training Colleges. We struggle to retain R.I. in schools. And what else? Sigh over the old days of large Sunday Schools or that parents don't now send them? For the rest we feel our hands are full. We're busy about Re-union with other churches, busy with new services, busy with bells, bricks and bills — so for the children, a sigh and a prayer that somehow, somewhere, Christ's little ones will stray into the Fold, They'll stray alright, but not into the Fold.

SHOULD WE NOT GET VERY IMPATIENT and cross with parent and Church? To both we want to say "Shake yourselves awake and see. It is in your hands and your hands alone to do everything for the children and not only for them but for yourselves as well."

PARENTS MAKE NO MISTAKE however successful and splendid and secure you may be in your own right, your real and lasting joy and happiness is tied up with your children growing up fine and splendid in this world of opportunity and danger, of splendour and sordidness. Aren't your children for your own sake as well as their own worth some real time and thought and imagination?

Likewise the Church; her tomorrow is in the hands of the children of today. Are we really so short-sighted and blind as to neglect them and be concerned only with the needs of adults and with services for grown-ups? Isn't the Church's future, humanly speaking — and probably heavenly speaking — "He that despiseth one of these little ones, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he be cast into the sea" — with the children?

AND LET US NOTE: both for parent and priest here is no hard gruelling task. No one and no thing in all this world are more delightful, more eager, more trusting, more responsive, more affectionate than young children. Aren't they really worth spending a lot of time out with?

For mother, the evening Bible story — there are now no end of excellent children's religious books — and the teaching of a simple prayer, Christopher Robin's "God bless mummy" might well make a beginning. And father, with a bit of encouragement will find a joy and a rightness in it at the weekends. And in helping our children we help to keep alive our own religious consciousness. That has its own worth.

WE DO NEED TO REMEMBER character training is chiefly gained from home. Our children take their standards and ideas from us.

Is then our child's Christian training simply our own private personal affair? I hope not. Have you ever known the joy of Family Worship together? Getting ready and going as a family to a service on a Sunday morning where other families gather together? To begin each new week with the family in God's House with God's whole family of the neighbourhood has a freshness and meaning and worth no round of golf, no car cleaning, no garden pottering, no gazing languidly and rebelliously at the Sunday papers can give.

There are Churches and clergy thank God, but far too few yet, who are aware of the opportunity and responsibility of gearing their Churches and themselves to a pattern of worship on Sunday morning which takes account of families and children. This is no startling revolution. Not many years ago Church worship on a Sunday morning was family worship. Then Sunday schools became dominant and children went to them and the family as a whole gave up going to Church. With that services lost a great deal. They became stuffy and unattractively adult and sombre, lacking warmth, humanity, gaiety and simplicity. And they have lost much more — the purposefulness of passing on the faith to the new generation.

Parent and Church, an opportunity and responsibility and rediscovery lies before both — and the joy and meaning of passing on the Faith.

We need imagination and courage and keenness. We need to get our values right and our sights beamed right. "Who is greatest," they asked Jesus, "in the Kingdom of God?" And He took a child and set him in their midst. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

Will you all try to make our Lenten worship the occasion for the whole family to be in their places in our lovely Church. The morning services will be arranged with this end in view.

Looking forward to seeing you all at **FAMILY WORSHIP**.

God bless you all,
Your sincere friend,
Herbert Bullough.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

LORD GOD, I KNOW I AM YOUR SERVANT, ordained at each Eucharist through loving Christ to serving people.

My cassock is a pair of stretch pants, my surplice an apron.

I prepare the Holy Communion three times a day at my family table.

I train acolytes as best I can, with silent prayer and loud admonition, anxious forethought and serene action, quiet pride and hope and joy, love and faith.

I rise early to say matins, to praise You for the grace of another day's opportunity to do those things I had left undone.

Angelus is called by a baby's sleepy crying, ready for the afternoon nap.

Vespers is the shout of children frantically playing the day's last game, the noisy welcome of husband's arrival, the hubbub of the dinner table — crescendo of the day's activities.

Compline at last, quiet and contented release into sleep, temporary now but presaging eternal union one day with You.

My sick calls are made to children crying in the dark of night, and Lord, my heart brims with thankfulness for Your loving touch and tender Presence, for alone I am anxious and afraid.

My parish is my Jewish milkman, my Baptist friend who comes for morning coffee, my Roman Catholic neighbour who chats across the fence, my friends down the street who go to no church at all, the neighbour kids who play and fight in my yard.

And the girl who cuts my hair.

For all these people, Lord there is simply not enough of me. Can they possibly see You through me?

A CALL TO ALL PARENTS AND GOD PARENTS

"....." You must remember, that it is your parts and duties to see that this infant be taught, so soon as he shall be able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise and profession he hath made by you. And that he may know these things the better, you shall call upon him to hear sermons; and chiefly you shall provide that he may learn the creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments . . . and all other things which a christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." We are here reminded of our duties to the children that have come into the world and into the fellowship of the church through us. It is our duty, therefore, to BRING them to CHURCH and to TEACH the christian faith. May I ask you again, parents; Will you help the children to learn and to do their christian duties? The correct answer is: "I will the Lord being my helper."

WINNING FRIENDS AND INFLUENCING PEOPLE A LENTEN MEDITATION

'Feed them . . . fascinate them . . . force them,' these are the techniques we humans have devised to win friends and influence people.

It all starts in the playground, where the grubby boy, seeking an ally, offers to share his play lunch or simply sits on his mate pounding him until he says 'Yes' to the proposition.

And then in his teens, the same boy in his sharp rig, wanting to impress his girl, takes her to lunch with all the trimmings, or takes her to the pictures, or simply takes her by storm.

Whilst in maturity the same game goes on, as the tycoon clinches his deal by dining and wining his customer, by taking him to the strip joint, and if necessary

by forcing him to the wall by every twist of the economic screw.

And so by food, fascination, and force—we seek to influence each other and we are all at it different ways, the teacher, the manager, the advertiser, the professor, the politician, and the parson.

Forgetting always that the only things this technique fails to produce are the only things really worth while in life, things like love and loyalty, devotion and dedication.

You knew all about this, Lord, when you were tempted in the wilderness, during those forty days and nights we now call Lent.

As you meditated on that million dollar enigma which today enthralled the brains of Madison Avenue as they seek an answer to the question, 'How best to get the message across?'

It was at this time the Devil suggested to you the old human techniques. Feed them . . . fascinate them . . . force them, but each time you gave the same answer—"Get thee behind me Satan."

"If thou be the Son of God," he whispered, "command this stone that it be bread. If their stomachs are full, men will listen to spiritual truths."

But it doesn't work out that way.

The more affluent the society, the less concerned it appears about the soul.

And then it came again, "If thou be the Son of God," said Satan, "cast thyself down from the top of the temple," and "He shall give his angels charge over thee. Fascinate the people by being the first flying man, then they will listen to your gospel."

But it doesn't work out that way.

You had seen them, Lord, those conjurers and mountebanks in the market place, holding the minds of the multitude until the miracle was past . . . then they went home and forgot.

And then it came the third time, "If thou wilt worship me," came the whisper, "I shall give thee power over all the kingdoms of the world." In other words 'Become a national hero, force them to believe.'

But it doesn't work out that way.

For you had seen the Roman Legions compelling obedience whilst they were there. It was a short-lived obedience, which evaporated as the sound of marching feet died away.

And so to each temptation, Lord, you replied, "Get thee behind me Satan," for the techniques of man seldom fulfil the purposes of God.

It was not by feeding them, fascinating them, or forcing them that you chose to bring the Kingdom of God on earth, but . . . by loving them . . . even to an end which was brutally bitter.

And that is why, Lord, 2000 years later.

we still attempt to believe your words and to do your will.

Because you loved us.

Help me, Lord, to see that it is only love that will win friends and influence people for causes which are either temporal or eternal.

SOME SPIRITUAL ARITHMETIC

Have you ever introduced anybody to the worship of God? Do you realise that if there were only one hundred Christians in the world today, and each one brought one other person to Christ every year, and the numbers doubled each year, two hundred after one year, four hundred after two years, that after twenty five years the figure would be 1.600 millions. That figure would include the majority, if not the whole of mankind.

The difficulties of such a task are, of course, enormous. Yet the figures reveal how little missionary work we do. If during a whole lifetime, each member of St. Cuthbert's Church brought only one person into the regular life of the Church the Body of Christ would be twice as strong in Halsall as it is now. Surely there is somebody to invite this Lent? It may not be the first person you think of, but be sure there is someone waiting for you. The arithmetic may strike one as quaint and naive, but the challenge remains!

MOTHERING SUNDAY MARCH 21st

In 'Chambers Book of the Days' we are told that on Mid-Lent Sunday it was an old English custom for children to give presents to their parents particularly to their mothers. It was a day of family re-unions when grown-ups visited their parents also taking gifts to their mothers. Anyone setting out on such a visit was said to go 'a mothering.' Hence the name 'Mothering Sunday.' This Sunday is also sometimes called 'Simmell Sunday.' The two are closely connected, because it was the custom to take among other things a simnel cake to one's mother on this day. There are many traditional stories of the origin of the Simnel cake. One (rather a tall one!) is of two newly-weds Simeon and Nelly, who had an early quarrel as to whether an experiment of Nelly's with flour and currants and raisins and various spices should become a pudding or a cake. Finally, they compromised, and boiled it first, and then baked it. The name given to the result was made up of the two names in the following manner—Sim-Nell. Robert Herrick (1591-1672) has an interesting lyric on Mothering and Simnel cakes:

'I'll to the a Simnell bring
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering.
So that when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me'.

The Church did not originate this custom. The custom itself belongs to old English country life, and the Church encouraged people to link it up with religion, thereby acknowledging the sanctity of family ties and particularly of motherhood. We shall keep the custom again at St. Cuthbert's by holding a special Mothering Service at 2-30 p.m. on Mid-Lent Sunday, March 21st. The idea of such a service is that entire families should unite in church. Mothers should bring their husbands, and all their children young and old.

The keeping of Mothering Sunday is a bit of merry old England coming into the present. It is part of the sound tradition of English home life. We may have no violets to bring, nor Simnels as rich as Simeon's and Nelly's but we can bring to Church hearts as thankful to God for the blessings of homes and mothers as our English forefathers.

HUMOUR

'Charity shall cover the multitude of sins'. So writes St. Peter in his first Epistle. A sense of humour goes a long way towards achieving the same result, for where there is real humour there is also charity. I know we are frequently humorous at somebody's else's expense, but unless we can take it ourselves in return, our humorous sallies will soon pall on our associates. The man who takes himself so seriously that he cannot accept a laugh against himself, is a man who is also devoid of charity; so is the man who tries to hand out more than he likes to take. Our sense of humour is a very sure guide to the assessment of the degree of charitableness which we possess. Indeed, a good sense of humour is surely one of the major virtues. It breeds good comradeship,

and preserves it. Amongst men with the gift of humour there is rarely unresolved enmity.

Humour smooths out the hard lines of false pride, and anger, and 'touchiness'. The man without it is almost certainly a fellow with an intolerably good opinion of himself; a hard-natured fellow incapable of give and take; a fellow who puts a damper on the party the moment he appears, and one in whose make-up, charitableness, comradeship, does not appear. But where humour prevails warm-hearted charity is ever around.

U.S.P.G. NEWS

WHY FEW EMIGRANTS GO BACK TO JAMAICA

by Robert Nind

According to the Runnymede Trust, which has distinguished itself by constructive research into race relations in the UK since 1968, more West Indians left this country for Canada alone than arrived here throughout 1969. This does not include many others who have gone to the United States. Few have returned to the West Indies, unless prompted by illness or misfortune.

Those of us who have lived in the West Indies know why. I imagine the same would be true for any expatriate who has lived in India or Pakistan. The simple, uncomplicated fact is that no one, however much they may love their home land more than any other, will choose poverty, uselessness, and resentment instead of the kind of life we regard as our right in England. (And this country does not measure up to the opportunities of North America—which is also nearer home.)

Don't let anyone imagine, however, that nations like Jamaica are neglecting their responsibilities. The stagnation in the economy and community development, which preceded the advance to independence from Britain has been replaced by growth in all departments of life at a very fast rate; all departments, that is, except one—agriculture. And that, in one word, is the hindrance to real progress for most tropical countries.

The parish—or cure as it is called in the diocese of Jamaica—in which I worked for seven years from 1960-67, had two sugar factories, with a third owning properties on the northern border. It is drought land so every piece of cane is grown by irrigation from a complicated system of criss-crossing canals or ditches. Land is owned by the factories as well as numerous farmers big and small. There is nothing else to do there, apart from a little fishing, except to work in the sugar industry or the shops and trades that service it. In the late fifties and early sixties sugar boomed, so that the Wet Indies Sugar Company employed on their lands and in their factory 12,000 persons. By 1967 this had been reduced by half. Yet the population of the area blocked from further emigration to UK, was around the 40,000 mark and still rising. Around 1965 I was correspondent/manager for eight schools, which served 5,000 children aged 7-15. What lay in front of those children was years of idleness, despair, and finally sullen indifference, when they realised that their only hope of work—ultimately—was to cut cane in the sweltering heat: but not before they were 21, by which age they would have had six idle and wageless years since leaving school.

Latest reports suggest that the sugar industry itself is near collapse. One WISCO factory lost £1,000,00 in 1969. It hasn't made a profit for years. The same is

more or less true of all the sugar factories. Many have gone out of business. Subsidies paid by the British government to East Anglian beet farmers, full mechanisation in Europe, Australia, Rhodesia, have kept the world price of sugar a long way below the cost of production in the West Indies. Still the Jamaican sugar industry is too labour intensive. It looks as if the population of my former cure may soon be left with nothing to do at all, except to leave and compete in the battle for jobs with bauxite mining companies.

How can anyone possibly go back? If it were not for them many at home left without their consistent support, would starve.

The Revd. Robert Nind went to Vere, Jamaica, in 1960 and was its Rector from 1963 to 1967. He is now Vicar of St. Matthew's Brixton.

ST. CUTHBERT'S GUILD

The Guild got off to a very good start on Tuesday, 16th February when over fifty of our villagers came to the informal meeting. Under the chairmanship of Dr. Maurice Manners we had a very good meeting and all those present took part in the general discussion about the organisation, its membership, day and time of meeting, subscription, programme planning and finally the election of the Committee.

I am delighted to have been invited to be your President and I look forward with great expectations to a successful future for our Guild. The next meeting, to be planned by the committee, will be held on Tuesday, March 23rd at 7-45 p.m. in the Schools. You are all welcome and we look forward to meeting you.

The officers of the Guild are as follows:-

President: The Rev. Canon W. H. Bullough, A.K.C.
Chairman: Dr. Maurice Manners; Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Peter Aynsley; Hon. Treasurer: Mr. Peter Aynsley;
Committee Members: Mr. Brian Heaton, Mr. Paul Goldstraw, Mr. A. Romanes, Mr. Peter Attwood, Mrs. Edna Huyton, Mrs. Jim Critchley, Mrs. D. Russell, Mrs. B. Bottger. We are delighted that Mr. Harold Grimshaw has offered to organise the Badminton Section of the Guild. H.B.

COFFEE EVENING

We look forward to seeing you all at the Rectory on Friday evening, 19th March between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m., at a Coffee Evening with Bring and Buy Sale. This Mid-Lent event is always a very enjoyable evening and we ask you to invite others to join you on this occasion.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

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Feb. 23—Mary Alice Blundell, aged 88 years of Gregory Lane, Halsall.

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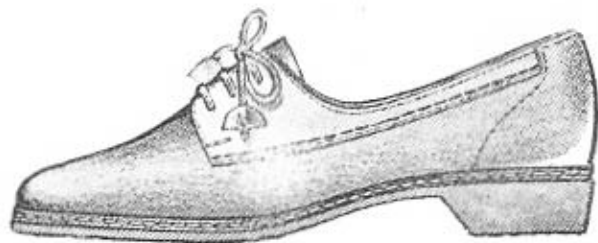
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