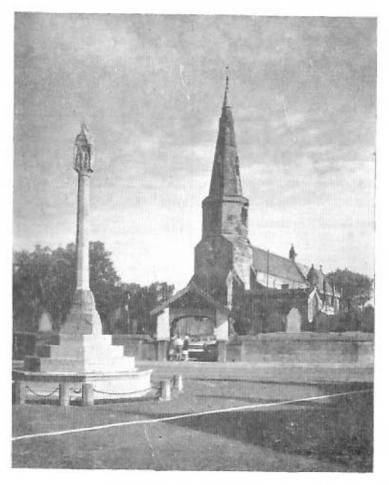
HALSALL PARISH MAGAZINE



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The Rectory, Halsall. 14th September, 1965.

My Dear Friends,

"It's alright for you, you're the Rector, but think about us poor folks and what we have to put up with." This remark was made to me by a faithful parishioner when we were discussing a particular parochial problem the other day. This month I will look through the eye of a parishioner and imagine I am one and not the Rector. My qualifications for doing this are these. I was brought up in the midst of a strict churchgoing family—twice on Sunday with Sunday School thrown in for make weight. I learned how to work for the church at all times and from being an altar boy offered my life's work to God. I have been ordained for twenty-six years.

Here goes then suppose I was an ordinary member of St. Cuthbert's Church. First and foremost I can say without any hesitation I should be very happy about my place in the Church. Even if I were only an "also ran" or a very obscure member I should rejoice in my membership and thank God every Sunday for making me part of His Body The Church, and one of His flock.

My membership of the Church would not prevent me from being a member of any other association, a Golf Club, Cricket Club or any other club and if I did join any other association I should strive to be a worthy member. But I should seek to put the church first all the time, knowing that in spite of all its faults and failings it is in very truth the "Body of Christ." I should sometimes use St. Augustine's words—"Let others wrangle: I shall wonder."

With this never-ceasing wonder in my heart I should strive to be an active member of "the household of faith," and not merely a sleeping partner. I should realise that my Rector is much happier about people who are usefully engaged in church activities than about those who remain on the sidelines and that in most cases it is the hard workers who are the happiest. It is those members who do nothing save look on critically at those who do something, who are the troublemakers; and that is the last thing I should want to be. In every church as in every other group there are people willing to work and people willing to let them, I should want to be among the workers because I know from experience that it is those members who work for Christ and His Church who most truly know the blessedness of Christian living.

Secondly, if I were a church member I should always try to create a spirit of harmony in the congregation knowing that a house divided against itself cannot stand. I should not always expect unanimity of opinion or uniformity of action; it takes all sorts of people to make a church, and differences of opinion are bound to occur. So long as my fellow members agreed on the main points of the church's life and witness, I should not bother very much about minor disagreements.

In my prayers in church I should pray for my Rector, for the whole congregation and for myself, remembering the words "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." In every act of worship I should seek through intercession and thanksgiving to help to create that atmosphere in which man's work for God can best be done. I should ask for grace to love everybody, even those who I found it hard to like. I should do my best to get on with the awkward, the touchy, the disgruntled, the people who think they should get more attention than they do. I should try to remember always that prayer is always more effective than criticism; and I should let prayer win.

In the third place, if I were a church member, I should seek to encourage my fellow travellers in the Christian way. There are many disappointments in church life; there are things that depress us in our dealings with fellow believers. But knowing how easily we influence one another, I should say to my fellow worker for Christ's cause: "Be of good courage. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." And I should look as if I meant it.

I should speak words of appreciation to my Rector, to the church officials, to the members of the choir, to sunday school teachers and church day school teachers, to youth leaders, to all my fellow workers helping in any way whatsoever, whenever I could. I know God blesses those who do work for Him, but the human word of cheer helps mightily and can even save some despairing worker from giving up.

Fourthly, if I were a church member, I should realise that **not one** of us is infallible, not even the youngest; and so I should submit to the will of the majority, even though I might believe a majority decision to be wrong. I should not be over fond of having my own way. If I offended anyone, even without knowing it, I should be willing to apologise; and I should be equally willing to forgive anyone who might have offended me, even deliberately. When I came across a tangle in church life I should try to straighten it out, recalling that our Lord pronounced his blessing on the peacemakers.

I should set a watch on my tongue, and escape the dangers of irresponsible gossip. I should especially refrain from criticising the church and its members before children, before young people, before outsiders. I should "talk it up" wisely and enthusiastically, hoping to commend it to people who treat lightly the things of God.

Fifthly, if I were a church member, I should support my church in every possible way, by my attendance and by my contributions, even to the point of sacrificial giving of time and money and energy. I should seek to interest my non-churchgoing friends and neighbours in the church as if it were (as indeed it really is) the most wonderful association of people on earth. I should look up those who stayed away and always tell my Rector about anyone sick or in trouble. I should always welcome visitors and make them feel at home in God's house, giving them my seat if necessary (not complaining if they have taken it) or my hymn book.

I should strive to make my church the most sympathetic and understanding group in the community, a place where the miserable sinners and the puzzled saints could find sympathy, fellowship and inspiration, a place above all of forgiveness and hope. In fact I should do all I could to bring about the answer to my oft said prayer: "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," recognizing that I could do this only by relying upon the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Finally, if I were a church member, I should try to keep ever before me my duty to bear witness in daily character and conduct to the redeeming grace of the Saviour. I should seek to implement in speech and action the saving truth in our Lord's words to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth, Ye are the light of the world"—salt to save men from moral decay, light to deliver men from spiritual darkness. Thus I should know the close connection between worship and witness; my place in the worshiping congregation would keep the salt from losing its savour and prevent the light from being hidden under a bushel.

By this time many of you will be saying —"What a pity you ever became a minister! What a pity you didn't remain a church member!" Alas! I know that if I had remained a church member I should very often have failed grievously, for it is a very lofty ideal I have set forth. But "not failure, but low aim is the crime." and "who aims a star shoots higher for than he who aims a tree." What a difference it would make to the church—and to the world—if only our spiritual aims were higher. How much faster would God's saving purpose for mankind be realised, if only everyone of us strove more earnestly in Christ's strength to be a worthy member of his Body, the Church.

God Bless you all,

Your sincere friend,

W. HERBERT BULLOUGH

FOR THE CHILDREN

Dear children,

This month I am going to reprint a story from "The Adventurer" which is the Missionary Magazine I receive each month. Here it is:—

This is a story told by Ben Bani, now Rural Dean of the Banks Islands, of the days when he was working among the heathen on South Raga. 'Three of us set out from Wanur on the coast to visit the heathen at Rantas, Brother Leotabetabe, a recently-converted man from the district named Peter, and myself.

'We arrived, unknown to us during a festival. This was a time given up entirely to feasting and dancing. Strangers were not allowed in the village at such a time, Unfortunately we did not know this, nor did we know that the chief told his people on our arrival that they would kill us.

'In the evening I read prayers for the three of us in the entrance to the gamal. Then the heathen took away Peter from us because he was one of them. We went out in the bush and gathered some leaves to sleep on.

'We learned later that the chief said to his people: "Give those three some food," and when we had eaten it the people were to kill us. Peter began to cry when he heard this, but he didn't tell us why he was crying, and we did not realise what was happening.

They waited for us to go to sleep. We lay down, but I could not go to sleep. Their idea was to kill us while we were asleep, but not to kill us if we were awake. Brother Leo slept, but I remained awake. They came up to us to kill us, one with a club, one with an axe. But when they came close to me, I saw their weapons, and got up. They then went away, to wait until I was asleep, but as I now realised what they wanted I kept awake till morning, and so, although they came up several times to look at us, they did not kill us.

"In the morning the chief said to his people: "When you give them some pudding to eat, then you will kill them." But one of their boys, called Beva, had known us down on the coast and was friendly, so he told us of the chief's plan. He said: "When you have eaten, then they will kill you." So we ate, and then I said to Brother Leo: "Let us pray." So we prayed, and Beva called two other boys and told them to help him to take us back. All this time Peter was still crying over us. Beva told us: "When you are on the way, do not leave the road."

'I then said to the chief that I would write down the names of all the people there. He asked me why. I said: "I want to know how many you are here." So Beva told me their names and I wrote them down. There were twenty-nine people,

"Then we left the place. Beva said we would go to Bunlap. Brother Leo went first, then Peter, then one of their boys, then myself, then Beva, and lastly a man with an axe, a club and a rifle. Beva told us not to leave the road until we reached Bunlap. "If we reach there, we are safe," he said, "these people will not be able to kill you there, because they will be in the territory of another chief." So we went on until we came to Bunlap and were safe.'

God Bless you all, Love from THE RECTOR

AUTUMN

Autumn is the season of colour. The prevailing colours seem to be green, russet, crimson and vermillion. The silvery stems of the birch and bright red berries of the mountain ash all lend variety to the scene.

The golden tints of the Autumn leaves brighten up the pavements of our towns, Southport's Lord Street in particular. Fields from which corn has been reaped are as beautiful on the fringe of Southport as ever.

'While barred clouds bloom the soft dying day.
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue.'
Autumn is the season of colour, and colour is one of the means by which God speaks to us. In the times of ancient Greece Plato taught that colour is one of the means whereby men glimpse that ideal world of which this present world is but a dim reflection. Christ in the Sermon on the Mount bids men consider the lilies of the field which reveal to us the beauty of the mind of God who created them, and bring to us glimpses of the Kingdom of God towards which we are travelling.

We look again at the outdoor world in autumn, and something else comes to our notice. We feel a definite moving forward of time! One day we see a few colourful leaves on a branch near our home—the next day they are gone! The passage of time is forced upon us. We cannot realise that the nights are drawing in again so soon. How imperceptibly they have passed, those long summer evenings! Yet they, together with all they held of pleasure or beauty are gone beyond recalling.

They dwelt with Beauty, beauty that must die, And joy whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu."

Summer is past. The air is filled with the odour of decaying leaves, and the woods seem sinking to sleep, save when the wind comes, and the leaves are whirled away. Behind all looms the ghost of summer not of last summer only, but of summers long ago.

Nature speaks to us of truths which concern us closely. Time steals by! Years flit away from us! Think of them! Years full of hopes, and good intentions. Years which held for each of us something we can never forget, which like last summer's flowers can never come back. Only in memory.

'The enchanted long ago murmers, and smiles anew.'

But for all the sadness there may be in this picture, God gives an encouraging message in it. The sadness need not be unrelieved if we are prepared to live wisely. It is the message we read in the harvest. When the good hopes, and worthy intentions formed in the past have been kept, and lived up to, they 'bring forth fruit to perfection.' Like leaves on the trees the gay pageantries of youth will fade, and perish utterly, but the real endeavours of former years will produce something satisfying and immortal like the fruits which fall to earth only to bring new life to birth.

These thoughts lead to another lesson which Nature reveals in autumn, Autumn fruits—the harvest of nature! Food for men and animals! We see them all around us! The pageantry of the seasons; the gaiety of spring, the glamour of summer, the splendour of autumn, have not been an empty show, or a meaningless parade, There has been purpose in it all; purpose beneficial to the world.

God teaches us here how to live. There are many ways of living—but there are two extremes which stand in great contrast to each other, and it is surprising how many of us tend towards one or the other. There is the gay, empty, selfish, gaudy way of living, and there is the grim, colourless straight-laced way. If we read the message God gives in autumn we find that neither is the true way. The seasons in their changeful beauty culminating in the wealth of harvest in autumn would seem to say, "Live to do good; have an aim, and a purpose in life, but do it josfully, gaily, beautifully. Live colourful lives, but let them lead somewhere, and achieve something for the general good, for this is the way of the kingdom of God."

It is then through Nature that we can learn so much about ourselves, and about God at first hand; finding the wisdom that makes life an open book, and the love which persists through all changes.

"The world is God's epistle to mankind," said Plato.

So in the world of today we turn to the natural world, and in contrast to the chaos and unrest of the world of men we find there is Beauty, Order, Purpose, obedience to a perfect will; life beneficial and generous. Above all there is that in the quietness, and peace of the vast serenity of Nature which gives calm to mans spirit. It is the feeling that through all, and in all guiding and inspiring is the benevolence of God. It's the experiencing of a great overmastering providence ever present to the spirit. Nature goes on in beauty and purposefulness, and in her we learn much of God, and human life. How finely this is expressed by Thoreau in a description of an autumn waik!

"The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory, and spleandour that it lavishes on cities, and, perchance, as it has never set before . . . We walked in so pure a light, gilding the withered grass, and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like a boundary of Elvsium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we sauntered towards the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our lives with a great awakening light, as warm, and serene, and golden as on a bank-side in autumn."

HARVEST FESTIVAL

There will be a celebration of Holy Communion at 11.30 after Matins on Sunday, 3rd October. A Children's Gift Service will be held at 2.30 p.m. The Rector will preach at all services.

HARVEST SUPPER AND DANCE

We look forward to an enjoyable evening on Friday, 8th October, when our Annual Harvest Supper and Dance will be held. Tickets at 4/- each are on sale.

THE MOTHERS' UNION

On Tuesday, 5th October, we shall hold an enrolment service in church at 7-30 p.m. It is hoped there will be a good attendance.

ORGAN RECITAL

On Saturday, 2nd October, at 7 p.m., Mr. Derick Cantrell, the organist at Manchester Cathedral, will give a recital at St. Cuthbert's. The final recital of this series will be given on Saturday, 16th October, at 7 p.m., by Mr. Brian Runnett, of Manchester University.

THE NEW ORGAN

The following letter has been received from the Organs Adviser to the Council for the Care of Churches, London.

> 5. Great College Street, Westminster, S.W.I. 25th August, 1965

Whitehall 5833

Dear Rector,

Many thanks for your letter and I was very sorry to miss you on my visit to Halsall. I can say without hesitation that as to its design and execution, both tonally and mechanically, the organ at Halsall is now one of the two or three most advanced of its size in the country.

As this is the size appropriate to a wide range of parish churches, it makes it all the more important as a pioneer instrument. It is no exaggeration to say that its resources are far greater than many an organ more than twice its size. For your expenditure of £6,000 you now have an instrument which would cost at least twice that amount to replace.

Yours sincerely,

CECIL CLUTTON

The Reverend W. H. Bullough, The Rectory, Halsall, Ormskirk, Lanes,

SIDESMEN'S ROTA

- Oct 3 E. Serjeant, D. Swift, C. Shacklady, J. Balmer.
 - H. Baldwin, W. White, W. Robinson, E. Blackhurst.
 - 17—R. Heaton, J. Colley, J. D. Grimshaw, G. Midgley.
 - 24—R. Lewis, H. Rimmer, J. Cheetham, H. Gaskell.
- Nov 7—G. Porter, S. Park, W. Leadbetter, N. Britnall.

SERVERS ROTA

- Oct. 3-8 a.m. Peter Balmer. 11-30 a.m. Raymond Juba.
 - 10—8 a.m. John Gaskell, 10-30 a.m. Harold Grimshaw, Malcolm Serieant.
 - 17-8 a.m. Tony Gaskell.
 - 24 8 a.m. Roger Dutton, 10-30 a.m. Harold Grimshaw, Jo.
 - 10-30 a.m. Harold Grimshaw, John Pounds.
 - 31-8 a.m. Jim Heaton.

SANCTUARY FLOWERS

- Oct 6-HARVEST FESTIVAL, The Congregation
 - 10-Mrs. Townsend.
 - 17-Mrs. W. Halsall.
 - 24-Mrs. T. Rimmer.
 - 31-Mrs, Ainscough.
- Nov. 7-Mrs. Hesketh and Mrs. Winstanley.

HOLY BAPTISM

"Entered into the family of Christ's Church"

- Aug 22—Debra Jayne, daughter of John Kenneth and Kathleen Sally Hillier, 94 New Cut Lane, Birkdale.
- Sept 12—Deborah Jean, daughter of Leonard George and Sylvia Leslie Court, Blue Bell Hotel, Barton.
 - 12—Alison, daughter of William and Shiela Alice Holcroft, 62 School Lane, Haskayne.

HOLY MATRIMONY

"Those whom God hath joined together"

Frederick Peter Tabern, 12 Lincoln Road, Birkdale and Margaret Jane Gibbons, 2 Plex Moss Lane, Halsall.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

"In sure and certain hope"

- Aug 23—Thomas Neale Hesketh, age 77 years, 47 Sephton Drive, Ormskirk.
- Sept I—Selina Core, age 74 years, of 41 Linaker Drive, Halsall.

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