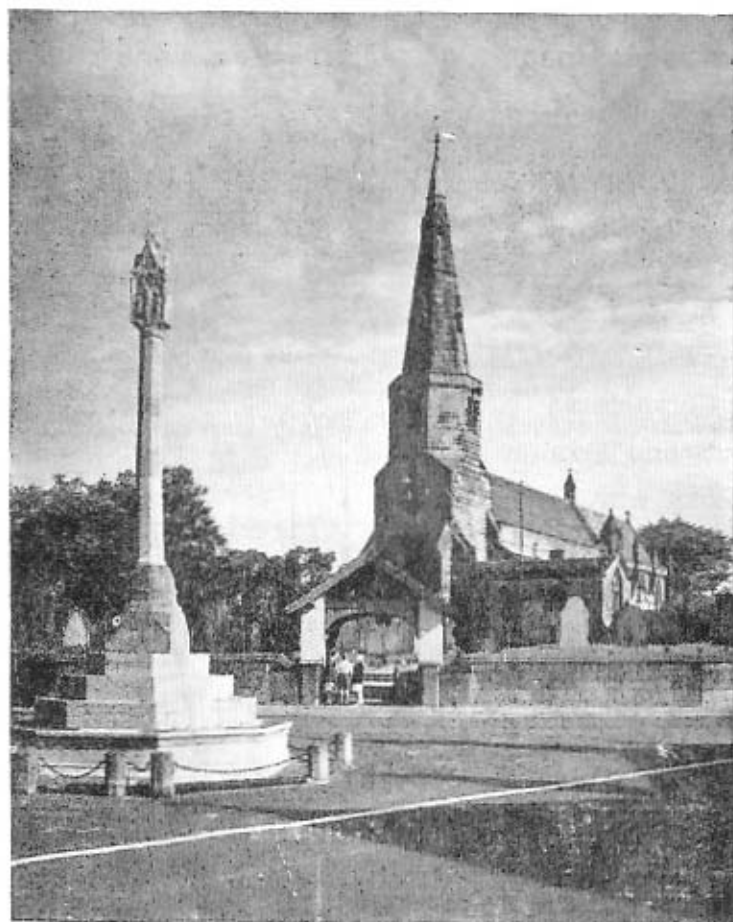


HALSALL PARISH MAGAZINE



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Rural Dean of Ormskirk

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MRS. E. HUYTON, 28 Gregory Lane, Halsall.

Services at St. Cuthberts

1st SUNDAY IN THE MONTH

9.00 a.m. Holy Communion
10.30 a.m. Mattins and Sermon
6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon

2nd SUNDAY IN THE MONTH

10.30 a.m. Family Eucharist
6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon

3rd SUNDAY IN THE MONTH

9.00 a.m. Holy Communion
10.30 a.m. Mattins and Sermon
6.30 p.m. Evensong with Holy Communion

4th SUNDAY IN THE MONTH

9.00 a.m. Holy Communion
10.30 a.m. Sung Eucharist
6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon

5th SUNDAY IN THE MONTH

9.00 a.m. Holy Communion
10.30 a.m. Mattins with Holy Communion
6.30 p.m. Evensong and Sermon

Holy Baptism: Second Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.

Churchings: By appointment

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SERVICES FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

SUNDAY, 23rd DECEMBER

- 9.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m. Eucharist.
6.30 p.m. Christmas Carol Service.

MONDAY, 24th DECEMBER

- 11.30 p.m. Christmas Eucharist.

CHRISTMAS DAY, TUESDAY, 25th DECEMBER

- 9.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m. Christmas Service with Holy Communion.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, MONDAY, 31st DECEMBER

- 11.30 p.m. New Year Eucharist.

The Rectory,
Halsall,
23 November 1973.

My dear Friends,

Christmas will very soon be upon us with its cards, its presents, its homecomings, its parties and its jollity. It is all too easy to forget its real meaning in the midst of the things with which the years have surrounded it. Commercial interests have exploited it and its real meaning has, in the minds of many, faded till it seems like a distant fairy tale. The wise men, the shepherds, the angel choir and even the Child Himself seem to have little reference to the world in which we live today. Yet it was precisely so in the year of His birth and for many a year afterwards. The great Roman Empire, unchanged, pursued its way; murder, cruelty, and war strode through the ancient world as it does through ours.

But for those who had eyes to see and faith to respond an unutterably new thing had happened, God had spoken in His Son. God had taken action in Christ to reconcile mankind to Himself, and this He did, and does, humbly, unobtrusively, quietly that He may win men's free loyalty and not compel their obedience. This new element, power, influence (call it what we will) which entered human life at Christ's birth has created all that is loveliest and best in our

history. Many times it has seemed on the point of defeat by the powers arrayed against it but it has ever and again gone forward to fresh triumphs because behind it stands the inexhaustible patience and power of God.

So today, amid the Satanical forces arrayed against His Church God speaks through His Son Jesus Christ, and we are expected to show the character of Jesus in our own thoughts, words and actions. As God expressed Himself in Jesus so Jesus would express Himself in us.

The Holy Eucharist should be the central act of all our Christmas celebrations. "He who was once born in the Bethlehem stable is in a very real sense born anew on our altars and in our hearts. All the tenderness and strength, the peace and goodwill, the general love and the particular affection that are His are aroused in us and awakened to expression by the influence of His spirit in our minds".

Christmas means for us death and evil defeated, faith justified, hope crowned and love made secure. That is why the Christmas festival has a glory all its own, and that is what I have in mind when I wish you all joy and peace this Christmas tide.

God bless you all,

Your sincere friend,

HERBERT BULLOUGH.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

A boy woke up, on Christmas Day in the morning. It was a different day from any other in the year. He lay in bed for a while, feeling with his toes the weight of what was on the foot of the bed. He sat up and pulled the eiderdown towards him, to keep off the cold, and to bring the stocking closer, but he heard it roll and thud against the foot of the bed. He remembered that the stocking must not be opened until seven o'clock. Mother said that he would wake too early. He thought he would wake at seven, because that was how other mornings went.

He put back the bedclothes and felt for the stocking, and drew his hand along it without lifting it up. He picked up the stocking, and laid it on the eiderdown again. Was it time to open it yet?

He wondered whether to go and ask Mother. But the house was so quiet that she must be asleep.

He could find out without disturbing anybody. One way was to go to the window and listen for the church clock. He found his dressing gown, walked to the window, and put his head out. There was quiet outside too. The factory usually hissed with machinery. But today there would be no hammering of work, no workmen coming. There was no traffic on the road.

The church clock struck quarter-past, so it would be three-quarters of an hour before an hour came. It must be quarter past seven, he thought. But the house was so quiet that he could not be sure.

He came from the window, and opened the bedroom door. His head was full at once of the Christmas Tree, pungent in the room downstairs. Warm air came up out of the house, the paper chains in the hall rustled. He closed the door after him and went downstairs. There was holly on the wall of the stairs. He let it kiss his hand. In the room downstairs was the tree, hung with glass fruit. Last night the little electric bulbs on it had been hot berries in all the branches, but now they were no warmer than the cold glass fruit.

The grandfather clock beat out the seconds in the corner. The boy brought a chair and stood on it, opened the door at the clock's face, and felt the tips of the arrows and the numbers. It was twenty past four. Too early. He put the chair in its place, and came round by the wall to the tree. The branches touched his head, and he could stroke the pleasant winter coat of that indoor tree, breathe the resin and hear the decorations tinkle and rub. He went upstairs again, laid the dressing gown over the stocking to put it out of temptation, and slept. When he woke it was true morning; water was running in the kitchen. Now was the time when the world began to move, but for him it was no different, because the blind have no darkness.

WHO IS THIS?

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He worked in a carpenter's shop until He was 30. And then for three years He was an itinerant teacher.

He never wrote a book. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never travelled 200 miles from the place

where He was born. He had nothing to do with this world except the power of His divine manhood.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying—His coat. When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not effected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that one solitary life.

INDIFFERENCE

Somewhere in a place of sorrow
There's a child thinks of tomorrow,
Wonders if he'll eat or not—
O.K., so what?

There's someone knows no love,
Looks around him and above,
Seeks in darkness for some light—
Well? I'm all right!

There's a stranger has no home,
Penniless, is forced to roam,
Looks for one to whom to turn—
Is it my concern?

There's a man not of my kin,
Has a darker shade of skin,
Some refuse to call him friend—
Why should that offend?

Somewhere, or so I've been told,
Someone shivers in the cold,
Dreaming of warm clothes to wear—
Why should I care?

Someone's lame and someone's blind,
Someone else is sick in mind,
Someone dies in agony—
What's that to me?

Someone lies in a prison cell,
Endures a private earthly Hell,
Suffering for conscience sake—
Should I lie awake?

Somewhere in the days gone by
On three crosses three men die,
One of these is God the Son—
How He cares for everyone!

Since for all My Lord has died,
Calling all men to His side,
Indifference must surely end—
All my brother, each my friend.

WHAT ARE THE CHURCH'S PRIORITIES?

The picture which the casual outsider has of the Church is indeed a sad one. It seems to be an ancient and historic institution which christens, marries, buries and so adds a little colourful cere-

mony to life's great occasions. It provides a number of rather indifferent social activities and can be quite useful in keeping children out of the way on a Sunday afternoon. Above all it raises money, and urges people to attend church services which are dreary or strange. "Oh yes, we think there should be a church in the parish for those as like it, but we're all going to the same place anyway so why bother?"

It is indeed difficult for us to imagine just how odd, unnecessary and uninviting the Church looks to those who stand outside. And we must say first of all, without attempting to cover our many deficiencies, that this picture, or something like it, has been in the mind of the outsider for many centuries. The smart young journalist will always produce a picture of the church ill-organised, irrelevant, conservative, hypocritical, shrinking, decayed and tottering to its fall.

But while assessing such criticism for what it is worth we must recollect that the real life of the Church is a hidden life. It cannot be caught in the mesh of budgets, statistics, or public opinion polls. The weakness of the Church is, and has always been, all too evident but its strength—save as seen in its continuance (it has buried many smart journalists)—lies hidden in Christ with God. It is the strengthening of this hidden life that is the first priority. The old hymn *Veni Creator* speaks of that which comes to us from above as "comfort, life and fire of love". The Church exists to bring these gifts to men. It may be well organised, well off, interesting, with a pleasing public image and full of social attractions, but, if that is all, it is nothing. It is an empty shell. Men need comfort, not in the sense of solace or consolation, though indeed that is sometimes needed, but in the sense of that strengthening which comes from having their feet planted on the rock of divine truth. The life we look for is not just existence or what is called gracious living but life of a new intensity and quality, more open to the divine and showing itself outwardly in fire of love; that is to say in a deeper insight into God's will and a more passionate concern for others.

Those who know the Church from inside are aware from their own experience that Christ still distributes these gifts. We cannot organise this. We can only hold ourselves ready and stand out of His way with the old prayer on our lips—Marantha, Lord come.

SERVERS ROTA

Dec. 2	9.00 a.m.	Peter Balmer.
9	10.30 a.m.	David Stopforth and Keith Stopforth.
16	9.00 a.m.	Maurice Core.
	6.30 p.m.	Stuart Simpkin.
23	9.00 a.m.	John Gaskell.
	10.30 a.m.	Michael Lewis & Barry Gaskell.
24	11.30 p.m.	Brian Heaton & Malcolm Serjeant.
25	9.00 a.m.	Jim Heaton.
	10.30 a.m.	Colin Stopforth.
30	9.00 a.m.	Tony Gaskell.
	10.30 a.m.	Simon Andrews.
31	11.30 p.m.	David Stopforth & Stephen Dutton.

SANCTUARY FLOWERS

Dec. 2; Mrs. L. Huyton. Dec. 9; Mrs. Britnall. Dec. 16; Mr. N. Smith. Dec. 23; Mrs. H. Foster. Dec. 24; The Congregation. Dec. 30; Vacant. Jan. 6; Mrs. R. Heaton. Jan. 13; Mr. H. Gaskell.

SIDESMEN'S ROTA

December 2; J. F. Smith, H. Dean, J.H. E. Grimshaw, D. Sephton.

December 9; P. Aynsley, R. Gaskell, J.B. T. Swift, T. Hunter.

December 16; H. Huyton, A. Grimshaw, H.S. J. Heaton, E. Orritt.

December 23; H. Grimshaw, M. Manners, R.H. W. Pounds, C. Armstrong.

December 30; C. Shacklady, W. White, J.H. E. Serjeant, D. Swift.

January 6; B. Heaton, J. Gaskell, J.B. P. Saunders, T. Grimshaw.

CIVIC SERVICE

We welcome to the Morning Service on Sunday December 16 the Chairman and members of Halsall Parish Council, along with their wives and friends. We invite you all to support them by your presence on this important occasion. H.B.

HALSALL AGRICULTURAL DISCUSSION SOCIETY

Thursday, 13 h December:-

7.30 p.m. Results of potato trials and investigations in S.W. Lancs. Speaker: Mr. B. P. Richardson, ADAS, Ormskirk. Farmers—please do your best to attend.

HELP THE AGED

We shall once again support the North West Appeal on behalf of the aged. Will you please prepare now in order to bring a suitable parcel of warm clothing to the choir vestry on the 15th and 16th of January. H.B.

HOLY BAPTISM

"Received into the family of Christ Church"

November 11th—David Graham son of James Arthur and Betty Wilkinson of White Otter Farm, Segars Lane, Halsall.

November 11th—Clare daughter of John and Rose Mary Craven of 86 New Street, Halsall.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

"In sure and certain hope"

October 22nd—Julia Ellen Blundell of Rose Farm House, New Street, Halsall aged 80 years.

November 9th—James Henry Abram of 49 Carr Moss Lane, Halsall aged 57 years.

November 15th—Walter Lamb of 26 Mill Lane, Burscough aged 69 years.

THE GENERAL SYNOD OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

BUDGET, 1974

	1974	1973
Service of Loans	£	£
Church Colleges of Education for Teachers	155,000	158,000
Theological Colleges and Training Houses	47,000	47,000
	<hr/> 202,000	<hr/> 205,000
Personnel Grants		
Central Fund for Ordination Candidates	395,000	322,000
Lay Workers Training	25,000	19,000
Lay Workers Pensions	55,200	47,200
	<hr/> 475,200	<hr/> 388,200
Headquarters Services		
Convocations	1,350	1,350
General Synod (and Commissions)	81,400	72,690
Board of Education	88,340	83,390
Advisory Council for the Church's Ministry	83,400	79,400
Board for Social Responsibility	45,240	43,560
Board for Mission and Unity	34,630	27,970
Church Information Office	54,820	51,280
Offices and Common Services	38,120	40,960
Statistical Unit	34,150	29,550
Council for Places of Worship	33,400	30,960
Council for the Deaf	7,730	7,540
Hospital Chaplaincies Council	6,220	5,550
Liturgical Commission	3,400	2,980
Central Board of Finance	68,240	58,500
	<hr/> 580,440	<hr/> 535,680
Grants-in Aid		
Commitments of the Anglican Communion	22,000	18,700
British Council of Churches	29,510	16,820
World Council of Churches	11,600	11,600
Ecumenical Grants	11,480	10,100
Educational Grants	13,300	13,300
Miscellaneous small grants	1,700	1,700
	<hr/> 89,590	<hr/> 72,220
	<hr/> 1,347,230	<hr/> 1,201,100
Credits and Subventions		
Interest on General Synod Fund	12,000	5,500
Grant from Central Church Fund	60,000	—
Interest on Loan Fund Reserve	11,000	—
	<hr/> 83,000	<hr/> 5,500
	<hr/> £1,264,230	<hr/> £1,195,600

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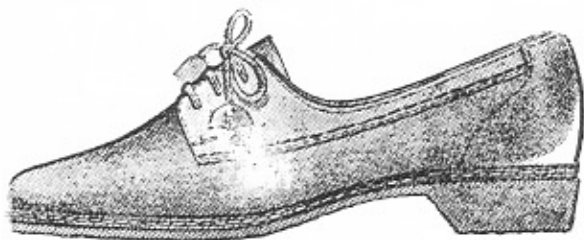
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