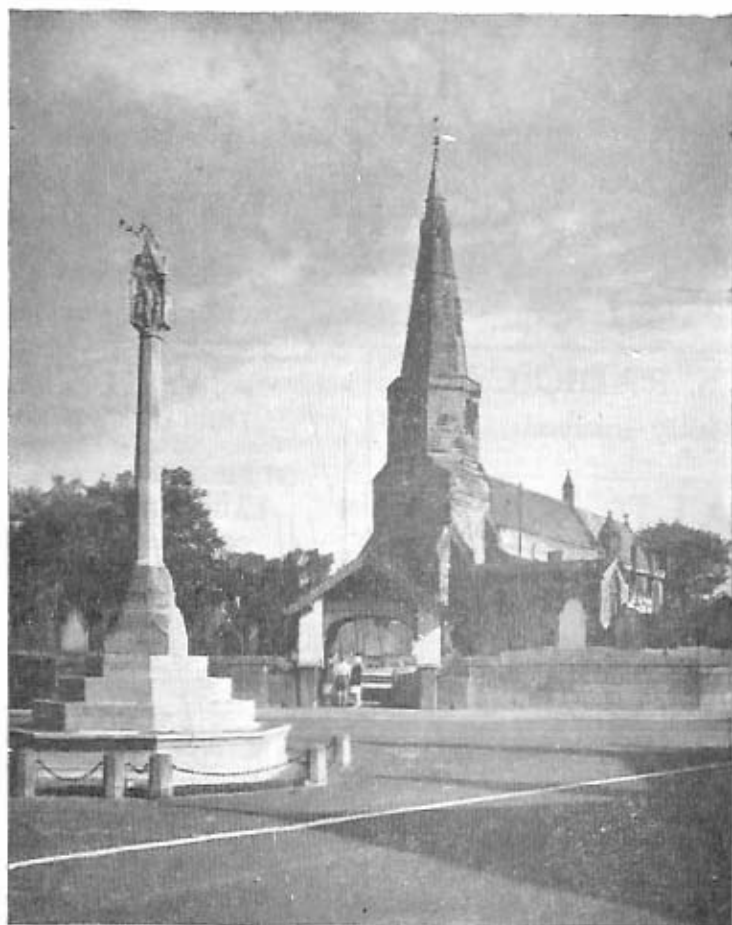


JUNE 1971

5p

HALSALL PARISH MAGAZINE



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22 May, 1971.

My dear Friends,

Once again the year brings us round to Trinity Sunday and to the long procession of Sundays thereafter. The great festivals are over and Trinity Sunday is, as it were, the keystone in the arch. It is not a popular festival, for it seems to lack human interest and to be concerned only with dry and abstruse theology. Yet, what is proclaimed on this day is indeed the keystone of Christian truth.

It was not until 1260 that a synod of the Church provided that this day should be universally observed, and so perhaps it has never taken as deep root in the popular mind as the other great festivals which are of remote antiquity. Yet in these days of widespread uncertainty in belief it is a healthy reminder of the depth and wholeness of our faith.

The doctrine of the Holy Trinity is concerned with a very human perplexity—a perplexity which life forces every man to answer. What kind of ultimate power lies behind this universe? Is there one power or are there many? And is the power impersonal and indifferent to human destiny? Is it remote to the life of nature and of man? Is the chilling infinity of space and of time a true picture of this power?

The doctrine of the Trinity is not intended to be a puzzle, though it is indeed a compressed and almost algebraic statement of a belief that goes to the very root of the matter. It tells us that the God whom we worship is One, not many; that nothing lies outside His territory and control. And yet, when we have acknowledged Him to be One, we have by no means said all. His quality and nature is pictured for us in the Son. He is the very heart of God translated into language we can understand. He is not to be thought of as a principle or a law or a force, but as a person. And yet not as a person as we sometimes understand that word; I mean as an individual with all an individual's little marks and peculiarities. The word "person" must be extended to its ultimate limits and beyond if this poor word (the best we have) is to be applied to God.

And further; this God whom we worship is to be thought of not only as Father and Son but as Holy Spirit, not only above the universe and dwelling in light unapproachable but as deep within it, sustaining and directing it from moment to moment and with breath-taking humility willing to sustain and direct in an even more intimate way those who open their spirits to His influence.

These are the thoughts we can have in our minds

as we pass on to the long list of "Sundays after Trinity."

God Bless you all
Your sincere friend,
HERBERT BULLOUGH.

AFTER TRINITY

During the Sundays after Trinity the emphasis is rather on the life and ministry of Christ. We read of the meetings by the wayside; the visits to people's houses; we gain glimpses of towns and villages; there are sidelights on the life of the times, and on particular people and places. That we begin this series in summer is somehow very right. The Gospel narratives are rich with impressions of hot summer days, of summer storms, of fields of ripening wheat, of hillsides ablaze with colourful flowers, of shady trees, of dusty streets and children playing in the market place; of the sea, of fishing boats and fishermen, and of the cool solitudes of hilltops at evening.

As we read the Gospel it is not difficult to fit it into our own experience. He might have walked through the wheat fields of Cheshire with His disciples. Capernaum by Galilee might become Whitby or a harbour on the Cornish coast and the hillsides might be anywhere in Britain. There are differences in superficials, but not in essentials. It is important to realise this, for so much of His teaching is drawn from the natural world and the affairs of everyday life. So much so that there is a clear implication that if we understand the world we shall understand much of the Kingdom of God. Every parable has a basis in common experience of men, and of the natural world. He speaks of seed and soil; of rain and wind; of trees and flowers; of the sea and hills; of farmers, fishermen, tax-gatherers, housewives; of rich men and beggars. He speaks of the world we know and reveals within it a clue to knowledge of that greater world, the Kingdom of God. Chapter 13 of St. Matthew is a perfect illustration of this. It contains a series of parables, and at the end He says: "Have ye understood all these things? They say unto Him; Yea, Lord. Then said He unto them: "Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."

THE NEW HEADMASTER

The Managers of St. Cuthbert's School have appointed Mr. Colin John Armstrong of Bradford as Headmaster. Mr. Armstrong is at present Deputy Head of Pudsey Tyersol Junior Mixed and Infant School with 230 scholars. He is 30 and has had a wide range of experience in his teaching career. We extend to Mr.

and Mrs. Armstrong and their young family our very best wishes and assure them of a warm welcome when they arrive in Halsall. H.B.

THAT IS MY HOUSE

In almost every conversation these days reference is made to the price of a house or piece of property.

Picture to yourself a house of which you are very fond. It may be your own property—you may be renting it. It may stand in its own grounds, it may be semi-detached or a house in a row. It may be a bungalow, or even a flat.

Now imagine yourself standing a little way off and looking at your house. Presently a man comes and stands beside you. He is dressed as a bricklayer with a trowel and plumbline in his hand. He turns to you and says, "That is my house—I built it." He goes away as silently as he came, and his place is taken by another man who points to the house and says, "That is my house—I bought it." If you look carefully, you will see that there are scars in the palms of his hands. Then he leaves you and you hear the wind in the trees. From the wind there comes a voice, "That is my house—I live in it."

"That is my house—I built it."—"In the beginning the heavens and the earth."

"That is my house—I bought it."—"Ye were bought with a price."

"That is my house—I live in it."—"The Spirit which dwelleth in you."

This allegory serves to show the true relationship between God and man. It exemplifies the fact that what a man uses each day—things he calls his own, his possessions—are, in fact, not his own at all. You and I say, quite naturally, that time, talents, wit, common-sense, physical structure, and any money which we have, belongs to us. But is that assumption true? Search deep into your conscience before you come out with a decision. The fact that all belongs to God is the basis on which men and women must build and frame their lives.

The doctrine of Stewardship—this deep and clear acceptance of the origin of all things—is a forgotten doctrine, relegated to the limbo of unwanted things. In so many cases to get is the common aim of men today. To get what? More possessions, so that what is falsely called the standard of living is raised for personal enjoyment? The more a man or a woman has, the greater the responsibility. It becomes a terrifying responsibility in some cases!

But to accept this doctrine, to practise it, will bring peace to personal, community, and national life. That is no overstatement. To use the gifts of God for God to His honour and glory alone, will transform life at

all strata of society into a realm which reflects its true purpose.

You and I find ourselves on the dusty highway of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—that worried week of both important and trivial things. Try for an hour to appreciate the fact that all God has given you is for the purpose of using it for Him, and then see the difference.

"That is my house—I built it." I would ask you one simple question—Where did you get the power to work by head or by hand or both? Man is very clever—he seems to become more proficient every day. Yet he has never made life, as we know it, in a test-tube. Think that one out, and you will start to understand the true God/Man relationship. My friends, be humble enough to join the kindergarten class of Christianity—to start at the beginning—the genesis of it all. Learn that "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth."

Then what? The acknowledgment of the fact that you and I were brought into this world by the operation of a triple alliance—father, mother, God—will set the foundation stone of a firm and permanent basis. God is the builder of the house you are looking at, and in which you take so much interest—yourself.

"That is my house—I bought it." You and I were bought with a price—and what a price! We face the cross of Christ, the emblem of victory. On the first Good Friday the eyes of the crucified Christ looked down on the hungry vengeance of a beaten world, beaten because it thought it could pit its puny strength against the Almighty Power of God. That Power was reflected in the Love for humanity which has bought back the souls of men through the ages. The world is sick—tired, tried and tormented. Why? Because it has turned its back on Calvary, and is walking out into the setting sun. It thinks of Good Friday as a holiday, not as a holy day. It regards Bethlehem, Galilee, Calvary, the Garden under the Hill, the Ascension and Pentecost as items of history. They are history, for they are His-Story.

The root cause of the Cross was sin, and the root cause of sin is Self. Don't forget that the central letter of the word SIN is "I". Self is magnified until it is manifested in PRIDE, and remember that the central letter of the word PRIDE is "I". But what is a Cross? It is an "I" crossed out. That is the price being paid for the house you so much love—yourself.

"That is my house—I live in it." The Spirit that dwelleth in you. Your house (Yourself) was bought by Christ, bought back from the power of sin by the Cross of Christ, and now we see the dynamic power of limitless reality filling the rooms and passages with the spirit

of God in action. This showed itself at the first Pentecost; but Pentecost does not remain in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It becomes a personal Pentecost to you and to me—even in this dark and doubtful world. The Spirit works silently and unseen, but we can see it manifested in people—ordinary people—people who know that the Holy Spirit governs thought and action in the house they so much love.

What does this Allegory teach? Just this. Everything you and I use—time, talent, commonsense, ability, yes, money too, are not our own. They come from God, every one of them. What are you going to do about it? Just go on the same old way? Just take credit for personal achievement and say "Alone I did it?" You can't, you know!

The Church, both ordained and lay, needs a new vision, a practical down-to-earth vision; a widening of the gates of perception, so that the old palisade surrounding personal importance can be broken down.

When a child is born there starts a new stage in history. When a person comes to the parting of the ways we call death, there is but a new entrant into the ante-room of eternity. "The Lord gave—the Lord taketh away." The message of Stewardship lies in the fact that God gave.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." This is the message of Sonship. Co-relate these two, Stewardship and Sonship and you will see the true relationship between yourself and God Who made you: the God who built your house, who bought your house, who lives in your house. The God who made you, who bought you, who lives in you. When you and the world around you, the world that goes down the dusty highway of everyday life, can understand the deep truth of the Builder, the Buyer, and the Tenant of your house, the real you that lies behind your Christian name, there will dawn on the mind the fact that there is no such person as a self-made man!

You see, money plays an all too important part in the lives of men and women today. "£.s.d" stands for pounds, shillings and pence (in spite of decimalisation). Would it not be nearer the mind of God to make these very important letters stand for "Living, Spiritual, Devotion"? Would not that be nearer the truth?

WORSHIP AND PRAYER

WORSHIP IS RESPONSE to the love of God. It is the expression in thought, word, and deed of our delight in His presence, our confidence in His goodness, our trust in His power. The spirit of worship is awakened in us by God Himself. We could not pray to Him if He did not first pray in us. In worship we offer all we have and are, all we have received from Him, not forgetting His two greatest gifts, Christ and the Holy Spirit.

In offering ourselves we remember the needs of

others, praying that we may be used as means by which His blessings may come to them. We seek for the forgiveness of those sins which, by making us self-centred, wound His love, obstruct the flow of His grace, and injure our fellow-men.

We worship and pray to God both when we are alone and when we are in company, secretly in the inner chamber and with others in the great congregation. These two prayers are so necessary to each other that if either is lacking neither is effective. Common prayer is stronger and more satisfying than private prayer. If we do not practise prayer at home and as we go about, our contribution to common prayer is slight.

To participate in worship we must be together in one place at one time, gathered in the name of Christ and so experiencing the fulfilment of His promise. Non-attendance diminishes the Church, weakens its witness before the world. Absence makes the heart grow colder in its love for God and its zeal for the Kingdom.

Present in Church, the most important part of us is apt to wander away. Even in holy places our minds are troubled by the assault of idle, evil thoughts. Habits of inattention contracted outside prayers will not be miraculously suspended during them. The Holy Spirit helps us in this weakness. He purifies our imagination, turns our thoughts and desire to whatsoever things are true, pure, lovely. He strengthens our will and sheds abroad the love of God in our hearts.

Prolonged attention is not easy. Therefore, services should not last much beyond one hour. Some of them seem longer than they are because they are dull. Worship in the name of Christ ought to be fervent and lively. In avoiding dullness there is no need for noise and distracting novelties. There is a mean of health between sleepy sickness and St. Vitus's Dance.

FACING FACTS

We live in an age cursed by noise, by restless activity which frays the nerves, prematurely hardens the arteries and ulcerates the duodenum. In the quieter Middle Ages men were cursed by physical plagues—cholera, black-death, bubonic plague and so on. Twentieth century man, protected against these diseases by antiseptics, anti-biotics, modern sanitation and the stuff guaranteed to kill 90 per cent of all house-hold germs—immunised, vaccinated, inoculated twentieth century man is cursed by plagues psychic and mental—paranoia, schizophrenia, obsessions and neuroses of all kinds, their name is Legion. It is, surely no mere coincidence that these ills of the mind and of the spirit prevail in a noisy, clamorous frantically hurrying age. Who was it that said, "You can't live in the unrelieved din of the world and still grow a soul?"

STAY STILL

Stay still, stay still

And let the frenzied world pass by you, as it will;
And look above to where the stars and moon that
know not haste,

Are still, so still.

Stay still, quite still,

If, in the early hours, your mind turns like a mill;
Then think upon a bird that sits with patience on
her eggs,

So placid and still.

Or stay, quite quiet

And dwell upon the sea, whose billows raged until,
They heard the Lord, with hand upraised,

Give His command, and then
We're still, so still.

SUNDAY

There is, surely, sound, saving wisdom in the principle that one day in the week should be a day of retreat from the usual busy, hectic daily routine, so that we might give ourselves the chance of heeding the Voice that gives our lives peace, poise and purpose.

"To Worship," said Dr. Temple, "is to quicken the conscience by the holiness of God, to feed the mind with the truth of God, to purge the imagination by the beauty of God, to open the heart to the love of God to devote the will to the purpose of God."

I WENT TO CHURCH—I SHALL NOT BE GOING AGAIN

I went to church, looking for something;
I didn't find it, and felt disappointed.
I shall not be going again.

Yes, the pews were comfortable and the music adequate, the decor was seemly—a bit unimaginative, but you can't have everything.
The choir was a worthy bunch, doing their humble best, and the sermon was sincere.
It started in the Bible and finished nowhere in particular, and when it was over
I shook the smiling parson's hand at the door.
He seemed to me a professional friend viewing a potential subscriber.
I don't mean to be critical,
but I didn't feel terribly at home in your house, Lord.
You just didn't seem to be around.

My son, I was there,
but you were not looking for me.

You were seeking a sense of affection,
a feeling of belonging,
a desire to be wanted,
because you are lonely.

You sought a place where you had some significance,
where people looked you in the eye,
where people really listened to you,
where you were accepted as a person,
not because you were influential or affluent,
and you did not find it, because you didn't know what you were looking for.
Those folk you wrote off cheaply
were there to do a job.
They were there to worship their father,
and it's only when you work with people that you come to know them and love them.
Whether it is playing football, working in a factory, or fencing a field.
Instant love is like most things, rather synthetic.

Try it again, son,
and go to give rather than get.
Go to give thanks and praise to your father,
to offer yourself, your work, your hope
for his purpose and his glory in the world.

And that's when you will start getting
love, from the people whose God is love,
the significance, of being part of God's secret service,
the security, of having an eternal destiny.

You see, the church is not a grandstand—it is an arena.
Its door is for players only
and if a spectator does get in
he feels just like you did—

uncomfortable, disappointed, and in the wrong place.

FIELD DAY, 1971

Queen: Sheila Midgley.

Attendants: Linda Hicky, Kay Dearden, Mandy Baybutt,

Julie Dearden, Pamela Frith, Lesley Burgess.

Petal Throwers: Helen Waterworth, Sandra Baybutt.

Crown Bearer: Richard Baybutt.

Herald: Stuart Simpkin.

Flowers presented by Julie Halsall

SANCTUARY FLOWERS

June 6—Mrs. C. Shacklady

13—Mrs. H. Grimshaw

20—Mrs. J. Huyton

27—Mrs. H. Gaskell

SIDESMEN'S ROTA

June 6—P. Ainsley, R. Gaskell, J.R.—G. Porter, S. Park

13—J. Heaton, J. Banks, H.S.—E. Grimshaw,
D. Sephton

20—H. Huyton, A. Grimshaw, R.H.—T. Swift,
T. Hunter

27—H. Grimshaw, M. Manners, J.H.—W. Pounds,
J. Halsall

July 4—C. Shacklady, W. White, J.R.—E. Serjeant,
D. Swift

SERVER'S ROTA

June 6—9-00 a.m.—John Gaskell

13—10-30 a.m.—Malcolm Serjeant and
Raymond Juba

20—8-00 a.m.—Michael Lewis

6-30 p.m.—David Stopforth

27—8-00 a.m.—Brian Heaton

10-30 a.m.—Harold Grimshaw, Tony Gaskell

July 4—9-00 a.m.—Barry Gaskell.

HOLY BAPTISM

"Received into the Family of Christ's Church"

May 2 Clare Victoria, daughter of Christopher Burrard and Susan Brailsford of North Moor Cottage, North Moor Lane, Halsall.

May 9 Simon John, son of Edward and Pamela Waterworth, "The Beeches", Gorsuch Lane, Scarisbrick.

May 9 Ian David, son of Thomas and Suzanne Elizabeth Robinson of 27 Pendle Drive, Ormskirk.

May 16 Andrew Stewart Wood, son of Peter William and Carole Mary McGibben of 16 Morley Road, Southport.

HOLY MATRIMONY

"Those whom God hath joined together"

May 1 Thomas Anthony Grimshaw of Jacksons Common Farm, Scarisbrick and Ann Blackburn of 236 Southport Road, Ormskirk.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

"In sure and certain hope"

Apr. 23 Hannah Witter, aged 71 years of Southport Road, Scarisbrick. (Cremation).

Apr. 28 John Parke, aged 69 years of 66 Baemar Road Olton, Solihull. (Cremation).

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