

OCTOBER 1967

HALSALL PARISH MAGAZINE



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HALSALL

Mothers' Union

PROGRAMME

September, 1967 — June, 1968

The meetings are open to all and we welcome any who are not members of the Mothers' Union.

CUT HERE

The Rectory,

Halsall.

11th September, 1966.

My dear friends,

At this time of the year our thoughts quite naturally turn to the harvest. A profound parable of our Lord is deserving of our attention.

The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man who sowed good seed in his field. But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares . . . The servants said, "Let us root up the tares" . . . but he said, "Nay, lest ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest." So runs Christ's parable (St. Matthew, chap. 13, vv. 24 and following).

Here is a truth, an uncomfortable truth, about all life, both in the world of nature and in the world of men. Here is stated quite bluntly and accepted by Our Lord a problem which worries so many people and often makes them lose faith in God. For the argument goes — if there were a good God there wouldn't be floods and blights and pests and wickedness and strife and suffering. Wouldn't there? Let both grow together—the good and bad, the beautiful and the ugly, the pernicious and the true, the frightening and the favourable.

So it is. So our Lord accepted it. So is the way of God.

And see—if a man is to rise full of stature there must be both the struggle and the choice. One of the great reasons why Christ still holds men in His thrall is because we can observe in Him the hard choice—"not to do my own will but the will of Him that sent me"—and winning through. What, indeed, would Jesus have been but for the struggle and the choice? A very diminished person indeed.

And what would we be but for the struggle and the choice? How often have we seen and known those persons who have never had to struggle, who have never had to decide — weak and flabby

Herein is one of the real dangers of the Welfare State and prosperity, whatever its many benefits. And those who think God should present us with a world of right and perfection are asking for a world where challenge and choice, struggle and striving and endeavour, have no place or meaning. But that is not God's world. "Let both grow together until the harvest."

And this is true not only of the good earth, of the world in general and of human nature. It is true also of the Kingdom of God on this earth. We can think of the Church and cry out, "Master, didst not thou sow good seed, there are not tares surely in Thy Church?"

How often in our littleness of vision and faith we wish there were no tares in the Church! And yet how profoundly true is this parable, even about the Church! Here are also good seed and bad. And so we have disputes and divisions and failure—and people point the finger of scorn—See how these Christians love one another! They do well prate!

There have been times when the Church, bitter and impatient, has striven to root out the tares. Be it the Inquisition; be it the Reformation; be it when groups have separated themselves—"We at least will be true." And how much more damage have they done by seeking to separate the wheat and the tares! What destruction have they wrought! Be patient, said our Lord. Let both grow together, lest ye root out the good seed also, and in the time of harvest, and only then, will there be the separating. And all we should do is to accept it and seek to be true ourselves and true to our Lord.

True ourselves and true to Our Lord. And again the problem. We wish only to sow good seed in our hearts and minds, yet somehow evil things grow and prosper. We sought to sow gentleness and yet arrogance finds its place; cheerfulness, and depression shows its head; unselfishness, and selfishness pokes through; faith and doubt shoots up — O wretched man that I am. But you try to root them out and how they spread! Be patient, tend and nurture the good, and leave the tares. And in the mercy and goodness of God, the tares will wither and there will not be much to burn up at the end.

God bless you all.

Your sincere friend,

Herbert Bullough.

HARVEST

Not here for high and holy things
We render thanks to Thee,
But for the common things of earth,
The purple pageantry
Of dawning and of dying days,
The splendour of the sea:
The royal robes of autumn moors,
The golden gates of spring,
The velvet of soft summer nights,
The silver glistening
Of all the million stars,
The silent song they sing . . .

Come, let thy voice be one with theirs,
Shout with their shout of praise.
See how the giant sun soars up,
Great Lord of years and days!
So let the love of Jesus come,
And set thy soul ablaze.
"To give and give and give again,
What God has given thee.
To spend thyself nor count the cost,
To serve right gloriously
The God who gave all worlds that are
And all that are to be."

STUDDERT KENNEDY

ARE WE LIMITING GOD?

—By not taking sufficient time each day to listen earnestly for His leading?

—By refusing to deal fully and finally with some sin that stands between myself and God?

—By not obeying promptly and wholeheartedly all the guidance He gives me?

—By not trusting His almightiness by lacking faith in His promises, or doubting His wisdom and caring?

—By being unwilling to regard my time, money, ability and possessions as a trust to be used as God directs?

—By pursuing my own ends, and letting motives other than that of doing God's will govern my thinking, inspire my ambitions and influence my actions?

—By persisting in an attitude to some other person, when I know it to be wrong?

—By imagining I cannot be used by God to give leadership to others or change others, because I am thinking only of what I can, or cannot, do instead of what God wants to do through me?

—By allowing the fear of what people will think or say about me to hold me back from doing what I know to be right?

AUTUMN

Autumn is the season of colour. I remember walking along a high mountain terrace above a Scottish glen in September; beneath were dense woods—forests might be a better word! The prevailing colours seemed to be green and russet but the giant horse-chestnut trees were masses of crimson and vermillion. Hillsides across the glen were clothed in golden bracken and purple heather, with the silvery stems of birch, and bright red berries of mountain ash lending variety to the scene. Beyond, uprearing far away against the yellow light of a September afternoon, was a vast group of mountains, with Ben Nevis, blue as indigo, topping the rest. The scene was perfected when a full-grown stag stalked into view far below, the sunlight streaking his antlers and his brown hide as he passed beneath the trees.

This is many years ago now, but I remember it as if it were yesterday. I could tell of many other colours which made that scene memorable—of the blue green Atlantic shimmering in the bay of white sand—white as a coral island—but those colours are not peculiar to autumn!

But one need not travel to Scotland! Bramble leaves, berries on hawthorn, wild rose, and rowan are to be seen in most places, while autumn leaves lie even on the pavements of cities. Fields from which corn has been reaped are as beautiful on the fringe of towns as in remoter places.

"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.

MEETINGS IN 1967

First Tuesday in the month at 2.30 p.m. in the Vestry.

September

5—Service in Church at 7.30 p.m.

October

1—Harvest Festival,

Preacher at 6.30 p.m. Rev. Canon H. O. Fielding, Vicar of Bolton.

6—Harvest Home in School, 7.30 p.m.

November

1—All Saints Day,

Holy Communion 7 a.m. and 10.15 a.m.

Commemoration of the Faithful Departed.

7—Meeting in the Vestry at 2.30 p.m. Speaker: Mrs. B. Christian, Matron of the Children's Hospital, Southport.

25—The Christmas Bazaar, opening at 2.30 p.m. by Mrs. R. Heaton.

December

5—Meeting in the Vestry at 2.30 p.m. Speaker: Dr. J. Riding with films:—"Who cares for the Halt and the Blind".

17—Family Service at 2.30 p.m. "The Children's Part in Christmas."

24—The Christmas Carol Service at 3.30 p.m. (No Service at 6.30 p.m.).

Christmas Eucharist at 11.30 p.m.

25—Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

Matins with Holy Communion at 10.30 a.m.

— CUT HERE —

We look again at the outdoor world in autumn, and something else comes to our notice. We feel a definite moving forwards 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 murmurs, 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.

MEETINGS IN 1968

January at 2.30 p.m. others 7.30 p.m.

January

- 9—Meeting in the Vestry at 2.30 p.m. Speaker: Mrs. L. Gibbs, "Town Planning".

February

- 9—The Party.

March

- 5—Meeting in Church at 7.30 p.m. Speaker: Mr. Norman Pritchard. Subject: "Skelmersdale", with colour slides. Open meeting, husbands invited.

April

- 2—Meeting in Church at 7.30 p.m. Speaker: Rev. F. Hambrey. Film "White Missionary".

- 11—Maunday Thursday, Parish Eucharist at 8 p.m.

May

- 7—Meeting in the Vestry at 7.30 p.m. Speaker: Miss A. Snelson. A visit to Canada and the U.S.A. with colour slides.

June

- 4—The Garden Meeting. Speaker: Mrs. H. S. Wilkinson.

CUT HERE

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 changeable 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 joyfully, 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 man's 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 walk!

The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory, and splendour that it

lavishes on cities, and perchance, as it 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 Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter 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 whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm, and serene, and golden as on a bankside in autumn.

THOUGHTS ON THE ART OF LIVING

There are several kinds of factors which can determine how we act, instinct, desire, passion, affection, reason! At one moment the attainment of sensual pleasure in one form or another may over-ride all other desires. At another time the attainment of a business deal, or a stroke of social policy may win the day with us. Within each of us there are innumerable particular desires and feelings towards particular objectives in daily life, and if we were made up of nothing else the strongest desires would determine our conduct.

But we know that this is not true. Often we find ourselves urged by an overwhelming desire towards a particular objective; we desire it more than anything; no other desire comes near it—and yet we are held back. There is within us a compelling force, different from either desire or passion which demands our obedience. At the time we are miserable if we ignored this other compelling force within us. And yet, to obey, usually brings its own reward. We may put it like this, if we disobey we may enjoy momentary pleasure from satisfaction of desire, but haunting, and perhaps bitter remorse for long afterwards; and if we obey there may be momentary unhappiness because desire is frustrated, but this is quickly supplanted by the profound peace of mind which comes from having obeyed conscience, for this is the name we give to this determining factor.

Conscience is one faculty within us which guides our course through the conflicting passions and desires of life. It teaches the uninstructed mind the difference between right and wrong—that there is right and wrong, and that we must do the right and shun the wrong.

But we do not stop here. Although, unless we destroy it, conscience is always there, most of our behaviour passes beyond the jurisdiction of conscience. In a game of football the concern of the player is not merely to avoid the referee's whistle, nor does he look to the referee to tell him how to play the game. The real art of playing is outside the concern of the referee. The poor player and the star may both equally satisfy the referee, and avoid the whistle. The difference between them lies in something else. It lies in knowledge, and understanding of the moves of the game, and in ability to fit in with them, and to express them in action.

The art of living is very much the same. We have spoken of the particular passions and desires which are all seeking their own satisfaction. They have no plan, no harmony. They conflict one with another striving for the mastery. Many of them are directed towards objectives which themselves conflict. For example, a passion for the sensual pleasure of eating which we call gluttony, and the desire to win fame as an athlete. The two conflicts; a choice must be made between them, but it is something other than conscience which will have to rescue a man from such conflicting aims. That is, Reason.

We have this faculty which can weigh and assess the worthwhileness of different courses of action—which can write off the pursuit of one objective as folly, and retain another as worthwhile. Reason attempts to distinguish the true and the false; it approves consistency

CUT HERE

and condemns what is inconsistent, and self-contradictory; it weighs what seems best at the moment, against what may be best in the long run. More than this, Reason itself can reveal cruelty, selfishness, pleasure-seeking, lust, dishonesty, avarice and such like, as inconsistent and self-contradictory. They ultimately frustrate their own ends. It can reveal kindness, honesty, love, justice, service, as worthwhile. Reason brings order and consistency and purpose into the art of living which is over and above anything which conscience can achieve for us. Indeed, "In the truly moral mind the conscience is in abeyance." (J. L. Stocks).

Just as Reason passes beyond conscience we have other faculties which cover wider fields of experience than either. Pascal said, "The last act of reason is to recognise there is an infinity of things beyond it." There is a faculty within us which responds to things and people which no mere passion nor instinct, nor desire can touch, and which Reason can never of itself discover. There are experiences—vital experiences, which come from another source altogether—

"When sunset may breathe on the lit sea beneath
Its ardours of rest and of love:
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above . . ."

It is the source of all our knowledge of the beauty and magic of the world; of all the romance and enchantment of life. It is not easy to name it. Intuition might serve, or Spiritual Perception. By it we know beauty, love, divinity. By it we know the subtler, and finer moves of the game, and the rare experiences which it alone can vivify.

Conscience does not tell us that someone loves us, nor by Reason do we ever arrive at certainty. We know it, if at all, by Intuition. Consider these lines by Lionel Johnson.

"The face whose changes dominate my heart,
And with a look sneak my delight or doom:
Nay, now not doom, for thou art only mine,
And one in thee and me the fire divine;
The fire that needs the whole vast world for room.
Yet dwells in us contented, and apart."

Not by conscience is this known, nor by Reason, but by a faculty more mysterious than Conscience, more clear than Reason, and more automatically sure than either.

Conscience, Reason, Intuition or Spiritual Perception—all three play their part in the shaping of our lives, and each makes its own contributions to our experience. But our deeper, our subtler and more vital experiences are all of the intuitive kind, and he who has cultivated the intuitive life has (to preserve the simile of the game) come nearest to the perfect exposure of the art of living.

HARVEST HOME

On Friday, 6th October, we hold our annual Harvest Home in the school at 7.30 p.m. There will be singing and dancing and all the fun and games of a village Harvest Home. Get your ticket early to avoid disappointment. Tickets 5/- on sale from members of the Mothers Union Committee.

SIDESMEN'S ROTA

- Oct. 1—E. Grimshaw, R. Gawne, J. Heaton, J. Banks.
8—H. Huyton, A. Grimshaw, R. A. Gaskell, R. Hunt.
15—T. Swift, T. Hunter, C. Shacklady, J. Balmer.
22—T. Grimshaw, P. Aynsley, H. Baldwin, W. White.
29—W. Robinson, E. Blackhurst, R. Heaton, J. Colley.
Nov. 5—J. D. Grimshaw, G. Midgley, R. Lewis, H. Rimmer.

The Mothers' Union Prayer

O Lord, fill us with Thy Holy Spirit, that we may firmly believe in Jesus Christ, and love Him with all our hearts. Wash our souls in His precious blood. Make us to hate sin and to be holy in thought, word and deed. Help us to be faithful wives and loving mothers. Bless us and all who belong to the Mothers' Union; unite us together in love and prayer, and teach us to train our children for Heaven. Pour out Thy Holy Spirit on our husbands and children. Make our Homes, Homes of Peace and Love, and may we so live on earth that we may live with Thee for ever in Heaven; for Jesus Christ's sake.

There are no Corporate Communion Services for the Mothers' Union, but all members are expected to be regular communicant members of St. Cuthbert's Church. Remembering the Family Eucharist on the second Sunday in each month.

CUT HERE

SERVERS ROTA

- Oct. 1—8.00 a.m. Brian Heaton.
8—10.30 a.m. Harold Grimshaw and Malcolm Serjeant.
15—9.00 a.m. Peter Balmer.
6.30 p.m. Michael Lewis.
22—8.00 a.m. John Pounds.
10.30 a.m. Harold Grimshaw and Gordon Midgeley.
29—8.00 a.m. John Gaskell.
10.30 a.m. Roger Dutton.
Nov. 5—8.00 a.m. Raymond Juba.

SANCTUARY FLOWERS

- Oct. 1 Harvest Festival. The Congregation.
8 Mrs. W. Halsall.
15 Mrs. T. Rimmer.
22 Mrs. R. Ainscough.
29 Mrs. Hesketh and Mrs. Winstanley.
Nov. 5 Mrs. L. Heaton.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD

- "In sure and certain hope"
Aug. 31—Amos Henry Gutteridge, aged 71 years, 8, The Avenue, Southport Road, Ormskirk.
Sept. 14—Arthur John Draper, 132 Summerwood Lane, Halsall, aged 70 years.

HOLY BAPTISM

- "Entered into the family of Christ's Church."
Sept. 10—Lynne, daughter of Edward and Pamela Mary Waterworth, 473 Southport Road, Scarisbrick.

HOLY MATRIMONY

- "Those whom God hath joined together."
July 22—James Heaton, Gettern Farm, Plex Moss Lane, Ainsdale, and Linda Elizabeth Turner, 21 Tedder Avenue, High Park, Southport.
Sept. 2—Clifford Kenyon, 7 Linaker Drive, Halsall, and Eileen Myra Austin, 2 Plex Lane, Halsall.
Sept. 9—John Henry Perkins, 346 Utting Avenue, Liverpool 4, and Irene Sole, Narrow Lane, Halsall.

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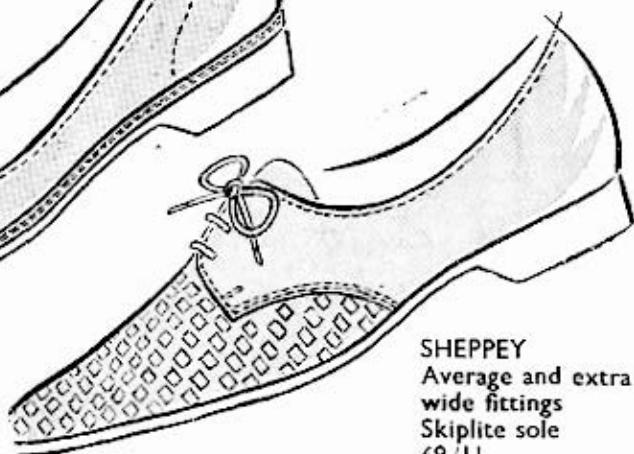


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