

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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Warden

Organist:

MR. E. CARR, L.L.C.M., 99 New Lane Pace, Banks. Tel. 85650.

Verge:

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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HARVEST THANKSGIVING AND GIFT DAY SERVICES

SUNDAY, 14th OCTOBER, 1973

Holy Communion 9 a.m.

Family Eucharist 10-30 a.m.

Family Service (Children's Gifts) 2-30 p.m.

Evensong 6-30 p.m.

The Rector will sit in Church to receive Gift Day Envelopes from 2 p.m. till
6 p.m.

The Rectory,
Halsall.
14th September, 1973.

My dear Friends,

It is becoming clearer to us daily that ours has become what is called a "planned society". We are regulated more and more by unknown people in certain central positions. If "things" ever "get normal" again, it will not be by some natural process of human evolution, but through the concerted efforts of administrators working from these central positions.

Clearly this is a situation of very great peril. Who is to plan the planners? How very important it is that they should be men and women who do justly and love mercy. The problem of today and tomorrow is a human problem.

Get you the sons your fathers got,
And God will save the Queen —

wrote Housman in 1887. But we shall need a generation of men better by far than ours if they are rightly to wield the terrifying powers which are being placed in the hands of modern officials—a generation also of voluntary workers, spending themselves without stint, and of fearless critics, vigilant in the defence of those who have not the knowledge or power to defend themselves, quick to detect and to oppose the encroachments of tyranny.

A planned society . . . but there was a time when our society was characterized in a different way. We spoke of Christian England, indicating the ideals which society honoured rather than the reality which it achieved.

What if the Christian criterion be removed in the new society which we are attempting to make? There might be a planning of society which left religion as an activity for a few enthusiasts, far out on the circumference of the community life. On the other hand, there might be a planning which included the use of Christianity as an integrating factor without which Society will go to pieces. Shall the population of tomorrow, rendered submissive by all the modern techniques, be prepared to take its religious fashions from the planning authority?

A Christian society, a planned society . . . can these two be brought together without the surrender of the essential Christian Gospel? That depends upon the Church. A living Church, truly in touch with God, worthy to be called the Body of Christ because it served men as He did, and shed upon their affairs the clear light of the Gospel, would not impose a rigid plan upon society, but might well set the direction for its future progress. Jesus did not say to His followers: "Ye are to rule the earth"; what He did say was: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

But if the salt have lost its savour? . . . The

problem of our day is a human problem. Fundamentally it is a religious problem. Will the Church of Christ prove great enough for its task, great enough to be the salt of the twentieth century world of change? Yes it will if the starting point for action is the insight into life derived from discipleship to Jesus Christ, and the necessary staying power a gift accepted from His Holy Spirit. Moreover, Christian action does not mean clerical action. The majority of Church members are lay; and it is upon them that effective action will depend. To face the complexities of our civilization all, clerical and lay, must be grounded in the great simplicities of God. Christians who have changed and made history have been effective because they have been near to God. Their effectiveness upon society has come as a by-product.

The man who puts first in his life the God revealed in Jesus Christ must inevitably put others before Himself. He cannot both be near Christ and indifferent to His fellow-men. For Christ is not indifferent to them. Man has a need for worship which if thwarted or turned to the wrong ends, produces terrible results. To worship rightly is to give God His right place. This has obvious consequences for the whole of society. For when God comes first the whole of human life is seen in a different perspective.

In face of a planned society the Christian Church will not run away. It will seek rather to be in very deed the Church—confessing the true faith committed to the fulfilment of the will of Christ its only Lord, and united with Him in a fellowship of love and service. Its worship will be directed towards God, but it will be essentially COMMON prayer, springing from the life of the community in which it is set, and expressed in terms which its members understand and make their own.

Great times of change demand great men. The Christian's only fitness for these days is because he knows he has no greatness of his own. He is ignorant poor, blind, the last sort of person for any man to choose, let alone Almighty God. "Ah, Lord God," said Jeremiah at his first calling, "behold, I cannot speak: for I am only a lad." But God said to him: "Say not 'I am only a lad', . . . for I am with thee." With that certainty ANYTHING can be faced, even by men as naturally faint and timorous as the young Jeremiah.

"Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?" Is not this God's

word today, not to an individual but to his whole Church, and not least to His good old Church of England.

We need men (the world is saying), men of mercy, men of uprightness, men of charity, men of imagination, men of unflinching purpose. Send us them in thousands for we need them, we need them as teachers, we need them in all the departments which all the changes have created, we need them in the new human tasks which modern social service has created. And the men we need are not just officials. They must be trained, they must be efficient. But it is something more than that we need — men who do justly and love mercy because they walk humbly with their God.

In every age the Church is faced by special temptations and by special opportunities. The coming new structures will have their temptations in plenty. But the opportunities are there upon a breathtaking scale. They are opportunities for that imitation of Christ which draws Christians together in service of their fellow-men and makes possible a united witness to the world. It is not the world which calls. It is Christ Himself. And to have those who answer His call He will give the strength to do the task which faces them.

May God Bless You All,

Your sincere friend,

Herbert Bullough.

HARVEST

Forty-eight very large hay pikes stand in the wide fells meadow. The weather is fine but rain is forecast. Dew glistens on the hay stalks. There is a watery sun and no wind. Work will be delayed. The farmer and the old man watch the slow drying grass and discuss similar experiences. Impatiently the red tractor coughs and chugs by the broken wall on which the rest of us idly sprawl. Everybody is hoping that wind will blow, or that the sun will shine more fiercely.

By mid-morning the sun is brighter and the dew has evaporated. We decide to start at last! The farmer and the old man climb into the tractor, and the farmer's wife rides behind on the buck rake. Off they go to bring in the last of the hay before the weather breaks. We that are left make our way up to the Moss barn where the hay is to be stacked. Two girls, daughters of the house, will make the

moo. I will fork up the hay to them, and another girl will pass the hay into the barn to me. Soon the tractor brings the first load and we are all busy.

By lunch-time only ten pikes have been led. We eat in the barn where the farmer's wife hands round great pieces of pastry and hard-boiled eggs. Little time is wasted and we are soon at work again. It is a battle against time and weather, and as the afternoon wears away it would seem to be a losing battle. It is arduous work and the girls are beginning to tire a little. The forks move with just a little less assurance. Much effort is being expended but amongst us, the younger workers, it does not seem to be achieving quite so much.

About four o'clock our spirits soar again, as we see a great strapping fellow, with a mop of yellow hair and long arms, striding in our direction over the Moss. It is Jim from a farm across the dale coming to lend a hand. They have finished their own hay only a couple of hours ago. He puts the hay into the barn like a corn elevator, and inside the sweat begins to pour from us.

Fifteen pikes remain in the meadow, and the sky is lowering. Great clouds drift from the west obliterating the higher fells. But yet another helper arrives! We hear the chug-chug of another tractor complete with buck rake. It is Miles from the nearby farm. He is a picturesque figure perched on the tractor, clad in a green coat and hat and blue shirt. His hair is black and his face deeply tanned. Short work is made of the remaining pikes. Inspired by these proofs of "bon camaradie," our arms move like flails until the tractors arrive at the barn with their last loads. There is not time, even now, for great celebrations. It is a dairy farm, and the patient cows are waiting to be milked. It is long past their time. But cider is brought, and smiles are on every face. Miles leaves almost immediately to milk his own cows.

Later in the evening there is something of a feast at the farm, to which Jim is invited. There is care-free mirth, and after the feast the farmer's wife goes to the piano and begins to play: "Now thank we all our God." It doesn't sound very much just to write of this, but when everybody began to sing—the farmer, the old man, the girls, Jim and myself—I thought I had never heard people sing so much as if they meant every word of it.

THE PRIVATE CHRIST

The record of Christ in the New Testament omits more than its reports. The Gospels do not offers us a Biography. They are written for edification as propaganda sheets which the early Church became anxious to publish. We miss the picture of the man we would delight to see, and have only restricted information about His opinions or judgements on the people He met. As the Warden of Keble has lately remarked, we do not know whether He was married or not, although we have His views on some aspects of marriage. It is probably that much of what Jesus had to say has been recounted in his discourses in the New Testament. When He too His friends apart no doubt parts of His conversation were remembered and subsequently revealed in His teaching. But these were placed in another context and so emerge as sermonettes rather than as conversations. If Christ had had a Boswell, the New Testament would have sparkled.

It would be revealing and interesting to have some personal snippets about the Twelve. We have a few snapshots of some of them, but others are completely unknown. Most people today cannot even name them. What was the Lord's opinion of Judas Iscariot who began as the trusted treasurer of the group and ended as the betrayer? Why did Jesus choose him? Why did He have a soft spot for John, the beloved disciple, if indeed he had? he was the man, who early in his discipleship, came with his brother and asked for front seats in the Kingdom as rewards for their loyalty and sacrifice. Christ and John, son of Zebedee, must have had some interesting talks and perhaps not a few disagreements in the course of their companionship. Friendships often ripen after rows. The Lord's relationship with His mother and His family is given in teasing hints and details of His life up to thirty years of age, except for a moment when He was twelve, are completely hidden from us. What did He mean when He appeared to speak abruptly to His mother at the wedding in Cana? When she and His brethren came to see Him as He was addressing a crowd and sent a message to tell Him they were there, He virtually dismissed them with the cryptic reply 'Who is my mother and who are my brethren?' And looking at His audience, He went on, 'Behold my mother and my brethren!' Did He take Mary on one side and explain what He meant, or simply say nothing and leave His family to think He was mad?

He had many women in His life who followed Him right to the foot of the Cross in utter devotion. He must often have talked to them, and they to Him, but not a whisper reaches us. He was virtually silent at His trial, and as a prisoner may have been incommunicado. So perhaps if His Boswell had been at hand, we might still lack His views of Caiaphas and Pilate. Had they come down to us, however, we may have been rid once and for all of the anti-Semitic

propaganda that the Jews alone were responsible for His death and that their children today are still guilty of it. He made no bones about dismissing the effete Herod. 'That Fox,' He called him. The Jewish Archbishop and the Roman Governor would probably not have escaped a curt word, uttered perhaps only in His heart.

There is some reporting of His table talk, and conversations to His friends 'on the way.' But there is little sign of the parry and thrust, the warmth, the humour that must have been in Him. He is said to have wept twice, but no sound of His laughter is heard. Did He tell any funny stories, or enjoy listening to them? The face we look at is so often sorrowful or stern, but surely it changed when He picked up little children in His arms and blessed them. What did He say to them? We hear only His rebuke to His disciples who wanted to keep them from Him.

The New Testament clothes the real man in a shroud, but every now and then it falls from Him. He often dined out and kept rather disreputable company. What a joy it would be for us if He dropped in for a meal and we could hear Him talk!

HALSALL AGRICULTURAL DISCUSSION SOCIETY

Here is our programme for the Winter. We look forward to meeting you all again during the session. Please make a special effort to welcome Parbold on 13th December. MGH

HALSALL AGRICULTURAL DISCUSSION SOCIETY

WINTER PROGRAMME 1973/74

THURSDAY 18 OCTOBER—Farming in America, Mr. E. Marshall, Home Leigh Farm, Glazebury.

THURSDAY 15 NOVEMBER—Taxes, Charges, Grants and Loans for the improvement of Agricultural Land, Agricultural Land Service, ADAS, Preston.

THURSDAY 13 DECEMBER—Results of Potato Trials and Investigations in S.W. Lancs, Mr B. P. Richardson, Agricultural Advisory Officer, ADAS, Ormskirk.

1974

THURSDAY 24 JANUARY—Comfort & Efficiency in Farm Machinery, Mr. B. A. May, BSc., N.D. Agric. Engineering M.I.Mech.E. in conjunction with Parbold Agricultural Discussion Society.

THURSDAY 21 FEBRUARY—Disease Prevention in Vegetables & Carrots, Mrs. P. Harris, Plant Pathologist, ADAS, Leeds.

SERVERS ROTA

Oct. 7	9.00 a.m.	Jim Heaton
14	9.00 a.m.	Michael Lewis
	10.30 a.m.	Brian Heaton & Malcolm Serjeant
21	9.00 a.m.	Stuart Simpkin
	6.30 p.m.	Keith Stopforth

28	9.00 a.m.	Peter Balmer
	10.30 a.m.	Harold Grimshaw & Barry Gaskell

Nov. 4	9.00 a.m.	Stephen Dutton
11	10.30 a.m.	Colin Stopforth & David Stopforth.

SANCTUARY FLOWERS

Oct. 7	Mrs. W. Halsall
14	The Congregation
21	Mrs. T. Rimmer
28	Mrs. R. Ainscough
Nov. 4	Mrs. J. Hesketh & Mrs. H. Winstanley
11	Mrs. L. Heaton

SIDESMENS ROTA

Oct. 7th	E. Grimshaw, D. Sephton J.H. J. F. Smith, H. Dean.
14th	T. Swift, T. Hunter J.B. P. Aynsley, R. Gaskell.
21st	J. Heaton, E. Orritt H.S. H. Huyton, A. Grimshaw.
28th	W. Pounds, C. Armstrong R.H. H. Grimshaw, M. Manners.
Nov. 4th	E. Serjeant, D. Swift J.H. C. Shacklady, W. White.

HOLY BAPTISM

"Received into the family of Christ Church"

Sept. 9th—Ian James, son of William Kenneth and Jean Core of 185 Grimshaw Lane, Ormskirk.
 Sept. 9th—Shaun, son of Donald & Patricia Huyton of "The Beeches," North Moor Lane, Halsall.
 Sept. 9th—Jillian Elaine, daughter of Keith, Ronald and Jean Fear of 2 Park Ave., Ballock, Dumbarton-shire, Scotland.
 Sept. 9th—Mark John, son of Thomas & Susan Elizabeth Robinson of 27 Pendle Drive, Ormskirk.

HOLY MATRIMONY

"Those whom God hath joined together"

Sept. 8th—Anthony John Parker of 51 Carr-Moss Lane, Halsall, and Elizabeth Janet Whitehead of 23 Tower Lane, Southport.
 Sept. 8th—Roger John Sandford Mort of Doctor's House, Plex Moss Lane, Halsall, and Christine Belle Gibson of 1 Heathey Lane, Shirdley Hill, Halsall.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

"In Sure and Certain Hope"

AUGUST

24 Ellen Threlfall of 258 Southport Rd. Scarisbrick. Aged 86 years.
 28 Jessie Parker of Whiteways, Croft Lane, Wainfleet. Aged 75 years.
 28 Mary Elizabeth Hesketh of Carr-Moss Lane, Halsall. Aged 74 years. Cremation.
 31 Catherine Gaskell of 90 Summerwood Lane, Halsall. Aged 80 years.

SEPTEMBER

12 Elizabeth Bolton of 147 School Lane, Haskayne. Aged 75 years.

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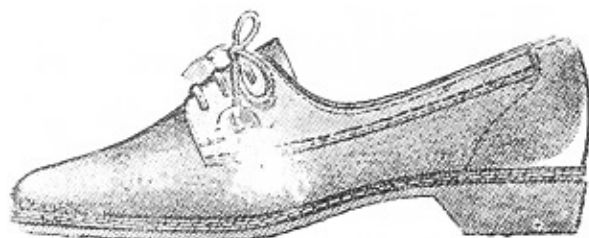
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