

# ST. MARY'S, LEYLAND

## *Update*

Issue No. 75



---

## CHRISTMAS 2010

### Contents

Page

Father Jonathan's Introduction.....	1
Advent.....	2
Traditional Meanings Attached to Christmas.....	3
A Prayer for Those Who Live Alone .....	4
How I Found Christ in My Sorrow .....	4
Justice & Peace Issues.....	5
What Does the Needlework Group Do?.....	5
Seventy Years A Monk! .....	6-7
'I Was Blind and You Gave Me Sight' .....	7
Memories / Recollections of the Papal Visit, 2010 .....	8-10
The Rosary / St. Mary's Rosary Group.....	11
Two Pages for Younger Readers:-	
Word Puzzle and Poem by Rozalia Makinson .....	12-13
Saint Margaret Mary .....	14-16
Greetings to Our Sick and Housebound Parishioners .....	16
Pontiff – A Short Poem by Fr. Paul .....	16
Baptisms, Marriages and Deaths.....	17-18
A Story from Afghanistan .....	18
My Journey to Humility .....	19
World War II – Prisoner of War in Germany.....	20-22
How Much Do You Earn In An Hour? .....	23
Where's Grandma? / Short Stories to Tell .....	24
Editorial / Truth / Solution to Word Puzzle .....	Inside Back Cover



Wishing You Peace and Joy at Christmas

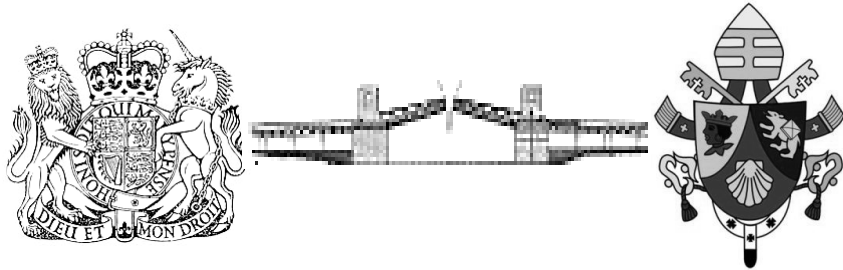
Fr Jonathan  
Fr Paul  
Sr Veronica

Fr Stephen  
Fr. Ambrose



God's Blessing on You and Your Loved Ones in the New Year

'Update' Magazine - Published by St. Mary's  
Church, Leyland ~ Telephone 01772 ~ 455955



Why was the Papal Visit, 2010, such a success? That question is one which, perhaps, needs a little reflection. Why did so many people flock to the streets to see and 'be a part of' the Pope coming to Britain? I look back, and wonder if it was comparable to the spontaneous outflow – 'out-pouring' – of people, wanting to share, publicly, in the nation's experience, consequent upon the death of Lady Diana, Princess of Wales. People just 'had to be there', and it is interesting to reflect why? If, for instance, the Archbishop of Canterbury goes to some particular place, this 'wanting-to-be-part' does not, necessarily, happen, and I cannot think of any celebrity commanding a following, of such a widely diverse population, as happened in September, this year. Such phenomena rarely occur. But they do, and did, for the Pope.

I can only think the answer must lie, with a yearning in the human heart, fulfilled by the Pope – or by feeling 'at one' with the 'Office of the Papacy', and all that that represents. It is as though, deep in the psyche of people of all denominations, and none, there is a realisation that, here in the Office of the Papacy, there is something that corresponds with a 'light' or a 'leadership' – for the world – and for each individual. For this they yearn! Of course, that is the truth of the matter. There is a real gift, from God, in the office of the Papacy, and when it is combined with a Pope who is humble, knows how to make himself one with the people he is talking to, then it is a case of *'fait accompli'* as they say! Take note of how Pope Benedict, a German born and bred, referred to the Battle of Britain, as he opened his sermon on Sunday, 19<sup>th</sup> September, at the Beatification of Cardinal Newman. He is a wise man who opens his heart, and speaks the truth, clearly, after a long and reflective life of prayer and learning.

The Office of the Papacy is an office that is a gift from God; it is a "charism" for the Church and for the world. To him falls the task of being the centre of unity of the Church, and the Church is the *'yeast' for the whole world's 'bread', as slowly it is being 'baked' in the 'oven' of time.* The Church has no aspirations to gain political power, but it is involved with politics. It has no aspiration to dominate people, or control them: rather, it is at the service of people, and all Christians – people, priests and bishops – are meant to be at the service of others. The Pope epitomised this in his visit here. So now, we begin to get an idea about why his visit was such a success. All were a part of that moment. Thanks be to God, and may what happened bring long term benefits to Church and the British Nation ... and through us, to all in the world.

There is a direct correlation between the two seasons of the Church's year – Advent and Lent. Both are concerned with preparation for the coming of 'something great', Christmas and the Feast of the Nativity, and Easter and the Feast of the Resurrection. Both are intended to give us to time to reflect on our lives – to examine our consciences – and, by prayer, self sacrifice and good works – to prepare our souls for Jesus, his birth and his victory over sin and death. Whilst both are, essentially, penitential seasons, both invite us to look to the horizon, for there we should be able to see what is coming – a time for great celebration and joy – both are, fundamentally, concerned with God's love for the human race – for each and every one of us – and with our rescue from that kind of death which offers no hope.

Jesus' birth, and his rising from the dead, brings us the promise of eternal salvation – a life of joy and peace – complete happiness with God our Father, in heaven. But, both offer us a time to consider what could have been the alternative – if Jesus had never come to save us!

For us, Advent begins the Church's year. Over two thousand years ago, and just four weeks from the world's 'First Christmas', Our Lady would have been fast approaching her confinement. Her mind must have been in turmoil. She had been visited by an angel and told she was to become the Mother of God. She had visited her cousin, Elizabeth, who then was also pregnant. 'Time on' and so near to the Nativity, Elizabeth would have already given birth to John the Baptist – the one who would prepare the 'Way of the Lord'.

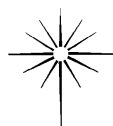
And now, Mary must go with Joseph to Bethlehem and be registered – a bit like our modern census. Her 'turmoil' was made worse by having to resort to a stable, and give birth under the most unhygienic conditions – no hot water – no food – no bed or bedding (except straw) and nowhere to lay down her child, except in a manger, from which the cattle were wont to feed. How difficult was all that?

I think we are meant to be part of those difficulties, and feel for ourselves something of what it was like for Jesus, Mary and Joseph, in this time of expectation. For all this was looking forward to that tremendous joy – the birth of Jesus – our saviour, Mary's Child, God's Son and our Redeemer. What pure joy and happiness, after all the hardship.

And, on reflection, do we deserve all this? No – it is God's gift to us – every last one of us – if only we realise and accept Him.....ADK

**People of Sion, behold the Lord shall come to save the nations: and the Lord shall make the glory of His voice to be heard, in the joy of your heart. (Isaiah xxx.30)**

# TRADITIONAL MEANINGS ATTACHED TO CHRISTMAS ... ..



**Holly**, its green leaves, prickly points with red berries, reminds us of Christ's crown of thorns and droplets of precious blood; **mistletoe**, long-held Christian symbol of healing, reminds us of the healing powers of Christ; **poinsettia's** bright, star-like flowers, remind us of the Star of Bethlehem; **Advent's four candles** mark out for us the four weeks of the holy season and help us prepare for the coming of Jesus – the anniversary of his birth – and a reminder of his second coming and the **Advent wreath** we hang on our doors to welcome him; from Ireland comes the custom of placing a **lighted** candle in our windows to light his way to our homes – and into our hearts. And some say, the **Christmas Tree** originates from early religious plays – the 'Paradise Plays,' performed in churches and town squares of Europe during the Advent season, dramatising the story of mankind, from Creation to the Coming of Jesus – a tree hung with apples being used to symbolise the Garden of Eden –



a tree later to be used in our homes, decorated and hung with gifts for the Christ-child, and his saving grace.



**But Beware:** "Too many people spend money they haven't got, to buy things they don't want, to impress people they don't like."

(Will Rogers 1879 – 1935)

**A** relative of mine kindly sent me this lovely prayer, saying it helps her; she says it every day. She feels so much better after reading it and finds it 'uplifting'. It was given to her by a friend at her own parish, but originally it came from Liverpool Cathedral. She thought it was a good idea for it to go into circulation, as some of our Parishioners will find it comforting. .... .. **Dorothy J. Knight**

## A PRAYER FOR PEOPLE WHO LIVE ALONE

I live alone, Dear Lord, stay by my side.  
In all my daily needs, be Thou my guide.  
Grant me good health, for that indeed, I pray,  
to carry on my work, from day to day.  
Keep pure my mind, my thoughts, my every deed.  
Let me be kind, unselfish in my neighbour's need.  
Spare me from fire, from flood, malicious tongues,  
from thieves, from fear, and evil ones.



## HOW I FOUND CHRIST IN MY SORROW

**F**or as long as I can remember, I was a respected member of Church and State. I was a pillar of the Church and so were my parents. Church-going was an integral part of our family. I married John from our local church and everything was well. I was a local magistrate and thought I had nicely balanced my life with my home and outside commitments. Our two children were the joy of our lives. I was convinced that if I believed in God, and never forgot to thank him, I was a Christian, or so I thought.

The bubble burst. Two years ago, I lost my father through cancer just at a time when I felt he could really enjoy his retirement. Then, my daughter got ME and to crown it all John, my husband, was made redundant. I went to church as usual but found little peace. The services were meaningless for me. I was not angry with God as He was irrelevant to me. I wondered if I ever believed in him.

One day, I sat at the back of church, looking up at the altar. My eyes were drawn to the figure on the cross. I had seen it for many years, but had never really noticed it before. I was talking to Jesus, saying: "I feel lost. Why don't you help me?" Then it seemed as if the crucified Christ was looking at me, and saying "In my wounds you are healed. The darkness will pass. You will walk in the light again". I fell on my knees and the tears began to fall. That afternoon I found my Christ and my God. I still have my problems but now my life has taken on a new meaning... .. **Elizabeth**

(Extract taken from 'The Universe' and sent in by Joe Kealey)

## JUSTICE AND PEACE ISSUES

FATHER HILARION O.S.B. has written from Sri Lanka asking St. Mary's Parishioners for help in re-housing a mother and her three sons.....

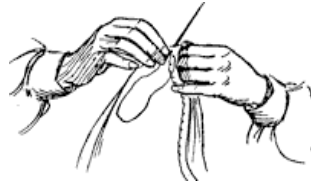
*"Their wattle and daub house is on the banks of a river canal and, whenever it rains heavily, the house goes under water. Not only mud and sewage, but river snakes and worms enter the house.... The mother does a part time cooking job, but the money from this is hardly enough for them to eat and survive."*

If you could help to re-house this family, please use one of the envelopes marked 'Justice and Peace Friday Group' from a table at the back of the Church and put in the collection. And **'Thank You'**.

**Justice and Peace**

### WHAT DOES THE NEEDLEWORK GROUP DO?

The current members of the Needlework Group have worked together to complete a project to make the 100 cushions you now see in Church. They hope this will satisfy the many requests for 'softer' seating in the main body of the Church, following the successful project to cushion the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, two years ago.



Patchwork and quilting techniques were used, rather than the tapestry method, which took so many years to make the 12 kneelers for the altars, and associated ceremonial chair cushions. This meant that the 100 cushions were made in under one year; each lady being able to take their work home to do and then, once a month, to bring in the fruits of their labours.

When not cushion making, there are still jobs to do, as ordinary as hemming small linens for Mass (purificators, corporals and mundatories) or as exotic as designing and making new Mass vestments. In addition, they look after the repairs and maintenance of most of the Priests' and altar boys' vestments, with side forays into such things as the Tapestry in St. Benedict's Chapel, or the Garden Party Banner.

Currently, the Group is resting 'on its laurels' with a job well done, but, without doubt, in the New Year, they'll be back!

**Agnes Chester**

**"A Stitch in Time ... .. Mends Holes in Pockets!"**

## SEVENTY YEARS A MONK

*(Hard on the 'tail' of the Church's 'Year of the Priest', Father Theodore Young O.S.B. writes the following very amusing account of his years as a monk, and priest, of the Ampleforth Community. Please read on, and if you should laugh your 'socks' off, blame Father Theo.)*



Birthdays, weddings and the Monastic life, together with other yearly events, are often celebrated, especially when they reach double figures. The only requirement for reaching those dates, and celebrating them, is that the person concerned should live long enough! Thus it is the case that Fr. Martin Haigh and I were blessed, in celebrating our Platinum Jubilee of Monastic Life, on the 22nd. September, 2010; if my arithmetic is correct, we took the Benedictine Habit 70 years ago, in 1940.

I was ordained Priest on 20<sup>th</sup>. July 1947. In May 1951, I was sent on my first Parish, as assistant, to St. Peter's, Seel Street, Liverpool. When the Parish Priest, Fr. Bruno Dawson, heard I was coming, he promptly died. Fr. Chad Bourke was then appointed, but soon after my arrival, he had a nervous breakdown. Fr. Martin Rochford was then appointed and he survived. Another assistant arrived in the person of Fr. Sylvester Fryer; he was of retiring age and suffered from a severe form of diabetes which required medication night and morning. Unfortunately, he frequently got the times mixed up and injected himself at night – instead of morning – and then had a 'hypo', (hypo-glycaemic attack). He became violent and replayed scenes from the 1<sup>st</sup> World War, which caused him to throw the furniture about. Fr. Martin would wake me up and tell me to do something! I then got some sugar and, when he opened his mouth, I shovelled it in. That seemed to do the trick!

In 1957, I was sent to St. Mary's, Leyland, where I stayed for 26 years, and enjoyed my time there; it was very different from Liverpool. Early in my career there, while visiting an old man, I was introduced to him by his son who said: "This is our new priest, Fr. Yung, Dad." Dad said: "What's his name? The son replied louder: "Fr. YUNG, Dad" He replied: "Well, he doesn't look like a Chinaman!"

After his retirement, Abbot Herbert came to live at St. Mary's and became one of the team; he would probably say he had retired, but he worked harder than any of us, and was out, every day, visiting people and listening to them. After his death, a lady – not a Catholic – told me that she never knew that he was an Abbot, but thought that was his name. He chose that house as the HQ for his Prayer Group. The lady of the house said that somebody once told her that his greatest sadness was that she hadn't become a Catholic. I told her that I was certain that that had never entered his head, but, probably, that he felt sad that when he said Mass, in her house, she couldn't receive Holy Communion.

**AN ARMCHAIR VIEW OF THE POPE'S VISIT**

My next move was to Knaresborough, as Parish Priest, in 1983; it was a market town, with a nice house attached, and a lovely garden. The people were great, and I was fortunate in having a most efficient Secretary, who was also my Administrator; she did all the things I couldn't do. She was also my friend.

In 1998, the Abbot sent me to be an assistant priest back here in Liverpool and in many ways it was like coming home. I even met people who knew me at St. Peter's Seel Street, all those years ago, and on at least one occasion, was asked by a couple to celebrate the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of their Wedding, which took place in St. Peter's, just before I got there. Also, as Chaplain of St. Benedict's College, I enjoyed my time there, working with the Staff and the young people. Liverpool rightly, has a reputation for being a friendly place, and people are always willing to help, and, if you ask them the way, they don't just tell you – they take you there! As I have no sense of direction, I have found this invaluable!

Some time ago, now, I asked Abbot Timothy if he thought I ought to return to the Monastery, to prepare for death; he said: *"Can't you do this in Liverpool?"* It seems a wonderful coincidence that I should begin my Parish career, and end it, here in Liverpool.

My experience over the last 70 years has been a very happy one – like everyone else, in whatever career they choose, there have been bad days, but the happy ones far exceed the bad ones – largely because of the support of my Abbots, and my Community, and the kindness and concern of so many people I have come across, in the Parishes I have served, not only Catholics, but from people of all denominations, and none. I would like to thank all those who have been involved in my life, during the past 70 years, and assure them that they are all in my daily prayers.

**Father Theo**

**'I WAS BLIND AND YOU GAVE ME SIGHT'** ... .. There was a blind girl who hated herself because she was blind. She hated everyone, except her loving boyfriend. He was always there for her. She told her boyfriend, "If I could only see the world, I will marry you." One day, someone donated a pair of eyes to her. When the bandages came off, she was able to see everything, including her boyfriend. He asked her, "Now that you can see the world, will you marry me?" The girl looked at her boyfriend and saw that he was blind. The sight of his closed eyelids shocked her. She hadn't expected that. The thought of looking at them the rest of her life led her to refuse to marry him. Her boyfriend left in tears and days later wrote a note to her saying: *"Take good care of your eyes, my dear, for before they were yours, they were mine."* This is how the human brain often works when our status changes. Only a very few remember what life was like before, and who was always by their side in the most painful situations.

**Origins Unknown**

I have to admit that I didn't have too much enthusiasm when the proposed visit of Pope Benedict XVI was announced. He seemed, from a distance, to be a rather stern and aloof person before, and after, his election – a complete contrast to his predecessor, John Paul II. I had attended a papal audience in 1995 and another in 1999, and there was a noticeable change in the Pope's 'presence'; indeed, on the latter occasion, he looked tired and ill.

One should not compare popes – certainly not when one is still alive. However, there had been adverse publicity surrounding the Papacy – and of Catholicism – in various parts of the world. The timing of the visit appeared to be unfortunate amid claims of demonstrations and disruption aimed at the Pope. It was not what the Catholics of Britain wanted.

I watched the Pope's arrival at Edinburgh Airport, on TV, and had an uneasy feeling when His Holiness seemed to ignore his Guard of Honour, until Prince Philip had a quiet word.

However, during his speech to the Queen at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, I was more reassured when it became apparent that the Pope had 'done his homework' on British history, and that he was not going to 'throw his punches' or 'duck any issues'. How important it was when he said:

*"As we reflect on the sobering lessons of the atheist extremism of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, let us never forget how the exclusion of God, religion and virtue from public life leads ultimately to the truncated vision of man and of society and thus to a 'reductive vision of the person and his destiny.'" Towards the end of the same speech, he said: "Today the United Kingdom strives to be a modern and multicultural society. In this challenging enterprise may it always maintain its respect for those traditional values and cultural expressions that more aggressive forms of secularism no longer value or even tolerate."*

There was a constant reminder, during the wide TV coverage, of any potential threat to the Pope's safety, by the ever-present security guards.

My heart warmed to the Pope during his journey in the 'Popemobile', to the Archbishop's residence, as he warmly acknowledged the crowds and showed a genuine interest in receiving, holding and blessing young children, held up to him by the security staff. On arrival at the residence, he departed from the schedule and made his way to meet those who had been awaiting his arrival. He spoke to mothers, young people and children.

I was further impressed during the Mass in Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, when at the Offertory, among the diverse number of people was a disabled young person being helped by an adult, who was greeted by the Pope, and who made a deliberate act of standing – all the others were greeted by the Pope, remaining seated. To my mind it was a massive statement by the Pope, acknowledging the marginalised weaker members of our society. It was with joy and love that His Holiness greeted the young person.

Finally, one other incident that dealt the ‘death blow’ to my previously held view of a stern pope. It was his delight in hearing the speech of welcome by Paschal Uche on the steps of Westminster Cathedral. These are the incidents that changed my perception of Benedict XVI – not earth-shattering moments – but gentle, kind and thoughtful actions by a man of God. It is by our actions we are known. Let us do all we can to express our faith and our love in our daily lives.

Without doubt, the Pope’s visit was a success, even among his critics, and he confounded his enemies. He restored people’s confidence and revitalised others.

#### **Edward Almond**

*Father Stephen has written a finely detailed account of his visit – with other parishioners of St. Mary’s – to Cofton Park, Birmingham, 19 September 2010, for the Beatification Ceremony – the Beatification of Cardinal John Henry Newman. Sadly, there is not enough space to include the whole of his experience on that day. However, he summarises it beautifully in the following paragraph:*

“**T**he trek back to the bus seemed very long, but astonishingly leaflets were given to us; one by a Jehovah’s witness, and the other by an ex-catholic explaining how the Church had got things wrong on Mary. So, it was a somewhat weary walk back to the ‘bus, and we had a short wait for the last pilgrims before we set off, comfortably, in our state-of-the-art coach to Leyland. I had been to Rome, in June, for the end of the ‘Year of the Priests’ and had been to two Papal ceremonies – a Vigil and the Mass of the Sacred Heart. Waiting for hours in baking sun, crowded with 15,000 other priests most of whom did not know English! – made me focus on why I was there. The statement has been with me ever since, and has rather grown in significance, and, especially, was reinforced by the Cofton-Newman experience. ***I was there in the REAL PRESENCE of the SACRAMENT OF UNITY which has been there from Peter for 2,000 years. This unbroken presence has been accepted by Christians, despite unworthy holders of the office, for all this time, and will continue as long as the Church exists. I was not watching on television; I was in his presence – he did not know me, but I knew him, and the holy sign that he is, is life giving, faith giving and holiness developing, if one has the heart and faith to receive it.*** The enthusiasm which was present in his visit is witness to this truth, which perhaps subliminally, Catholics have in their Faith.”

***Finally, One of our young Parishioners writes a very sincere and moving account of her day with the Pope:***

**I**t’s incredible to think that just a few weeks ago I was sat in front of Pope Benedict! I sat there receiving his blessing, joining him in prayer, listening as he spoke the loving word of the Lord. I first set eyes on him earlier that day. It was a Saturday and I, amongst thousands of other young pilgrims, had waited for hours outside Westminster Cathedral, sat on the stone-cold floor, waiting for his presence.

We watched the Mass going on inside the Cathedral on a huge screen and then after, he came outside to give us the final blessing; the crowd cheered and roared and I felt closer to God than I’d ever felt before as he spoke of so many things I knew and could relate to. After a few minutes, he returned to the Cathedral and Catherine, Leo, Amy and I, joined others from across the country for a march to Hyde Park, where we had another wait.

I was stood in a queue when I spotted a familiar face; I thought I was wrong, but then Amie Edens – also from our Church – said, “Hey, look, there’s Mel Singo!” I couldn’t believe that after travelling all that way I was still near people I knew. We called him over and he explained that Ethel was making a speech. We said ‘Goodbye’ to Mel and returned to our seats, which luckily for us, were about seven rows from the stage, in front of 80,000 people who didn’t get quite as good a view. A little later, Ethel took to the stage, where she gave an inspiring speech that captured every heart in the park. More people followed after, giving their stories. They made me realise that religion doesn’t stay in church – it’s everywhere, and in everyone – even those who don’t believe.

That night, the Pope came out and led a Vigil, speaking more and more about God and faith, and we all took great pride. That weekend made me realise just what religion is, and what it means to me. God is with me all the time – and with everyone else too; and I didn’t know this until just a few weeks ago.

This experience wouldn’t have happened to me if it wasn’t for your help, so to everyone who supported me and three others from the Parish – we can’t thank you enough, and may we forever be in your debt, as I know this will stay with us forever. Thank you!

**Chelsea Blackwell**

“Happiness is like a butterfly, which when pursued,  
Stays always just beyond your grasp -  
But which, if you sit down quietly, may alight upon you.”

*(Nathaniel Hawthorne 1804 – 1864)*

## THE ROSARY

This Marian celebration first came about from the victory of Lepanto (1571). The combined Christian fleet defeated the Turks, thus preventing their occupation of Europe. This favour was attributed by Pope Saint Pius V to the recitation of the Holy Rosary. The Rosary, is very pleasing to our Mother in heaven, who recommended it herself. The Popes, too, greatly recommend the Rosary. There are two elements of the Holy Rosary: the meditation on the mysteries and vocal prayer. The Rosary is Mary's favourite prayer, a prayer that surely reaches her motherly ear and moves her to obtain abundant graces for us. Pope Paul VI wrote:

*"Do not fail to put repeated emphasis on the recitation of the Rosary. It is a prayer so pleasing to our Lady who so often recommended. It affords the faithful an excellent means of complying effectively and pleasingly with our Divine Master's command, 'Ask and it shall be given to you: seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.' Your Rosary is like a ladder that you climb, step by step, drawing you close to Our Lady, which means finding Christ. It is a devotion which leads us to Christ through Mary."*

One of the characteristics of the Rosary, the most important and most beautiful of all is: Christ is the end of this long repeated invocation of Mary. We speak to Mary in order to reach Christ. She brought Him into the world. She is the Lord's Mother. She will bring us to Him, if we are devoted to her. When we say the Rosary, we try to think of our Lord. We try to look at Him through our Lady's eyes and to understand Him with her heart.

*(By Fr. Jozef Kobos, SDS, The Church of the Ascension, Parksville, B.C.)*



### St. Mary's Rosary Group ... ..

Our Rosary Group was formed over 20 years ago, with 29 members, several of whom have 'passed on' to their Maker – Mary McDonald, Mary Brindle, Belle Coupe – just to mention a few. We are now down to ten host families. We meet every week at 8.00 pm – except for the Thursday before the First Friday – when it is the Holy Hour – and say the Rosary for the intentions of the Parish; we then have a chat over a cup of tea. We take with us to the Rosary, a statue of Our Lady of Fatima, and this stays in that home until the following Thursday, when it moves on to the next home. In this way, one could say that Our Lady is 'travelling' round the Parish.

If anyone would like to join our Rosary Group, they would be most welcome. You can join if you wish, without being a 'host' family. Just ring 'Kate' on 435721 – and we would love to see you.

**Kate Jordan**

## Two Pages for Younger Readers ...

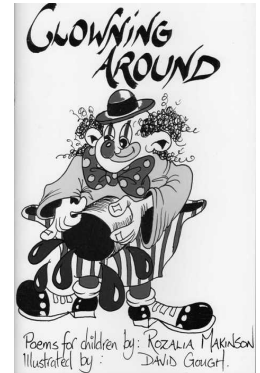
*Rozalia Makinson, poet, and friend of St. Mary's, penned a recent note to her friend, and parishioner, Doreen Culshaw, in the following terms... .. "Dear Doreen, Just a short note to see if the poems and illustrations are suitable for December issue of Church Magazine. I put something in years ago called "The Rose" so if they'd like to use another and drawing by Estelle Bryers, poem by me, Rozalia Makinson, I'd be delighted! There's five copies of a poetry book to be used in anyway Church needs to. Still like to be thought of as a friend of St. Mary's. Roz Makinson." Below, we are pleased to print one of her poems from the book – one very topical for this Christmas issue:*

### WHAT ABOUT THE WORKER?

**Christmas is a festive season  
Of happiness and joys  
When reindeer, led by Rudolph,  
Help deliver all the toys.**

**It's doing Christmas shopping  
And trimming up the tree.  
It's time for get togethers  
With friends and family.**

**"There's magic in the air."  
You'll hear people say;  
"Don't you wish it could be just  
Like Christmas every day?"**



**But I'm no fuddy-duddy.  
I like folk to have fun.  
But it's hard, when you grow older,  
To keep up with everyone.**

**So when you're opening presents  
Be glad that you can't see  
This worn-out, weary Santa.  
One night's quite enough for me!**

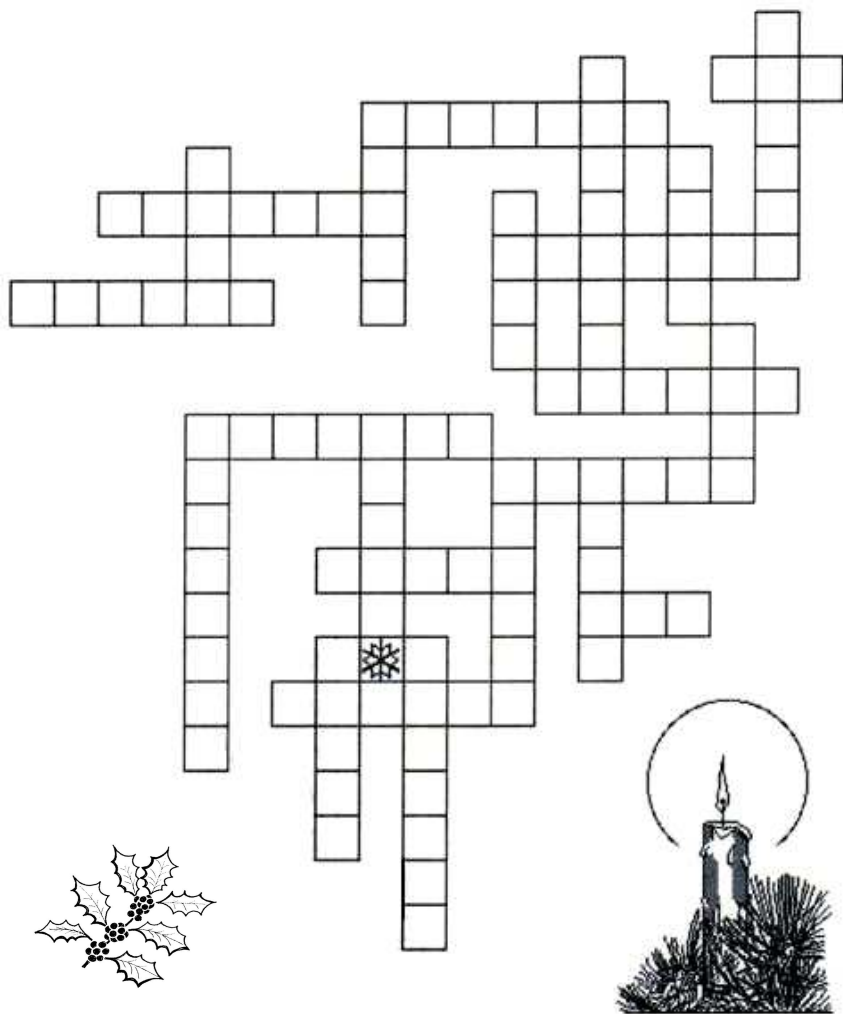
*Editor's Note – Roz Makinson was born in Bridge of Allan, then moved to Chorley, (where she still lives), whilst still a child. Teacher and poet, she has been writing since the age of 11 years. Many years ago, her friend, Father Theo, asked her to promise never to stop writing poetry. She has kept that promise and still loves to write – mainly for children. Her books, illustrated by Estelle Bryers (also from Chorley), include: 'The Rose', 'Come to the Circus', 'The Dragon's Tale' and 'Penguins On Ice'. She makes a point in writing: "I have always felt welcome at St. Mary's – it holds a special place in my heart." On our part, we are very happy to renew our friendship with Roz, with sincere thanks for her poems, and send our very best wishes to her.*



## ... Christmas Word Puzzle

Just try to put the following words into the 'crossword'  
– each word is to be used once only:

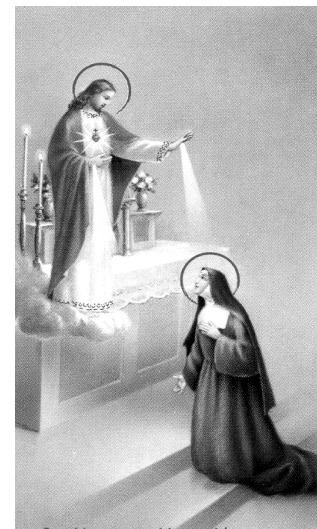
**ELF; TOY; GIFT; BELL; TREE; STAR; SANTA; COMET;  
CUPID; VIXEN; CANDY; FROSTY; WREATH; DASHER; DONNER; SLEIGH;  
DANCER; CHIMNEY; BLITZEN; RUDOLPH; PRANCER; SNOWMAN; PRESENTS;  
REINDEER**



*(for solution see rear inside cover)*

## SAINT MARGARET MARY

In many Catholic homes you will find displayed a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and many of these will carry the words: *'I will bless the homes in which an image of My Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honoured'*. What a lovely promise!



Saint Margaret Mary, born, Marguerite Marie Alocque, 1647, in Lhautecour, France, was the Roman Catholic nun who promoted devotions to the Sacred Heart, and to whom the promise was made. She was the daughter of poor but virtuous parents, Claude and Philiberte, who encouraged their young daughter in her devotions, and of whom it is said that, even as a child, showed intense love for the Blessed Sacrament, preferring meditation and prayer to toys and childhood things. She made her First Holy Communion at the age of nine, after which she practised, in secret, some rather severe self-mortifications, until a paralysis confined her to bed for four years. This period of incapacity was brought to an end when she made a vow to Our Lady, promising to consecrate herself to the religious life, and was then instantly restored to good health.

The death of her father and the injustice of a relative plunged the family into deeper poverty and humiliation, after which, more than ever, Margaret found consolation in the Blessed Sacrament. However, when Margaret was seventeen, the family property was recovered, and her mother then wished Margaret to establish herself in the world – as a young lady should! She, in her naivety, came to believe that her childhood vow was not binding, and that she could serve God at home by penance and charitable works. Still bleeding from her self-imposed mortifications, she began to take part in the pleasures of the world. One night, returning from a ball, she had a vision of Christ bearing the wounds of his scourging. It is said that Jesus reproached her for her unfaithfulness and reminded her that He had given her many proofs of His love. For the rest of her life, Margaret repented for two faults committed at this time – the wearing of some frivolous ornaments, and a mask at the carnival, to please her brothers.

In 1671, she entered the Visitation Convent at Paray, where her vocation was to be tested on many occasions. Any doubts as to the veracity of her vocation however, were soon to be overcome and in November, 1672, she made her final vows; though gifted with intelligence and good common sense, she was moved to choose for herself all those duties most at odds with her nature, thus carving

out a life of suffering within the cloister – sufferings imposed by self, upon self – and all this out of love for her Divine Saviour.

Over a period of some 18 months, beginning in December 1673, Sister Margaret Mary received revelations of the Sacred Heart, the visions revealing to her the new form of devotions to the Sacred Heart, the chief features being reception of Holy Communion on the First Friday of each month, the Adoration of the Host during the Holy Hour on Thursdays, and the celebration of the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

Many of her community looked upon Margaret Mary, adversely, and as a ‘visionary’ drawing unnecessary attention upon herself, as a result of these frequently reported ‘appearances’ of her Lord and God. Despite the criticisms of those close to her, and of her superior, who endeavoured to turn her away from anything other than the life of an ordinary nun, Margaret continued to live her life in obedience and humility – with love towards those who opposed her – and this resulted, ultimately, in the recognition of her mission – even by those who had shown her the most bitter opposition. First, her superior, Mother de Saumaise, became convinced of the truth of her visions. Then the community’s confessor, (Saint) Claude de la Colombière, declared the visions genuine and when Mother Melin was elected Superior in 1683, she named Sister Margaret Mary as her assistant, later to be appointed Novice Mistress. The walls of opposition were crumbling and the convent began to observe – at first privately – the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1686, and just two years later, a Chapel was built at Paray, in honour of the Sacred Heart.

After Margaret Mary’s death, on 17 October 1690, devotion to the Sacred Heart, though fostered by the Jesuits, was still subject to controversy within the Church and not officially recognized until some 75 years after her death. Discussions – for and against – continued for many years, her life and actions, revelations, spiritual teachings regarding the devotion to the Sacred Heart, being subjected to the most severe and minute examination, until finally, in 1824, she was declared Venerable by Pope Leo XII. Forty years later, in 1864, Pope Pius IX declared her ‘Blessed’. When her tomb was canonically opened in July 1830, two instantaneous cures were recorded to have taken place. Her incorrupt body rests under the altar in the chapel at Paray-le-Monial, and many striking blessings have been claimed by pilgrims attracted there from all parts of the world. She was Canonised by Pope Benedict XV in 1920. Her Feast Day is celebrated annually on 16 October. **Saint Margaret Mary – Pray for Us**



**Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and love – have mercy on us.  
Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise – have mercy on us.  
Heart of Jesus, hope of all those who die in thee – have mercy on us.**

**Anon.**

### **The Twelve Promises of Jesus to Saint Margaret Mary for those devoted to His Sacred Heart:**

1. I will give them all the graces necessary for their state of life.
2. I will establish peace in their families.
3. I will console them in all their troubles.
4. They shall find in My Heart an assured refuge during life and especially at the hour of their death.
5. I will pour abundant blessings on all their undertakings.
6. Sinners shall find in My Heart the source of an infinite ocean of mercy.
7. Tepid souls shall become fervent.
8. Fervent souls shall speedily rise to great perfection.
9. I will bless the homes where an image of My Heart shall be exposed and honoured.
10. I will give to priests the power of touching the most hardened hearts.
11. Those who propagate this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be effaced.
12. The all-powerful love of My Heart will grant to all those who shall receive Communion on the First Friday of nine consecutive months the grace of final repentance; they shall not die under my displeasure, nor without receiving the Sacraments; My heart shall be their assured refuge at that last hour.

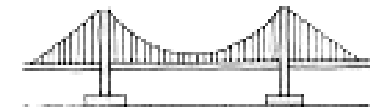


#### **A SPECIAL GREETING**

As always our thoughts and prayers are especially with the sick, the housebound, the lonely, families that are apart and all those whose circumstances may make Christmas a difficult time. Somehow, may the spirit and love of the Christmas Season come to you and bring you joy and peace, with every blessing and hope for the New Year

#### **PONTIFF**

**Jesus is the builder  
and Jesus is the bridge  
and Jesus is the one who  
crosses it – in both directions**



*(‘Pontiff’ is another word for ‘bishop’ (from pontifex, the Latin for ‘bridge-builder’. The ‘Supreme Pontiff’, of course, is Jesus.)*

**(Father Paul Browne O.S.B.)**

**BAPTISMS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS**  
(August – November 2010)

Sheila Anderton 10/11/10  
Mary Howard 19/11/10

**Welcomed into the Family of the Church by Baptism:**

**Baptisms:**

Emily Charlotte Rose Harris	22/08/10
Thomas James Hodgkinson	22/08/10
Isobel Campbell	29/08/10
Neeve Nicole McDonald	29/08/10
Lexi Anne Munro	05/09/10
James Jack Gittins	12/09/10
Summer Olivia Parkinson	12/09/10
Jasmine Faith Eastham	03/10/10
Emily Cheri Isabelle Jones	03/10/10
Alexander George Horton	10/10/10
Spencer Snape-Jones	24/10/10
Alfie James Snape-Jones	24/10/10
Ellie Snape-Travis	24/10/10
Dylan Michael Fredericks Kirk	31/10/10
Ruby Alice Fredericks Kirk	31/10/10
Morris Finn Kelly	31/10/10
Thomas Chesworth	07/11/10
Ava Kate Smallwood	14/11/10
Alex Ann Pollitt	21/11/10
Liam Alex Morrell	21/11/10

**Those Joined in Holy Matrimony:**

Brian Patrick Cullen and Jennifer Louise McGrath	13/08/10
Matthew James Brooks and Gillian Walsh	01/10/10
Richard John Preston & Katherine Louise Swarries	30/10/10
Paul Stephen Harvey & Deidre Patricia Whitworth	30/10/10

**Those Who Have Died + May They Rest In Peace + :**

Mary (May) Nuttall	12/08/10
Joan Lunney	12/08/10
Catherine Airey	20/08/10
Phyllis Clarkson	11/09/10
Nora Turner	13/09/10
Joyce Jennings	16/09/10
James Hubert (Jim) Derry	22/09/10
Baby John Thomas Brown	26/09/10
Baby Olivia Mae Collinge	29/09/10
Thomas Beardsworth	15/10/10
Thomas (Tom) Barnes	21/10/10
Francis Joseph Dever	29/10/10
Thomas John Tetlow	09/11/10

+++ We Pray For All Whose Names Appear On These Pages +++

*We remember also, those who have died, not of our parish, but connected with us as relatives and friends of parishioners. May they rest in peace. Our sympathy goes out to all the bereaved.*



**A STORY FROM AFGHANISTAN**

**M**any years ago Britain used to have a base in Afghanistan and the tribesmen were Muslims and did not like the English. One day two British soldiers went on government business but never returned and eventually the news got out that the chief had killed them.

Some 20 years later a man in St. Petersburg in Russia was looking in a second-hand books shop and found a prayer book – it had some notes inside but he could not read them because they were in English. He found an English friend who discovered that the book had belonged to Stoddart one of the Englishmen who had died in Afghanistan. In it, he said that he and his friend, Conolly, had been captured and kept with few clothes in a prison during the fierce Afghanistan winter – they had been ill treated and kept with very little food, but they had survived.

When spring came they were taken out into the square of the town, and Conolly was executed by being beheaded. The chief then asked Stoddart: “If you become a Muslim I will spare your life. Stoddart replied: “I will not become a Muslim, I am ready to die;” then he, too, was beheaded.

The prayer book was sent back to Stoddart’s sister who lived in England – and she sent a large sum of money to pay for a bed in a local hospital, in memory of her brother. When the hospital patients heard this story they were astonished: “The sister of the man we killed pays for the men of the nation who killed him. Has she forgotten his death?” “No”, came the reply, “It is so that he may not be forgotten that she does it.”

***That is the way of Christian Reconciliation.***

*(From Fr. Stephen 17 July 2010)*

*(Colonel Charles Stoddart and Captain Arthur Conolly were executed by the Emir, in Bukhara, June 1842, on ‘trumped up’ charges of spying for the British.)*

## MY JOURNEY TO HUMILITY

One Sunday on our Parish Bulletin I spotted that Fr. Stephen was giving a retreat at Ampleforth Abbey, I don't know why but, as I read it, my immediate thought was that I'd like to go. I made enquiries when I next went down to Church – after checking it would be OK at home. In fact I got Dot's blessing to go – I couldn't think why! It was like a roller-coaster from thereon in; Fr. Stephen was to take me, so transport was sorted, too.

I was picked up at 1.00 pm; there was no one from our Parish going, and so it was just the two of us. Fr. Stephen suggested we say the Rosary as we travelled, which we did, arriving at Ampleforth at 4.00 pm. What an amazing serene place it is! I was a little anxious as to how I was going to find the retreat, as it was too far to escape, to get back home! I was shown the accommodation, which was in a building known as 'The Grange'. There were 19 in the group - mostly from Carlisle – Fr. Stephen's old parish, but we were from various places throughout the UK, too.

The last retreat I had attended was 50 years ago; that was led by the Jesuits, of which I spent most of the time in silence – as that was their way, although we were well looked after – I've got to say, so it came to me as a pleasant surprise, this time, the openness and friendliness of conversation, on this retreat, which suited me better.

We came together, as a group, with Fr. Stephen, and we started sharing experiences one by one; it was at that time I began to panic, and feel well out of my depth, as they were mostly professional people, obviously used to speaking to a group. I literally froze, and prayed earnestly to the Divine Mercy, as I placed myself into His hands. Then came the brainwave, to bring out of my pocket the 'Update' article, which I had written two years previously; it had been well received at the Divine Mercy Day, and so, I hoped, it may do the same thing for me now. I asked Fr. Stephen to read it out for me, to the group, and afterwards, there was total silence; they were so touched, and thanked me for sharing it with them. I continued to listen to peoples' experiences and stories, and they made me feel so humble, giving me a sense of unity with the rest of the group, and so I relaxed, from what I felt at the beginning. Fr. Stephen had asked us to let the Holy Spirit come into our lives, during the course of the retreat, and I am sure we took that invitation to heart, as there was something so special within the group. We attended evening prayer, with the monks; that was another uplifting experience, as was the Sunday Mass, which I'll never forget. The group promised to keep each other in their prayers.

I had been praying for some time, for humility to the Divine Mercy, and St. Thérèse, and I am sure it was an answer to prayer, that took me on that journey to Ampleforth. It was an honour to meet everyone, and I am very grateful for the experience. As Fr. Stephen and I travelled home, I asked if it would be alright with him if we were to recite the Divine Mercy Chaplet Prayer, in thanksgiving, which we duly did.

**David Prescott**

## WORLD WAR II -- PRISONER OF WAR – IN GERMANY

**By Frank Harrison**

*Below, we continue with episode four of Frank Harrison's series of 'adventures' at the hands of the Germans (and the French!). His account – in totality – makes for essential reading, its pages describing with candid humour, absolute reality and often stark tragedy, life behind 'barbed wire' in the latter part of World War II .....*



**Free!**

And so they had – 'begged off' – the Germans, that is! The fallen logs across the road were a delaying tactic. They had left two others, both human. One was a corporal, a hard nut. His orders were to blow the charges that they had placed the previous day under the bridge. The other was a young boy. He nursed a 'panzer-faust' (anti-tank weapon) in arms that were scarcely strong enough to lift it. His orders were to wait until an American tank was on the narrow bridge and then to destroy it. Then what? Run, I suppose!

Food was a problem, by now. No longer was it being sent from the kitchens at Plauen. Word came from somewhere that the Americans had crossed the river, some miles upstream, and that meant we were now, technically, free. We went out on to the street and stood around. We saw nobody, although curtains twitched. Then women came to the doors of their houses and stood watching us. One of them approached me – it just happened that I was the nearest – which was why she chose me, and she jabbered something and tugged my sleeve. I followed her as she led me into the very large farm across the street; the domestic buildings were old and well 'set up'. In the house I found another woman waiting; it was obvious, from the deference that my guide showed her, that this was a person of some importance. She was wearing slacks and boots instead of the universal wooden-soled clogs, which immediately 'stamped' her out as different from the other women of the village. She introduced herself in almost perfect English – certainly, better than my own – as The Countess von Viesliche, and asked would the British POW's help her? There were still mobs of refugees, passing along the street, as she took me to an outhouse and showed me several barrels containing 'kartofle wine' (whiskey from boiled potatoes). She was afraid that some of the straggling refugees might take it into their heads to stop outside the farm and, should they find it and begin to drink it, there was nobody to protect the women. Could the British soldiers get rid of it for her? I saw what she was afraid of, and agreed to ask the lads. I went back and put it to Butch and a few more. They agreed, and so, the next hour or so, saw British soldiers who, up to moments before had been prisoners-of-war, taking measures to protect the women folk – women folk, who had spent the previous months ignoring their presence. I remember that we got a pickaxe from somewhere and drove holes into the barrels, and watched the potato whiskey running along the gutters in a

stream of 'unrealized intoxication'. I saw the Countess once more; that was while we were dealing with the liquor, and she led a procession of village women up on to the bridge in an attempt to save the only road into Plauen. It was a waste of time. The Corporal's orders were to blow the bridge, and he said, this he would do, at ten o'clock; if the women were on the bridge they would 'go up' too.

Back down they came, and, at ten o'clock precisely, 'up' it went with an explosion that shook the village and showered us with bits of the bridge we'd crossed so often. The Corporal then shot himself in the head. His body lay, half in the water; it looked desolate and a total waste, but we left it there. Perhaps, somebody thought to say 'Heil Hitler', but I doubt it! Soon afterwards, the servant woman came looking for me; she had brought a pair of opera glasses, as a 'thank-you' from the Countess. I still have them somewhere; someday I may use them, but not to watch the Valkyrie.

Later that morning we saw our first American; he was a Lieutenant, by himself, driving my first-ever 'Jeep'. He was part of the Control Commission; he had posters that he pinned to the walls, warning villagers that all weapons, cameras, field glasses, etc, must be handed in at once. Anybody caught with one, subsequently, would face imprisonment. Before going on, he took note of how many of us there were, and told us not to go wandering off as it might be dangerous. Then, as he was about to get into his Jeep, he told us to help ourselves out of what there was in the back. I 'won' a Zeis Ikon camera, which I still have as a 'memento' of that village street.

Nor was he the only friend we saw that day. In the early evening, another Jeep rolled up; in it were two more Americans trying to find their unit. Apparently they were 'orderlies' in the Officers' Mess, and the jeep was loaded with wine, which they had picked up in France. They had been 'chasing' their mess for days. And so, we stood together, on the street, toasting each other with France's 'best', and toasting, also, the happiest day of our lives. I wonder if those two privates are still somewhere in Germany, driving around with their precious loot. Sometime that night, we 'fell' into bed – for the last time in a bunk – although we weren't to know it, and slept a sleep of many dreams. One unfinished matter bothered me. Just three or four miles down the road was Kurbitz, its Station, and it's Station Master, who had reported me. I had thought often about the Frenchman who had kept his mouth shut, when so easily, he could have 'dropped me in it'. In the morning, I told Butch I was going to find the man, but what I would do, when I did, I hadn't thought out. Butch said he'd come; so did Parker and Titch Sadler – 'Titch' because he had been the smallest man in his Battalion of Guards – at something near six feet in height, but he'd also been the middle-weight boxing champion. I was glad he was coming – he might be very useful.

We set off down the road, and again curtains 'twitched', and I wondered how many German deserters were peeping at us? When we reached Kurbitz, we found that a 'hand-out' of stored food (mainly grains) was being made, to German housewives, by the Mayor of Kurbitz and his Party 'side-kicks'. They were in such a

tidy queue; it seemed a shame to disturb it – but we did. We 'kicked' the Mayor off his platform and waved the queue away. Then we shouted to the refugees and wanderers, who had been standing watching, silently. We took over, doling food out to these poor, tired people and they responded. We gave the stuff out in double hand-full's, and we were joined by two Belgian lads, who helped us.

We never did find the Station Master as he must, by now, be hiding in his turn, but the Belgians took us to a 'small-holding' where they had been working for a widow woman. We stayed there, eating a hen that somebody brought. As the word spread that we were there, other 'outlanders' came, one of whom was the 'interpreter', whose name was 'Guti Something' or other. George Parker took a 'shine' to her, and no wonder! None of us had enjoyed female company for years. The two vanished, but we didn't notice, as we were far too 'gone' in an alcoholic 'daze'. Sometime during the evening, Goebbels spoke on the radio. He was recounting how Hitler had died a hero's death in the Chancellery. We gave a great cheer, but the widow was weeping: "Hitler Gutt", she wept! The others were the baddies, but Hitler was good, and this, in-so-far as we troubled to draw from the (very odd) Germans, with whom we spoke, was the general view of the German civilians. They were very loyal to their Leader.

Sometime that night, I 'fell over' again, and had no dreams that I could remember. Natural forces drove me, half-awake, to the toilet. I got back down on the floor, but sleep wouldn't come again. I found myself worrying over the American Lieutenant's warning, not to wander away from our camp. I woke Butch ... he woke Titch ... we found that Parker had managed to 'tear' himself away from his new, and 'freshly eternal' love, Guti, and we woke him. In the early morning we were on the road again, lost each in his thoughts, the rumbling of guns, like distant thunder from tired clouds, giving a little urgency to our feet. We arrived back at the village to find a fine display of laundry, hanging from upstairs windows; this would have caused a few 'hangings' had the Germans managed a counter-attack, but those days were over. Most of the lads were up and, after swapping our stories of the past night, (with a little 'embroidery' on both sides), we sat around, a little 'lost' with no sentries to 'chivvy' us up. Enders, (our hitherto Camp Fuehrer), suddenly appeared - in civilian clothes! He handed his revolver to someone, and said something in German about wishing to surrender. We told him to 'sugar' off, and he did so. Later in the morning, word came in that he had been appointed 'Burgomeister' by the villagers, I don't suppose that would last long, but 'Good Luck' to him; he could have been worse!

*(We hope our readers are continuing to enjoy reading Frank's story; we intend to include Part V, in the Easter 2011 edition of 'Update')*

~~~~~

***"... ..When the power of love overcomes the love of power,  
the world will know peace... ..". (Jimi Hendrix)***

## HOW MUCH DO YOU EARN IN AN HOUR?

Ian came home from work late one evening, in the week before Christmas, tired and irritated, to find his five years old son waiting for him at the front door. "Daddy, may I ask you a question?" said Jack. "Yes, sure, what it is?" replied Ian, rather 'roughly'. "Daddy, how much do you earn in an hour?" "That's none of your business. Why do you ask such a thing?" Ian almost shouted angrily. "I just need to know. Please tell me how much you make an hour?" pleaded Jack. "If you must know, Jack, £25 an hour," answered his dad. "Oh," said Jack, with his head down, then went on: "Daddy, may I please borrow £10?"

Ian was furious; "If the only reason you asked that is so you can borrow some money to buy a silly toy for Christmas, or some other nonsense, then you march yourself straight to your room and off to bed. Just think about why you are being so selfish. I don't work hard, every day, for such childish foolishness." Jack went to his room, quietly, and shut the door. Ian sat down and started to get even angrier over Jack and his questioning. How dare his son, whom he loved very much, ask such questions only to get money?

However, after about an hour, Ian had calmed down; he began to think. Maybe there was something he really needed to buy with that £10.00? Jack didn't ask for money very often. The man went to the door of his son's room and opened the door. "Are you asleep, my lad?" Ian asked quietly. "No daddy, I'm awake," replied Jack. "I've been thinking, maybe I was too hard on you earlier," said Ian. "It's been a long day and I took out my bad temper on you. Here's the £10.00 you asked for." Jack sat straight up, smiling. "Oh, thank you daddy," he cried. Then, reaching under his pillow, he pulled out some crumpled-up notes.

When Ian saw that the boy already had money, he started to get angry again. The little boy slowly counted out his money, and then looked up at his father with his large brown eyes. "Why do you want more money if you already have some?" Ian grumbled. "Because I didn't have enough, but now I do," the little boy replied. "Daddy, I have £25 now. Can I buy an hour of your time? Please come home early on Christmas Eve so I can to have dinner with you."

Ian was just 'floored'. He put his arms around his little son, and begged Jack to forgive him. This, then, is just a short reminder to all of you working so hard in life. We should not let time slip through our fingers without having spent some time with those who really matter to us, those close to our hearts.

Do remember to share that £25 worth of your time with someone you love.

*(Author unknown – with acknowledgment and thanks to the Internet)*

## WHERE'S GRANDMA?

THE COMPUTER SWALLOWED GRANDMA.  
YES, HONESTLY, ITS TRUE,  
SHE PRESSED 'CONTROL' AND 'ENTER'  
AND DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW.

IT DEVoured HER COMPLETELY  
THE THOUGHT JUST MAKES ME SQUIRM  
SHE MUST HAVE CAUGHT A VIRUS,  
OR BEEN EATEN BY A WORM.

I'VE SEARCHED THROUGH THE RECYCLE BIN  
AND FILES OF EVERY KIND;  
I'VE EVEN USED THE INTERNET  
BUT NOTHING CAN I FIND

IN DESPERATION, I ASKED JEEVES  
MY SEARCHES TO REFINE,  
THE REPLY FROM HIM WAS NEGATIVE,  
NOT A THING WAS FOUND ONLINE

SO, IF INSIDE YOUR 'INBOX',  
OUR GRANDMA SHOULD YOU SEE,  
PLEASE 'COPY', 'SCAN' AND 'PASTE'  
AND SEND HER BACK TO ME.



Source / Sender Unknown

***A Bulletin 'Howler' ... "Don't let worry kill  
you off – let the church help"***

## SHORT STORIES TO TELL ... ..

It was the day after Christmas at SS. Peter and Paul's Church, and Father John, the vicar, was looking at the Nativity scene, outside, when he noticed the Baby Jesus was missing from the crib. Immediately, Father John thought of calling in the local police, but, as he was about to do so, he saw little Nathan with a red wagon, and in the wagon was the figure of the little infant, Jesus. Father John approached Nathan and asked him: "Now, Nathan, where did you get the little infant?" Nathan looked up, smiled and replied: "I took him from the church." "And why did you take him?" With a sheepish grin, Nathan said, "Well, Father, about a week before Christmas, I said a prayer to Jesus and told him, if he would bring me a red wagon for Christmas, I would give him a ride around the block in it."

*(with acknowledgement and thanks to the internet)*

**Editorial:** Memories of the State Visit of Pope Benedict XVI, September 2010, inevitably provide a focal point – one of the main talking points – for this Christmas edition. From there the focus shifts – not unexpectedly – to topics very much connected with Advent and Christmas. These foci, together with other very varied subjects – Frank Harrison’s World War II experiences and the renewal of our acquaintanceship with poet and writer, Rozalia Makinson, coupled with writings on faith and religious matters, yield a potent mix, not forgetting splashes of humour, here and there – all well worth exploring. We are pleased to have been able to include two pages for our younger readers, and on the subject of youth and returning to my opening gambit, Chelsea Blackwell, gives us her very sincere recollections of the Papal Visit. I believe our readers will enjoy delving into all this. ‘Update’, as always, is grateful to all who have put ‘pen to paper’ to make it what it is – a very good Parish Magazine. Thank you to all who help to produce, print, collate and deliver – our indebtedness to you can never be repaid. God bless, and bring you all a very Happy Christmas and New Year.

ADK

**TRUTH: If you begin the day with love in your heart, peace in your nerves, and truth in your mind, you not only benefit by their presence but also bring them to others, to your family and friends, and to all those whose destiny draws across your path that day. (Source Unknown)**



**SOLUTION TO THE CHRISTMAS  
PUZZLE WORD**

