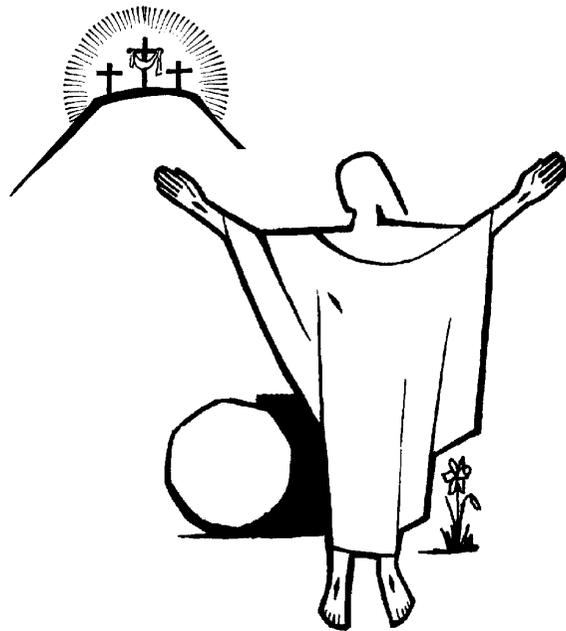


ST. MARY'S LEYLAND

Update

Issue No. 73



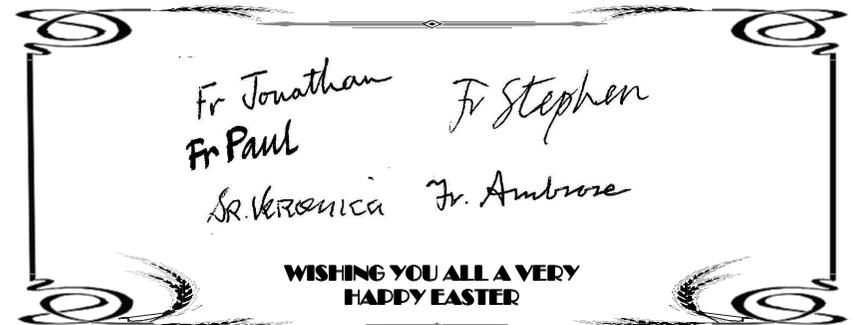
EASTER 2010



CONTENTS

PAGE

Father Jonathan's Introduction	1
'Turn Away from Sin and Be Faithful to the Gospel'	2-3
Greetings to Our Housebound Readers.....	3
The Annunciation (2009 Talk by Sister Veronica).....	4-7
Better Believe It! / A Reflection	8
Wanted – A Rector?.....	9
St. Maria Goretti	10-11
Smile Please!	11
My Life in the Women's Land Army (concluding part)	12-14
A Prayer.....	14
Vatican Humour?.....	15
Nuns – God Bless Them!.....	16-18
A Special Visit.....	18
Baptisms, Deaths	19
World War II – Prisoner of War in Germany	20-21
Bureaucracy!.....	22-23
Dear God (A Prayer).....	23
Odds and Ends	24
A Diversion?.....	Inside Back Cover
Editorial	Inside Back Cover
Day of Divine Mercy	Back Cover



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



FATHER JONATHAN'S INTRODUCTION:

If we ask ourselves, today, ten years into the 'new' millennium and coming up to Easter, once again: "What should we Catholics of St. Mary's, and all our friends connected with us, aim for now? What would be our answer, and where would we find it?"

The advice of the late Pope, John Paul II, in his Apostolic Letter "At the Beginning of the New Millennium" contains a beautifully apposite answer. In Section 30, he 'prescribes' a heading: 'Holiness', and, without any apologies, he launches into its meaning and background. He points out that 'Holiness' is for everyone. It is a *universal* call.

Reflecting on all this, I can think of some children, some 'mums' and 'dads', some grandparents, some sick people, some teachers, some accountants, some people struggling with personal challenges – of all sorts – some monks, some sisters, some priests – and many others, who live not a 'million miles' from where these lines are written – who are joyous, free in heart and mind, and vigorously engaged in their lives. They are – all of them – essentially, part of our Community of Faith, living out their beliefs, their values, in a way that is certainly, quite far advanced into the call to 'Holiness'.

Holiness is not extraordinary, not something esoteric and rarely achieved, but something that is normal – something intended for the human state, and something wonderful in its 'God-made' achievability. But, today in our confused society, where do we find the 'normal', the 'alive' human being, the person that it is simply 'good to know'? The central meaning of 'being holy' is achieved when each person reaches 'The Perfection of Charity', i.e. Love, (Pope John Paul II – quoting the Vatican Council, in Section 30 of his Letter), each according to his, or her, own calling in life.

Jesus, in his Death and Resurrection, makes the 'Perfection of Charity' open and available to us: he makes it possible for us to achieve our full humanity, personally, and together.

In the final analysis, this age – our present – is not so much the age of the individual saint, but the presence of 'The Saint' among us – meaning Jesus himself, THE Perfection of Charity, Risen from the Dead and Ascended into Heaven, and walking side by side with us – Jesus in and among us. We can choose this path this Easter, thereby helping and supporting each other.

**I WISH YOU ALL A VERY HAPPY EASTER –
FULL OF THE JOY AND PEACE OF THE RISEN LORD.**

<<<<< "LAETARE" = "REJOICE" >>>>>

"TURN AWAY FROM SIN AND BE FAITHFUL TO THE GOSPEL"

These are the words we heard on Ash Wednesday when we received the ashes on our foreheads. Before distributing the ashes, the priest blessed them with these words:

"Dear friends in Christ, let us ask our Father to bless these ashes which we will use as a mark of our repentance. Lord, bless the sinner who asks for your forgiveness and + bless + all those who receive these ashes. May they keep this Lenten season in preparation for the joy of Easter."

The ashes, received on the first day of Lent, reminded us that we are human, and that we have a beginning, and an end on this earth – that, as human beings, we are weak as well as strong. We have faults; we fail, as well as succeeding - that Jesus came to open the eyes of the poor, giving them the Good News of salvation.

On Ash Wednesday, in the 1st. Reading, we listened to the words of God spoken to the prophet Joel;

"Come back to me with all your heart, fasting, weeping, and mourning. Let your hearts be broken, not your garments torn. Turn to the Lord your God again, for he is all tenderness and compassion, slow to anger, rich in graciousness and ready to relent."

(Joel 2:12-13)

At the beginning of Lent, we are invited to become involved in the three great works of the spiritual life – Prayer, Fasting and Almsgiving – but before saying anything about any of the three, it is important to remember Jesus' attitude to the practise of them, in which he warns us of the dangers of hypocrisy – practising piety, in order to be seen by others – but, at the same time, he is anxious that our good works will be seen as a 'light' for others to follow. In today's world, we need to encourage each other to give time, energy and money, so that others may be fed. The scenes of hardship and deprivation we see on TV ought to melt the hardest heart and make us want to do something positive, and practical, either as a family, or as members of the Parish, for those people – even entire countries – who are desperately in need.

The Rule of St. Benedict includes a Chapter on how monks should observe Lent; he reminds us that a monk's life ought always to be 'Lenten' in character and, because only a few monks have the strength for that, we should make great efforts in Lent. *"Let each one, over and above the measure proscribed to him, offer God something of his own free will in the joy of the Holy Spirit."*

Lent is a time, when we are asked to remember repentance and bring it to the front of our minds. Jesus, after he was baptised by John in the Jordan, fasted for 40 days in



the desert, in preparation for his Public Life. During the 40 days of Lent, we are invited to imitate him in the best way we can. Today, more people are fasting for health reasons – trying to improve their looks! But we are invited to be generous in our efforts, during these 40 days, and to see them as opportunities to help the Third World, (via CAFOD and other such organisations); in the Burma Orphanage we have a personal contact in Fr. David, from where we can see the fruits of our generosity.

There are many reasons why people today are not able to fast from food – but there are other ways of fasting. Maybe, we have attended daily Mass, or made the Stations of the Cross with the Parish, or on our own. We may have said the Rosary – with the family – or, again in Parish services, or given extra time to private prayers, instead of watching endless, and often unsuitable programmes on the TV. If you have had a family to care for, you may have found endless opportunities to make sacrifices of the things you like to do, in order to be available for them. Whatever it is we have been able to do, we need to make sure that this Lent has been, and is, our special preparation for Holy Week and Easter – the time when we take part in remembering the last days of Jesus - his Death on the Cross and his Resurrection.

The Easter Prefaces explain very well that, at Easter, we are celebrating the Feast of Feasts:

"We praise you with greater joy than ever in this Easter season when Christ became our paschal sacrifice. In him a new age has dawned, the long reign of sin is ended, a broken world has been renewed, and man is once again made whole." (Preface 4)

The last few verses of the Exsultet which is sung at the beginning of the Easter Vigil – the Service of Light – help us to understand the graces offered to us at Easter:

"This is the night when Jesus Christ broke the chains of sin and rose triumphant from the grave. What good would life have been to us, had Christ not come as our Redeemer? Father how wonderful your care for us! How boundless your merciful love!"

Father Theo

As Easter comes, our sincere thoughts and best wishes are very much with our 'housebound' readers, those who for whatever reason are not able to get out and about as they would wish. You are in our prayers. May all the blessings of Easter – the great joy of the Resurrection – be with you and your dear ones.

(Editor's note – an interested parishioner very kindly submitted the article entitled, "Once a Priest, Always a Priest" in line with the Pope's definition of this year as "The Year of the Priest". However, this same article was used previously in the Easter 2006 issue and our policy has always been, consciously or otherwise, to avoid repetition. However, Sr. Veronica's article, below, on the subject of the Annunciation is very much about vocations – Our Lady's and, I would hazard a guess, also Sister's – so that this 2009 talk of hers fits nicely into place, shedding even more light on the whole subject.)

THE ANNUNCIATION

(Talk Given By Sr. Veronica 25.03.09 – the Feast of the Annunciation)

"You have heard that you will conceive and bear a Son, you have heard that you will conceive – not of man – but of the Holy Spirit. The Angel is waiting for your answer; it is time for him to return to God who sent him. We, too, are waiting, O Lady. If you consent, then straightway we shall be freed. The world waits for your answer – on your lips is hanging the salvation of all Adam's children."
(From the homilies of St. Bernard)

The first words that Mary hears are "Rejoice, full of Grace, the Lord is with you". Mary listened and was troubled at this greeting, wondering what it could mean. The word 'Rejoice' was the usual address for people in the city of Jerusalem – the city of the humble. Mary is not addressed by name but by the phrase 'Full of Grace' – which means 'favoured', 'chosen', 'beloved one', but she is much more than her name – she is all those called by God to bring forth the 'Light'. Mary is troubled, and with good reason. If she is what the angel claims, then who is she before God? Who is this God? What is her role in all of this? The Angel immediately says "Do not be afraid" and now Mary knows that something is about to be asked of her.



Mary knows her scripture and knew that each time those words were uttered, to various people before her, something difficult or seemingly impossible, was asked of them. The Angel continues, "Mary, God has looked kindly on you, you shall conceive and bear a Son and you shall call Him Jesus". More troubling words – Mary is betrothed but not yet married to Joseph and, if what the Angel says is true, then she is in trouble and in a very dangerous position – good, religious people will judge and condemn her.

And what about Joseph? How is she going to explain all this to him, and what will he think, or worse still, what will he do? I'm sure that Mary and Joseph had planned their life together – now all that will change – for both of them as a

couple and individually. Mary had a very good reason to be troubled and disturbed by this message – once the Word of the Lord gets to her, her other life is over. This is true for all of us. Whenever the Word penetrates our hearts and lives, then our lives as we know them are changed for ever as we begin anew. I, for one, know this only too well – after 43 years of religious life – there was a time when I would not have even dreamt that I would become a Franciscan Missionary of St. Joseph, let alone be standing here in St. Mary’s Church, Leyland, giving a talk on Our Lady. That, certainly, was not what I had planned for my life, but God always gets His own way – so watch out!

Mary must choose, without taking into consideration those she loves and lives with. The story continues to disturb Mary. The message the Angel gives her is all about this child – she is to call him ‘Jesus’, again Mary will have known what that name meant – ‘Saviour’ – and this must have confused and frightened her even more. The Angel continues, “*He will be called Son of the Most High, He will be Great.*” The Angel talks about who this child will be, what His names are to be and His relationships to the people and to the world. Mary’s choice is to say ‘yea’ or ‘nay’, not just for her life and future, but for the life and future of the whole people. Mary’s response reveals that she is aware of the enormity of the invitation and also of the acknowledgement of the child to be born, but questions how all this will come about, and is told by the Angel, “*The Holy Spirit will come upon you and the power of the Most High will overshadow you and the child to be born will be called Son of God.*” Mary must have been really troubled by now – to have the Holy Spirit come upon you and be overshadowed by the power of the Most High, is no small thing. In the history of the Jewish people, it is the announcement that the person is about to become a Prophet – someone specially chosen by God to bring His word to the people. Life is over! The Prophet has no life other than to bring the Word of the Lord to the world.

In Mary’s case, the Word will now be in her mouth, but she will give birth to the ‘Word’ – a person of flesh and blood. She is being invited now to speak on behalf of the people – to become the Prophet that bears this ‘Word’, this light of hope, to those long waiting in darkness. All this is now about Mary’s individual choice: this is about God intervening and changing the world forever. The reign of God is coming and that will be a Kingdom of Justice, Love and Peace.

What does Mary do with all this startling news? The Gospel does not tell us that she told Joseph – no – it was her secret, for now, and she pondered it all in her heart. Knowing the Scriptures, Mary knew what the prophets had foretold about this child: His birth and birth-place; his tribe – all pre-announced generations before; the slaughter of the ‘Innocents’ after the Child’s birth; the flight into Egypt; His rejection, suffering and death on the Cross; and His final triumph through suffering. How Mary must have shuddered at the thought of all this – what anguish of heart for a young girl. Mary’s part in our salvation had already begun. But, knowing all of this Mary still responds: “*I am the Handmaid of the*

Lord, let it be done to me as you have said.” So it was done! A young woman’s ‘yes’ to God had changed the world. Incarnation – God is made flesh, and dwells among us. God is human and hiding in the world, in a woman of Nazareth – a little town in the middle of nowhere, among a people oppressed and burdened – and of little or no worth in the eyes of many. This woman, chosen and favoured to bring light into the world and shatter the darkness, ... surrenders ... obeys. She has listened and heard and taken the words to heart, single-mindedly, that the Word becomes flesh in her. In a moment it is done. Mary is Mother, Maidservant, Prophet, Bearer of Hope to her people and a Light to the Nations.

From now on Mary lives with the Word. The Seed is planted and it will bear fruit in her child – and in her life as Disciple and Believer.

What does Mary do next? She sets out immediately to go to Jerusalem to her Cousin Elizabeth. Why? Was it because she would find sanctuary there, to be safe away from prying and misunderstanding eyes? Maybe to share her secret with her cousin? Elizabeth would understand because, for her too, the impossible had happened. However, there was no need for Mary to share her secret with Elizabeth, for, as scripture tells us: “*The moment your greeting reached my ears, the child in my womb leaped for joy*”. How wonderful! The child conceived through a human father recognizes God, His Creator, in the womb of Mary.



What were those nine months like for Mary? Those of you who are mothers will, I’m sure, know only too well the anxious moments and the pondering questions; will the child be alright; will he/she be a healthy baby; what colour hair/eyes will the child have? However, unlike Mary, you would not know the destiny of your child. All the while, she must have longed to hold her Son in her arms and look into His face and see in it the face of God – a family likeness to herself. We should just think of that as we hold the Sacred Host in our hands at Communion each morning; we too are holding God. Can we see a reflection of ourselves?

Her life having changed, every step Mary made took her little Son nearer to the grave. Each work of her hands prepared His hands for the nails. Each breath that she drew, counted one more to His last. In giving life to her Son – she would give Him death too. But Christ is ‘Life’ – ‘Death’ did not belong to Him. But Mary gave Jesus her vulnerability – he would not feel cold, hunger, thirst, the indifference of friends, or treachery, or the bitterness of being betrayed unless Mary gave Him a human heart and mind. He was vulnerable. He asked her for a body – so that he could be wounded

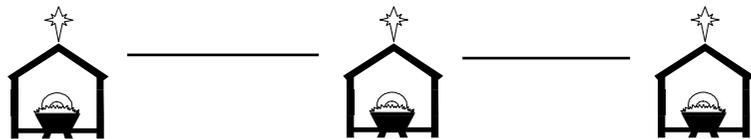
He was joy itself – He asked her for tears. He was God – He asked her to make Him man. He asked for hands and feet – to be nailed. He asked for flesh – to be

scourged. He asked for blood – to be shed. He asked for a heart – to be broken. The stable at Bethlehem was the first Calvary. The wooden manger was the first cross. The swaddling bands were the first burial clothes. The Passion had begun. Christ was Man, this too was the first separation.

The description of Jesus' birth in the Gospel does not say that Mary held Jesus in her arms – no – but that she wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger – as if her first act was to lay her Son on the Cross. Mary knew that this child was God's Son, and that God had not given Him to her, for herself alone, but for the world.

The miracles of the 'Annunciation' and 'Incarnation' say that God is hidden in us. We are all invited into the relationship that Mary's Son will have with His Father and we, too, live the 'Resurrection Life' already now, because of our Baptism. Maybe, that is hard to believe, but it's true, nevertheless. We say we believe at our Baptism that God became human and dwelt among us. We, therefore, believe in hope and justice, here on earth, for all people. We tell God that we, too, will obey – we have listened and we say 'yes'. We are servants of the Lord. What an incredible difference Mary's 'Fiat' made to the world. We too, as God-bearers, can make a difference to our world.

Let us today repeat that 'Yes' and make the story keep coming true in our lives. We are the God-bearers of today – people, who hopefully, will bring the light to our darkened world.



GIVE IT NOW.....

"I'd rather have one little rose from the garden of a friend,
Than all the very choicest flowers when my stay on earth shall end.
I'd rather have one pleasant word in kindness said to me –
Than flattery when my heart is still and life has ceased to be.
I'd rather have a smile now, from friends I know are true,
Than tears shed round my grave when I bid this life adieu –
So, give me please, your flowers today, for whether white or red,
I'd rather have one blossom now, than a car-load when I'm dead."



(Submitted by Joe and Teresa Kealey)

BETTER BELIEVE IT!

Accepting the 'Good News' is a gamble. For human beings, forgiveness is a gamble. No one can prove to you, or me, that forgiveness is the ultimate reality. We have to believe it first, and step into the 'banquet' before we know for certain it is real. Jesus staked his life on forgiveness: he was plotted against and killed because he taught that God loves, and forgives, and welcomes sinners. He went to his death forgiving those who brought about his crucifixion. To the 'first teacher' of Christian forgiveness, this was no 'parlour game', but a gamble on which he staked his very life.

Life is infinitely better if we believe that God is love – that love is endlessly patient and kind, and if we re-organise our lives and our thinking on that basis. We take a chance on Jesus actually meaning what he says and does, and bit by bit, we find that it works. Some people then, like St. Ignatius of Loyola, reach the stage where even if the Bible and history books all disappeared, they would still believe in all Jesus taught, because they have seen it for themselves – and seen Him for themselves. For most of us the process is more gradual, but it is, none-the-less, like 'coming home'. The 'scenery' of the world and its relationships 'clicks' together like the 'dry bones of Ezekiel', and that in itself is part of the Resurrection.

(Source: "100 Ways to hear the Good News" by Gerald O'Mahoney S.J.)

A REFLECTION

Too busy to pray? "Sorry, I can't stop now, I'm in a bit of a rush!" How easily a sentence like that comes from our lips – finding time to be still and quiet is a problem for most of us. We rush from event to event, from activity to activity, yet deep within, our spirit cries out for rest. Nor do our bodies remain unaffected – many modern diseases, heart attacks, strokes and the like, can be brought about by a pace of life with which our bodies cannot cope. Many of the troubles of life come upon us, because we refuse to sit, quietly, for a few minutes each day.

Prayer can be a great help in our quiet time, and make us aware of the living presence of Jesus in our lives. The Book of Revelation has an image that reminds us ... it pictures Jesus standing humbly at the door of our hearts, waiting for our response to His love for us. He wishes for our love, but will not presume an invitation ... "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If one of you hears my voice and opens the door, I will come to share his meal, side by side with him." words to remember when we speak about prayer in a busy life. What a loss it would be if the noise and bustle of this busy world prevented us from hearing that gentle knock!!!

(Source not known – sent in my Kate Jordan)

WANTED - A RECTOR?

A vacancy occurred in an American Parish and a new incumbent was required. In due course, the following letter was received by the Senior Warden:

“Gentlemen, understanding that your parish is vacant, I would like to apply for the position. I have many qualifications that I think you would appreciate. I have been blessed to preach with power and have had some success as a writer. Some say that I am a good organiser. I have been a leader in most places where I have gone.

Some folks, however, have some things against me. I am over fifty years of age. I have never preached in one place for more than three years at a time. In some places, I have left town after my work caused riots and disturbances. I have to admit that I have been in jail three or four times, but not because of any real wrong-doing. My health is not too good, although I still get a good deal done. I have had to work at my trade to help pay my way. The churches I have preached in have been small, though located in several large cities. I did not get on too well with the religious leaders in different towns where I preached. In fact, some of them have threatened me, taken me to court and even attacked me physically.

I am not too good at keeping records. I have even been known to forget whom I baptised. However, if you can use me, I shall do my best for you, even if I have to work to help with my support.”

The Senior Warden read this letter to the Vestry and asked them if they were interested in the applicant. The Vestry replied that he would never do for the church. They were not interested in any unhealthy, contentious, trouble-making, absent-minded ex-jailbird. In fact, they felt insulted that his application had ever been presented. Also, he was too old. The Vestry asked the name of the applicant. The Senior Warden adjusted his spectacles to look at the name at the foot of the letter. “Paul of Tarsus”, he read out.

(From the parish magazine of SS. Iltyd, Gwynno and Dyfodwg, Llantrisant – submitted by Gerry Mangán)

Jesus = J = Jesus

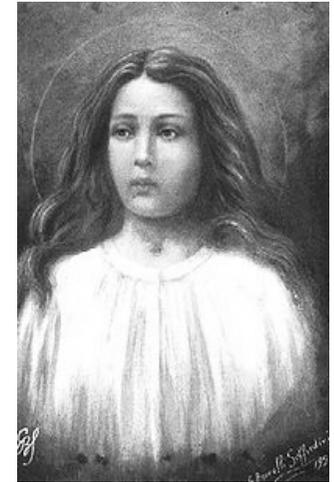
Nothing = O = Nothing

You = Y = You

Let NOTHING come between YOU and JESUS!

ST. MARIA GORETTI

In 1890, Corinaldo, a small town in the Italian Province of Ancona, was to witness the birth of Maria Teresa Goretti – the third child of six – to Luigi and Assunta, a poor farming family. Maria was still a child when Luigi was forced to give up the farm, move house to Ferrier di Conca, near Lazio, and begin work for others farmers. When she was still only nine, her father became ill with malaria and died, an event that forced her mother, brothers and sisters to work in the fields, and Maria to work at home – cooking, sewing and generally looking after the home. Life was very hard for them, but there was something very much in their favour – they shared a great love of God and their Catholic faith.



Out of economic necessity, they shared an old farmhouse building with the Serenelli family, and, in this move, prophetically, Maria's future was already being mapped out. Alessandro, the son of their neighbours, then 20 years old, 'took a shine' to Maria and made several advances of a sexual nature – all of which were refused in no uncertain terms. But, nothing would satisfy Alessandro and he then threatened Maria with assault and death if she did not yield to him. Maria, still only 12 years old, desperately fought to stop Alessandro from abusing her, screaming, "No! It is a sin! God does not want it!" Alessandro at first choked Maria, but when she insisted she would rather die than submit to him, he stabbed her eleven times. The injured Maria tried to reach for the door, but Alessandro stopped her by stabbing her three more times before making his escape.

Maria's younger sister was awakened by the noise of the attack and began crying and this alerted Alessandro's father and Maria's mother. They came to check on the child and found Maria fatally wounded. She was taken to hospital in Nettuno, where after unsuccessful surgery, she later died. During the operation to save her life, Maria became conscious and it having become obvious the doctors could not save her, the pharmacist at the hospital said to her, "Maria, think of me in Paradise." She replied: "Well, who knows, which of us is going to be there first?" "You, Maria," he replied. "Then I will gladly think of you," said Maria. The following day, twenty hours after the attack, having expressed forgiveness for her murderer and stating that she wanted to have him in heaven with her, Maria died of her injuries; as she died she was looking at a very beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin.

Concluding part ... MY LIFE IN THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY

By Dorothy Morris-Hague

Alessandro Serenelli was arrested shortly after Maria's death. Normally, he would have faced a life-sentence, but because he was still a minor, the sentence was commuted to 30 years imprisonment. He remained unrepentant and uncommunicative, detached from the world for three years, until a local bishop, Monsignor Giovanni Blandini visited him in jail. Serenelli wrote a 'thank you' note to the Bishop asking for his prayers and telling him of a dream, 'in which he was in a garden and Maria gave him lilies, which burned in his hands.' Upon his release, Alessandro visited Maria's mother, who was still alive, and begged her forgiveness. She forgave him, saying that, given Maria had forgiven him on her deathbed, then she couldn't do less, and they attended Mass the next day, receiving Holy Communion, side by side. It is said that Alessandro prayed to Maria every single day, always referring to her as "My little saint." He later became a lay-brother of the Order of Friars Minor Capuchin, spending the rest of his days in the monastery and working as its receptionist and gardener, until the day of his death in 1970.

Maria was beatified in 1947 by Pope Pius XII and canonized three years later by the same pope, who spoke to the huge audience and referred to her as the 'Saint Agnes of the 20th Century'. Maria's mother – the first to attend the canonization of her own child – and four remaining siblings were present, as was Alessandro, her now repentant assailant. And, in that last phrase, lies the most important lesson of this young saint's story – he became truly sorry for the wrong committed by him and Maria forgave him from her heart – being concerned for him and his soul in this life, and even unto his death and salvation beyond – a salutary lesson in repentance and forgiveness.

St. Maria Goretti's feast day is celebrated annually on July 6. She is the patron saint of chastity, rape victims, youth, teenage girls, poverty, purity and forgiveness.

St. Maria Goretti – pray for us.

Anon

Smile, please! ...

Smile please! It costs nothing, but creates much. It enriches those who receive without compromising those who give. It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None are so rich that they can get along without it; none are so poor, but are richer for the benefit. It is rest to the weary, sunshine to the sad, and nature's best antidote for trouble. It cannot be bought, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good until it is given back; and nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none to give.

Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale... It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house... Bring your husbands.

We arrived in Penzance, 10.00 pm, and trooped out onto the platform, where three senior land army personnel greeted us with a roll call, after which we were ushered into army wagons, lined up outside the station. To our great relief, Dot, Joan Mora and Helen all ended up in the same wagon, so we knew we were going to the same place. The wagons were dispersed to different destinations; thirty of us went to a place called Gulval, three miles out of Penzance. After winding through country lanes, lit only by the light of the moon and the odd lantern shining in someone's cottage, we suddenly came to this huge mansion: called Kenegie Hall, this was to be our home for the next few months.

We were told to put our kit-bags down; with name labels on them there was no danger of them getting mixed up, and then it was to the kitchens where we were served with a hot meal of sausage and mash, cauliflower and broccoli, with rich brown gravy, all washed down with steaming cups of tea. We were shown the lay-out of the latrines, wash-rooms and our dormitories – the latter on the top floor – with twelve bunks to a room. I chose a bottom bunk, as I was afraid I might fall out of a top bunk, not having slept in one before: also I had been prone to walking in my sleep when I was younger. After a wash and 'brush-up', we 'crawled' into our bunks and slept like 'logs'.

Morning time, we were awoken out of deep sleeps by the sound of a gong, echoing through the mansion for a few seconds; I thought I was at the cinema where this man starts the film off by 'bashing' a gong. As we rubbed the sleep out of our eyes, a young land army girl came through the doorway shouting: "Wakey, wakey, rise and shine." Somebody threw a pillow at her, but she ducked out of the way, with an expertise that told me she was used to this.

After dressing and washing, we went down to breakfast consisting of toast and jam, and bacon and eggs, (fish on Fridays). A senior officer then asked us to all go to the lounge, or common room, as we called it, where we were told that we would have two days to settle in – then it would be down to work. We were given instructions on how to conduct ourselves in the mansion; also, when we were out at work, we had to abide by certain rules and were told the penalties to be paid if we broke them. The day was spent exploring inside and outside the mansion, and, to give you an idea of what it looked like, it was very much the same as Astley Hall at Chorley. Also, it had a driveway leading down to it, about a quarter of a mile long. There were huge iron gates at the entrance and these were locked every night at 10 o'clock, so woe betide anyone who was still out at that time.

What were, at one time, cultivated gardens, had now become overgrown, due to the lack of care; the gardeners had no doubt been called up during the war.

Joan, Dot and I delved through the undergrowth and came across a summer house; it had seen better days, and was now in a poor state, just the framework was left and a couple of broken-down seats. We stepped into the empty shell and were suddenly aware of a strange coldness – ‘lets get out of here, it gives me the creeps’. I had always been sensitive to atmosphere and this particular place was really unnerving. We returned to the hall and set about writing letters to home, to let our families know we had arrived safely.

Wednesday morning – the day we were to be wakened at 6 am, breakfasted by 7 am, lunch, then put onto Our dress included hob-nailed boots; getting used to but we had to be to get in the first place. We were outskirts of Penzance fours at different and I were taken to a End, and even though weather was glorious. I a cold and frosty in Cornwall, it was



came all too soon start work. We then washed, and given a packed the army wagons. dungarees and these took a bit of were tough – we land army in the driven round to the and dropped off in farms. Dot, Joan farm at Lands it was October, the had left Chorley on morning, but here just like summer.

The farmer and his wife came to greet us; they had one grown-up daughter who was a bit snobbish and spent all her time horse-riding. We were taught how to milk the cows; there was still some hay to get in; we fed the pigs and chickens with bottled milk, and later, were shown how to drive a tractor, plant cabbages, broccoli and cauliflower, ‘muck-out’ the shippens, feed the horses – and a thousand and one other jobs all connected with running a farm. Within a week, we were thoroughly ‘broken in’ – but also had a marvellous tan to show off. Normally, we spent about three weeks at one farm and then moved on to another. Life was never boring, as the jobs varied from farm to farm; we once spent a whole week just picking and packing anemones – all destined for the London markets.

Our working week was five and a half days, finishing at twelve noon on Saturdays – and that afternoon was spent catching up with our washing.

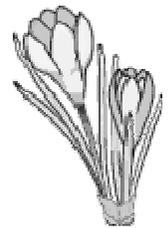
We each washed our own personal items but work-clothes were done by laundry workers. Then, we seized the opportunity to wash our hair, have a bath and just lounged about trying to recover from the hard work of the past week. I didn't smoke when I joined the land army, but I soon learned – I really had no option – so that was when I smoked my first ‘Woodbine’ and I have been smoking ever since.

(As we reach the end of Dorothy's account of her experiences as a Land Army Girl, we acknowledge with grateful thanks the efforts she made in writing it, and also the part played by her family in allowing us to publish in 'Update'.

..... **A PRAYER**

**LORD OF ALL BLESSING,
AS WE WALK ABOUT YOUR WORLD,
LET US KNOW OURSELVES BLESSED AT EVERY TURN;**

Blessed in the autumnal sun and leaves;
Blessed in the winter wind;
Blessed in the rain and shafts of sunlight;
Blessed in the moving stars
Blessed in the turning of the world beneath our feet;
Blessed in silence, Blessed in sleep.



Blessed in our children, our parents and our friends;
Blessed in conversation and the human voice;
Blessed in waiting for the ‘bus, or train, or traffic lights;
Blessed in music, in singing voices;
Blessed in the song of birds;
Blessed in the cry that pierces the heart.

Blessed in the smile of strangers;
Blessed in the touch of love, blessed in laughter;
Blessed in pain, in darkness, in grief;
Blessed in the desert and the frost;
Blessed in waiting for the spring;
Blessed in waiting, and waiting, and waiting.



LORD OF ALL BLESSING – WE BLESS YOU.

(Prayer by Hugh Dickinson – from 'The SPCK Book of Christian Prayer')

VATICAN HUMOUR?

Once the Pope's entire luggage was loaded into the limo, (and he doesn't travel light), the driver notices the Pope is still standing on the curb. "Excuse me, Your Holiness," says the driver, "would you please take your seat so we can leave?" "Well, to tell you the truth," says the Pope, "they never let me drive at the Vatican when I was a cardinal, and I'd really like to drive today." "I'm sorry, Your Holiness, but I cannot let you do that. I'd lose my job! What if something should happen?" protests the driver, wishing he'd never gone to work that morning. "Who's going to tell?" says the Pope with a winning smile?

Reluctantly, the driver gets in the back, as the Pope climbs in behind the wheel. The driver quickly regrets his decision when, after exiting the airport, the Pontiff 'floods' it, accelerating to 120 mph. (192 kph for the Continentals!) "Please slow down, Your Holiness", pleads the worried driver, but the Pope keeps the 'pedal' to the 'metal' until they hear sirens.

"Oh, dear God, I'm going to lose my licence and my job!" moans the driver. The Pope pulls over and rolls down the window as the cop approaches, but the cop takes one look at him, goes back to his motorcycle, and gets on his radio. "I need to talk to the Chief," he says to the controller. The Chief gets on the radio and the cop tells him that he's stopped a limo going 120 mph. "So bust him," says the Chief.

"I don't think we want to do that, he's *really* important," says the cop. The Chief exclaims "All the more reason!" "No, I mean really important," says the cop with a bit of persistence.

The Chief then asked, "Who do you have there, the mayor?"

Cop: "Bigger."

Chief: "A senator?"

Cop: "Bigger."

Chief: "The Prime Minister?"

Cop: "Bigger."

"Well," says the Chief, "who is it?"

Cop (in hushed voice) : "I think it's God!"

The Chief is even more puzzled and curious: "What makes you think it's God?"

Cop: "His chauffeur is the Pope!"

~~~~~

**The Sacristan was so pleased to inform the congregation that their Priest had recovered from his illness. He displayed the following notice –**

**'GOD IS GOOD ... .. THE VICAR IS BETTER'**

**From the Desk of Jack Derbyshire, R.I.P.**

## NUNS ... GOD BLESS THEM!

Between Christmas and the New Year, I dreamt I had been asked to give a talk to a religious body. I started to have 'cold feet' about lecturing to a group of nuns – there must be a collective noun somewhere? Previously, I had addressed female-only audiences, but how does one 'break the ice' with nuns who are total strangers? Should I begin with a joke? Nuns do have a sense of humour, as those who know Sr. Veronica, will attest. The only joke I could think of was relating to a recent midweek Mass in the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, at which three nuns were occupying the same middle bench on the left-hand side. I noticed that all three did not kneel during the service, and my first reaction was that all had bad knees due to the number of years they had been kneeling, whilst praying. Then, I realised, this was a stereotyped view of nuns. Yes, nuns do pray – but they do much more. At this point, I awoke, but the dream had been so realistic that I continued to ponder on my previous contacts with nuns.



My earliest recollection of nuns was as a child when I attended services at Moss Lane Convent where the Sisters of the Poor Clares were based. I thought it odd that the sisters should be separated from the rest of the congregation. My next encounter came about in a literary sense, when I was studying the Prologue from Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' as part of my 'A' Levels. One of the 'pilgrims' was a prioress, and she is described variously as:

*'Who, in her smiling, modest was and coy'  
'Full well she sang the services divine'  
'In courtesy, she had delight and zest'  
'She was right pleasant, amiable – in short  
She was at pains to counterfeit the look  
And would be held worthy of reverence  
But to say something of her moral sense  
She was so charitable and piteous  
For pity ruled, and her tender heart.'*

Here, there is no mention of *kneeling* or *praying*. Perhaps some reader might identify these, her attributes, with nuns they have met or known.

I came into real contact with nuns during 1975-6 when I undertook a year's full-time Diploma in Religious Education, at Notre Dame College, Liverpool. A total of 24 took the course, of whom twelve were nuns, two were priests and ten remaining were lay people (six female and four male). The nuns were from various orders within the Liverpool Archdiocese – with quite a variety of personalities. Some were outgoing, whilst others were more reserved. My expectations were that the nuns and priests would be high achievers in the

theology and scripture parts of the course. Myself, I felt more comfortable with the Church history, comparative religions and the education components.

The course was not designed solely for Catholics as it included three Anglicans, but, what I did not expect, was that of the three distinctions awarded, one was given to the head of a Church of England school, another to the wife of an Anglican vicar and the third to a nun, who was actually a convert! All the other nuns were successful in achieving the Diploma – five with a merit award. Surprisingly, however, one priest failed and the other gained only a pass. At one point, a new tutor arrived for a lecture wearing a short skirt, and it was only half-way through the session that I noticed her crucifix, and by the closure, I realised she was a nun – definitely, not my perceived idea of what a nun should wear – but, perhaps her skirt appeared short, by comparison with the apparel of the nuns on the course.

My next association with nuns was when Sr. Mary Cairns came to teach at the Junior School, Golden Hill Lane, in the 1970's. I found her to be very approachable, with a wide experience of life.

On a parish pilgrimage to Lourdes in 2003, I remember very vividly sitting at the same table as Sr. Nuala, in a Paris Bistro, as she took her first taste of snails. Her face was a 'treat', and there were lots of laughter and jesting, as she managed to finish the first course – and still smile!

Nuns are human – but with a special vocation. What does a nun do? I know that whenever I go down Westgate, and past 'Alverna', Sr. Veronica's car is invariably absent. No doubt, she is then out visiting, and undertaking a variety of parish works. Should you wish to discover more about her work, then why not attend the half-day of recollection on Wednesday, May 26<sup>th</sup>, when Sr. Veronica will talk about her vocation. Prior to that, Sr. Pauline will be telling her side of the story, on April 28<sup>th</sup>. These are parts of a series of talks by our priests and nuns, during the Year of the Priest. Fr. Jonathan delivered his 'piece' on January 27<sup>th</sup>, and Sr. Mary (Chaplin at Wymott Prison) on February 16<sup>th</sup>. Fr. Paul is due to speak on March 25<sup>th</sup>, hopefully, just after 'Update' collating, and delivery in time for Easter. The final talk is by Bishop Ambrose, on June 11<sup>th</sup>.

Fr. Jonathan's session was very illuminating, and I am sure the others will be equally as interesting. Even if you could only attend one of these talks, your view and perception of what it is like to be a 'religious' could be seriously 'challenged'.

**Edward Almond**

*Postscript: My first and only contact with Sr. Mary Feane was on the Parish trip to Cartmel Races in 2009. If I had not been told, I would not have realised she was a nun – let alone the Chaplain at Wymott Prison. I suspected that if I were to attend her talk on Shrove Tuesday it would prove interesting. However,*

*I was not quite prepared for listening so enthralled for an hour – twice as long as the allocated 'slot' – where did the time go, so quickly? Sr. Mary gave a fascinating insight of her journey via Ireland, England and Kenya, and of her vocation, working with children and adults in education and counselling.. Of particular interest was her eye-witness account of the events prior to, and following, the fatal stabbing of head teacher, Stephen Lawrence, at the school where she was then working as a teacher and chaplain. Sr. Mary's father was a farmer and part-time jockey, and she had a particular affinity with the horses on the farm. She is knowledgeable about horse-racing and the odds of 6 – 1 will mean something to those who were present at her talk.*

**E.A.**

### **A SPECIAL VISIT**

**S**ome years ago, Abbot Herbert Kevin Byrne O.S.B. came to stay at our Parish, St. Mary's, Leyland. He had been the Abbot of Ampleforth for 24 years, and was often seen in Leyland, making a circular walk from the Church, before lunch or evening meal. On his different rounds, he would visit the sick or elderly parishioners before returning to the Priory. It was always nice to see him when we met on his walk.

Occasionally, he would call to see us and check that everything was satisfactory, but, on one particular visit, I opened the front door for him and he said, "*I was drawn to this house and I had to come.*" Mother came to speak to him and informed him that she had just received news that her elder sister had died. He said, "*I knew there was something and I had to call – we will say some special prayers for her,*" and we made our way to the lounge and knelt on the carpet. Mother was very pleased that he had called.

Mother's sister didn't live in Leyland, but she came twice a week to see mother. In fact the 'bus conductor had said jokingly, "*I should give you some free tickets!*" She was a person who would help anyone in need, in any capacity, throughout her life. She often attended daily Mass and Holy Communion. At her funeral, she didn't request any flowers, but as we stood at her graveside, we had the presence of floral fragrance in the air.

Just as *she* was always there if anyone needed help, at the time of their death, Abbot Byrne was there *for her* with prayers. I am sure she was prepared for her heavenly home. May she rest in peace.

**A Parishioner**

Swedish Proverb: "Worry often gives a small thing a big shadow".

**BAPTISMS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS**  
(November 2009 –February 2010)

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

|                                      |          |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| Jacob Antoni Daniel Bean             | 29/11/09 |
| Emma Violet Brown                    | 29/11/09 |
| Harvey Jay Elsdon                    | 06/12/09 |
| Jacob James-Miller                   | 06/12/09 |
| Jessika Marie Collinge               | 13/12/09 |
| Darcie May Watson                    | 13/12/09 |
| Matthew Eamon Harry Dearden          | 20/12/09 |
| Emily Elizabeth Dearden              | 20/12/09 |
| Jack Kieran Stokes                   | 17/01/10 |
| Paige Knowles                        | 17/01/10 |
| James Stephen Michael Worsely-Clarke | 24/01/10 |
| Jamie Aaron Catterall                | 31/01/10 |
| Emily Robertson                      | 07/02/10 |
| Joseph Rogers                        | 07/02/10 |
| Jimmy John Junior Benson             | 14/02/10 |
| Carter James Yates                   | 21/02/10 |
| Rhys William Yates                   | 21/02/10 |
| Aiden David Bretherton               | 28/02/10 |
| Luke Dilworth-Pearson                | 28/02/10 |

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

|                           |          |
|---------------------------|----------|
| Louis (Lou) Penzer        | 03/12/09 |
| Paul Richard Bruce        | 06/12/09 |
| Maureen Thistlethwaite    | 08/12/09 |
| James (Jimmy) Jones       | 10/12/09 |
| Mary Clementine Lathrope  | 19/12/09 |
| Matthew Kevin Miller      | 04/01/10 |
| Timothy (Ted) Harte       | 05/01/10 |
| Teresa Hayes              | 12/01/10 |
| Aimee Alexandra Critchley | 01/02/10 |
| Kathleen Blakeman         | 02/02/10 |
| Audrey Devine             | 14/02/10 |
| Juri Ratsep               | 23/02/10 |
| Joan Dunne                | 27/02/10 |
| Winifred (Winnie) Jolly   | 28/02/10 |

+++ 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.*

**WORLD WAR II - PRISONER  
OF WAR IN GERMANY**

**By Frank Harrison**

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



**The 'Allies' who weren't ... ..**

**O**n the evening before that last raid by the RAF I tried to meet the 'local' French POWs 'en masse', as they might say in Paris. We were concerned that things were deteriorating rapidly, a never-ending line of humanity was trudging past our building, German refugees from the eastern regions, other peoples who were escaping from the oncoming tide of Russian forces, pulling carts and perambulators loaded with children and whatever they had managed to take with them; they were a 'tide' of unfortunates, weary by now but still able to straggle along the road towards the advancing Americans. The war's end was fast approaching and there were some very desperate German troops in our area and nobody knew how they would react; our situation might suddenly become highly dangerous, and we thought a talk with the Frenchmen could be of mutual benefit. We did not know what was happening in the rest of Germany, but we did know what had happened to the fifty Royal Air Force crewmen who had taken part in the 'Great Escape' and it made us uneasy. I talked with Georges, a French farm labourer, who worked in the farm-yard adjoining our inn; we had often conversed at night over the wall separating our property from the farm where he worked. He agreed to spirit me in to their social centre that night, a house a little way down the road. I had no idea what I was going to say, but that was not unusual. The right words would come; they usually did and I had no fear about that.

As arranged, I 'chanced it' down the sentries' stairway and bumped into no-one; I met Georges, who had brought a floppy French beret with him for me to wear, and went down the cobbled street to the house with him. The house was crowded and, at our entry, all eyes turned our way. I took off the beret and said something like: "Bon soir, Mes Amis." I didn't get any further; there was an almost instant babble of voices and they were not friendly. In fact, they were very unfriendly. My French was not good enough for the occasion, and guessed that, if they had been able, I think they would have thrust it back down my throat. I was pushed over to the door, forced through it, and then found myself – without Georges – back on the street. It was obvious that these people wanted nothing to do with us – even worse – they

didn't want to be contaminated by contact with us. They had been prisoners for so long that it had become a way of life and they did not wish to place it at risk. Altogether, it was an unpleasant and rather frightening experience. I made my way up the street into our camp without being challenged and told the lads what had happened. Their reaction was not complimentary to the French nation – in fact any ‘entente’ was very ‘uncordiale’ for some time afterwards.

Just then the door to the sentries' quarters opened, but it wasn't one of our guards. It was Len Thorne, a big lad who was always hungry. He had been out looking for a ‘clamp’ of potatoes we had noticed in a field over the bridge. He hadn't found it, which was a good thing for him; he would have been shot on the spot if he had been caught opening it. He was just telling us his story when the door to the sentries' accommodation opened again, and this time it was our (temporary) Lord and Master, Unter-Lieutenant Enders, our Camp Fuehrer, who came into our room, and to say the least, he was not a happy man. In fact he was in a rage. *"One of you has been seen on the street. The police have been told, and they are on the way for him. Who was it?"* he demanded. Stony silence, was his only answer.

*"Very well. The Police will be here very soon. I must have his name when they come or you will all suffer."*

One of us had to own up or everybody would indeed suffer. I thought Thorne should own up. He thought I should, and on reflection, I secretly agreed with him. I became sure that it was the French who had ‘shopped’ me, but I was willing to take my chance with the ‘cards’. Somebody brought a pack, we cut, and Ken went first, then me. He cut a ‘queen’; I cut a ‘four’. At this point, I went through my few ‘bits and pieces’, then gave what treasures that I wanted to be sure got home into Butch's safe keeping. When the two policemen arrived Enders handed me over, and we began the walk back to Plauen. They talked and I worried. I am not a hero – I never have been – having too strong an imagination for that luxury. But, I had that ‘fall-back’, ‘Name, Rank and Number’ and nothing else. It had worked for me once – I would use it again, but I wondered about the outcome, and if I would ever see the rest of the lads again. How I wished I could have relived that wasted evening!

*(It is hoped to continue Frank's memoirs in the Summer ‘Update’ – do not risk missing his account of how he ends up in a police cell, and of the air-raids that follow.)*

### Where is the Sense ... ..?

*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)

### BUREAUCRACY!

*Here is page for all those of us who feel we are being more and more strangled by red tape - in schools, hospitals, or any public dealings. The letter below was written by a 98 year old woman to her bank. The bank manager thought it amusing enough to have it published in ‘The Times’.*

**Dear Sir,**

I am writing to thank you for ‘bouncing’ my cheque with which I endeavoured to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations, three ‘nanoseconds’ must have elapsed between his presenting the cheque and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honour it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my pension, an arrangement which, I admit, has been in place for only eight years. You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account £30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank. My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways.....

I noticed that, whereas I personally, attend to your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you, I am confronted by the impersonal, overcharging, pre-recorded, face-less entity which your bank has become. From now on, I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh and blood person. My mortgage and loan payments will therefore and hereafter, no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank by cheque, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee, at your bank, whom you must nominate. Be aware that it is an offence under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope.

Please find attached an ‘Application Contact Status’ which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him, or her, as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a solicitor, and the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof. In due course, I will issue your employee with a PIN number, which he/she must quote in dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits, but again, I have modelled it on the number of button presses, required of me to access my account balance, on your telephone bank service.

As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Let me level the playing field even further. When you call me, press buttons as follows:

1. To make an appointment to see me.
2. To query a missing payment.
3. To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.
4. To transfer the call to my, bedroom in case I am sleeping.

5. To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.
6. To transfer the call to my mobile 'phone if I am not at home;
7. To leave a message on my computer (a password to access my computer is required. A password will be communicated at a later date to the Authorized Contact.)
8. To return to the main menu and to listen again to options 1 to 8.
9. To make a general complaint or inquiry - the contact will be put on hold. While this may involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration of the call.

Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement. May I wish you a Happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous, New Year.

**Your Humble Client**

**DEAR GOD ....**

Lord, you've got the whole world in your hands. And now, Lord, you've got my problems in Your hands – my seemingly insoluble problems that I have been worrying over incessantly.

They look like big problems to me, Lord, but nothing's too big for You. If You can keep the earth spinning, and keep the galaxies in place; if You can supervise all creation, I guess You can manage my problems.

My task is to refrain from worrying now; I've just got to trust You, believe You, love You. Help me to let go – to surrender to Your loving providence in my life.

Don't let me interfere with your solution to what were once my problems. They're Yours now, Lord – these unique special problems. Take them, please, and solve them in Your own way and in Your own time.

Thank You Lord. Amen.

*(Source not known – sent in by Kate Jordan)*



**A Little Step ... The Miracle is This –  
The More We Share the More We Have.**

# ODDS AND ENDS.....

**TEEZERS:**

- a) There were two ducks in front of a duck, and two ducks behind a duck, and one duck in the middle. How many ducks were there altogether?
- b) What kind of cheese is made backwards?
- c) What occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and never in a thousand years?

*(answers inside rear cover)*

+++++

What smells of fish and goes round and round at 100 miles per hour?  
A goldfish in a blender!

Maria: "Sometimes I really like you."  
Jenny: "When's that?"  
Maria: "When you're not yourself!"

Two fleas were sitting on Robinson Crusoe's back. One hopped off and said: "Bye, see you on Friday."



**Looks as if he's dropped a real clanger this time!**



Clara Clatter was born December 27<sup>th</sup>, yet her birthday is always in the summer.

How can this be?

She lives in the Southern Hemisphere!

**SPELLING 'BEE' (answers inside rear cover)**

- 1) P . . . . . M (pluck the guitar string )
- 2) S . . . . . R (had a bit too much to drink?)
- 3) D . . . . . Y (where life is taking you?)
- 4) I . . . . . N (something in your eye?)
- 5) T . . . . . R (a very small fish, indeed!)
- 6) C . . . . . S (bad tempered, quarrelsome)
- 7) J . . . . . E (scouts rally round?)
- 8) T . . . . . E (donate a tenth?)
- 9) E . . . . . E (change state – liquid to gas)
- 10) P . . . . . Y (a prince's territory?)

### A DIVERSION .... ..?

The Following is a Transcript of an 'Actual' Radio Conversation between a Naval Ship and the Canadian Authorities, off the Coast of Newfoundland:

- Canadian:** Please divert your course by 15 degrees to the south to avoid a collision.
- U. S. Ship:** Recommend you divert your course by 15 degrees to the north to avoid a collision.
- Canadian:** Negative – you must divert 15 degrees south to avoid a collision.
- U. S. Ship:** This is the Captain of a US Naval Ship – I say again – divert your course.
- Canadian:** No. You must divert your course.
- U. S. Ship:** This is the Aircraft Carrier, USS Lincoln, the largest ship in the US Atlantic Fleet. We are accompanied by three destroyers, three cruisers and numerous support vessels. I demand that you change course 15 degrees north, I repeat, one-five degrees north, or counter measures will be taken.
- Canadian:** This is lighthouse on the coast of Newfoundland – now when are you going to change course by 15 degrees?

~~~~~

Editorial: We are very pleased to be able to include all of Sr. Veronica's (2009) talk on the subject of the Annunciation in this issue – so very appropriate in this 'Year of the Priest' – but 'nuns' also figure prominently elsewhere, amongst articles on matters of scripture and faith. Delightedly, also, we include mémoires from the times of WWII – and from more recent years. There are writings concerning 'sainthood', amongst 'prayers' and inputs of a less serious, slightly satirical, and humorous nature – what would we do without humour? The ability to laugh at ourselves often provides a lesson in humility: beware of 'puffed-up pride'! Overall, the varied content reflects the many and varied facets of the Parish – Church and People – for which we thank God. And, on the subject of 'thanks' sincere appreciation is due – and given – to everyone, howsoever connected, and involved, in the magazine's creation, composition, construction and delivery. Very well done – one and all! **Happy Easter to all our readers.**

ANSWERS TO TEEZERS AND SPELLING BEE (PAGE 24)

TEEZERS ...

- a) Ducks ... 3 b) Cheese ... Edam c) The letter ... 'm'

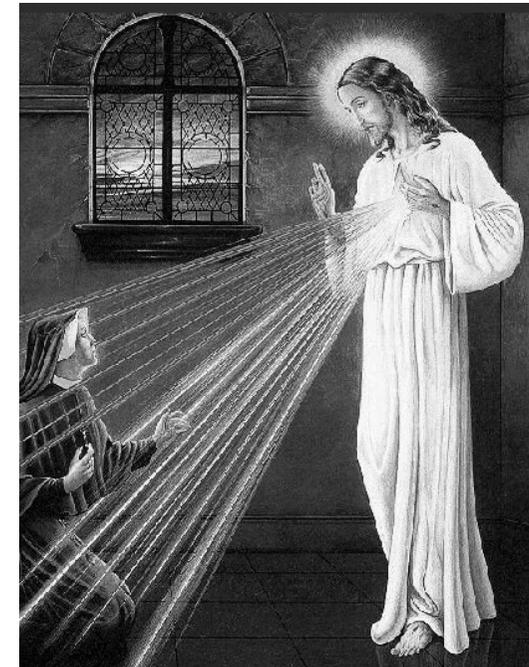
SPELLING BEE...

- 1) PLECTRUM 2) STAGGER 3) DESTINY 4) IRRITATION
5) TIDDLER 6) CANTANKEROUS 7) JAMBOREE
8) TITHE 9) EVAPORATE 10) PRINCIPALITY

THE FEAST of DIVINE MERCY

Our Lord asked Saint Faustina to promote the Devotion to His Divine Mercy – saying:

“Whoever will go to Confession within the octave of the Feast and receive Holy Communion on the Feast Day, shall obtain complete forgiveness of sins and punishment.”



Jesus, I trust in you

**Sunday 11th April 2010,
(2.45 p.m. for) 3.00 p.m.
St. Mary's Church,
Broadfield Drive, Leyland.**