

# ST. MARY'S, LEYLAND

## *Update*

Issue No. 72



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## CHRISTMAS 2009

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Wishing You Peace and Joy at Christmas

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

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## FATHER JONATHAN'S INTRODUCTION:

**W**e are approaching the season of the year that is a favourite for Christians, and this year, the recent visit I made to the Holy Land colours my thoughts. The group, of which I was part, was consciously trying to make it a pilgrimage, and not just by way of visiting the Holy Places where Jesus lived; more than that, all concerned wanted to “merit” the presence of Jesus among them, by their relationship of love for each other. Let me say how wonderful it felt, however, to be where Jesus lived – and died. Members of the group have shared their impressions of the visit: here are some extracts that, for me, are quite meaningful:

... ..*“**The** experience for me was **ourselves**, as a group of pilgrims, gathered at the Baptism site on the Jordan. There, most of us having enjoyed a rather ‘giggly’ paddle in the water, then came together in the dusk to renew our Baptismal Promises. Anglican, Roman Catholic, URC, Methodist, Salvation Army, we truly confessed ‘One Baptism for the Remission of Sins’. On our first day, Lazarus, our Christian guide, had explained to us that the name ‘Nazareth’ derived from a word meaning ‘a shoot of a plant’; he pointed out that olive trees are virtually indestructible and always new shoots grow from the buried roots. In Gethsemane garden, someone pointed out to me one of the very ancient trees whose trunk was divided from the ground up into several thick, distorted but living parts. **At the Jordan I felt certain that I shared my roots with all of you and found, in the tree, the metaphor for how we are now.**”*

... ..*“It was so good to have you all to walk with me in this journey. The **unity of all, and Jesus in the midst – within us – as The Risen Christ, is exactly what I felt in this trip**; even my husband (an unbeliever), has shown various signs of ‘loving our neighbour’ and accepting love from you all.”*

... ..*“My overriding impression is that, **at the very core of everything, was a beating heart of astonishing simplicity**. The Church of the Annunciation was huge and very beautiful, yet the important part of it was a tiny cave-house where Mary lived. We came across this again and again – **a massive structure surrounding a small and simple truth** – like a shell protecting its pearl. Even the wall around Bethlehem – separating the Palestinian territories and Israel – was like this, physically cutting off the people inside it, but unable to affect the truth of their faith. This has made me realise that the core of what we believe is actually small and simple, too – that Christ was born, lived and died for us. **Everything else that flows from this is like the churches, beautiful and impressive but nothing without the reason for their creation.**”*

May the blessings of Christ our Saviour, born in Bethlehem 2000 years ago and born to us again this Christmas, be with you and your families. May your Christmas be truly holy and full of joy, and may Jesus remain with you throughout 2010, bringing you all His Peace in the New Year.

## ADVENT AND PRAYER

**“P**rayers are the raising of the mind and heart to God”. That was the definition of prayer in the ‘Penny Catechism’ and it said nothing about keeping it there, which is the first bit of good news – so we are praying unless we deliberately decide to stop; we may get distracted or even go to sleep, but unless we do that on purpose, we are still praying.

**Advent is the beginning of the Church’s year**, so it would seem that the best way to begin it, is by thinking about our efforts at prayer. All the books I have read about prayer are encouraging, but none of them promise an easy way. All of them, however, make it crystal clear that if we want to succeed, we must give time – not any ‘old time’, but prime time, and no matter what happens, we must persevere. The purpose of our time spent in prayer is to praise God, not to please ourselves; this means that the ‘ball is in His court’, not ours. If that is so, then we must do a lot of listening too, because like any friend, he wants to talk to us and longs to tell us how much he loves us – and that – I think, is the difficult bit, because for most of the time we are not aware of anything happening.

I would like to share some of the problems I have in my daily efforts to pray. Imagine for a moment that you are talking to someone in the chair opposite yours and all of sudden you notice that he is asleep! You look again and realise that no one was there in the first place, and that, in fact, the only person talking was you. Very disconcerting – but, I suspect, I am not alone! Not long ago I came across a passage from a book that gave me considerable encouragement: *“If you want God, and long for union with him, yet sometimes wonder what that means or whether it can mean anything at all, you are already with the God who comes. If you are at times so weary and involved with the struggle of living that you have no strength even to want him, yet are still dissatisfied that you don’t, you are already keeping Advent in your life.”*

**The call in Advent is: “Stay awake.”** St. Paul, in his letter to the Roman converts writes: *“The time has come, you must wake up now: our salvation is even nearer than it was when we were converted. The night is almost over, it will be daylight soon – let us give up all the things we prefer to do under cover of the dark. Let us arm ourselves and appear in the light”.* (Rom: 13.11-12)

That is great news, but how do I make contact with the God who loves me so much that he sent his Son to die for me? It is important to say that, just as each of us has his/her own special way of expressing ourselves to each other, so is it true about the way we pray; each of us will speak in our own unique way to God. But, there are prayers that each of us can use and still make them our own; there is the ‘Our Father’, the prayer taught us by Jesus himself; there are many

verses from the 150 psalms that we can make our own, e.g. Psalm 50: *“Have mercy on me in your kindness. In your compassion blot out my offence ... give me again the joy of your help, with a spirit of fervour sustain me”* – to take but a few examples. Praying the psalms means laying ourselves open to the action of God, and that means we need to say them slowly, and repeat them for as long as is necessary, for their meaning to sink in.

**Advent is a season of expectation.** We are waiting and preparing for the coming of our Lord, as if he had not already come. John the Baptist is our guide, and he says to us today, what he preached during the first Advent: *“Prepare the ways of the Lord, straighten out his paths.”* We are called in Advent, to prepare for the coming of our Lord into our lives, by prayer and penance, so that when we celebrate his coming to us on His Birthday, we will understand, more fully, how he wants us to live our daily lives. At the ‘Opening Prayer’ on the First Sunday of Advent, we pray: *“All powerful God increase our strength of will for doing good, that Christ may find an eager welcome at his coming and call us to his side in the kingdom of heaven, where he lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God for ever and ever.”*

**Advent is a season of joyful preparation,** but all preparations for anything important, involve hard work, and that means that other things may have to go on hold – to find time for extra prayer, we may well have to watch less TV or have less sleep. Another form of preparation is sending Christmas Cards and I know from experience that, year by year, this gets harder and harder, but it is often the only time we ever exchange love and friendship to people we knew well years ago, and it gives the recipients much joy. However, it takes a lot of time and energy – especially when the card you receive is signed only by senders’ Christian names. I once had a card from ‘Joseph and Mary’!

**May this Advent bring us closer to God and closer to each other, so that when he comes to take us home to Heaven, we may be awake.**

Fr. Theo

**An Advent Prayer.....**

May this holy Advent season  
bring joy to your heart;  
A joy the world cannot give;  
A joy to uplift you when your spirit feels low;  
A joy to refresh you when your life feels weary;  
A joy to sustain you when your days feel empty;  
The joy of knowing that the Lord is with you,  
This Christmas and always. Amen.

**Author Unknown**

## MARY’S DREAM

*(From Bishop Comiskey’s “Don’t Waste Your Batteries.”)*

I had a dream, Joseph. I don’t understand it – not really – but I think it was all about a birthday celebration for our Son. I think that was what it was about. The people had been preparing for it for about six weeks. They had decorated the house and bought new clothes. They’d gone shopping many times and bought elaborate gifts.

It was peculiar though, because the presents weren’t for our Son. They wrapped them in beautiful paper and tied them with lovely bows and stacked them under a tree. Yes, a tree, Joseph, right in their house! They’d decorated the tree also. The branches were full of bright coloured balls and sparkling ornaments. There was a figure on top of the tree. It looked like an angel might look. Oh, it was so beautiful! Everyone was laughing and happy. They were all excited about the gifts. But, they gave the gifts to each other, Joseph, not to our Son. I don’t think they even knew about Him. They never mentioned His name. Doesn’t it seem odd for people to go to all the trouble to celebrate someone’s birthday if they don’t know Him?

I had the strangest feeling that if our Son had gone to this celebration, he would have been intruding. Everything was so beautiful, Joseph, and everyone so full of cheer, but it made me want to cry. How sad for Jesus – not to be wanted at His own birthday celebration! I’m glad it was only a dream. How terrible, Joseph, if it had been real – if our Son had gone to this celebration!



## MOTHER AND CHILD

They both wear smocks,  
plain short-sleeved calf-length frocks,  
As angels wear on children’s Christmas cards,  
Their hair hangs straight – it is likewise unadorned.  
Both facing us – each looks us in the eye.

Her arms are open, her hands pointing down.  
He stands in front of her – at half her height.  
His arms are open too – his hands in hers.  
She giving him – he happy to be given.

*(By Fr. Paul Browne – his description of the ceramic sculpture of  
The Madonna & Child by Robert Brumby – on display in the  
Lady Chapel, Cathedral of Christ the King, Liverpool)*

## OUR FATHER



Our Father, up in heaven, hear this Christmas prayer:  
May the people of all nations be united in Thy care,  
For earth's peace and man's salvation can come only by Thy grace  
And not through bombs and missiles and our quest for outer space.

For until all men recognize that the battle is the Lord's  
And peace on earth cannot be won with strategy and swords,  
We will go on vainly fighting, as we have in ages past,  
Finding only empty victories and a peace that cannot last.

But we've grown so rich and mighty and so arrogantly strong,  
We no longer ask in humbleness - 'God, show us where we're wrong.'  
We have come to trust completely in the power of man-made things,  
Unmindful of God's mighty power and that He is King of kings.

We have turned our eyes away from Him to go our selfish way,  
And money, power, and pleasure are the gods we serve today.  
And the good green earth God gave us to peacefully enjoy,  
Through greed and fear and hatred we are seeking to destroy.

O Father, up in heaven, stir and wake our sleeping souls,  
Renew our faith and lift us up and give us higher goals,  
And grant us heavenly guidance as Christmas comes again  
For, more than guided missiles, all the world needs guided men.

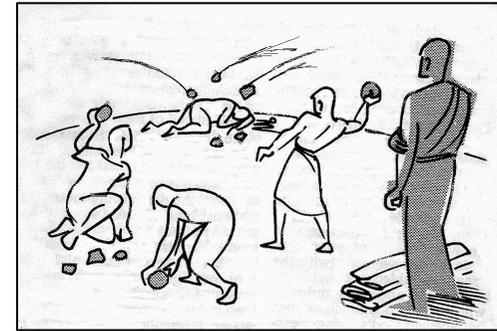
Helen Steiner Rice  
Christmas, 1961

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL OUR SICK, ELDERLY AND HOUSEBOUND PARISHIONERS

We send our sincere, heartfelt good wishes to all those who are not able to get  
out and about as they would wish. May all the blessings of this holy season  
- Advent and Christmas - be with you and your families.

May God bless and keep you. Happy Christmas & New Year

## SAINT STEPHEN



On December 26<sup>th</sup> - 'Boxing Day' to you and me - and very much overshadowed by the great feast of Christmas, there is another very important Christian (Catholic) feast - the Feast of St. Stephen, venerated by the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Lutheran and Eastern Orthodox churches as the first Christian martyr, stoned to death, it is thought, in the year AD 34/5.

The name 'Stephen' means 'Wreath' or 'Crown' a name that is perhaps prophetic in that he was to become the Christian protomartyr - *the first to wear the Crown of Martyrdom, the first to die for his faith.*

His life and death is described for us in the Acts of the Apostles, (*Acts 6:1- 8:2*). He was the most prominent of seven deacons appointed by the Apostles to oversee the distribution of alms to the poor - appointments made to 'free up time' and allow the other Apostles to concentrate on teaching, and in answer to complaints that the welfare of widows and poor dependants, in certain sections of the community, was being neglected. The early Church, by selecting him in this way, was publicly acknowledging him as a man "*of good reputation .... full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom .... a man full of faith .... grace and fortitude*". (*Acts 6:3-6:5*)

Stephen, a man of forceful mind and most resourceful preacher, was not without enemies - especially amongst the Jewish Libertines, Cyreneans, and leaders of the peoples from Alexandria, Cilicia and Asia; this was largely because their challenges to Stephen's teachings were met with 'God-like' irrefutable logic and wisdom; his defences, his replies, leaving them floundering, like 'fish out of water'. And no one likes to be made to look a fool, let alone act like one!

Out of anger, jealousy and the desire for revenge, and on the 'evidence' of paid false witnesses, these leaders, priests of the Sanhedrin, set out to accuse Stephen of blasphemy against God and Moses. In answer to their charges, Stephen gave them a 'lecture', reciting the history of the Jewish people, beginning with their

treatment at the hands of the Egyptians, and how God had rescued them and helped them down the ages, together with many examples of their ingratitude to God – always their salvation! To say the least, his reply did not sit well with his audience, but his final condemnation came with the charge that they had betrayed and murdered the ‘*Just One of God*’ – meaning Jesus, the promised Messiah and, at this his ‘judges’ were beside themselves with rage. And for ‘judges’ read mortal ‘*enemies*’!

Acts then records an account of Stephen’s vision of God: “*But Stephen , full of the Holy Spirit, looked up to heaven, and saw God’s glory, and Jesus standing at the right-hand side of God*”, ‘*Look!*’ he said. ‘*I see heaven opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right-hand side of God!*’” (Acts 7:55-6). Thus enraged even more, and seemingly without passing either verdict or sentence, they took him with unmitigated violence outside the city walls and stoned him to death. In his last words, he is said to have asked Jesus to receive his spirit and not to punish those who were stoning him. Finally, we are told that “*Some devout men then buried him and mourned for him.*” (Acts 8:2)

But the ‘thunderbolt’ – out of the ‘blue’ – comes as Stephen dies, and then we read: “*And Saul approved of his murder*”. (Acts 8:1).

This early reference to St. Paul and what follows in terms of his persecution of the early Church is very hard to take – never mind the understanding of it – and I can’t begin to try! Strange isn’t it how, with God’s mercy and grace, some of our greatest saints can come from such questionable beginnings? But then, we should never forget that, with God, all things are possible, and again following St. Benedict’s words, we should ‘*never lose hope in God’s mercy*’.

**Saint Stephen – pray for us!**  
**Saint Paul – pray for us!**

**Anon.**

### **VIOLENCE!**

The ultimate weakness of violence is that it is a descending spiral, begetting the very thing that it seeks to destroy. Instead of diminishing evil it multiplies it. Through violence, you may murder the liar, but you cannot murder the lie, nor establish the truth. Through violence you may murder the hater, but you do not murder hate. So it goes on. Returning violence multiplies violence, adding deeper darkness to a night already devoid of stars. Darkness cannot drive out darkness, only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate, only love can do that.

**Martin Luther King**

## **MY LIFE IN THE WOMEN’S LAND ARMY**

*By Dorothy Morris-Hague*

*In the summer edition, the author, who died in April 2009, described life for a 17 years old in 1944 – life at work and at play. The story now continues with her recollections of the year 1945, and how the end of World War II brought changes. That year, turning 18, she was then able to apply to join one of the forces, and, having become so fed up with their working lives in the factory, she and some of her friends decided to apply to join the Women’s Land Army. Having informed their boss at the weaving shed, who was not amused, they rang the War Office Department and then followed the usual medical examination and interview procedures – all this, of course, with their parents’ consent. All her family were then engaged in the ‘War Effort’ in one form or another, and she very much wanted to play her part. Dorothy’s application was accepted, at which point she was given help by her father to write her letter of resignation; she was required to serve one week’s notice at the factory, and it was only then she found out that none of her friends had been accepted. On becoming a ‘Land Girl’ she would have to leave home, parents, and face the future alone – a rather daunting prospect for an 18 year old ... ..*

*Her story continues ...*

**T**he next week passed quickly. Friday came along, the day I was due to leave the mill for good. I said a tearful goodbye to my friends, the boss handed me my wages and tried once again to persuade me to stay on; I said: “*No, this is it, I’m off*”.

When I arrived home, my uniform had been delivered – they had taken my measurements when I had my interview – and I excitedly tried it on. It fitted perfectly. It consisted of brown corduroy breaches which came down to my knees, khaki stockings which came up to my knees – and just covered where my knee breaches ended. I had brown brogue shoes, three cream shirts, three work shirts, two green pullovers, one green tie, one hat which almost looked like a cowboy’s stetson that was brown in colour, a three-quarter length camel jacket and an array of work clothes, sand coloured dungarees, hob-nailed boots, green wellingtons etc. There was also a letter enclosing a travel warrant and various documents I had to take with me; also directions on how to get there. But where was it I had to go to? After perusing through my letter I finally found my destination – Penzance, Cornwall, it said! My mother who was standing beside me said: “*Where is Penzance, Cornwall?*” I replied: “*Only at the other end of*



*England, they couldn't have sent me any farther away, otherwise I would have ended up in the English Channel!"*

The enormity of the situation suddenly dawned on me. Here was I, who had never been any further than Blackpool, having to make my way down to the furthest point in England, all by myself. *"Never mind love", said my mother, "it will all be good experience, it will knock some of that shyness out of you; you will have to start opening your mouth and ask lots of questions on how to get there, otherwise you are going to find yourself stranded on some strange railway station"*. I studied the directions again. I had to set off from Chorley railway station at 7 o'clock in the morning and travel to Preston; there I had to get a train to Manchester, then change again and go to Crewe, then get another train – an express this time – to Newton Abbot, then catch the ‘Cornish Riviera’ to Penzance, where someone would be waiting for me. I should arrive in Penzance approximately at 10 p.m. The day I had to make this journey was Monday – I had just two days left before I started on my epic journey.

*"Right love", said my mother, "I want you to put your uniform on tomorrow and we will go and visit all your aunties and uncles, and let them see you as a Land Army girl, and if we can't fit them all in tomorrow, we will carry on on Sunday as well."* *"Oh, mum do I have to?"* I said. Auntie Emma and Uncle Peter lived in Bolton, Auntie Mellie lived in Adlington and the rest were scattered around Chorley. *"I will never fit them all in". "Trust me love", she said, "I will get you there"*. That weekend was one hectic round of visiting as many relatives as I could. By Sunday evening I was worn out; tomorrow was my big day, and here I was – worn to a ‘frazzle’. One good thing had come out of it though – everyone had given me some money to take with me, so I wasn't going away ‘broke’.

After a fitful night, I awoke early next morning; my kit bag was all packed, I looked at myself in my uniform and felt a sense of pride, as I was about to go and do my bit for my country. My father came to the railway station with me and I went on – arriving at Crewe, and having made the first part of my journey alone, I spotted a few land army girls on the platform. I went up to them and asked where were they going to; to my joy they said: *"Penzance"*. *"So am I!"* I cried, *"can I join you on the train?"* *"Of course you can"*, they replied. I was introduced to them all, there was Dot, Joan, Mora and Helen and they had all come from Liverpool. I said my name was Dot too, so Joan said we'd better call you ‘Dot First’, and the other, ‘Dot Second’, then we won't get confused. Our train arrived and off we set to Newton Abbot; it was a long tiring journey, but we had fortified ourselves with lots of ‘goodies’ to eat on the train. We had all managed to ‘scrounge’ some sweet coupons from our families, so we had plenty to ‘go at’. We also took the opportunity

to get to know each other better. Dot and Joan became my best friends; Joan came from Bootle, she also had a brother called John Hanna who was in the Navy; they lived at 36, Bedford Road, Bootle. Joan was a typical Liverpudlian, always coming out with lewd jokes; she was part Irish and had a great sense of humour. Dot was the opposite; she was small and fair and a bit more refined in her nature – something like myself.

We arrived at Newton Abbot about 6 o'clock, got out and stretched our legs, and, to our amazement, the station was absolutely full of Land Girls. They had come from far and wide and we were all going to the same place. The ‘Cornish Riviera’ arrived from London and we all trooped on the train, to be greeted with shouts and calls from the different compartments. There was also a contingent of Cockneys on board – they were going to Penzance as well. The train chugged slowly through the countryside, then as it began to get dark, a full moon appeared glinting on the sea, for by that time we were travelling along the coastline. The sound of raucous singing that had ‘rocked’ the train out of Newton Abbot had ‘died down’ and we were all wishing that the journey would end – it had been a long day, and we were all tired and hungry.

*(The concluding part of the author's story of 'Life as a Land Girl' will appear in the Easter issue of 'Update')*

#### GOD WONT' ASK .....

**G**od won't ask what kind of car you drove, but He'll ask how many people you helped to get where they needed to go?



God won't ask the square footage of your house, but He'll ask how many people you welcomed into your home?

God won't ask about the clothes you had in your closet, but He'll ask how many people you helped to clothe?

God won't ask how many friends you had; He'll ask how many people to whom you were a friend?

God won't ask in what neighbourhood you lived, but He'll ask how you treated your neighbours?

God won't ask about the colour of your skin, but He'll ask about the content of your character?

God won't ask how many people you passed this on to, but He'll ask why you hesitated to pass it on to your friends?

**Author Unknown**

## SOME THOUGHTS ON A RECENT SERMON

At a recent Saturday evening Vigil Mass, Father Paul preached about celebrating the Eucharist as a meal. He emphasised the importance of recognising it as a shared meal and all that that has to be the preparation, At home, one is usually Expressed in these terms, mystery. Yet, this is every Mass. We are the gifts; we receive the the host; we give thanks;



implied. Like any meal, there the eating and the clearing up. summoned to the table. it somehow takes away the precisely what happens at invited to attend; we prepare Body of Christ in the form of the priest cleans the chalice.

I was reminded of an incident regarding the first wedding held in St. Mary's Church, on April 18<sup>th</sup>, 1964 ; it was my sister, Kathleen's, special day. Among the guests was our mother's cousin who was not a Catholic and the nuptial Mass was probably the first Mass she had attended. She remarked several days later that the Mass reminded her of 'washing the pots.' I was taken aback at this statement and rather shocked as I regarded the Mass as sacred, and to talk about it in 'kitchen' terms, almost seemed irreverent. Looking back, it was a legitimate comment. Through the eyes of an 'outsider' she had got it right. Most Catholics would be thinking about the Mystery of the Transubstantiation. Forty-five years ago, receiving Holy Communion was not regarded as sharing a meal by many of us. The passage of time, and a better understanding of the Mass, have softened my view of my relative's remarks.

I wonder what she would think of Father Paul vigorously cleaning his hands with antiseptic gel (a precaution against [Swine 'Flu] infections)? She might have likened it to a surgeon, 'scrubbing up' before an operation.

Father Paul's sermon also reminded me of a televised Anglican service, during which the celebrant used a large bread knife to cut up loaves of bread, before distributing it to the communicants. In the early days of the fledging Church the congregation would take bread, from the shared meal at the Eucharistic celebration, to distribute to absent sick and elderly members of their community. Today, we have a continuation of this practice, with our Ministers of Communion taking the Sacrament to our own parish's sick and elderly parishioners. How many of us have taken food from a party, or other celebration, to relatives at home who did not attend? We want them to share part of what we have enjoyed.

At any meal, we should all have the good manners to say 'Thank You' to the host, or the providers, for allowing us to partake. So it is when we go to receive Holy Communion, for it is the most important meal that we will ever have; it is Christ himself.

**Edward Almond**

## CHRISTMAS IS FOR LOVE

“**C**hristmas is for love”. It is for joy, for giving and sharing, for laughter, for reuniting with family and friends, for tinsel and brightly covered packages. But, mostly Christmas is for love. I had not believed this until a small elfin-like pupil, with wide innocent eyes and soft rosy cheeks, gave me a wondrous gift one Christmas. Matthew was a 10 years old orphan who lived with his aunt, a bitter, middle-aged woman greatly annoyed with the burden of caring for her dead sister's son. She never failed to remind young Matthew, that if it hadn't been for her generosity, he would be a penniless, homeless child. Still, even with all the scolding and chilliness at home, he was a sweet and gentle child.

I had not noticed Matthew, particularly, until he began staying after class each day [at the risk of arousing his aunt's anger, so I learned later] to help me straighten up the room. We did this quietly and comfortably, not speaking much, but enjoying the solitude of that hour of the day. When we did talk, Matthew spoke mostly of his mother. Though he was quite young when she died, he remembered a kind, gentle, loving woman, who always spent time with him.

As Christmas drew near, however, Matthew failed to stay after school each day. I looked forward to his coming, and when the days passed and he continued to scamper hurriedly from the room after class, I stopped him one afternoon and asked him why he no longer helped me in the room. I told him how I had missed him, and his large brown eyes lit up eagerly as he replied, “*Did you really miss me?*”

I explained how he had been my best helper. “*I was making you a surprise,*” he whispered confidentially, “*it's for Christmas.*” With that, he became embarrassed and dashed from the room. He didn't stay after school any more after that. Finally came the last school day before Christmas. Matthew crept slowly into the room late that afternoon with his hands concealing something behind his back. “*I have your present,*” he said, timidly, when I looked up, “*hope you like it.*” He held out his hands, and there lying in his small palms was a tiny wooden box.

“*It's beautiful, Matthew. Is there something in it?*” I asked, opening the top to look inside. “*Oh, you can't see what's in it,*” he replied, “*and you can't touch it, or taste it or feel it, but mother always said it makes you feel good all the time, warm on cold nights and safe when you're all alone.*”

I gazed into the empty box. “*What is it, Matthew*”, I asked gently, “*that will make me feel so good?*”

"It's love," he whispered softly, "and mother always said it's best when you give it away." He turned and quietly left the room.

So now I keep a small box, crudely made of scraps of wood, on the piano in my living room and only smile when inquiring friends raise quizzical eyebrows when I explain to them there is love in it. Yes, Christmas is for gaiety, mirth, song, and for good and wondrous gifts. **But most of all, Christmas is for love.**

*(Short Story found on the Internet)*

### THE MISSING FIVE POUND NOTE

Chippenham George worked for the Post Office and his job was to process all the mail that had illegible addresses. One day just before Christmas, a letter landed on his desk simply addressed in shaky handwriting: 'To God'. With no other clue on the envelope, George opened the letter and read:

*"Dear God, I am a 93 year old widow living on the State pension. Yesterday someone stole my purse. It had £100 in it, which was all the money I had in the world and no pension due until after Christmas. Next week is Christmas and I had invited two of my friends over for Christmas lunch. Without that money, I have nothing to buy food with. I have no family to turn to, and you are my only hope. God; can you please help me?"*

Chippenham George was really touched, and being kind hearted, he put a copy of the letter up on the staff notice board at the main Fareham sorting office where he worked. The letter touched the other postmen and they all dug into their pockets and had a whip round. Between them they raised £95. Using an officially franked Post Office envelope, they sent the cash on to the old lady, and for the rest of the day, all the workers felt a warm glow thinking of the nice thing they had done. Christmas came and went. A few days later, another letter simply addressed to 'God' landed in the Sorting Office. Many of the postmen gathered around while George opened the letter. It read:

*"Dear God, how can I ever thank you enough for what you did for me? Because of your generosity, I was able to provide a lovely luncheon for my friends. We had a very nice day, and I told my friends of your wonderful gift - in fact we haven't 'gotten' over it and even Father John, our parish priest, is beside himself with joy. By the way, there was £5 missing. I think it must have been those thieving fellows at the Post Office." George could not help musing on Oscar Wilde's quote: 'A good deed never goes unpunished'*

*(Short Story found on the Internet)*

### JUSTICE AND PEACE

Thanks to your generous donations to Justice and Peace, this year, the following amounts of money have been sent:

**£1,000.00** to Father Hilarian O.S.B. in Sri Lanka.

**£1,000.00** to Sister Helen Reynolds and the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions in Kenya.

**£400.00** to CRISIS – the Charity that supports the homeless in the UK.

**£1,000.00** is being sent to the Friends of Mulanje Orphans (FOMO) to feed, provide clean water, children's centres, blankets, mosquito nets, etc. in Malawi, Africa.

Father Hilarian writes from Kandy, Sri Lanka, asking how the Priory clergy, parishioners and parish activities are progressing. He writes:

*'I think of the good old days which I spent at St. Mary's and visited around. I am hopeful that I can visit you again ... ..*

*... .. Though the war (in Sri Lanka) has ended, economic hardship has worsened. The poor are struggling as the world situation has hit all exports and imports. With the increase of poverty, other evils like murder, robbery, stealing etc, increase. Hopefully, the good God will change the hearts of all men to live in charity..*

***May God love you all!  
Yours in Jesus,  
Father Hilarian OSB***

**Précis extract from a CAFOD letter by Bridget Burrows ... ..**

When I arrived, Margaret was preparing the children's breakfast of mandazi, fried savoury doughnuts, this paltry meal being one of only two they will eat all day. She cares for her own three children but also for three boys and one girl – children of her siblings. Having just lost her job and lucky to find another at much reduced wages, she now has to keep herself and eight children on about £39 per month, and food prices are continuing to rise. Beans, tomatoes, cabbage are all too dear. She buys maize flour – 1 x 2kg packet – compared with 3 packets just 12 months ago. Often, when the children are eating she will go outside – she does not wish the children to see she has nothing at all to eat. She sums it up by saying, "I do not like crying in front of them."

**... ..from the Malthare slums, Nairobi**

**SERVICES FOR RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS – 2010**

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 19 June 2009, Pope Benedict XVI commenced a year of prayer for the Priesthood and Religious Life – for the whole Church to take part. Please make a note of the following dates, when there will half Days of Recollection and Prayer, here in our church. We, in St. Mary’s, do not know what it is like to be short of a priest – we are very fortunate – but many parishes do know the feeling.

Wednesday	27 January 2010	Fr. Jonathan O.S.B.
Tuesday	16 February 2010	Sr. Mary (Chaplin, Wymott)
Thursday	25 March 2010	Fr. Paul O.S.B.
Wednesday	27 April 2010	Sr. Pauline R.N.D.M.
Wednesday	26 May 2010	Sr. Veronica F.M.S.J.
Friday	11 June 2010	Bishop Ambrose O.S.B.

The Programme (with the exception of June 11<sup>th</sup>, when Mass will be at 12.15,) will be as follows:



- 09:00 Mass
- 09:30 Tea
- 10:00 Rosary
- 10:30 Talk (by the named priest or sister)
- 11:00 Quiet Time (walk around)
- 11:15 Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament
- 12:00 Closing Prayers

**Prayer for Vocations:**

Our Father in heaven, you sent us your only Son to redeem us and to build your kingdom on earth. Please give us the wisdom and strength we need to follow His call. Grant to the faithful a spirit of generosity, that Church vocations may flourish. Bless our priests with holiness and courage, that they may lead your people to Christ. Help all sisters and brothers to fulfil their sacred promises and so be effective signs of your kingdom. Lord, be pleased to invite more men and women to your service. We ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen.

**Sow an act and you will reap a habit.  
Sow a habit and you will reap a character.  
Sow a character and you will reap a destiny. ....Charles Reade**

**THE HEART KNOWS THE WAY!**

During the last few days, a strange thing happened to me. From my sub-consciousness, I became aware of the five words which form the title above, ‘The Heart Knows the Way’, although I am not able to say how these words became part of me, whether from some reading, something on television or radio – I just cannot bring the source to mind. Because the words began to ‘gnaw away’ and ‘eat into’ my peace of mind, I decided to do a little research, beginning with the Internet.

Within minutes I was able to locate the title of a book, “The Heart Knows The Way”, by an American lady author, Fern Stewart Welch, who still lives in Arizona, and who has also written other works concerned, principally, with our human relationships with God. The book in question arose as a result of her experiences with her husband, whom she loved greatly, and who was dying with dementia – an irreversibly long, slow, and painfully debilitating process that was to last for some 15 years. When first she became aware that her husband’s condition was not treatable and capable of recovery, she began to talk to God – to pray at length – and to ask for help in dealing with her husband’s illness and eventual loss. In the long-term, she sought and found a better, more loving and enlightened way to help her husband through his lengthy decline and death.

In her book, she writes, “*Hidden within every human being is a spark of the divine, and when something touches this spark, the pursuit to reach it, to possess this connection, becomes the journey of a lifetime. This is a journey every soul is meant to take.*”

From reviews, it seems she opened up a personal relationship with God, gained new insight into one of life’s most feared experiences (i.e. death), and completed the experience free of sadness and guilt, with renewed joy, meaning, purpose and reaffirmation of life. One review contains the observation: ‘*Our encounter with Fern confirms that she has a sweetness in her soul, only found through enduring and growing through such a personal and profound experience, leading the way for us to face it ourselves with courage, grace and peace.*’

This inspiring and enlightening book is endorsed by Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, an internationally known physician, author and lecturer who was a world expert on death and dying, as well as many other best-selling authors. Dr. Kübler-Ross supported Fern through her husband’s illness and death process. She also read the unfinished manuscript for ‘The Heart Knows the Way’ and gave the work her highest commendation. She described the book as “*Fern’s love story with self, her husband and God.*” And as one reader put it: “Not bad for a slender volume that simply and honestly brings together the heart desires of the human experience.”

For my part, I thought the research worthwhile – certainly enlightening, certainly educative and reflective, but not so surprising. Devout and enlightened Christians down the centuries, I am sure, would understand that God, our Father and Friend, is always there, prepared to listen to our prayers and help us, especially, when we are most in need. The secret lies, I think, in the sincerity of our approach: *The Heart Knows the Way – to God*. But for the life of me, I cannot explain how, or why, the words of the title came into my mind as they did – became part of my life?

**Anon.**

### **From ..... THE CHRISTIAN VISION**

*(Source – ‘Through the Seasons of the Heart’)*

Once upon a time, I used to think: *‘If I improve, become more charitable, eliminate my frequent faults of commission and omission; if I pray more ... and so forth, God will love me more.’* I am now convinced that this kind of thinking involves a serious misconception of our loving God. It is simply incompatible with a true vision of God. Again, it is making God into our human image and likeness. It ascribes to God that kind of *‘you have to earn it’* type of conditional love, with which we humans often pretend to love one another.

Almost all of human experience has been with conditional love: *‘If you change ... if you do this, or don’t do that ... I will love you.’* So, we have to sit with this thought of God’s unconditional, freely given love, and think about it for a long time. We have to soak in the realisation of God’s love in prayerful meditation.

The truth of covenant, the truth that God could have made a world without you or me, but that such a world would have been incomplete for Him – these are truths that are taken in slowly and realised only with the help of grace. *God wanted you and me just the way we are, because ... simply because ... this is the ‘you’ and this is the ‘me’ he has always loved. God is love. This is all God ever does.*

**John Powell S.J.**

### **Education . . . . . ?**

Everything that happens to you is your teacher.

The secret is to learn to sit at the feet of your own life and be taught by it.

Everything that happens is either a blessing which is also a lesson,

Or a lesson, which is also a blessing.

**(Polly Berends)**

## **BAPTISMS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS**

**(August - November 2009)**

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

Larissa Brooke Burgess	23/08/09
Tilly Louise Cartmell	23/08/09
Ethan John Austin Kay	23/08/09
Joshua Jon Porter	06/09/09
Louis Michael Bounds	06/09/09
Tia Rachael Bounds	06/09/09
Alfie Jay Fell	13/09/09
Thomas Christopher Wood	13/09/09
Ewan Morris	27/09/09
Finlay Kane Benjamin Hayton	04/10/09
Toni Camilleri	04/10/09
José Valeron Camilleri	04/10/09
Kyron Nathan Hindle-Holdsworth	11/10/09
Martha Lillian Morley	11/10/09
Thomas Loxley Brewer	25/10/09
Phoebe Elizabeth Andrew	25/10/09
Evan Daniel Edmund Crosby	01/11/09
Eliza Poppy Young	01/11/09
Maisie Rose O’Malley	08/11/09
Jennifer Louise Brown	08/11/09

### **Those Joined in Holy Matrimony:**

Philip Thomas Edward Bleasdale and Lauren Elizabeth Christine Gaile	15/08/09
Paul Lee Hayhurst and Kelly Elizabeth May	22/08/09
Geoffrey Thomas Everard and Margaret Louisa Nelson	29/08/09

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

Michael Joseph Dunne	12/09/09
Harold Chippendale	15/09/09
Teresa Christopher	20/09/09
Movita Sharp	26/09/09
Tracey Louise Watkinson	28/09/09
Kathleen Ormesher	29/09/09
Betty Rowley	04/10/09

Rachel Genevieve Brown	12/10/09
Kenneth Hammond	14/10/09
Joseph Sylvester (Joe) Kershaw	15/10/09
Barry Forde	22/10/09
Francis Gerard Clark	24/10/09
Leo Foley	26/10/09
Anne Smith	05/11/09
John Hampson	13/11/09

+++ 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.*

~~~~~

*Lee Derbyshire writes ... .. thank you for the lovely tribute to Jack, in the last issue of 'Update' – much appreciated. I thought I might share the following verses with you, which may bring great comfort to others who have loved ones gone before us and which I read over and over again to help me accept my great loss. Thank you to ALL who have loyally supported me, and continue to do so.*

#### MISS ME, BUT LET ME GO

When I come to the end of the road  
 And the sun is set for me,  
 I want no rites in a gloom-filled room  
 Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not for too long,  
 And not with your head bowed low;  
 Remember the love we once shared,  
 Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must make,  
 And each must do it alone;  
 Its all part of the Master's plan –  
 A step on the road to home.

So when you are lonely and sad at heart,  
 Go to the friends we know,  
 Bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,  
 Miss me, but let me go.

*(The poem above refers to Lee's husband and 'Update's long term supporter, Jack Derbyshire R.I.P. who died in July, this year)*

## A WARTIME VOCATION

When I was 10 and at my Prep School, I went to Confession to the Chaplain. To my surprise, when I had finished my Confession, he asked me what I was going to do when I left School? I told him that I hoped to be a Priest, and that, since I was going to Ampleforth, I would probably become a Benedictine ... a strange conversation between a priest and a boy so young but, even at that early age, I knew I was being called to the priesthood. I went to Ampleforth in 1932 and led an undistinguished career, then in 1940, I applied to join the monastery.

As the war was already raging, and as everybody of my age had been called up, it was probably the most difficult decision I had ever made! The reason I could make it at all, was because the authorities made an exception for clerical students, and this allowed them to continue their studies. I think the hardest part was when 'old boys' came up to Ampleforth, in uniform, some of them wearing decorations. It was difficult to get enthusiastic about sweeping the leaves on the 'Hill', or cleaning the brass in the sacristy!

Another problem concerned the remarks made by people already fighting for their country, implying that to join the monastery was a 'cop-out', but for me, the worst moment was when I heard the news that my best friend, now in the Royal Air Force, had been killed. It was my first experience of the death of a close friend. At such times, it was difficult to believe that the war could best be won by prayer, as we novices were frequently being told.

Even now, I find it difficult when young people, especially, ask me what it was like in the war, and what was I doing: their own grandfathers were in the conflict, some of them wounded, some of them killed. The nearest I ever got to the war was when a stray German bomber, got lost flying over the valley, and dropped a bomb to lighten the load. I don't remember it doing any serious damage.

If I had my time over again, I should find it equally difficult to make a choice.

Fr. Theo

#### Some Church Bulletin One-Liners ... ..

- i) The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.
- ii) For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.
- iii) Scouts are saving aluminium cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.



## SELL STRAWBERRIES...!!

.....from Teresa Smith

An unemployed worker applies at Microsoft for the position of a janitor. The departmental chief invites him to an interview and subjects him to some tests. Then he tells him: You got the job, just give me your e-mail address so that I can send you the employment contract, as well as the day and time when to start. The man is distraught and answers that he has no computer and therefore also no e-mail. The chief tells him that, if he has no e-mail address he virtually does not exist, and therefore cannot hold a job.

The man leaves in a desperate mood, without knowing what to do with his last \$10 in his pocket. Finally he decides to go into a supermarket and to buy a 10 lb box of strawberries. He starts out with door-to-door calls in order to sell those strawberries by the pound. He manages to double his capital in 2 hours. He repeats the deal 3 times more and goes home with \$60 in his pocket. He comes to see that he can survive this way. He starts every day earlier and comes home every day later. So he triples or quadruples his money every day. A short time later he buys a wheel barrow, then exchanges it later for a truck and sooner or later is the owner of a complete fleet of delivery trucks. Five years go by .... he is now the owner of one of the largest food chains in the USA.

Now he starts thinking about the future for him and his family and decides to buy some life insurance. He calls an agent and selects a good policy. At the end of the negotiations the agent asks him for his e-mail address to send him a confirmation of the policy. The man tells him that he doesn't have an e-mail address. That is strange, says the agent, you have no e-mail and nevertheless you built this large empire! Can you imagine where you would be if you had an e-mail address?

The man briefly thinks and then answers: *"I would be cleaning toilets at Microsoft!"*

### **Moral (i) of the Story:**

The internet does not solve all the problems in our lives!

### **Moral (ii) of the Story:**

When you have no e-mail but work hard you can become a millionaire!

### **Moral (iii) of the Story:**

You received this story by e-mail. Therefore you are closer to a janitor than to a millionaire! Nevertheless have a good day.

**Please don't reply to this e-mail as I am out buying strawberries!!!**

## WORLD WAR II - PRISONER OF WAR IN GERMANY

By Frank Harrison

*Having very recently celebrated his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, the author, Frank Harrison, past headmaster at St. Mary's High School, and a highly respected man of many talents – writer, poet, artist – years ago wrote of his experiences as a prisoner of war in Nazi Germany. His poem, 'Coming Home', appeared in our Summer 2009 issue, but some months ago he also gave Father Jonathan a copy of these writings in order that they may contribute to this magazine. What follows is the first of a 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.*

### **Caught out!**

I should now explain how I came to be in one of Plauen's prison cells on the night when the RAF completed the destruction of the town by carrying out the biggest and last of the raids. I had already come to the notice of the German police. A black market had sprung up amongst the workers, in which we soon became involved. The British part in this centred upon its Red Cross food parcels from the UK. With each parcel (which should have been one parcel, per man, per week, but rarely ever reached as high as this) we received a packet of Players cigarettes and a bar of soap – sometimes, a tin of coffee. These extras were the staple barter. The exchange rate was a loaf of bread for 20 cigarettes, or a tin of coffee, or bar of soap. The bread was in the form of a flat circular loaf made out of potatoes, was brown in colour and weighed about five pounds. Each loaf was divided into five portions, and our official ration was one portion per day, given, with a piece of cheese, before we marched off to work in the morning. The people running this market were French, either military or civilian. They had the freedom of movement that was denied to us, nor were they so closely watched. They could approach us – not too closely – but there had to be someone on the British side prepared to take the risk. Since I was the only British POW who could speak French, it soon fell to me to do any talking, but I didn't see it as risky – rather as something to put a little colour into my day.

What began as an exchange of news soon took on another aspect – bartering – for bread on our side, for 'smokes', coffee and soap on theirs. I should say at once that, unlike in England, there was no shame for us in this Black Market. Anything that we POWs could do to weaken German resistance and morale – from polishing our boots until they shone, when we marched to work; to pulling out packets of Players and passing them round in front of civilians on the platforms, who had been reduced to smoking 'camel dung' (and then getting the equivalent back later when we moved away); to marching in the middle of the street, like soldiers, while the poor Russians straggled along the sidewalks, and stood to one side, to allow Germans to pass, and finally, to show the civilians the kind of things we got from our homeland, which they were told, repeatedly, by Goebbels, was being starved to death by their submarines – we did it. We acted as a cancer on the body

Germanic, and the German police knew it but were far too busy under the blitz from the air to do much about it. Until I blundered – that is! Towards the end of February we were working on a stretch of line, in Kurbitz station, the next village to the one where our camp was. I had just done the exchange, and was making my way back up the line with a bag of bread, when I heard a shout of anger. It was the Kurbitz Station Master, and he was ordering me to stand still. I did the opposite; I tore round the station building, ran past the room where two of our lads were painting signposts, threw the bag in to them, jumped down on to the line and, grabbing a pick-axe, I joined Butch and the remainder of the Kommando. The Station Master soon came up, puffing and panting and swearing, and he immediately picked me out. I played the innocent, bewildered POW, and the lads all backed me up and began to harangue him, calling him a 'dumfkopffe'. After a few minutes of this he stamped away, muttering threats. Meanwhile, the two lads doing the signs had slipped out of the room and had buried the bread under a pile of coal, used as fuel for the engines. That night they climbed the wall out of the yard, ran down the line to Kurbitz, recovered the bread and brought it safely back to camp; it was very risky and I owed a lot to them. They were George Parker and Charlie Williams, two good lads.

If I had thought that was the end of the matter, I had another think coming. Next morning, the Station Master came down the line accompanied by a Policeman. I was pointed out and ordered to accompany them into the station office. There was a young blond Dutch girl and several men in an assortment of uniforms waiting for us, but I was too concerned to bother sorting out who or what they were. On a table in the middle of the room was the stuff I had given to the Frenchman on the previous day. Then through another door came another policeman and my French marketeer. His eyes flew immediately to me, but everybody else was looking at him. I just had time to shake my head at him, before their attention returned to me. Then the pantomime of interrogation began. I realized that the reason the Dutch girl was present was as an interpreter. First the policeman put a question to her, next she put it to either the Frenchman or myself in the appropriate language, then back to the German, and so on. It was laughable really, because my French was nearly as good as hers – but I didn't feel like laughing. It was a very nasty few minutes. I knew that all I was forced to give them, as a POW, was my name and number, and nothing else, but I was being questioned as a criminal, which was quite different. I stuck it out, I told them that I was a British POW, and gave my number, over and over. The policeman got very angry but could not move me; there was nothing brave about it; what else could I do? In the end he asked the Frenchman was I the British soldier who had given him the cigarettes. The Frenchman shook his head: "They all look the same in those uniforms to me", he said, and that was that! They marched the very brave Frenchman off and returned me to the Kommando. It had been a narrow squeak, I should have learned from it – but I didn't!

*(It is hoped to continue Frank's POW story in the Easter 'Update')*

~~~ ***BITS AND BOBS*** ~~~

***The quick 10 quiz:***

1. RADAR was a most important invention which helped protect this country against bomber attack in WWII, but what do the initials RADAR stand for?
2. How many humps has a dromedary?
3. How many square inches in a square foot?
4. Xenophobia means the fear of what?
5. Who was the Roman god of honesty and truth?
6. 'The Merry Wives of ... ..?' Shakespeare comedy?
7. In cooking, what is 'tarragon' – a herb or a spice?
8. In the signs of the Zodiac, who is the 'water bearer'?
9. Who was Chiang Kai-shek?
10. How many Bytes in a Gigabyte?



*What do cannibals do at weddings? ... They toast the bride and groom!*

*Did you hear about the boy who got worried when his nose grew to 11 inches? .... He was worried it would turn into a foot.*

What did E.T.'s mother say to him when he got home?... "Where on earth have you been?"

What's large, green and sits in alone in the corner? ... The Incredible Sulk.

**TEEZER:**

It's always 1 to 6,  
it's always 15 to 20,  
it's always 5,  
but it's never 21,  
(unless it's in the air).  
What is it?

*.... Two antennas met on a roof and fell in love.  
When they got married, the ceremony wasn't up to much,  
but the reception was excellent!*

(Answers to Quiz and Teezer – Inside Foot of Back Cover)

## SOMMUT AN' NOW'T – FRUM OW'D LANKYSHEER

When ah wer' a lad, as owd as mi dad,  
Ah wer walkin' thru a felt,  
When ah see'd an appau tree, full o' purrs,  
Ah claim'pt up an' geet a pocket full o' peyswadds.  
Ah didn't know eaght get deawn, so a faw'd deawn,  
An' leet on a deod donkey, an' ah kilt it.  
Then ah tuk it to a dry pont an' ah dreawn't it,  
Went wom furr't gerr eaur tea's Jack reddy,  
Ah put babby on't fire an' kettle i't cradle,  
Then ah locked kehy an' put doower i' mi pocket,  
An' ah wolked deawn't saw wi' t' street o' mi back.  
Ah see'd a bark, an' it dogged at mi,  
So ah bricked a throw an' necked it's knock eawt.

*(if tha can mek hed ner tail o'this, thar a berrer mon thun me!)*

Anon.

**Editorial:** Father Jonathan gives our Christmas issue its 'kick-start' by 'taking' us to the Holy Land, the site of the first Christmas and where our Christian faith began. From there we move on through time and space to Leyland in 2009 and news of our parish and its activities – a totally different world – but one that is essentially coloured by its beginnings two millenia ago. So it is that Christmas provides a focal point for this 'Update' but not unduly so, as the foregoing pages will demonstrate. Subjects of local interest, and of matters further afield are included – subjects concerned with today's faith activites contrast with those of historical perspective, both home and abroad – the content, as always, is spread widely so as to provide good reading for a widely differing readership. Serious topics march alongside the wry and the humorous – all in all – a very worthwhile venture 'cobbled' together by its workers – all those who help to make it ready for publication. Thank you to all those who try so hard to create and fashion it, to print and collate it, and finally to the myriad helpers who deliver 'Update' in time for Christmas. A very Happy Christmas and New Year to you all.

### Answers to Quiz / Teezer on Page 24 ... ..

**Quick 10 Quiz:** (1) RAdio Detection And Ranging (2) Only one. (3) 144 (4) Strangers (5) Fides (6) Windsor (7) A herb – obtained from leaves / stems of 'artemesia dracunculus'. (8) Aquarius – 20 January to 18 February (9) President of China 1943–9 (10) 1 Billion

**Teezer:** A Dice. The faces are numbered 1 – 6, the sum of the visible faces, at rest, is always between 15 and 20, there are always 5 faces visible at rest, the sum of the faces is never 21 when at rest. The only time this happens is when it is in the air and then the faces show  $1+2+3+4+5+6 = 21$



## YOU ARE ALWAYS MOST WELCOME

Are you really content with your life or do you feel a certain emptiness or lack of purpose?

You may have given up on your Catholic faith years ago or just drifted away, but you can always make a fresh start. You will probably think this is bound to be difficult or at least embarrassing, but we can make it easier for you.

We have no intention of criticising or judging you. We just want to help you in any way we can. If you would like to talk with one of us, we shall be most happy to meet you at a time of your convenience, either here or at your home or in a pub or wherever you prefer. You will be in control. We will simply listen to you, try to answer your questions and, if you wish, share with you what we have discovered about the love and mercy of God and how it has changed our lives. You will have no obligations but, if you should wish to become in any way active in your faith, we will make it as easy as possible for you. Happy Christmas to you all.

*Fr. Jonathan, Fr. Ambrose, Fr. Stephen, Fr. Paul*

*Just ring 455955*