

# ST. MARY'S LEYLAND

## *Update*

Issue No. 74



## SUMMER 2010

Contents	Page
Father Jonathan's Introduction .....	1
The Church's Birthday / Prayer to the Holy Spirit .....	2-3
Ladies' Retreat at Ampleforth, 2010 .....	4
A Golden Prayer / Something Very Special .....	5
The Year of the Priest – the Final Talks .....	6-7
The Infant of Prague / All For Me! .....	8-9
A Life-Time in Leyland .....	10-11
The 'Cactus Man' .....	12
What a Hug Can Do! .....	13
Remembering the Year of the Priests .....	14
A Spiritual Communion Prayer .....	14
Barry's Letters to God .....	15
St. Mary's Youth Group – Report Summer 2010 .....	16-18
Fair Trade at St. Mary's .....	19
Our Modern Media – For Good or Evil? .....	20
Baptisms, Marriages and Deaths .....	21-22
Confirmations 2010 .....	22-23
Our Cemetery .....	23
World War II – Prisoner of War in Germany .....	24-26
'Bits' and 'Bobs' .....	27
You Know You're Getting Old, When... ..	28
Editorial / Answers to Quiz etc on Page 27 .....	Inside Back Cover
St. Mary's Garden Party .....	Back Cover

~~ Special Greetings to The Elderly, Sick and Housebound ~~

*We send our very best wishes to all our housebound readers and hope that they, in particular, will enjoy reading this summer edition of 'Update'. We extend to them, and all who are not able to enjoy the summer season and the holidays as they would like to, our sincere good wishes and prayers.*

## FATHER JONATHAN'S INTRODUCTION:

Pope Benedict XVI will soon be among us in Britain. He has asked all Catholics to pray for his visit to us and it strikes me as a courtesy, at the very least, to do this for him. After all Pope Benedict is 83 years of age, and he is putting himself out to visit us; it could be that those among us, who are opposed to his visit will make his time with us hard work.

He has told us why he wants to come here. When he spoke to the English and Welsh Bishops on 1<sup>st</sup> February 2010, at their five-yearly visit to the Vatican, his words were then:

*"Even amid the pressures of a secular age, there are many signs of living faith and devotion among the Catholics of England and Wales. I am thinking, for example, of the enthusiasm generated by the visit of the relics of Saint Thérèse, the interest aroused by the prospect of Cardinal Newman's beatification, and the eagerness of young people to take part in pilgrimages and World Youth Days.*

*On the occasion of my forthcoming Apostolic Visit to Great Britain, I shall be able to witness that faith for myself and, as Successor of Peter, to strengthen and confirm it."*

Pope Benedict went on to say that our country is well known for its firm commitment to equality of opportunity, for all members of society, and that he hoped the Catholic community would play its part in the debate over the erosion of such rights. Some people seem not to want the Gospel Message to be heard at all, and he wonders how that may be possible, when a majority of our people state they are Christian.

Be that as it may, my hope and prayer is that when Pope Benedict is actually here, his voice of calm reason will be heard and appreciated. Also, that many, including those not of our Catholic Faith, will appreciate what a privilege it is to have the Pope here among us. The role of the papacy is to witness and bring about unity for the whole world. He is a frail and elderly man, steeped in God and his Love, and he comes among us as a friend. May his visit be the blessing that God wants for us – and for the whole of humanity.

Pope Benedict has chosen Cardinal Newman's motto '*Cor ad Cor Loquitur*' (*Heart speaks unto heart*), as the theme for his visit. May '*Heart speak unto heart*' throughout his visit; may it be blessed with the spirit of truth, justice and peace towards all.



## THE CHURCH'S BIRTHDAY

When I was ten years old, the Headmaster at my Prep School told me I was going to be confirmed on Sunday. He said: "*The Archbishop will ask you questions and you had better know the answers or there will be trouble on Monday.*" Well, there was always trouble on Monday, but that statement didn't encourage me to look forward to my Confirmation, nor did his final instruction: "*When the Archbishop hits you in the face, don't hit him back,*"

That is all I can remember about my Confirmation, and it certainly has made me convinced the Sacrament ought to be received when one is a teenager, after some weeks of preparation, a full description of what the Sacrament means and what it does, and then to be asked: "*Do you want to be confirmed or not?*"

During the three years of teaching, Jesus insisted on asking the people he was about to cure, the question: "*Do you believe?*" He did that in order that an act of faith should accompany or follow the miracles. But, in spite of these lessons, and in spite of the passion and resurrection, even the Apostles did not understand, and asked on the morning of the Ascension: "*Lord will you at this time restore the kingdom of Israel?*" In order to help them to live by faith, he did two things; firstly, he began by depriving them of his presence; he told them it would be good for them if he went away. Secondly, he sent them the Holy Spirit to help them live by faith, teach them all things, and recall and clarify all the things that he had said.

After Jesus had ascended into heaven, St. Luke tells us, in the 'Acts', about the Feast of Pentecost and how it was the 'Birthday' of the Church, the beginning of the fulfilment of the promise, made by Jesus to his Apostles, that he would send the Holy Spirit: "*You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you, and you shall be my witnesses till the end of the world.*" (Acts 1:8.) What a spectacular event that must have been! St. Luke describes it beautifully: "*Suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind and it filled all the house where they were sitting. There appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them and they were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.*" (Acts 2:1-4)

He goes on to say that there were devout Jews, staying in Jerusalem, from every nation, and at this sound they came together and were amazed because, although they were from different parts of the known world, yet they understood what was being said, in their own language – the mighty words of God: "*All were amazed and perplexed, saying to one another: What does this mean? But others, mocking said "They are filled with new wine."*" (Acts 2:12,13.)

But Peter, standing with the eleven, lifted up his voice and addressed them: "*Men of Judea and all who dwell in Jerusalem, let this be known to you and give ear to my*

words. For these men are not drunk, as you suppose, since it is only the third hour of the day, but this is what was spoken by the prophet Joel: "And in the last days it shall be, God declares, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy. And your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams, and on my menservants and my maidservants in those days I will pour out my Spirit and they shall prophesy. And I shall show wonders in the heavens above and signs on the earth beneath." (Acts 2:14-29)

At the end of his speech, they wanted to know how they could become followers of Jesus so Peter told them to be baptised in the name of Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of sins, and then they would receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.

Pentecost marks a very real growth in the spiritual formation of the apostles. This transformation was especially obvious in the case of Peter. Before Pentecost, Christ was beside him and very near to him. After Pentecost, Christ was in him and worked on him from within. Before Pentecost, Peter loved Christ with the passion and instability of human love, but this love was not going to save him from the fear of persecution and from denying his Lord. After Pentecost, Christ is in Peter and Peter can no longer remain silent and keep the Gospel to himself; he was able to write, later, in a letter: "If you are reproached in the name of Christ, you are blessed because the spirit of glory and of God rests upon you." (1. Peter iv, 14)

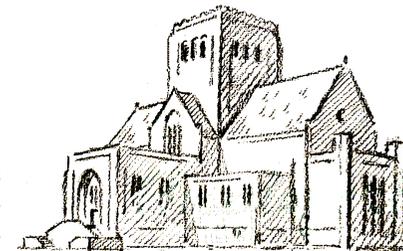
The transformation seen in St Peter is true of all the Apostles, in our first martyr, Stephen, and above all in St. Paul, and in all those who have followed in their footsteps and brought the 'Faith' into our present century. God is faithful, but our faithfulness is always in doubt, because of our frailty. While we grow out of our unfaithfulness into a greater faithfulness, it is only in death that this faithfulness will be complete. In the meantime, our steps are guided by the Holy Spirit, just as were those of Abraham, Mary and the Apostles.

Every day at every Mass, the Holy Spirit comes down on the bread and wine, changes them into the Body and Blood of Christ, changing us, too, into him. It is the whole life-giving, life-changing presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church, and in our lives, that we remember and give thanks – for with the Holy Spirit in the Church – and in our lives, we are capable of doing what would otherwise be impossible.

**Father Theo**

Comę, Holy Spirit, give to the rich, compassion for the poor, give to the strong, understanding for the weak; give to the Saints, forgiveness for the sinners; give to the healthy, sympathy for the sick; give to the leaders, respect for the rest; give to us all, what is for our best. Amen.

## LADIES' RETREAT AT AMPLEFORTH (7<sup>th</sup> – 9<sup>th</sup> May 2010)



Ampleforth Abbey Church by  
Fr. Martin Haigh O.S.B.

There were sixteen ladies going, sharing cars. Some like to travel straight there, others break the journey and stop off at Skipton, where they have lunch, and then a short browse round the market, arriving at Ampleforth in time for afternoon tea - can't be bad! Whilst we were having tea, Father Martin came along and joined us, apologising for not being able to lead our retreat as he hadn't been feeling very well. It was lovely to see him again, and the ladies had an opportunity to have a chat with him.

The Retreat started in earnest with a 'Welcome and Introduction' given by Fr. Christopher, followed by Vespers in the Monk's Choir, after which, supper was served in the Lower Guest Refectory – a big improvement as there were no steps to climb; previously we had had to climb to the first floor, when the meals were served in the Upper Dining Room. After Supper, we then attended the Schola Mass – the highlight of the weekend. Listening to the Choir, especially the young voices was, and always is, most enjoyable. After Mass, it is usual to have a little chat, then make for the kitchen, if we want a cup of tea before going to bed.

Saturday morning, was an early start, for those wishing to attend Matins at 6.00 am, followed by Lauds at 7.30 am. There is no compulsion to attend these early services. Some ladies come down just for Lauds, and then breakfast is at 8.00 am. After breakfast, we have a talk, followed by a coffee break at 10.30, another talk, and then Mass at 12 noon. Lunch follows at 1.15 pm and then the afternoon is free time. This allows one to either have a rest, or go for a walk. Some like to take a trip into the small market town of Helmsley, where there is usually a Craft Fair, browsing around the village, shops and so on.

We ladies really enjoy our weekend at Ampleforth, as it gives us a chance to 'switch off' and get away from our usual routine. We enjoy the talks and the discussions which follow. The meals are very good, especially the home-made cakes and scones, served with our morning coffee and afternoon tea. If any ladies would like to join us next year, the weekend is usually in May and the exact date will be advertised in the Church Bulletin, early in the New Year. For those who do not drive, transport can usually be arranged. We look forward to seeing you then.

(A photograph of this year's group can be seen on display in the Narthex)

**Kate Jordan**

## A GOLDEN PRAYER

**BLESSED** are they who bring back memories of yesterday.

**BLESSED** are they who understand my faltering steps and shaky hand.

**BLESSED** are they who know that my ears today  
must strain to catch the things they say.

**BLESSED** are they who seem to know that my eyes are  
dim and wits are slow.

**BLESSED** are they who looked away when the cup  
spilled at my table today.

**BLESSED** are they with a cheery smile who stop  
to chat for a little while.

**BLESSED** are they who never say "You've told that story twice today"

**BLESSED** are they who make it known that I am loved,  
respected and not alone.

**BLESSED** are they who know I am at a loss to find the  
strength to carry my cross.

**BLESSED** are they who, in loving ways, ease the days on my journey home.

*(St. Patrick's, 20, Beauchamp Road, East Molesey, Surrey)*

### SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL

At the Seattle Special Olympics, nine disabled contestants assembled at the starting line for the 100 metres sprint. At the gun they all started running - except one boy who stumbled on the asphalt and began to cry. The other eight heard him. They all turned around and went back. One girl, with Down's Syndrome, bent down and kissed him and said: "This will make you feel better". Then all nine linked arms together and walked to the finishing line. The whole stadium cheered for ten minutes - deep down, everyone realised they had witnessed something very special.

*(Sent in by Kate Jordan)*

## THE YEAR OF THE PRIEST – THE FINAL TALKS

**M**arch 25<sup>th</sup>, the Feast of the Annunciation, was extremely warm as I prepared to leave my hotel in Lanzarote. It was on this morning, and at home in Leyland, that **Father Paul** was about to embark on his talk concerning his 'Journey Into The Priesthood'. I would have liked to have been there. I gathered from comments made during his sermons that he had been guided and encouraged by Father Stephen to become a monk priest of the Order of St. Benedict. Paul thought he wasn't worthy, or clever enough. I think time has proved otherwise.

Previously, I had been present at the talks given by **Father Jonathan** (January) and **Sister Mary Feare** (February) and I was determined not to miss the talks by **Sisters Pauline and Veronica**, and the one by **Bishop Ambrose**.

**Sister Pauline** is a 'Leylander'. She attended St. Mary's All Age School, on Golden Hill Lane, for a short time, before moving on to the newly opened St. Catherine's. It is possible we were in the same class, for a short time, at St. Mary's. The cousin of a friend, Tony Lever, was also in my class. Pauline, Tony and I, went to grammar school in Preston and it is likely that we travelled on the same 'bus, to and from school. Tony's sister, Patricia, taught at St. Mary's Junior School at the same time as myself, so I heard something about Pauline, and by all accounts, she was a 'tom-boy' in her younger days, with nothing to indicate her future role as a 'religious', but there was a significance about her family background – a loving family atmosphere, as an only child, even though her father was absent on war duty during her formative years. When she announced her intention of contemplating a religious life, one uncle commented that he 'would give her ten weeks before she returned home'. That 'ten weeks' turned into a life-time. Pauline became a qualified teacher whilst a sister of the Order of Our Lady of the Missions, and spent a considerable time in Kenya, continuing her profession as a teacher.

On returning from Kenya, she worked in education before being given permission to return to Leyland to look after her elderly parents, Sylvester and Mary McDonald. After her father's death, her mother's health deteriorated and Pauline continued to care for her, at home, until she was moved to Broadfield House. There, Pauline would visit and help with her daily needs. Sadly, Mary died in July. It is fitting to note that five priests concelebrated Mary's funeral, as a mark of respect for Mary's work in the Parish, and for the Benedictine Community. What better example could a child have had? Sister Pauline continues to help in the Parish, and is based at Moss Lane Convent.

The next talk was given by **Sister Veronica**. Hers was quite a different route to the religious life. She was educated by nuns, but decided to pursue a career as a nurse. On qualifying, her intention was to work in foreign lands with a nursing

colleague. However, God intervened, and Veronica was increasingly drawn towards a religious vocation. I suppose it was inevitable that, given her desire to work abroad, the joining of a missionary order – the Franciscan Missionaries of St. Joseph – was a must. Her father's only regret was that she decided to join an 'English' order, rather than an 'Irish' community. Commenting on the fact that her mother had died when she was young, Veronica went on to reveal a varied career in nursing and social welfare, with high levels of responsibility. Her only regret was that she never had the opportunity to work abroad as a missionary.

Like Sisters Pauline and Veronica, **Bishop Ambrose** had harboured no desire to join a religious order in his younger days. He came from a family of converts from the Church of England, and of which several family members were vicars. He revealed, however, that as a child, he had an 'altar set' which he and his brother used when playing at being priests. *(This reminded me of my brother and I, using a wooden bowl as a chalice and broken 'cream crackers' as 'hosts'. Little did I realise that 30 years later I would become a Eucharistic Minister at St. Bede's, Clayton Green.)* Ambrose was educated at Ampleforth and obviously the monks' example and influence must have 'rubbed off', but not sufficiently to make an early commitment. This came later, during his final years at Oxford University, when he had lodgings at the Benedictine Hall of St. Benet. His intended lodging places were withdrawn at the last minute due to varying unexpected events. No doubt, God was working in his mysterious ways, once again.

He decided to join the Order, and joined the novitiate at Ampleforth. There he began teaching at the school and undertaking a variety of tasks, including Master of Ceremonies; later, in this role, he was present at the opening of our church in 1964. Although he worked in all the School Houses, he had one regret, in that he was never appointed House Master. To his surprise, he was elected Abbot in 1976. He served an eight years term as Abbot, was not re-elected, and then the new Abbot, without consultation, appointed him Parish Priest at St. Mary's, Leyland. This came as another shock, as he had never previously worked in a parish, and had no pastoral experience. As in his previous roles, he quickly adapted, discharged his role with great success, so much so, that he was then asked by the Pope, through Archbishop Worlock, to take on the duties of Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. Obediently, he became a 'Geordie', staying in post for 12 years, before retirement in 2004; he then opted to return to Leyland, where he had previously gained so much pastoral experience.

**What came out from the talks was that all had had a very strong religious commitment, influenced by parents. With the experience of a practising family background and the exemplification of good role models, it is certain, I am sure, that one is more open to the call of a religious vocation.**

**Edward Almond**

## THE INFANT OF PRAGUE

I wonder if you – like me – often feel that the longer you live and the more you learn, that this only serves to teach you how little you know? I have known about the 'Infant of Prague' for most of my life – a not insignificant length of time – and yet, when the subject came into my mind the other day, I realised I was living with another 'flowery' thought in my head that had little substance, and even less fact. I also think that ladies, rather than men have much more knowledge – and devotion – to the Child Jesus, through the auspices of this little statue, though this may be just a guess – a feeling – influenced mostly I think by one lady – my mother.



Its early history can be traced back to the year 1628, when a 48 centimetres high, quite exquisite wax statue of the Infant Jesus was brought into Bohemia, (now the Czech Republic), by Princess Polyxena von Lobkowitz, who was then closely connected to the Carmelites. The statue had been a wedding gift from her mother, Maria Manriquez de Lara of Spain, and the statue was afterwards given to the Discalced Carmelites in Prague, capital city of the Czechs. As she presented it to the Order, this pious lady is reported to have said: "Venerable Fathers, I bring you my dearest possession. Honour this image and you shall never want". The statue – the little 'Infant of Prague' – was placed in the Oratory of the Monastery of Our Lady of Victory in Prague, where special devotions to Jesus were offered, twice daily, before it.

It is said that, not long afterwards, the Carmelite novices fell into extreme poverty and professed this in their devotions before the Divine Infant's statue. The Emperor Ferdinand II, of the House of Habsburg, heard of their plight and then gave them 2,000 Florins, and a monthly stipend for their support.

The Thirty Years War brought disturbances to this area of Europe, and in the 1630's, the Saxons and the Swedes took turns to invade Bohemia, and in 1631, the Swedes took possession of Prague's churches. Because of this unrest, the Carmelites fled to safety in Munich. Consequently, the veneration of the Holy Infant came to an end, and it was not until 1638, that a young priest named Fr. Cyril, a priest of the Matre Dei, returned to Prague and found the Holy Infant statue – minus its hands – buried in the ruins of the Lady of Victory Church.

Fr. Cyril cleaned the statue and replaced it in the oratory. While he was praying before the Infant Jesus, he heard the Infant Jesus say, "Have pity on Me and I will have pity on you. Give Me My hands and I will give you peace. The more

you honour Me, the more I will bless you". The repairing of the statue's hand was reportedly a miracle since Fr. Cyril and his friends did not have the financial resources nor the skills necessary to repair it. In prayer, Fr. Cyril asked the Blessed Virgin Mary, on several occasions, to help them find funds to repair the statue and then the 'Infant of Prague' spoke to him again: "Place Me near the entrance of the sacristy and you will receive aid." Fr. Cyril then did what he was told and in a few days time, the statue was fixed by a man who came to the sacristy to offer help.

Once the repair had been effected, it is said that a number of miracles occurred as a result of devotions before the 'Infant' statue and, as word spread, there was a resultant large increase in devotions to the Holy Child. In the 1640's and 50's, a special altar and chapel was built for the Infant Jesus in the church. The crown over the Divine Infant's head came from Bernard Ignatius of the Lords of Martinic, who presented the Infant statue with a little gold crown, set with precious stones and jewels, during a procession in 1651, carrying the Infant Jesus statue from the Lady of Victory Church to other Prague churches.

After that period, Prague went through more wars and unrest, but the church and the Infant Jesus chapel was 'miraculously' protected. In 1776, the altar was rebuilt, using marble, and two huge sculptures of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph were placed to the left and right sides of the altar. The Holy Infant was kept in a glass case, standing on a pedestal engraved with crystals, and surrounding the Infant were twenty angels in gold.

Copies of the Infant Jesus statue were made and distributed throughout European churches. The Spanish colonial efforts later brought the Infant Jesus to the Philippines and to central America, and from then onwards, the devotion has kept spreading to all parts of the world.

**Anon.**

**ALL FOR ME!**

He lived a life so perfect, and the price was high,  
It took a tree His Father made – to pay the price for me.  
He loved the sinner, but not the sin – thank God, for that was ME.  
Could I repay a price like He paid upon that Tree?  
He asked the Father – "Forgive them",  
Was he thinking of me, as the nails secured Him to that Tree?  
What a Price for Me!

**GLORY, GLORY BE.**

**Joe Kealey**

**A LIFE-TIME IN LEYLAND**

For the 1995, summer edition of 'Update', I wrote an article entitled: '*Some of Our Oldest Parishioners*' as part of the celebrations for the 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of our Parish. The criteria for inclusion was being a member of the Parish for 70+ years. Of the eight people profiled, only one is still with us – Joe Burgess, the only male – who celebrated his 99<sup>th</sup> Birthday on May 1<sup>st</sup> this year. Joe is still very much with us, and a regular worshipper at our Saturday Evening, Vigil Mass.

The record for the longest serving member of the Parish must go to Annie Knight, who died shortly before her 100<sup>th</sup> Birthday, in 1995. Annie did not live in Leyland all her life, as she lived in Farington for a short time – well before the opening of St. Catherine's Church.

Earlier this year, on February 28<sup>th</sup>, Winnie Jolly died, aged 98 years, 11 months. She had spent her entire life living in Leyland and had been a member of the Parish throughout this period. She had been a devout and loyal member of the parish community – something of which to be proud – and must hold the record for a life-time in Leyland, coupled with membership of the Parish, at the same time. Joe Burgess and Winnie had been in the same class at St. Mary's School, then on Towngate, and their last meeting was on July 10<sup>th</sup>, last year, at the Mass for the Sick and the Housebound. When they parted, Joe gave Winnie a hug and a kiss.

Winnie's family decided that her last journey should be through the streets of Leyland - streets that she loved and knew so well. Her life story was 'contained' within a mile radius of where she was born. The journey would be through a Leyland that had seen great changes in her life-time – changes covering expansion, growth and decline – in the fields of transport, industry, religious life, education, housing and social activity. I want to take you along the route of that final journey – all of it with precious memories of the past.

On leaving the funeral parlour, the journey began up Church Road, past the site of the old May Field, where Winnie enjoyed the fun and games of the old Leyland May Festival. Canberra Road was once an open space and Winnie knew it as field and the school playing field. She played 'rounders' there for the school team. Golden Hill Lane, where the car park for 'Argos', 'Homebase' and 'Morrisons' is now sited, was once occupied by her father's garage. Winnie worked there for many years, looking after the paper-work, attending to the petrol pumps and repairing bicycles and motor-bikes. During the 1930's and 40's, the garage was the HQ for Leyland Motors Motorcycle Club, of which her father, Walter, was the President. Further along was the former site of the

Leyland & Birmingham Rubber Works. For a short time, Winnie worked there in the office.

Turning the corner into School Lane, we passed the former home of St. Mary's School, for which Winnie assisted in fund-raising activities to pay off the school debt during the 1930's. At the other end of School Lane is Towngate. When Winnie was young, she knew it as Water Street. King Street, now the home of the British Commercial Vehicle Museum, was where Winnie worked during the War period, operating a lathe. Opposite Regent Road, where Leyland Market operated, there was row of 'step' cottages. In one of the cellars her father had a cycle shop. He had his children – Martha, William, Thomas and Winnie – working on an assembly line, producing bicycle wheels. Where Ian Shaw's Eye Centre now stands, there were some old cottages, one of which was a fish and chip shop. Here on April 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1911, Winnie was born. The business became a sweet shop, and the area was known, locally, as 'Jolly Corner'. Not far away is the Probation Office at 107/109, Towngate and it was there that Winnie lived for many years.

On the corner of Towngate and Westgate, where the 'Aldi' store and car park now stand, was the home of St. Mary's All Age School. Winnie was educated there between the ages of 5 and 14. Going down Westgate, we followed the route that Winnie took to go to her first job. It was then a footpath that led on to Corner Lane – now Broadfield Walk – just a short walk to Stanning's Bleach Works, where Winnie worked in the office. Her sister, Martha, and brother, Thomas, were also employed there. Our present church is built on the grounds of the former Stanning estate.

After the final commendation, the journey continued via Fox Lane to Worden Lane, past the Parish Church Hall and the graveyard beyond, where Winnie's sisters, Catherine and Martha, and brother, Thomas, lie buried in the same grave. Turning into St. Mary's Cemetery, we passed the remains of the old St. Mary's Church, where Winnie was baptised, made her First Confession and Holy Communion, and where she was Confirmed. It was there she worshipped for 50 years. Her final resting place is alongside her parents, Mary and Walter Jolly, and her brother, William, with whom she had lived for 83 years. During her long life-time, there had been four monarchs, nine popes, eight archbishops and 12 parish priests.

**Edward Almond**

In the attitude of silence the soul finds the path in a clearer light, and what is elusive and deceptive resolves itself into crystal clearness.

Our life is a long and arduous quest after Truth.

Mahatma Gandhi (1869 - 1948)

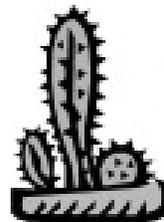
## THE 'CACTUS MAN'

Once upon a time there was a 'Cactus Man' – so named because he bought and sold cacti - who was travelling up the M1 from London with a load of cacti in his saloon car. Suddenly, a thought struck him; I ought to go to Mass this morning. Now this was very odd because he had entirely lost the habit of going to Mass, even on Sundays, and so he dismissed it as a childish memory. However, the thought did not go away, and every time he turned off the radio, it came back to him. At last, he came across a sign to a large city: "Shall I, shan't I, shall I, shan't I?", he said to himself. Then, at the last moment, he turned off onto the slip road.



Soon he found a sign to a Catholic Church, and so he made his way. As he got up to the church door he saw notice saying that Mass that morning was in St. Mary's, off the high street. "That settles it," he said to himself, "I am not going to go on a 'wild goose chase' to find St. Mary's." However, as he was getting into his car, a man came over to him. "I see you were coming to Mass here, so could you take me to St. Mary's?" Suppressing his irritation, the 'Cactus Man' agreed and 'fitted' him into the car – with a huge cactus on his knees. After Mass, the man asked him if would drop him off, on the way back to the M1, and, while they were driving, the man asked: "Perhaps you would like to know why it was so important for me to get to Mass this morning?"

The 'Cactus Man' was a little intrigued by now, and the Mass had 'warmed' his heart. The man went on: "You see, I have a Son, and he was dying of cancer. But, just at that time, our parish was having a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and it was to be led by a countryman of mine – a Polish bishop. However, the hospital said my son could not travel to Lourdes, and so the bishop said that he would have the whole pilgrimage pray for him, at their first Mass, in Lourdes. The hospital said I should take the boy home to die, since there was nothing further they could do for him." He continued: "So I took my boy home; he had not had solid food for weeks. In the morning when the pilgrimage got to Lourdes, he suddenly sat up and asked for a proper breakfast. He is now finishing his degree at the London School of Economics, and so, I have been coming to Mass on this day, every year since, to thank God for my son's recovery.



*(The 'Cactus Man' was Michael Birch of Sutton-under-Whitestone Cliff. The above account was written down, by him, immediately after it happened, and related to Fr. Stephen Wright, O.S.B. in 1998)*



### WHAT A HUG CAN DO!

*It's wondrous what a hug can do,  
A hug can cheer you when you're blue.*

*A hug can say, I love you so,  
Or I hate to see you go.  
A hug is 'Welcome back again!'  
And 'Great to see you!'  
Or 'Where've you been?'*

*A hug can soothe a child's pain,  
And bring a rainbow after rain.*

*The Hug! There's just no doubt about it,  
We scarcely could survive without it.*

*A hug delights and warms and charms.  
It must be why God gave us arms.*

*Hugs are great for fathers and mothers,  
Sweet for sisters, even brothers,*

*And chances are, some favourite aunts  
Love them more than potted plants.*

*Kittens crave them, puppies love them,  
Heads of state are not above them.*

*A hug can break the language barrier,  
And make the dullest day seem merrier.*



*No need to fret about the store of 'em,  
The more you give, the more there are of 'em.*

*So stretch out those arms without delay  
And give someone a hug today!*

**Author Unknown**

### REMEMBERING 'THE YEAR OF THE PRIESTS'

**T**he last year of 'Praying for Priests', ordered by Pope Benedict, is now at an end, but we must continue to pray for them, and for more vocations, for all religious.

Long ago in my Parish of St. Ignatius, Preston, I knew a lovely little Irish lady, Mrs. O'Donnell, who always went to the 6.30 am Mass, daily. (I am speaking of nearly 60 years ago). She would always tell me of her son, Tom, who was studying to become a 'White Father', and would tell me, with that faraway look of love in her eyes, whenever she had received a letter from him. When he was ordained, Father Tom went to Africa, and was only able to come home every few years, but, on those occasions, I remember when he was saying Mass seeing his mother, kneeling at the side altar, serving his Mass – how many prayers she must have said over many years, for 'Our Tom' to become 'Father Tom'!

Do we pray for our sons or daughters to become priests or sisters? I wonder?

**Joe Kealey**

### A SPIRITUAL COMMUNION PRAYER

**S**hall I envy those who walked with You, or spoke with You or prayed with You when You did live among men, or those who heard Your teachings or watched Your healings? Shall I envy the blind who saw You or the lame who walked to You?

O Lord, as surely as they who, knew of Your Presence on Earth, the Presence of Yourself, in the all the tabernacles of the world, shall I envy?



standing face to face with You, do I know and surely believe in Most Holy Sacrament. You are in even for my own sake. Who then

Since I cannot now receive You, Sacramentally, come spiritually into my soul. Though I am not worthy that You should come, sanctify me, for I trust in Your Mercy. Come and make my soul a place of rest, if it be Your Will to rest with me. Lord, so forgotten, know how dearly I long to receive You, for it is You who hast given me this faith and this desire; it is with Your Own Love, I love You. Then accept this Spiritual Communion in reparation for the sorrows we sinners inflict upon You, by our neglect of You. Forgive us our disbelief and increase our faith. O Lord, come into my soul. Amen.

*(Submitted by Kate Jordan – 27 July 2010)*

## BARRY'S LETTERS TO GOD

Little Barry came into the kitchen where his mother was cooking dinner. His birthday was coming up and he thought this was a good time to tell his mother what he wanted: "Mum, I want a bike for my birthday."

Little Barry was a bit of a troublemaker. He had got into trouble at school and at home. Barry's mother asked him if he thought he deserved to get a bike for his birthday. Little Barry, of course, thought he did. Barry's mother, being a Christian woman, wanted him to reflect on his behaviour over the last year, and write a letter to God, and tell him why he deserved a bike for his birthday. Little Barry stomped up the steps to his room and sat down to write God a letter.

*LETTER 1: Dear God, I have been a very good boy this year and I would like a bike for my birthday. I want a red one. Your friend, Barry.*

Barry knew this wasn't true. He had not been a very good boy this year, so he tore up the letter and started again.

*LETTER 2: Dear God, This is your friend Barry. I have been a pretty good boy this year, and I would like a red bike for my birthday. Thank you, Barry.*

Barry knew this wasn't true either. He tore up the letter and started again.

*LETTER 3: Dear God, I have been an OK boy this year and I would really like a red bike for my birthday. Your friend, Barry.*

Barry knew he could not send this letter to God either. Barry was very upset. He went downstairs and told his mother he wanted to go to church. Barry's mother thought her plan had worked because Barry looked very sad. "Just be home in time for dinner," his mother said. Barry walked down the street to the church and up to the altar. He looked around to see if anyone was there. He picked up a statue of the Virgin Mary. He slipped it under his shirt and ran out of the church, down the street, into his house, and up to his room. He shut the door to his room and sat down with a piece of paper and a pen. Barry began to write his letter to God. ... ..



**LETTER 4 : DEAR GOD ... .. I'VE GOT YOUR MUM. IF YOU WANT TO SEE HER AGAIN, SEND THE BIKE!!!**

## ST. MARY'S YOUTH GROUP – REPORT SUMMER 2010



The Youth Group continues to be busy, with up to 30 young people attending for specific events. In the past year, the Youth Group organised a Murder Mystery Night at The Priory Club, to raise funds for the Singo family cause. It was great fun to be involved and we were 'bowled over' by the fantastic response from those in the Parish who supported the event. We organised the Operation Christmas Child Appeal again last October / November and because of the generosity of the people at St Mary's, we managed to send off over 200 shoe boxes, filled with goodies, for children all over the world. Well done to you all!

During Lent, I planned an 'all-night vigil', in Church, thinking that only a handful would be interested. However, 36 young people committed themselves to a night of prayer, creative worship and having fun with their friends. We started the night with prayers, and song, with Father Jonathan – had pizzas delivered at 11.30pm and groups rotated around six work-stations throughout the night – finishing off with bacon butties, before I drove them all home for a well-earned sleep in the morning. It was really hard work, but everyone gained a massive amount as a result.

We have had several trips out including, cinema, bowling, the Lakes, St. Annes, water sports and others. The group have been heavily involved in planning Masses for Youth Sunday and for their own Youth Mass, on a Sunday evening. In May, we had a great day out in Llandudno. It was the 'Victorian Festival' and we parked the minibus right outside Paul Falcone's old house. Paul gave us a 'potted history' of Victorian Times in Llandudno, and his experiences of growing up there. In June, we hosted the Spanish Exchange group and had a Mass, in English and Spanish. This was followed by an evening of games in the garden and a barbecue. Great fun was had by all. We look forward to seeing them again next year.

In the last 12 months, I have been lucky enough to get some funding to allow us to run a couple of residential experiences, at Smelt Mill Residential Centre, near Dunsop Bridge. The first one is on the weekend of 1/3 October, and the second

is on 10/12 December. They should be a great opportunity for the young people to come away, express their spirituality and be part of planning for the future.

It has been very busy 12 months, and one of the major developments that I am proud of, has been the creation of a new 'Senior Member Youth Group'. In addition to the regular Youth Group meetings, every Sunday, we now have a Senior Group, targeted at Year 10 students and above. I have worked with the core group, of around 10 members, in developing more 'ownership' and 'involvement' in the various projects and activities being planned. A couple of examples of this are the young women, from the Youth Group, who committed themselves to the Archdiocesan Youth Pilgrimage to Lourdes, in July. Although it was an expensive trip, they organised several fund raising activities to offset the costs. Many thanks, to all in the Parish, who supported them. They plan to talk to Parishioners and show some slides of their experiences, in Lourdes, at Mass in the early Autumn.

We also have five young people, from the Parish, who have been selected to attend the Archdiocese trip to London, for the Papal Visit, on the weekend of 17/19 September. Whilst I am not involved in the trip, I am sure it will be a 'life-changing' experience for them. Let's hope they get close to Pope Benedict over the weekend. The Senior Youth Group members have been successful in securing funding for a residential trip to London, which I hope to arrange in the late autumn. Leading up to Christmas, we hope to concentrate on a CAFOD Christmas Appeal, instead of the Operation Christmas Child we have been involved in, over the last four years.

My work in developing links with the High School continues. I am heavily involved in the Confirmation Programme each year, and the highlight has been the weekend Retreat to Ampleforth, which has proved to be a truly magical experience for the Confirmation Candidates. I have developed good working relationships with many members of staff at the High School, and I am particularly saddened to see Gemma Boys, our Chaplain, leave this summer to pursue new ventures in her own life. She has made a huge impact during her time at St. Mary's and we will all miss her 'beaming smile' and 'love for everyone and everything'. Good luck Gemma! I look forward to working with the new Chaplain, from September, this year.

Finally, a massive 'thank you' to Paul Falcone and Nichola Atkin, who turn up week upon week, without complaining. Thank you also to Lesley and Father Jonathan who guide and support me, all year round. Whilst on the subject of volunteers – If there are any Parishioners out there who don't mind giving up some of their spare time to come and help out, as a volunteer, please get in touch. You will need to fill a few forms in, and be CRB cleared, but it is a very worthwhile and fulfilling piece of work. The more volunteers we have, the less time commitment it takes for each person. All you need to have is patience, a

sense of humour and be able to relate to young people in a positive way. Interested? Then please contact me.

Many thanks to all of you, out there, who support St. Mary's Youth – it is very much appreciated. God Bless.

**The 'Big Project for 2011' is our plan to visit Madrid for "World Youth Day" 2011.**

I feel that we can run a high quality experience for a group of around 12 young people from our Parish Youth Group, in the age range of 16+. The cost would be approximately £600 per person. Whilst this would appear expensive, compared to the Archdiocese trip for the same event (£1,000) it is reasonably priced.

However, I am conscious that our young people will struggle to afford that amount of money, and so we have begun planning a series of 'fund raising events' to support the St. Mary's Youth Group Pilgrimage to World Youth Day. We will arrange for some members of our Senior Youth Group give a talk at Mass and we will be organising raffles, Murder Night, Parish Meal etc.

The group are even planning to create a music CD, which will be on offer to all, for a £5 donation. Please support us in this venture. **YES** it is ambitious – **YES** it is costly – **YES** it will create memories that will stay with them for their lifetimes – **SO YES**, it is worth the extra effort to make it happen.

If any of you have ideas for raising funds, or have contacts that would be happy to sponsor the group going to World Youth Day, then please get in touch. Tel: 07977249636 or 01772421931.

**Steve Mc Bride  
Parish Youth Worker**

**TWO MEN WENT DUCK-HUNTING WITH THEIR DOGS BUT AFTER A FEW HOURS HADN'T CAUGHT ANYTHING.**

"I know what we're doing wrong!" said the first one.

"What?" said the second?

"It's so simple I can't believe I didn't realise it!" said the first.

"What is it?" repeated the second.

"We're not throwing the dogs high enough!"

**(chris scott's amazing joke book – leyland st. mary's scouts)**

## FAIR TRADE AT LEYLAND ST. MARYS

Fairly traded goods have been available in the Piety Shop for the past several years. There is now an opportunity to see a wider range of goods at the new “First-Sunday-in-the-Month” Fair Trade Stall. The aim of this new monthly stall is to give people an idea of the variety of what is available, to increase awareness and raise funds. The stall will open after 6.00 pm Mass on the Saturday and then after Sunday’s 9.30 am Mass and before 11.00 am Mass, on the weekend of the first Sunday in every month. Any changes will be posted in the Bulletin.



Traidcraft  
Praying Lady

So why support ‘Fair Trade’? It seeks to challenge injustices in trading structures and practices that so often lead to the exploitation and marginalisation of poor people. Fair Trade sets out to:

- create opportunities for poor producers,
- ensure trading practices are fair, both in terms of payment and prices,
- ensure that children are not being exploited,
- ensure there is no discrimination
- ensure working conditions are safe.

All the goods are purchased from Traidcraft, a Christian organisation established in 1979. Their website, [www.traidcraft.co.uk](http://www.traidcraft.co.uk) is a really useful resource for anyone wanting to find out more and there is also an online shop. Alternatively, if anyone would like to order from the catalogue, please contact Angie Bolton, on 07815 148551.

A small selection of goods will continue to be available every week in the Piety Shop. Sales over the last three months have totalled over £300.00, and additional donations enabled us to buy a “gift for life”, to support a start-up business, in beekeeping, in Tanzania.

Angie Bolton

You come of the Lord Adam and the Lady Eve,  
and that is both honour enough  
to erect the head of the poorest beggar,  
and shame enough to bow the shoulders  
of the greatest emperor on earth.

(Aslan, Prince Caspian, C. S. Lewis)

## OUR MODERN MEDIA – FOR GOOD – OR EVIL?

Have you ever noticed that the media we now rely upon, for our news and entertainment, seems to have an unhealthy reliance on horror, crime – especially of the extreme and physically violent types – abuse, torture and all sorts of things pertaining towards evil? Some are denoted as ‘black’ comedies. Can there be anything remotely ‘funny’ about murder in cold blood? I ask again – have you ever noticed this – or is it just me?

Take television, in the first instance, and once you get away from the purely factual documentaries, and often boring reality shows, and into the realms of fictional drama, one is almost always faced with a choice between murder, physical violence of the extreme kinds, abduction, kidnapping, large scale robbery and theft, frauds perpetrated on our ‘brothers and sisters’ in humanity, child abuse and sexual abuse of all kinds – the list goes on, and on, and on. Magazines and newspapers appear to be no better at presenting us with the more positive aspects of human behaviour. I ask myself why?

My own preference – call me old fashioned if you like – is for films and dramas showing the better sides of human nature – those aspects which display qualities aligned to caring and loving, sharing and hoping, thinking of the welfare of partners, families, children and those who share the earth and its gifts with us, gentle humour, good comedy and those aspects which tend to convey happiness and right living, all of which leave the listener / viewer in a more contented and happier frame of mind, and not one where he, or she, is afraid of going to bed, because of the nightmares the night may bring.

But, the choice of such programmes – particularly on television – you will find very limited and often what you might call ‘second rate’. Not so, if you want to watch dramas and films whose subject matter is ‘blood and guts’, evil spirits, vampires, kidnapping and torture, murder of the most heinous and sadistic kinds – the list goes on. There are plenty of programmes depicting such horrors every day of the week. Just take a look at the television schedules for the coming week. But why? Is it because, perhaps, human nature is inclined towards the bad, rather than the good? Do we instinctively take pleasure out of someone else’s misery? Is it alright to be interested always in another’s downfall? Is it all OK so long as it isn’t me? I wonder!

If this is the case – if this is a ‘snapshot’ of our ‘modern’ society, haven’t we strayed an awful far distance from the values the Gospel teaches? But then again, is it just that I am *rather* ‘old fashioned’? I wonder!

Anon.

Old saying: ... .. “You don’t have to blow out someone else’s candle,  
to let your light shine.” ... ..

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

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

Evangeline Maria Devlin Tierney	07/03/10
Eleanor Melody Johns	07/03/10
Owen Jack Johns	07/03/10
Esme Summer Unsworth	07/03/10
James Benedict Tunstall	21/03/10
Jessica Banks	21/03/10
Katherine Louise Brown	28/03/10
Chloe Marie Williamson	04/04/10
Lily Ann Hodges	11/04/10
Alya Harris	01/05/10
Tia Sinead Harris	01/05/10
Alfie James Adlington	02/05/10
Millie Mae James	02/05/10
Marcus Dickinson	04/05/10
Harriet Catherine Neville	09/05/10
Maisy Jane Audrey Scott	09/05/10
Layla Jayne Hodges	30/05/10
Jayden Michael Woods	30/05/10
Joseph William Marquis	06/06/10
Stephanie Shirley Moffatt	06/06/10
Adam Thomas Tucker	13/06/10
Jake David Boothman	20/06/10
Macy Ivy Carol Innes	20/06/10
Jude Lawrence Astley Cooper	27/06/10
Abigail Prescott	04/07/10
Harry Andrew Bluck	11/07/10
Joshua Jake Privett	11/07/10
Brooklyn Louise Jones Cook	18/07/10
Joseph Seaman	18/07/10
Summer Elizabeth Harwood	25/07/10
Jessica Claire Caney	01/08/10
Olivia Rose Campbell	08/08/10
Sean Antony Benjamin Boylan	08/08/10

**Received into Full Communion of the Church:**

Elaine Bounds	07/03/10
Ethel Singo	07/03/10
Mia Prescott	18/04/10
Richard Harris	01/05/10

**Those Joined in Holy Matrimony:**

Stephen William Trafford and Nicola Jayne White	06/03/19
Anthony Richard Waidson and Kathleen Mary Taylor	07/08/10

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

Cyril Schultz	27/03/10
Henry (Harry) Rooney	30/03/10
Mary Masheter	30/03/10
Bernard Turner	05/04/10
Stephen George Bennett	11/04/10
Mary (Marie) Kay	12/04/10
Francis John (Frank) Worthington	21/04/10
Velda Norma Libreri	27/04/10
Kieran Dennis Mannion	29/04/10
Michael Frederick Delaney	14/05/10
George Church	29/05/10
Thomas John Smalley	02/06/10
Dennis Hugh McDonald	03/06/10
Barbara Edmondson	05/06/10
Gerard (Gerry) Naylor	27/06/10
Ann Gibson	10/07/10
Lily (Peggy) Williams	17/07/10
Mary Teresa McDonald	18/07/10
Michael (Mick) Parkinson	22/07/10
William Henry (Bill) Hunt	27/07/10

***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 +++***

**The Sacrament of Confirmation Was Conferred  
14.03.10, By Bishop Tom Williams, on:**

Dylan Agnew	Kirsty Leigh Hardman
Catherine Bernadette Boulton	Sinead Lancaster
Kirsty Boyle	Bethany Langan
Katie Campbell	Jack McGrath
Jonathan Charles Churchill	Hannah Miles
Ashleigh Reanon Clare Jepson	Joshua Samuel Travis
Liam Anthony Duxbury	Katie Sarah Watson
James Thomas Forshaw	Sarah West
Leonie Jade Gore	Leanne Williams

**The Sacrament of Confirmation Was Conferred  
by Father Jonathan, on:**

Richard Harris, Alya Harris, Katherine Louise Brown,  
Elaine Bounds, and Ethel Singo

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

---

**OUR CEMETERY**

In February 2008 a firm from Liverpool carried out a survey of the headstones on the instructions of the Archdiocese. As reported in the 'Update' of Pentecost 2008, around 100 headstones were deemed to be unsafe and were marked as such. Although many of the headstones were fixed, some were not, and these still require attention.

We have since been informed that a further inspection was required. To save expense, we decided to carry out our own survey, and this was carried out in July. In our opinion, approximately 30 headstones still require attention.

It has been proposed that, should any of the headstones still require to be fixed by the beginning of next year, (January 2011), then the headstones will be laid down flat on the ground. We realise that this is rather drastic action, but, in the circumstances, it is necessary as we understand that accidents have occurred in other cemeteries, and these have resulted in large claims for compensation. In future, new headstones will be placed on the concrete slab provided and, hopefully, this will prevent any problems occurring. Thank you to all those who help in the graveyard both weekly and annually. New volunteers are always welcome – no previous experience needed – just a desire to help.



NOTE: Gravestones are the property of the families owning the graves, so we would urge all parishioners to go to the cemetery and check the state of their family grave. If action is needed, you should contact your stonemason and ensure that the gravestone is properly fixed.



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

**By Frank Harrison**

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



**Jailbird, and then 'BANG!' ... ...**

When we arrived at the police station, a large building in the centre of the town, there was some 'jabbering' amongst the Police; I suppose they didn't quite know what to do with me, but eventually. I was arrested and then marched down steps into the 'bowels' of the building. Then, I found myself in a small cell, with a bunk bed, and a tiny light high in a corner. While I was looking at this, it went out. I was alone, in the darkness. *"The things I do for England,"* I muttered – a mantra that I had used since I was a boy. I was tired; it had been a long day – first the walk into Plauen, then the day's work trying to bring some order to the battered railway lines, then the walk back to camp, then the upset of the aborted meeting with the French, and finally, the second walk from the camp into Plauen. I found my way onto the bunk; this was hard, but in the past five years, how often had I enjoyed a soft bed – how often, indeed, had I enjoyed a bed? I was asleep in no time.

I was awakened by voices. At first, in a kind of trance at finding myself in a strange bed, and without the usual chorus of snores for night time company, I thought that I was hallucinating. I could hear children's voices – subdued, quiet. How could children be down here. Then the 'penny dropped'; I wasn't dreaming – children were in the cell next door – special children – favoured children. These were the children of the policemen, taking shelter in the safest place in Plauen, the prison cells. Now, all was quiet, once more. I turned over, then back again, and again. Eventually I must have 'dropped off'. **The next awakening was rough and rude, as I was thrown out of my bunk and onto the floor. Almost simultaneously, the cell was filled with a roar – and then with dust. I could not see it, but it was in my throat. I could taste it. While I was spitting it out, there came another roar, as loud and immediate as the Glasgow, train rushing non-stop through Preston's Platform 6.** More dust – and children wailing now, then I was up and hammering on the door. Momentary panic seized me. The thought of being locked in, while more bombs followed the first two, terrified me. I pounded on the door – and the wall. Nothing! Then, I heard voices out in the corridor, children

crying, women weeping. Still, I hammered and shouted, till the dust choked my throat. Then I fell silent. I felt my way to the door, put my face against it and prayed for company, with encouragement from the continuous thunder and the shaking of the cell.

After what seemed an age, I felt, rather than heard, a key turning in the lock. The door swung open. A policeman stood there. "*Komme si mit*", he ordered. I stepped into the corridor. It seemed to be crowded with women and children. They were weeping – some of them hysterical. And then I saw that there were tears running down the policeman's face. I think they were all in deep shock. I followed the policeman back up the stairs – stairs that I had come down only hours before. We walked out into the early morning, but there was smoke everywhere, taking us back into 'darkness', and its stench was overpowering. **We climbed over rubble – mountains of it – chunks of wall, pieces of a desk, possibly the one I had stood in front of the night before. I sat on the remains of a brick wall. What now? Everywhere there was death and desolation and I was trying to work out what I should do – there was work to be done – but my head wanted no part of anything.** I just sat there and let time pass. Then I heard a sound that I knew so well – marching feet. I looked up and I saw wonderful faces – familiar faces. I saw Butch, and Cliff, and George Parker coming towards me. I got up and came down off the rubble and joined them as they came up to me. "*There's always some b.....y trouble where you go, Harrison,*" somebody said, but nobody laughed. We continued on, down what had been a street, to where a few 'Volkstürmers' were trying to bring order, to a world that had forgotten Germany's reputation for order, and we joined them in their desperate work.

*(Years later, while on our way to Cornwall, we stopped off at Bristol to see my friend Cliff Bryant, and his family, who was with us on that day. We did a little reminiscing and Cliff 'touched' on that meeting: "When you came down off that heap of rubbish, I didn't recognize you." "Why not?" I asked him. "Your face was green." That is why, when at last, I could bring myself to make a painting of that bombing, I gave the two POW's, who feature in it, green faces, but that is to get ahead of myself, again.)*

To go back to that morning, and **for the rest of that day, we became automatons, digging the dead, and remains of the dead, out of the shambles that Plauen had become, in so short a time.** We laid bodies wherever we could find space. Then we searched them, pockets and purses – where these still existed! What papers, or photographs, we could find, we pinned to the outside of each sack – one body to a sack. Twice I took a turn at dragging the cart – which was all that we had – up the hill to the crematorium. There, we took a sack at a time, handed the photographs or documents to an official - a real 'Dickensian' figure – fat, wearing spectacles, whose circles of glass were as thick as bottle bottoms – perched on a high stool, at a school desk, and scribing into a huge ledger. He took them,

examined them, scribbled the relevant information and putting the papers inside the drawer of the desk, indicated to us to carry the sack into the main room. The floor there was nearly covered, and to knee height, with the dead, waiting their turn for cremation. We emptied out the sack, then went back to the cart for another sack. I still remember – so long after – the lightness of my being, a dizziness that followed me out of the crematorium and on to the street. **Everything was so unreal. So unreal! It did not help that it was my kinsmen who, in trying to defeat the enemy, had done this.**

Nor was our day yet over. In the evening, we had to go somewhere – I forget where, or why – but as our train approached Plauen, it came to a sudden halt. We heard the guns of an aeroplane – short bursts, like somebody ripping a blanket. Next moment, we were on the lines and running. I never saw the plane – a single fighter photographing the damage – I decided later, and having a go at our train's engine. **It was my last bit of real war – that plane – and I never even saw it.** When we crossed the bridge and came to our building, we saw, instantly, that changes had taken place while we were away. All the trees that, formerly, lined its single street, had been felled, and even as we watched, German soldiers from some 'Death's Head' outfit, were dragging them across the road to form a barrier. We hurried inside. **This was what we had feared – these men of some 'diehard outfit' were getting ready to make a last stand – with us in the middle of it.** We were 'dog-tired', but our apprehension kept us from our beds. Yet nothing happened; this unit went about its work as though we did not exist; eventually we gave in, and sought our bunks.

Next morning we woke to a surprise. The early risers came running back from the wash-house. "***They've gone! They've beggered off!***"

*(We hope to continue Frank's W.W.II. memoirs in the Christmas edition of 'Update'. Do not miss our author's first taste of freedom from captivity, how he and his comrades 'wrap' things up in Germany and prepare to come home – home to 'Good Old Blighty'.)*

#### **The Way to Peace ...**

... A sacrifice to be real must cost, must hurt, must empty ourselves. The fruit of silence is prayer, the fruit of prayer is faith, the fruit of faith is love, the fruit of love is service, the fruit of service is peace. **(Mother Teresa)**

... To attain inner peace you must actually give your life, not just your possessions. When you at last give your life - bringing into alignment your beliefs and the way you live, then, and only then, can you begin to find inner peace. The way of peace is the way of love. Love is the greatest power on earth. It conquers all things. **(Peace Pilgrim)**

# ~~~ 'Bits' and 'Bobs' ~~~

What's the difference between a coyote and a flea?  
One howls on the prairie, the other prowls on the hairy!

BRITISH SUMMERTIME ! ...



## A COUPLE OF RIDDLES

I am the beginning of sorrow, and the end of sickness. You cannot express happiness without me, yet I am in the midst of crosses. I am always in risk, yet never in danger. You may find me in the sun, but I am never out of darkness?

A cloud was my mother, the wind is my father, my son is the cool stream, and my daughter is the fruit of the land. A rainbow is my bed, the earth my final resting place, and I'm the torment of man. What am I?

(Answers Inside Rear Cover)

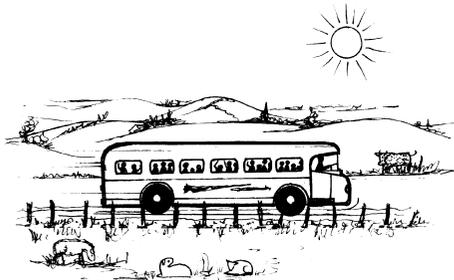


## Quick Quiz: (Answers Inside Rear Cover)

- 1) Which family of plants does garlic belong to?
- 2) How many people are portrayed in Da Vinci's the 'Last Supper'?
- 3) How many seconds are there in a quarter of an hour?
- 4) What is the more common name for Nitrous Oxide?
- 5) Where did the flag-pole in front of the Anfield Stadium come from?
- 6) What kind of creature is a cabbage white?
- 7) Which metal is the main constituent of pewter?
- 8) The city 'River of January' – better know as?
- 9) Katherine Hepburn played a missionary in this Oscar winning film?
- 10) What did the lion ask of the 'Wizard of oz'?

## Church Notices:

~~~~~



This evening at 7.00 pm there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the church. Bring a blanket and be prepared to sin.

The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water.' The sermon tonight: 'Searching for Jesus.'

## YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING OLD WHEN.....

- Your idea of weight lifting is standing up
- The twinkle in your eye is only the reflection of the sun on your bifocals
- You get two invitations to go out on the same night, and you pick the one that gets you home the earliest
- You give up all your bad habits and you still don't feel good
- Travelling to see historical sites isn't as much fun when many of the sites are younger than you are
- Your new easy chair has more options than your car
- Conversations with people your own age often become a duel of ailments
- Many of your co-workers were born the same year that you got your last promotion
- All of your favourite movies are now re-released in colour
- It takes longer to rest than it did to get tired. You have more patience; but actually, it's just that you don't care any more
- You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going
- You confuse having a clear conscience with having a bad memory
- Every time you suck in your tummy, your ankles swell
- People no longer view you as a hypochondriac
- When you don't care where your spouse goes, just as long as you don't have to go along

**Author Unknown**

## From the Desk of Jack Derbyshire (R.I.P.) ... ..

The person who views the world at 40, the same as they did at 20  
has wasted 20 years of their life.

Did you hear about the fight in the biscuit tin? The 'Bandit' hit the 'Penguin' over the head with a 'Club', tied him to a 'Wagon Wheel' with a 'Blue Ribbon' and made his breakaway in a 'Taxi'

**Editorial:** Thus far, 2010 has brought us an 'inconclusive' General Election, our World Cup bid fiasco, failure to follow Fred Perry's lead at Wimbledon, a hose-pipe ban followed by a summer of rain (at least in the north-west) – how controversial are each of these? And controversy, in some quarters, surrounds the Pope's coming visit to UK, in September. In this regard, we hope fears will prove unfounded and, rather, that 'heart will speak unto heart'. Amongst all of this, 'Update' seeks not to hit the headlines, but to follow its traditions of mixing diverse material, the serious and pious, the humorous and less than pious, 'prickly' items, 'touching' items, all underscored by an ability to have a laugh at ourselves, and woven together to form a harmonious and rather unique parish magazine – it never fails, and hasn't in this issue! Thank God for all that! And thank you, very much, to all those who help 'Update' to maintain its integrity – authors, contributors, proof-readers, formatters, printers, collators and distributors – all are so important to the overall process and success. 'Update' could not survive without you! And many thanks, also, to all our readers – the exercise would be pointless without you! Happy holidays to you all.

The Editor

~~~~~  
 Lord Soper was preaching at 'Speaker's Corner' in London, when a heckler shouted: "And what about flying saucers?"

"I can't deal with your domestic problems at the moment," replied Lord Soper, and carried on preaching.

~~~~~

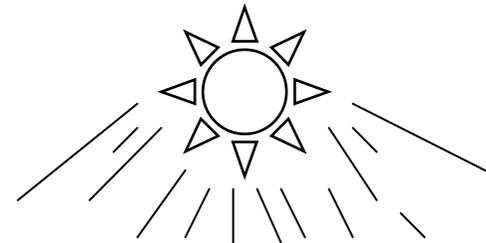
**Answers to 'Bits' & 'Bobs' (page 27) :**

**Riddles:** the letter 'S' and 'Rain'

**Quick Quiz:**

- 1) The lily
- 2) 13
- 3) 900
- 4) Laughing Gas
- 5) The top mast of 19th century ship – SS Great Eastern
- 6) A Butterfly
- 7) Tin – 91%
- 8) Rio de Janeiro
- 9) The African Queen
- 10) Courage

**Make a note of the date in your diary! Support your Parish!**



The Parish of St. Mary's, Leyland  
**GARDEN PARTY**

Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> September 2010  
 (Times to be Announced)

|                      |                          |                          |
|----------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Ice-cream Stall      | Dancing Exhibition       | Play your cards          |
| Book & Piety Shop    | Jewellery & Craft Stalls | Chocolate Tombola        |
| White Elephant stall | Folk Group & School Band | Hospitality Refreshments |

**Bring the children & grandchildren and enjoy an afternoon of family fun & entertainment**