

ST. MARY'S LEYLAND

Update

Issue No. 76

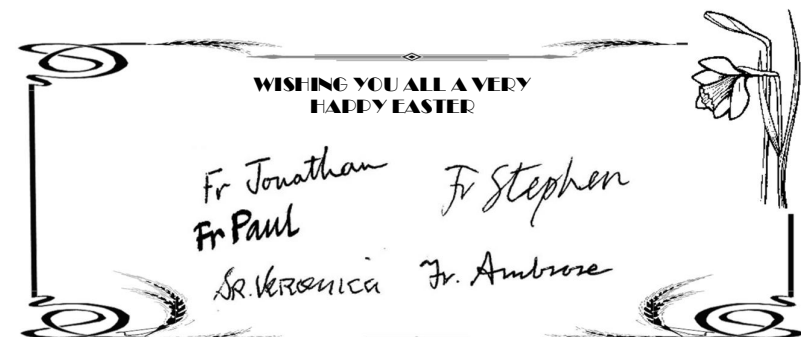


EASTER 2011

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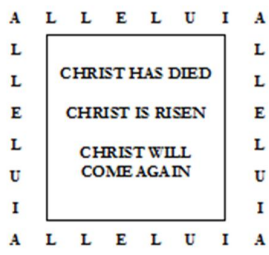
FATHER JONATHAN'S INTRODUCTION

Two Creations! In the first creation God created the whole universe, and everything in it, out of nothing. Nothing.... it is hard to imagine what that is about – I mean how do you picture nothing? However, as an idea, it may be our minds and hearts can grasp it as a concept, even if it is beyond our imagination. The latest scientific theory explains this by means of a 'Big Bang' that took place 13.7 billion years ago, and I know learned Christian astronomers, with a firm faith in God as creator, who see no difficulty in that theory. Personally, as a working hypothesis, I agree with this explanation.

But, what about the second Creation – a new Creation? That too happens out of 'nothing', in the sense that there is nothing created, that could have caused what actually happened. The laws of nature were completely changed. Jesus rose from the dead, and, in essence, this means that the whole of creation – everything – has been made new. In the 'Creed' we recite the words: "... through him all things were made...by the power of the Holy Spirit he became incarnate..." and that bit of creation, that was his human body, is now in a new state of existence. Creation is all united; it began as one – and may be expanding at a rate we cannot imagine – but basically it is all one, inter-connected, not disjointed. So Jesus is no longer subject to the whole of creation, controlled by its laws; rather creation is 'encompassed' in him; he is the

Lord of all creation, Lord of Lords, King of Kings, something further exemplified by the words taken from Revelation: "Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away..." (Rev 21; 1)

The wonderful thing about this is that we – all of us – are with Jesus as part of this 'New Creation'. In the garden where the tomb was – reminiscent of the Garden of Eden, the 'Old Creation' – Jesus spoke



to Mary Magdalene: "Do not hold on to me, because I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and say to them, 'I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'" (John 20; 17). St. Paul

insists in his letters that Christ is "in us" and we are "in him". Furthermore, Jesus said, "Abide in me as I abide in you" (John 15; 4) and so we must be a part of where Christ is, risen in the new creation. That said, it brings about a need to see, and think, and act in a different way. Thus, when a stranger knocks on the Priory door we should think; "That is Jesus at the door," and Jesus always identifies with those in need. The article, in this 'Update' on the Newman Fund, is a response, as a community, to the new creation.

No wonder, at Easter, we sing the 'Exultet' "O happy fault, O necessary sin of Adam, which gained for us so great a Redeemer!"

A Happy Easter To Everyone.

LENT - 2011 "COME BACK TO ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART".

"I hate Lent" Those words come back to haunt me when I think about how I felt in my childhood about Lent, as it seemed then to be a time for giving up the things you enjoyed, and even the Church seemed to have that attitude ó no flowers on the altar, no 'Gloria' said, or sung at Mass, endless purple vestments on Sundays and most other days; even the statues of the saints were covered in purple and out of sight!

I remember one young person in my primary school ó who gave up sweets alright ó but kept them in a tin, and planned to eat them all on Easter Sunday! I think, in those days, there was a somewhat one-sided approach to Lent and the main aim seemed to be to show our love for God, in a negative way, rather than a positive way. Now, the emphasis seems to be much more positive, by *doing things* for God and people, and, in the process, giving our time and the money that would otherwise be spent on things we enjoy, as a donation to people in need. In other words the Lent of today is urging us to examine our relationship with God, and each other, and to see in what way it can be improved.

Delia Smith in her book: "A Feast for Lent" says this: "Ash Wednesday is the time for the drifting, wandering people of God to turn back, to re-commit themselves to this relationship in a deeper way: 'Come back to me with all your heart'."

The **Sundays of Lent** give us an outline of the main events of Jesus' Public Life, beginning with an account of his temptations in the desert with a Collect (The Opening Prayer), to match: "Father help us to understand the meaning of your Son's death and resurrection and teach us to reflect it in our lives." The second Sunday tells us the story of Jesus' Transfiguration in the presence of his three special Apostles ó Peter, James and John; there they heard the Father say: "This is my Son, the beloved, he enjoys my favour, listen to him." In the Gospel for the 3rd Sunday we hear the story of the Samaritan woman who became Jesus' disciple because he listened to her. In the Collect we pray: "Father, you have taught us to overcome our sins by prayer, fasting and works of mercy. When we are discouraged by our weakness, give us confidence in your love." The 4th Sunday tells us the story of how Jesus cured the man born blind and how he stood up for Jesus against the Pharisees, and became a disciple. In the Collect we pray: "Let us hasten toward Easter with the eagerness of faith and love." The 5th Sunday tells us the story of the raising of Lazarus: Jesus said: "Unbind him and let him go free!". In the Collect we pray: "Help us to be like Christ, inspire us by his love and guide us by his example."

On **Passion Sunday – Palm Sunday** ó we have the chance to celebrate first, Jesus' triumphant entry into Jerusalem by receiving, and then holding our palms, during the Gospel account, and later hearing the reading of St. Matthew's Passion. In the Collect we pray: "Father, you have given the human race

Jesus Christ our Saviour as a model of humility. He fulfilled your will by becoming man and giving his life on the cross. Help us to bear witness to you by following his example of suffering and make us worthy to share in his resurrection."

The **Easter Triduum** consists of **Holy Thursday**, in which we recall the last Supper, and the **Washing of the Feet** which takes place after the Gospel. The Mass is a celebration of God's gift of the Eucharist as we hear in the **Collect**: *"God our Father we are gathered here to share in the supper which your Son left to his Church to reveal his love."* At the end of the Mass, the Blessed Sacrament is carried, in procession, to the **Altar of Repose** and people are encouraged to watch and pray. **Good Friday** begins with the reading of St. John's Passion, followed by the Intercessions, the Veneration of the Cross, and Holy Communion.

After the Good Friday ceremonies the altar is stripped and left bare until **Holy Saturday** night. We then celebrate the **Easter Vigil** with the **Service of Light** beginning with the blessed **Fire** from which is taken a flame to light the **Paschal Candle** and then one of the ministers sings the **Exultet** and carries the **Paschal Candle** from the back of the Church to its stand in front of the altar. This is followed by The Liturgy of the Word, the Renewal of Baptismal Promises and the first Easter Mass with all the joy of white vestments, of music and singing, to mark the celebration of Jesus' Resurrection.

"God our Father, by Raising Christ your Son you conquered the power of death and opened for us the way to eternal life. Let our celebrations today raise us up and renew our lives by the Spirit that is within us."

Father Theo

ROSARY SAVES SOLDIER FROM BLAST
—Just like his Great-Grandfather

A soldier who stepped on a landmine in Afghanistan may owe his life to a rosary – just as his great-grandfather did in the Second World War. Guardsman Glenn Hockton, 19, who was on tour with the Coldstream Guards in Helmand, bent down to pick up his rosary and realised he was on a landmine. Guardsman Hockton had to remain standing still on the mine for 45 minutes while his colleagues rescued him. His mother, Sheri Jones, from Tye Green, Essex, said Guardsman Hockton's great-grandfather, Joseph Sunny Truman, was the only one to survive, in his group, when he bent down to pick up his rosary as a bomb exploded.



(Daily Telegraph – August 3, 2010, submitted by a Parishioner)

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU CAN KEEP AFTER GIVING IT TO SOMEONE ELSE? YOUR WORD.

A VISIT TO RUE DU BAC, 140, PARIS

A friend of mine from the Northeast was cycling to Lourdes, to raise money for charity, when he misjudged the date and arrived in Paris on the evening when France was playing Brazil, in the World Cup final! He had a most nerve-racking, dangerous journey into the city, in the midst of increasingly riotous crowds, only to find he could not stay where he expected. But, he was well equipped and resourceful; he took refuge under an arch, where an American TV producer found him on his way home, in the early hours, after a late night party. Without hesitation, he took both him and his bicycle into his beautifully appointed apartment. Next morning, after giving him breakfast, he showed him everything he might need, and gave him a bunch of keys before going to work. My friend was absolutely staggered because, to go off to work and leave him, a perfect stranger, in sole possession of everything he possessed, seemed almost beyond belief. But it was not the only event that he would never forget.

As it was still raining heavily, he had a good rest until lunch, and then went out for a walk when the rain had stopped. He found his way to the Rue du Bac, a street whose name will be remembered forever, because of the wonderful happenings there, in 1830, when Our Lady appeared to a young nun, Catherine Labouré. In her first vision, Our Lady sat on a chair which is preserved in the sanctuary of the church; and in a second vision Our Lady gave the nun the details for the design of a medal, which would become known as the **Miraculous Medal** because of the many graces received, especially by those who wear it, with great trust in Jesus and his blessed Mother. The nun avoided all publicity, and lived a simple poor and the sick. She is now venerated as St. Catherine Labouré, and her body was found to be fresh, supple and totally incorrupt, when it was exhumed, after 57 years in the grave. It is now preserved in a glass case under a side altar in the church.



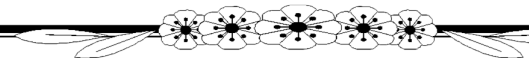
On the day my friend visited he was the only visitor, instead of the usual crowds, because of the chaos in Paris, following the match and many riotous celebrations. He went into the shop to buy some Miraculous Medals, and the little nun there told him this story. Exactly one year before (that would be in 1997), a little girl in Brazil was found to have a tumour growing inside her skull. All the treatment she had received had been of no avail. The doctors told the child's mother that the tumour was too large to be removed. An operation would prove to be fatal. The child was beyond medical help. The mother was distraught as, day after day, she watched her little daughter deteriorate.

It was at this time that the mother suddenly felt a great urge to bring her

daughter to Rue du Bac. This was a very expensive and exhausting task, yet despite all the set-backs and difficulties, the mother managed to get her daughter to Paris, and into the church at Rue du Bac. They knelt together at the altar, before the mother helped the little girl to her feet, and told her to go and place her hands on the chair. As the little girl tottered forward, a nun who had been working on the sanctuary saw what was happening, dashed across, and picked the child up. She told the mother that pilgrims were not allowed to touch the chair, and asked the lady to take her child further back down the church, and pray there. The agitated mother took her child away from the altar. The nun, watchful now, continued her work around the altar and eventually, satisfied that there would be no re-occurrence, went to the sacristy. Immediately, the mother jumped up, and hurried the child to the altar.

“Now quickly”, she said, “put your hands on the chair.” The little girl moved slowly forward and knelt down in front of the chair. *“Put your hands on the chair,”* said her mother, *“Put your hands on the chair.”* The nun attracted by the noise dashed across the altar, picked the child up and escorted her mother to the back of the church where she pointed out exactly what would happen to the chair if people were allowed access to it. The mother was distraught. All her hopes and dreams shattered. All the expense to no avail! She held her daughter sobbing. *“Why didn’t you put your hands on the chair?”* asked her mother. *“You were right there. Why didn’t you do it?”* *“I couldn’t.”* said the little girl. *“What do you mean, you couldn’t do it?”* asked the mother. *“All you had to do was to reach forward.”* *“I couldn’t.”* said the little girl. *“The lady was sitting on the chair.”* *“Which lady?”* asked the mother, *“There was no one there except the nun.”* *“No,”* said the little girl, *“The lady was sitting on the chair. She reached out, put her hands on my head and said, “Go home now. You are well.”* The little girl returned to Brazil fully recovered.

(From Father Ambrose, January 2011)



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

“We must therefore develop a sense of responsibility for each other’s condition, we must see that hurting someone else, or inflicting pain on other people, cannot bring happiness or peace of mind.” (Dalai Lama)

SPY WEDNESDAY

In my younger days, child and adult, I can honestly say that I never heard the expression ‘Spy Wednesday’ and the first time I heard it some few years ago now I remember that I had to ask its meaning from the person who used it in my presence. Perhaps my education was sadly neglected!

Spy Wednesday in Western Christianity is a reference to the Wednesday just before Easter the day on which Judas Iscariot is said to have conspired with the Sanhedrin to betray Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. The event is described in the Gospels of Matthew (26:14-16), Mark (14:10-12) and Luke (22:3-6). In summary, The Sanhedrin was gathered together when a decision was made to kill Jesus, even before the Feast of the Passover, if possible. In the meantime, Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper. Here he was anointed by Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, with very expensive ointment of spikenard. Judas went to the Sanhedrin and offered them his support in exchange for money. From this moment on Judas was looking for an opportunity to betray Jesus.

Also celebrated during the Triduum, ‘Tenebrae’ is a liturgy that used to be celebrated on this day; (tenebrae means darkness). In this service, all of the candles on the altar table are gradually extinguished until the sanctuary is in complete darkness. At the moment of darkness, a loud clash occurred anticipating and dramatically symbolizing the death of Jesus. The ‘strepitus’, as the ‘clash’ was known, was there to symbolize the earthquake that followed Jesus’ death:

“And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent” Matthew (27:51).

Research shows there were some rather unusual customs attached to the day. In Poland, children traditionally hurled an effigy of Judas from the church steeple. It was then dragged through the village, pounded with sticks and stones and what was left of it was drowned in a nearby pond or river. In the Czech Republic, the day is traditionally called ‘Ugly Wednesday’ ‘Soot-Sweeping Wednesday’ or ‘Black Wednesday’ because chimneys used to be swept on this day, that they should be clean for Easter; in Malta, the day was known as ‘Drums Wednesday’ because, in the past, children went to the parish church and drummed on the chairs to make the sound of thunderstorms.

Judas, we know, betrayed Jesus and brought about His passion and death a death that, ultimately, brought about the means of our redemption and salvation. But, we do we not also bring about Our Lord’s passion and death, by our betrayal or our sinfulness? However, with God’s blessing, may we not fall into despair, as Judas did, and always hoping in God’s mercy, obtain forgiveness by saying ‘Sorry’ for the wrongs we do.

Anon.



BLESSED MARY THERESA LEDOCHOWSKA

As I was coming out of church a while ago, I saw on the floor, a prayer card to Blessed Mary Theresa Ledochowska and, I thought, who on earth is she? Needless to say I picked up the card and thought I may as well take a look. She was born in Austria in 1863, and dedicated her life to God and the missions. In 1894, with the approval of Pope Leo XIII, she founded the Institute of the Sisters of St. Peter Claver, for the African missions, and died in Rome in 1922. She was beatified by Pope Paul VI in 1975.

I thought to myself, there must be more to this woman than this short summary. I began to pray the prayers on the prayer card, and it must be 12 months, or so, since I first read it and always intrigued to know her full story, and so I took myself off to the library, but to no avail; surely, there must be more, somewhere, about her life and then it happened!

I had been to the 11 o'clock Mass, and at the end of Mass, I saw it was very busy with parishioners in the Narthex, and doorway, so I thought and I know, I'll take a look at the book-stall, as I enjoy a good read and whilst it thins out a bit. I was looking along the shelves, and just noticed a few books were also on top of them; I had to look twice at these, as I couldn't believe my eyes and left casually, lying on top, was a book entitled, 'The Servant of God and Mary Theresa Countess Ledochowska' by Valeria Bielek. I felt inside of me what I can only describe as a giddy elation and it was almost as if she, herself, had guided me to come upon her life story and a story that I had wanted to learn about for so long, and a great peace came over me.

So thank you for letting me share her story, whoever brought this book into church and it's a library of little treasures.

David Prescott

THE NEWMAN FUND

Vincent Nichols, Archbishop of Westminster, in preparation for the visit of Pope Benedict XVI, wrote:

'He will encourage us in the efforts we are making to be a society, which is compassionate, which is committed to justice, and which is generous to those most in need.'

'There is no doubt that we are entering into a time of economic austerity. At such times, the quality of relationships between all peoples becomes so much more central to our shared well-being. This will be the context in which the Pope speaks to us. He will help us to remember that faith in God, that the Christian faith, is a major factor in creating and sustaining good will, compassion, generosity and the spirit of service to others.'

The Archbishop referred to Cardinal John Newman as 'a subtle exponent of the Christian and Catholic faith ... in the service of those in need.' Those who witnessed the Pope's visit, either live or on TV, could not help but be moved by his compassion and love for his flock. It caused many to reflect on their role in society, and within the Church.

Reflections grow dim with the passage of time. However, one of our parishioners had a dream and a vision of the Parish of St. Mary's helping our neighbours, who are in need, or, who may be in need, in the present economic climate. Did not Jesus say: "Love your neighbour as yourself." Quite simply, the whole of society is our neighbour. In our Parish Regeneration Prayer, we use the words 'in our parish, our community and our world. Unlike most dreamers, this parishioner acted. Consultations with the Parish Priest and others resulted in a draft plan of purpose and action and a plan which would not impinge on any other parish group or activity; acting to help less fortunate members of our Parish of St. Mary's, it would complement, rather than compete.

Over the last five months, various discussions have taken place, involving the Parish Council, the Finance Committee, S.V.P., K.S.C., the Catenians and other interested parties, to set up a community fund to be named after Cardinal Newman and the inspiration behind the proposed scheme. Words and ideas have been converted into action. It is a challenging proposition that has the potential to grow much larger and like the proverbial 'mustard seed'. That is in the future. For the present, this innovation needs nourishing, attention to detail, hard work and commitment by those charged with its care. All they ask is support, encouragement and a little commitment on your part and on all our parts. From a tiny acorn a mighty oak can be grown. At the beginning of May, the new Newman Fund will be launched in the Parish. Let us pray that we will all be touched by Cardinal Newman's motto 'Heart Speaks Unto Heart'.

Edward Almond

MOTHER'S DAY

How fitting it is that Mother's day should fall on 3rd April 2011. This is the day my Auntie Winnie, (Winnie Jolly, died 28.02.2010), would have been 100 years old. Although she never had children of her own, she took on the role when my own mother died, leaving four young children. The two older boys lived with her, while my sister and I lived with non-Catholic relatives. We still went to Catholic schools, and Mass, every week, as well as making our First Confession and Holy Communion (in lovely white dresses bought for us by Auntie Winnie). My Confirmation name is Winifred, and my sister's name is Martha, after our mother.

Most Sundays, she would take us for a walk, and we always called at church for Benediction. We always enjoyed the walks, especially as there was usually ice cream, or piece of fruit, to eat on the way home. On Wednesday afternoons, after school, we would go for tea. She could slice bread so thinly; it was delicious, and so were her home-made potato cakes!

Although she didn't actually bring my sister and me up, it is down to her commitment to us – and the Church – that we are still attending Mass today. I like to think that we all looked after her – in the way she did for us – in her later years. Thank you, Auntie Winnie. X

Marjorie Scott

SIMNEL CAKE

On Mothering Sunday, when girls (daughters) 'in service' to the lords and ladies of the land, were allowed to visit their mothers, they were also allowed to bake a cake to take home and give to 'mum'. The most favoured cake – as it still is, in some families – was the 'simnel cake':

***'I'll to thee a Simnell bring
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering,
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give to
me.'***

(Robert Herrick 1648)



The Simnel cake is a fruit cake. A flat layer of marzipan, (sugar almond paste), is placed on top of, and decorated with, 11 marzipan balls representing the 12 apostles, minus Judas, who betrayed Christ. It was not eaten on Mothering Sunday, because of the rules of Lent; instead it was saved until Easter. The word 'simnel' is probably derived from the Latin word 'simila', meaning fine, wheaten flour from which the cakes were made.

(From the Internet)

FOLLOWING IN GRANDDAD'S FOOTSTEPS."

DEATH OF MR W. T. LAKIN – We regret to announce the death of an old and esteemed resident of Cannock, Mr. Wm. Thomas Lakin, who passed away on Friday last. Mr Lakin had been suffering for some time past, but his demise came as a surprise to many, who last saw him on 'Whit-Monday' when he was wheeled in a bath-chair to see the annual Catholic sports on the Central Grounds at Blackfords. Deceased was a devout Catholic and for seventeen years was connected with the choir at the Roman Catholic Church, Cannock. On Tuesday morning, the Rev. William Rowley O'Keefe held a solemn Requiem Mass at the Catholic Church. Taking for his text the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," Father O'Keefe delivered an impressive sermon. In the afternoon, the members of the choir at the Catholic Church, to the number of forty-five, wearing surplices and cassocks, and preceded by a cross-bearer and acolytes, formed in procession under the direction of Mr. J T. Tatton and Mr. Pat Murtagh, and joined the funeral cortege at Mr. Lakin's late residence proceeding thence to the cemetery, where the remains were interred after a most impressive service conducted by Father O'Keefe. The body was carried to its last resting place by members of the choir. The chief mourners were Mrs. Lakin (widow) and the four children of the deceased. Many floral tributes were sent by friends of the deceased, including the following:- Cannock Chase District Hairdressers Association ...

(Interment Date 11th June 1912)

I never knew my paternal granddad, and did not know until last year that I was carrying on a family tradition. Granddad died of TB at the young age of forty eight, some twenty years before I was born, leaving grandmø with four young children to raise. I do recall, as a child, listening to family stories of how, as a young man, my dad spent time looking after the bicycle sheds at the back of the local Picture House while the patrons were inside watching the latest westerns etc.

As a lad, I thought he was making some easy pocket money, but it now seems likely that he was helping his mother to bring up the family. These recollections have surfaced as a result of a cousin, passing on to my sister, Teresa, an old local newspaper cutting, which reported granddad's funeral and interment procession. The procession included forty-five of Cannock St. Mary's choir, as part of the cortege, from granddad's home to the cemetery.

I was a member of this same choir for many years, before moving to Leyland, and was completely unaware of the family history involved. On taking up my new job at ÆMotors I lived during the week at ÆStokes Hall on Church Road, and practised with John Knight, and Leyland St. Mary's Choir, on Tuesday evenings for some time, before being able to take my place at the Sunday liturgy, here in St Mary's Leyland, when my family moved here in November 1985. Therefore ÆMarch 2011 is the twenty-sixth anniversary of my being a member of Leyland St. Mary's Choir, where, God willing, I hope to be singing my praise and thanksgiving to the good Lord, for some time yet.

Tony Lakin

**CARDINAL BASIL HUME O.S.B.
(A Visit to Preston)**

When Cardinal Basil Hume visited Preston, soon after his appointment as our Cardinal, he arrived at the Preston Railway Station and I thought I would like to take some photographs. I made my way near the entrance as a chauffeur was waiting to take him to his destination. A strange happening occurred as Cardinal Hume arrived ó for a moment I had a sensation that I ðleftø the ground. I havenø an explanation why this happened, but I wondered if we were standing on ðholy groundø I don't know the origin of the locality, prior to the Railway Station being built many years before. The name ðPrestonø means ðPriestsø Townø and some of the street names have reflected this. Perhaps Cardinal Hume was praying for the people of Preston.

Preston covers a wide area, including Penwortham, where the ðGreyfriarsø had a Priory. The monks used to build their churches near a river. I then made my way to Fishergate, where my sister was waiting to see the Cardinal.

I read, recently, that the railway lines are adjacent to the grounds which belong to St. Walburgeø Church. The photographs werenø really successful as it was a very poor wet day, but, at least, I did get some pictures.

A Parishioner

CONFIRMATION PROGRAMME – VISIT TO AMPLEFORTH

My eldest son recently went to Ampleforth on a short retreat, as part of the Confirmation programme. It was a weekend of prayer, love, reflection and fun, and he and the rest of the group had a wonderful time. When he came home he said he felt closer to God, (his words!), and that the experience had made him more positive in his faith, and more willing to join in at Mass. For the rest of his family, it was also a wonderful opportunity, to be able to tell him how much we love him and how proud we are of him. 14 and 15 can be an age when teenagers begin to lose their way, and we hear time and again, of anti-social behaviour and crime, committed by this age group. But this group of pupils, who have made their own choice to take the Sacrament of Confirmation, show us that young people do want to open their hearts; that they are kind and thoughtful, and full of love. And that, must give us all hope for the future.

Helen Ormrod

(Note: the Sacrament of Confirmation is to be conferred on a large group of young people, Sunday 27 March. May the blessing of the Holy Spirit be with all of them, sustaining them as they progress towards adulthood and beyond.)

... .. No God, No Peace; Know God, Know Peace

JOSEPH (JOE) BURGESS

When I realised that Joe Burgess was approaching his 100th birthday, I thought I could use this as an introduction to describe what Leyland was like a century ago. However, when I interviewed Joe, recently at the beginning of March, I decided that Joeø story should take priority. Joe is due to celebrate his 100th birthday on May 1st, and at the age of 99, he is still a regular worshipper at St. Maryø, at weekends. Although his eyesight is not as good as it was, and age may have slowed him down a little, his mind is very alert, his voice strong and his memory excellent. This is his story.

Joe was born (1911) in Leyland Lane, in a cottage opposite the Methodist Chapel. His father ó also called Joseph ó and his mother, Mary (née Wallbank), remind us, in a way, of the Holy Family. Young Joseph was their only child, because his father died when Joe was only 6 months old. Joe and his mother moved to the corner of Leyland Lane and Slater Lane, to live with his grandparents. Later, after his mother re-married, the family moved to Alma Cottages, further along Leyland Lane, opposite Dunkirk Lane. Joe said his step-father was just like a real ðdadø to him.

Joe attended St. Maryø School, and for a small child, it was a ðdragø all the way up to Towngate. No doubt he would have travelled up Mill Lane and taken the footpath leading to Stannings Bleach Works, then on to Cow Lane and another footpath along what is now Westgate to arrive at the School. He was at school until he was 14, and during that time he was taught by Misses Smith, Houghton and Hart, and by Mr Tipping, the head-teacher, appointed in the year Joe was born, thus replacing Mr Gardner. Joe recalls, on rare occasions, catching a ðbus, operated by ðBridgesø from Dunkirk Hall, to take him to school. The cost of the fare was one old penny. He left school in the August of 1925, and a month later, started work at a place with which he was familiar ó Stanningø Bleach Works. Like all the boys, he started in the ðCroftø and here he learned the trade of the bleaching industry. Once qualified, and proficient, he moved on to be a ðstenterø (mixing different strengths of starch, for the various qualities of cloth). Then he worked on ðCalendersø which involved stretching and cutting the stretched textiles. His weekly wage was 21 shillings, £1.05).

In the early 1930ø, his mother decided to move the family to take over a shop in Fairfield Street, Lostock Hall. Although he was then not a member of St. Maryø anymore, he was still one of a Benedictine parish ó Our Lady and St. Gerardø. Although removed from the town, he still worked in Leyland and made the journey from Lostock Hall on his ðbikeø Joe didnø like the new house, and after three or four years, the family moved back to Leyland. He now lived in Cowling Lane, near to his future wife, Kathleen McManmon. After a courtship of four years ó they were saving up ó they were married at St. Maryø Church, Worden Lane, in March 1937. Their ðhoneymoonø of one week was

spent in Blackpool. The happy couple then rented Joe's mother's house for 11 shillings a week. Prior to his marriage, Joe was on stand-by as a collector. Post marriage, he became a regular collector at the 9.15 Mass a commitment that was to last 50 years. He was rewarded for his loyalty and diligence with the gift of a special certificate, signed by all the priests, and a crucifix, which now hangs over a doorway in his lounge.

When Kathleen's parents died, Joe and Kathleen purchased their house, which was adjacent to where they then lived. Joe wanted the house because it had a garden where he could grow vegetables.

In the course of time, three children were born to Maureen and Dennis before Joe was called up for War Service and Sandra was born after the war. With the onset of war, Joe was drafted into becoming a part-time member of the Fire Brigade in Leyland. Being a reserved occupation, he was exempt from Military Service. However, in 1942, he was relieved of his fire-fighting duties and then he was called upon to join the Royal Army Service Corps. It must have been difficult, leaving a wife and two small children just as it must have been difficult for Kathleen coping on her own. They were not alone in this, and this only serves to emphasise the fact that war affects everyone a combatant and civilian.

Army training was spent at Hadrian's Camp, and his first taste of action was due to begin on D4 (i.e. four days after D. Day), but a storm delayed their departure. He finally got going on D8, when he landed on the beachhead at Arromanches, not far from Bayeux. Here they faced heavy strafing from the German Air Force and were forced to seek shelter behind, or beneath, whatever vehicle they could find. Fortunately, the American Air Force bombed the local German air-strip and the British Forces could then move inland. From Arromanches, his unit was designated as back-up for airborne landings, and Joe ended up at Ninagen, in Holland, where, according to him, the allied forces were badly stretched. Making progress, they crossed over the Rhine in boats, (the Germans had destroyed all the bridges), then, pushing on into Germany, they eventually reached the Lubeck demarcation line and then 30 miles further into what became the Russian Zone. Here, for the first time in months, he slept in a bed. He was there for a month, and the German civilians welcomed them, pleading for them to stay, as they did not want the Russians to be left in control. The locals put on a pantomime of Sleeping Beauty and in Joe's words the singing and the music was lovely. Eventually, he worked at HQ, delivering mail using a motor-cycle. When he lost some mail, his commanding officer demanded to know why. When Joe explained he was using the motor-cycle, the officer exploded because Joe should have been using the designated Jeep. This had been requisitioned by the RSM for his own use. Needless to say, the RSM was none-to-pleased with Joe. The war in the east was still continuing and

Joe's unit was preparing to be deployed against the Japanese, but this was halted with the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

On demob in 1946, Joe returned to Leyland and hoped to resume his employment with Stanning's. Unfortunately, there was no vacancy in his previous department, but he was asked to be a temporary driver, as the usual one was in hospital. The job became permanent, but as time passed he was advised, on medical grounds, to give up driving, and so a change of occupation was called for. Ever-resourceful, Joe called on a friend who was a foreman at Leyland Motors. He was then offered a job in the firm's Farington electrical sub-station. Here, he was asked just one question: "Was he a good time-keeper?" Joe replied: "I've only been late twice in all my time at Stanning's." He got the job! Joe worked at Leyland Motors for 15 years and, on retirement, resorted to working in his garden and helping his old friend, Percy Turner, by doing odd-jobs. He wasn't paid directly, but received produce from Percy. According to Joe, they operated a barter system.

Sadly, in 1991, Joe and Kathleen lost their son, Dennis, rather suddenly. Then in February 1999, Kathleen passed away. They had been married for almost 62 years. Since then, Joe has been well looked after by his family, on whom he lavishes wide praise.

It was a pleasure and privilege to interview Joe. He was a perfect gentleman and was so generous with his time and memories. The two hours flashed by in no time. I hope I have done him justice and Joe, the whole Parish wishes you a very Happy 100th Birthday.

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Finally, I append a few words on Leyland, in 1911. The population was 8090. There were eight churches and six schools. Employment could be found at engineering works, rubber works, spinning and weaving, bleaching, paint manufacturing, gas works and gold thread works. In addition, Leyland had over 100 farmers. There were corner shops and Leyland could boast over 30 grocers, 7 green-grocers, 11 fried fish dealers, 14 butchers and 20 confectioners. Inns, taverns and beer-houses totalled 15, and there were three banks, which closed on Thursdays. The town was served by 9 coal merchants, 4 doctors surgeries and 3 solicitors. The Parish Priest at St. Mary's was Father Corlett and the Parish had been part of the Liverpool Diocese since 1851, but, on October 28th 1911, the Diocese became a Metropolitan See and Bishop Thomas Whitehouse became the first Archbishop. Leyland celebrated its May Festival (held on 2 Days) and also the Coronation of King George V. Nationally, MPs were paid for the first time and National Insurance was introduced. The Liberals were in Government; Manchester United won the League and Bradford City the F.A. Cup.

Edward Almond

RITUAL EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE AND PRAYER

(The following article is a précis of an article sent in by parishioner, Peter Ross. We are indebted to him, but unfortunately, space does not allow for the article to be produced here in its entirety)

In a homily at a wedding, Dietrich Bonhoeffer once gave this advice to a young couple: *“Today you are young and very much in love and you think that your love can sustain your marriage. It can’t. Let your marriage sustain your love.”* What he meant by this was that love needs a framework on which it can be supported. The vows and obligations of marriage, as expressed in the wedding service, can define and enthuse a love that otherwise might wane over the years, as familiarity sets in and dampens our feelings.

Love and prayer can work in the same way because ritual (that is a rhythm, or routine, combined with obligation) can sustain a life of prayer. Monks have known this for years and anyone who has visited a monastery will know that monastic prayer is structured, with defined times and expectancy. This allows monks to pray within a discipline and allows each monk the freedom to invest himself or hold back, in terms of energy and heart, depending upon his disposition for that day.

Saint John of the Cross wrote that the problems with a life of prayer are boredom, a lack of energy and tiredness. Routine and ritual can keep us going through these times, just as that ritual can incorporate variety and diversity. In some ways prayer is like eating; a regular part of the day. Yet, just as each meal cannot be a banquet so each time we pray, it cannot be the whole rosary.

Once more ritual can help here, for creativity and diversity by themselves may be good, but they can lead to a lack of discipline and a dissipation of energy within a fruitless search for originality and dissolve into a waste of energy. What ritual can do is to safeguard the prayerful from these dangers, by defining a course of prayer that is modulated, meaningful and memorable. As human beings, we are to a large extent guided by enthusiasm and subject to change of humours that affect our lives. Ritual can help to cope with the excesses of each and give us the discipline to follow the simple advice that all the saints, and the great spiritual writers have, in their various ways, defined as the rules of prayer: Show up and show up regularly.

Once we have our times for prayer, and our ways of praying before us, then prayer will form a natural part of daily routine and it will become the sustaining power within our lives.

“The Great Transformation Prayer has great power. It makes a sour heart sweet, a sad heart joyful, a poor heart rich, a foolish heart wise, a faint heart bold, a sick heart well, a blind heart able to see and a cold heart full of fire.”
St. Mechtilde of Magdebourg

BAPTISMS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS (November 2010 TO March 2011)

Welcomed into the Family of the Church by Baptism:

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| Melissa Emily Rimmer | 28/11/2010 |
| Elicia-Rose Congin-Hill | 28/11/2010 |
| Gracie Mai Bell | 05/12/2010 |
| Taylor Ray Kendall | 05/12/2010 |
| Noah John Quigley | 05/12/2010 |
| Callum Jay Ian Smith | 12/12/2010 |
| Sophia Elizabeth Murray | 12/12/2010 |
| Maisie Anne Thistlethwaite | 19/12/2010 |
| Luke Anthony Whelan | 19/12/2010 |
| Evie Jayne Nixon | 02/01/2011 |
| Isaac James Phillips | 02/01/2011 |
| George Louis Bolton | 16/01/2011 |
| Harrison Alistair Bolton | 16/01/2011 |
| Adam George Wilmore | 23/01/2011 |
| Joshua Robert Wilmore | 23/01/2011 |
| Leah Catherine Rasburn | 23/01/2011 |
| Lewis James Podmore | 30/01/2011 |
| Alfie Jacob Ashworth | 06/02/2011 |
| Ciaran Robert Kershaw | 06/02/2011 |
| Charlie Paul Faulkner | 13/02/2011 |
| Hannah Rebecca Salisbury | 27/02/2011 |
| Megan Lauren Cowdall | 05/03/2011 |
| Molly Jane Cowdall | 05/03/2011 |
| Oliver Thomas Bruce | 06/03/2011 |
| Chloe Rose Christie | 06/03/2011 |
| Demi Marie Bates | 13/03/2011 |
| Declan Lee Golding | 13/03/2011 |
| Jay Thomas Wallbank | 13/03/2011 |
| Aaron Andrew Blacow | 13/03/2011 |
| Sophia Erin Woodman | 13/03/2011 |
| Gracie Louise Midgley | 20/03/2011 |
| James Paul Bennett | 20/03/2011 |

Those Joined in Holy Matrimony:

| | |
|--|------------|
| Thomas Astley Cooper and Michaela Gammons | 20/12/2010 |
| Terence Anthony Spencer and Janet Margaret Purse | 23/12/2010 |
| Peter Simon Smith and Sarah Louise Giffen | 05/02/2011 |
| Christopher Thompson and Claire Marie Dickinson | 19/02/2011 |
| Paul Anthony Kenworthy and Amanda Louise Ross | 19/03/2011 |

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

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------|
| Percy Smalley | 09/12/2010 |
| Margaret Janes | 11/12/2010 |
| Bridget Kearney | 13/12/2010 |
| Bernard Derry | 16/12/2010 |
| Baby Evie Lomax | 18/12/2010 |
| Gerard (Gerry) Walsh | 24/12/2010 |
| Rosina (Rose) O'Connor | 27/12/2010 |
| Thomas (Tom) Coyne | 02/01/2011 |
| Gary Tomlinson | 04/01/2011 |
| Edward Thomas Kemp | 11/01/2011 |
| Rose Ann Teresa Tully | 12/01/2011 |
| Eve Westwood | 12/01/2011 |
| Angela Battersby | 14/01/2011 |
| Emmanuel (Leli) Bonnici | 16/01/2011 |
| Russell John Starling | 24/01/2011 |
| Ellen Evelyn Pope | 27/01/2011 |
| Thomas (Tom) Johnson | 31/01/2011 |
| Gerry Huskisson | 08/02/2011 |
| Winifred Ann Parkinson | 12/02/2011 |
| Dorothy Mary Yates | 13/02/2011 |
| Rosaline Barbara Jakiemczuk | 15/02/2011 |
| Patricia Trumper | 17/02/2011 |
| Teresa Mary Glover | 22/02/2011 |
| Teresa Eccles | 25/02/2011 |
| Pauline Agnes Kirkby | 08/03/2011 |
| Pamela Mulhall | 11/03/2011 |

+++ 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.



THE COMING And God held in his hand a small globe.

"Look!" he said. The Son looked.

Far off, as through water, he saw a scorched land of fierce colour. The light burned there; crusted buildings cast their shadows; a bright serpent, a river, uncoiled itself, radiant with slime,

On a bare hill, a bare tree saddened the sky,

Many people held out their thin arms to it, as though waiting for a vanished April to return to its crossed boughs. The Son watched them.

"LET ME GO THERE!" he said R. S. THOMAS

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

By Frank Harrison



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

Going Home!

And then what we had all become anxious about, our American Lieutenant arrived, leading a convoy of trucks, some of which already had a quota of 'Kriegies' from another 'Kommando'. Apparently he was as anxious as we were to get us on the road. We raced back upstairs, grabbed whatever we intended to take with us and raced back down. We found the trucks being besieged by the very Frenchmen who had given me such an unpleasant few minutes the previous night. Now they were begging us for lifts in our trucks. We pushed them on one side and climbed aboard. In minutes we were on our way home, me after a five year journey that had taken me halfway across the Atlantic, across the Equator, around the Cape, past dark and sullen Madagascar, up the Red Sea, into the land of the Pharohs, to Libya, across the Med to Italy and through the Brenner Pass into Hitler's Germany. My last sight of our camp was the Union flag, which I had spent hours making, now hanging quietly from our gatepost. I don't suppose it lasted long after the occupying Russians moved in.

There was one last scare ó I think our driver fell asleep; the truck suddenly veered off the road, slithered down the bank and overturned. We were thrown all over the place. There was moaning from the few lads who had been injured. We stood around wondering if we were ever going to get out of Germany, but the convoy leader soon had the survivors divided between the other trucks, and off again. This was the first break-up of the 'Kurbitz Gang' we were to get whittled down and down still further. For now, we trundled on, eventually driving into Jena. We came to a halt in the open side of a three-sided main square. The houses, as I remember them, were tall, three storeys high, and obviously belonging to prominent citizens. Our Americans went into the nearest while we waited in the truck. After a few minutes, they reappeared pushing some civilians ahead of them. They were crying, but the Americans gave them no comfort: *"In you go Boys. You're beds await you,"* and in we went.

Then, I saw looting as I had never before seen it. The lads were racing from room to room, helping themselves to whatever they fancied. I saw sheets, wireless sets, clocks ó anything that could be stuffed into bags that had carried personal treasures through the years of captivity ó was being taken, laughed over. I

found a little clock in a bedroom, a beautiful piece of micro-engineering, that I put in my bag, along with the camera and the opera glasses. All three articles would speak of the precision that marked the German effort, a precision that had ruled Germany for the past years, but which had lost its strength under the weight of Allied weaponry and Russian manpower. Next morning, I took out the clock and pushed it as far under the bed as I could, and left it there. I just couldn't take it away from those people, whom I had seen forced out of their home; it would make me into a thief. So ó no thank you ó but "Good Luck" to those who could; they had earned their loot.

We were off, first thing, to an airfield near to Erfurt. Here we were numbered off into small groups, and told to stay put. After a while we wandered; we found a hangar and forced its doors open; its floor was covered to a depth of several feet with animal skins made into coats ó loot from Russia, that had never reached the frost-bitten German soldiers, dying from cold along that Front.

Then there was a sudden burst of action and shouts which had us running back to our designated places. Dakota aircraft were being wheeled out from the hangars; one was brought alongside us, and we were called aboard. We went up into it ó my first time aboard an aircraft. Its pilot came into the fuselage to speak to us. He told us that we would soon say "Goodbye" to Germany and that raised a cheer. Then he drew our attention to names that had been scrawled on to the fuselage, "*Those are British guys who jumped from this plane on to Arnhem*" he said. "*Nobody's gonna clean those names off as long as I fly this kite. Every guy up there was a hero.*" I stared at the names nearest to me. The shape of the interior of the plane and the words of that pilot have stuck with me ever since. As we took off, and climbed, I should have been engrossed in this new experience, but I wasn't. I stared at those names; in what mixture of hope and anxiety had they been scribbled? How many of their owners had perished in that jump? I could not shake the thoughts from my head, that we had no right to be there, that we had barged into a "Cathedral of Ghosts"

Word came back from the pilot that we were going to fly over the Rhine, then Cologne, and I caught a glimpse of the "coiled snake" slithering along below, and then of the ruined city with its famous cathedral, standing alone and untouched, amongst the still-smoking ruins. Then, we were dropping down, and curving, and landing. Trucks again, this time trundling through Brussels; the streets seemed to be full of people with nothing to do except gape, and, as we slowed down at crowded spots, people saw the red "target squares" on our battledress and, realizing who we were, began to wave and clap. Heroes at last! But it didn't...last.

We stopped outside a big building and were hurried inside, before we could be mobbed, rushed along corridors and into a large room. "*Right, Lads,*" said a Sergeant Major, "*everything off!*" He meant it, everything, red-squared battledress jacket; red-kneed trousers; boots, over which "Rogers" had slaved, nailing pieces of railway carriage window straps as ersatz* soles; and any bits of

clothing that we had contrived into underclothes, all thrown into a heap in a corner. Then, as we were looking around for the showers, in came a couple of lads with bellows. "*Line up!*" we were ordered, and then, "*They're all yours. Make sure you don't miss any bits!*" ordered the Sergeant Major, who vanished smartly through the door, before the clouds of white powder flew from the bellows on to us, front ... backs ... sides ... and especially, heads. We learned later that the powder was a new miracle compound called DDT and it would kill any diseases we had picked up on our travels and during our tribulations. Nor were we allowed to rub it off, "*Let it do its work*", we were ordered. From that room to another where the same Sergeant Major was waiting for us, along with a bunch of lads, each behind a pile of clothing. "*Fit them up, and no funny business. These lads have had enough of that. They're ruddy heroes, so treat them as such!*" We emerged from that room as British soldiers again, kitted out from snow-white head to booted toe; we were back in the land of the living and it was good...very good. We spent that night in the NAFFI, playing darts and "yacking" to lads who wanted to know all about where we had been, and how long, and was it...? I don't know who had been romancing them about us, but it was bearable.

Next morning, we were driven back to the airfield and were very soon in the air again. We crowded the few portholes, cheered when we saw water beneath, cheered again when we saw the muddy-white cliffs, looked in vain for the bluebirds, and then went silent as the green fields opened up beneath us. The plane dropped down again and curved, like a pregnant pigeon, as it came in to land, and then we were standing on our own soil again ó except that it was tarmac, or whatever they spread over airfields. There were uniforms a-plenty awaiting us, dignitaries with rings up to their elbows, but more pleasing to us, worn by WAAFs, who were there to help the frail amongst us. There weren't any, but it was a nice thought. We were taken into a hangar, where iced buns and tea awaited...iced buns again, great-great-grandchildren of the ones that had welcomed us into the Army, so long before, in Manchester. It was good that we had not skulked back home like forgotten shadows. Perhaps, if it had been the Army, and not the Air Force, we would have. But that is to be unkind; when we were later driven away to an Army camp in the vicinity, they couldn't have been more welcoming. We got more iced-buns, again; of course, they must have had a unit specially making them ó then later, a proper army meal that we couldn't eat. That night we were shown to the NAAFI, where each man received a little packet of chocolate and cigarettes, compliments of somebody or other, and we were told to enjoy all the facilities of the place. I was standing at the tea bar, when I spotted a public telephone. I asked if we were allowed to use it. "*Yes, and it's free to ex POWs.*"

(*Krieges = prisoners of war, *Kommando = command or unit,
*ersatz = inferior substitute)

(The Final Episode – His Home-coming – will be included in the Summer Edition of 'Update' – Do not miss the end of his adventures)

"IT'S A NEW LIFE, ALMOST LIKE A RESURRECTION!"

Immaculee Ilibagiza was a 22-year-old university student in the 1990s when terrible violence broke out in her home country of Rwanda. Hutus killed her parents, her brothers, and hundreds of her Tutsi friends. A Hutu pastor, who risked his life to save her, hid her and six other women. They lived in a small bathroom, a wooden wardrobe covering the door. For three months, they endured hunger, fear, and the sounds of soldiers in the house, unsuccessfully searching for Tutsis.

In those cramped quarters, she began to pray the Rosary. Always she stumbled over the Lord's Prayer: *"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."* She knew that the prayer called her to forgive those who had killed her family and endangered her. She didn't think she could do it, but she realized she was consumed by hate. She was afraid she would become like the people who had killed her family. Nevertheless, in her mind, forgiving her family's killers was like forgiving the devil.

Finally, afraid that her hate would crush her heart, she asked God to forgive those who had done her so much harm. Slowly, with God's help, she was able to let go and forgive her family's killers. Eventually, she even visited one of her brother's killers in prison, taking his hand and offering forgiveness. She says that forgiveness saved her life. ***"It's a new life, almost like a resurrection."***

(Bob Smietana, "Woman Challenged to Forgive Massacre of Family in Rwanda," United Methodist Reporter, April 28, 2006, - from Father Stephen's 'library')

"HE COULDN'T FIGHT, EITHER!"

One day a truck driver stopped at a restaurant for dinner and ordered a steak. Before he could eat it, in came a motor-cycle gang, with dirty leather jackets and long, unkempt hair. They took the man's steak, cut it into six pieces, and ate it. The driver said nothing. He simply paid the bill and walked out. One of the gang members said, *"That man couldn't talk. He didn't say a word."* Another one said, *"He couldn't fight, either; he didn't lift a hand."* A waiter added, *"I would say that he couldn't drive either. On his way out of the parking lot, he ran over six motorcycles crushing all of them."*

Something in us, loves that story, because we like retaliation. But in the Sermon on the Mount Jesus prescribes forgiving love as the Christian trump card.

(from Father Stephen's Collection of Stories)

CONSOLATION

When hearts are heavy, and in pain,
When minds are tortured – under stress,
All human kind must seek to gain
Some consolation in distress.

Our working years, they take their toll,
How can we deal with what is sent?
Even at play we can't control,
Our feelings thoughts of discontent!

Where then, sweet Solace can we find?
Where's the Peace which never fails?
To calm the senses, rest the mind,
To God we give what life entails.

And He restores our minds with grace,
Our hearts, with music, He consoles,
In Bread and Wine, we see His face,
He gives Himself, to feed our souls.

So when in doubt, in need of Peace,
Tired weary no – not one more day,
"When all our restless yearnings cease,"
Please God! Help me - is how I pray.

Alban Derek Kedward
(Composed May 1996)

"Holy Spirit, thank you for those moments that come, unexpectedly, when I feel your presence about me. Sometimes, you are like a gentle breath lightly touching me with your peace. Sometimes you're like a light breeze that rustles summer leaves, refreshing coolness in the heat. Sometimes you're like a wind so strong I stir like grass, bending to the force of your love. I thank you for these precious moments, so undeserved by me, that come suddenly as a gift. I ask you Lord, stir me like summer grass, bend me like river reeds to the inspirations of your will. **Amen."**

Columban Calendar 2007

ODDS AND ENDS... ..

"Being young is a fault that diminishes daily!"



The 'Quick Ten' General Knowledge Quiz

(answers inside back cover)

1. Who was the male star in the film, "An Officer and a Gentleman"?
2. Where would you find the Erskine Bridge?
3. Who was the singer who had a massive hit with the song, "Unforgettable"?
4. CD stands for 'compact disc' but what is its equivalent in Arabic Number?
5. One sign of the Zodiac is 'Aquarius'. How does this translate into English?
6. Sugars and starches in food are formed from what types of compounds?
7. What does 'quod erat demonstrandum' mean?
8. Who wrote the novel 'The Day of the Jackal'?
9. In relation to the British economy, what does GDP stand for?
10. Who or what is 'taekwondo'?

SMILE AWHILE!



One day my housework-challenged husband decided to wash his sweat-shirt. Seconds after he stepped into the laundry room, he shouted to me, 'What setting do I use on the washing machine?' 'It depends,' I replied. 'What does it say on your shirt?' He yelled back, 'PRESTON NORTH END' And they say blondes are dumb...

What goes into the water red and comes out black? ... A red-hot poker

If two witches were watching two watches, which witch would watch which watch? Which watch did which witch wear and which witch wore which watch?

What goes into the water black and comes out red? ... A lobster

Two cannibals eating their dinner. One turns to the other and says I can't stand my mother-in-law. That's O.K was the reply, just eat the chips!

GOD GRANT ME

The humility and common sense to realise that life is a gift. However, aches and pains, and a brain that's lost a few screws, also tell me I'm 'older' – muddled – and not necessarily wiser. Here's a little of what I've learned:

- ✓ I started out with nothing, and I still have most of it.
- ✓ I finally got my head together, now my body is falling apart.
- ✓ Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded
- ✓ Funny, I don't remember being absent-minded
- ✓ What were we talking about?
- ✓ It's easier to get older than it is to get wiser.
- ✓ I wish the buck stopped here – I sure could use a few.
- ✓ It's hard to make a come-back when you haven't been anywhere.
- ✓ The only time the world beats a path to your door is when you're in the bathroom.
- ✓ If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.
- ✓ When I'm finally holding all the cards, why does everyone else want to play chess?
- ✓ It's not hard to meet expenses – they're everywhere.
- ✓ The only difference between a rut and a grave – is the depth.
- ✓ These days I spend a lot of time thinking about the hereafter – I go somewhere to get something and then wonder what I'm here after.
- ✓ If all is not lost, then where is it?
- ✓ Did I send this to you already?

Source Unknown

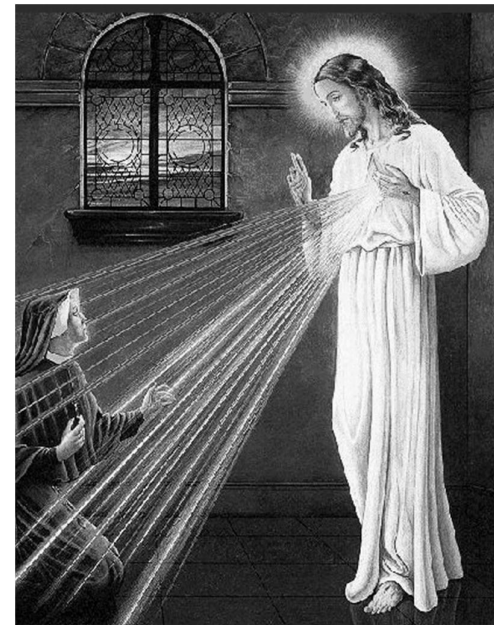
HOSPITAL REGULATIONS require a wheel chair for patients being discharged. However, while working as a student nurse, I found one elderly gentleman already dressed and sitting on the bed with a suitcase at his feet, who insisted he didn't need my help to leave the hospital. After a chat about the rules, he reluctantly let me wheel him to the elevator. On the way down I asked him if his wife was meeting him. "I don't know," he said, "She's still upstairs in the bathroom changing out of her hospital gown."... .. **FROM A PARISHIONER**

A SCHOOL TEACHER asked the class, "Who wrote Hamlet?" and one boy replied: "Please sir, it wasn't me." The teacher was mentioning this that same evening in the local and the story provoked much laughter, especially from one man who, after wiping his eyes, blurted out: "And I expect the little beggar wrote it all the time." **SOURCE UNKNOWN**

THE FEAST *of* DIVINE MERCY

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

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



Jesus, I trust in you

**Sunday 1st May 2011,
(2.45 p.m. for) 3.00 p.m.
St. Mary's Church,
Broadfield Drive, Leyland.**

Editorial: Parishioner, Joe Burgess' forthcoming centenary reminds me – as if I needed any reminder – that time passes quickly, that we are all getting older and that life gives us no second chance; the often used maxim is 'Life is No Rehearsal'. That being the case, we should all use our time to best advantage, make the best of every day – something that very much applies to the holy season of Lent and to the great Feast of Easter. Annually, these are special times in our lives – all of which is reflected in the Easter 'Update' – and in the efforts people make to see that the year's first issue is truly special. Parishioners can always be relied upon to 'come up with the goods'. You can see that by taking in the contents of the enclosed 24 pages. And, yes, Joe figures prominently in a life review by Edward Almond – that, and the penultimate episode of Frank Harrison's wartime experiences, being very much concerned with the past, and with people. People again, mixed with faith and prayer, make for some very interesting reading – in what they do – in their relationships – in their memories – and all make up what I call the 'stuff of life'. I commend the issue to all for its wide variety, items which include aspects of Our Lady's mercy, devotions to holy men and women, and writings very much to do with the Lent / Easter season. Mix all this with a good dose of humour and you have Issue No. 76. Thank you to all who have helped in the preparation, production and delivery of this issue – you are all vital to the continuing success of the magazine.

Happy Easter to all our readers.

The Editor

Driving the Right Way? A lady motorist, driving round Manchester on the M.60 received a call on her mobile phone from her husband. He was most concerned that, in a travel bulletin on the radio, he had heard that there was a car travelling clockwise, on the anti-clockwise section. "Be careful," he advised. The lady driver replied, "It's not just one, there are hundreds of them."

Answers to
Quiz on
Page 23

1. Richard Gere
2. Glasgow's Bridge over the R. Clyde
3. Nat King Cole
4. 400
5. The Water Carrier
6. Carbohydrates
7. That which was required to be proved
8. Frederick Forsyth
9. Gross Domestic Product
10. Korean martial art