May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace as you trust in Him, so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Romans 15: 13  [NIV]
Mothers Union
Aim: To support MU members in serving their communities
Achieved:
- Members supported with bedding and kitchen utensils
- Training of 25 MU trainers from all over the Diocese.
- Successful Revolving Goat Loan project.
Challenges:
- To extend the MU support across Kivu diocese
- To work through the Gisenyi MU to help the most needy parts of the diocese

Butaka Parish Church
Aim: To provide a church in Butaka
Achieved:
- Building completed
- Worshipping community in church
Challenges:
- Fund windows, doors and flooring

Groupe Scolaire Secondary School
- Continuing to support needy students in Shyira

Primary Schools
Aim:
- To support school ministry by providing equipment, school materials and evangelistic outreach.

How YOU can help
See our website: http://www.shyiratrust.org.uk
Email us for further information: shyira-06@shyiratrust.org.uk
Donations may be sent to: Shyira Trust, Secretary: Ken Davies
53 Stapleton Road, Formby, Liverpool L37 2YT
Donate online: https://www.give.net/shyiratrust
Like us on Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/shyiratrust
Holidays and Holy Days

As I write this introduction to the July edition of the Parish Magazine in the second week of June, I am conscious of the fact that many of the holiday businesses are only just emerging from the Corona Virus lockdown. Yet here we are approaching the peak of the summer holiday season. Almost half the season gone and what a lot of catching up to do. In our imagination we are already planning our perfect holiday.

Holiday is derived from Holy-Day, the Old English hailgdoeg – a day set apart for religious observance; usually in commemoration of some sacred person or event. So it may be that holidays have a religious origin. In days gone by the only holidays for working people were the Holy Days, the great feasts and Saints Days of the Church. And any holiday this year will depend upon coming to terms with the all-consuming debate about the virus, lock down and social distancing. Looks like all we’ll get is a virtual holiday courtesy of social networking.

Many of us today, cannot escape from the life we find ourselves in and are caught up in the absurd pace of that life. Just when you think you’ve caught up you’re overtaken by events and realise you haven’t! What then is the remedy? Relax! Oh, much easier said than done so, from earliest times, holidays were associated with the Christian religion, time set aside for a certain purpose. And Jesus says to us “Come unto me all who are heavy laden and I will refresh you.”

If we are fortunate to go on holiday let’s make sure that Jesus comes too. After all we are not supposed to give up everything on holiday. We need the freshness of new experience to combine with our accumulated knowledge, to show us the path when we return. We all need one another and we need to guide each other through those difficult times as we seek to do that for which God has created us.

Chris Mulford

CHURCH OPEN – Church is now open from 9.30 to 10.30 on Sunday mornings for private prayer – with strict social distancing.
DATES AND NOTES

FUNERALS - Graveside funeral – Doreen Collins on May 28th

MAGAZINE ONLINE – please would you tell Ken Davies by email if possible (kdmcsfa@aol.com) whether for the rest of this year you are finding this useful, whether you would like it to continue when we get back to paper copies and whether you would also appreciate the magazine ONLINE as an e-publication. This would change the formatting but would mean you could download the magazine on to your device or PC and more easily look at different articles. Please would you be careful to answer all 3 questions?

IF YOU DON’T DO EMAIL AND WANT PAPER COPIES TO CONTINUE PERMANENTLY, PLEASE PHONE KEN, BEFORE 12 NOON IF POSSIBLE, ON 879517 AND LEAVE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND A MESSAGE.

SHYIRA TRUST FLOOD RELIEF APPEAL has received just over £11,000 for the flood appeal – one very large donation and various other ones. This money will be sent over as quickly as possible for Bishop Augustin to administer. The fund is still open for further donations.

DAILY BULLETINS - We all owe a huge debt of gratitude to Jean for her daily bulletins which give us so much encouragement and keep us all feeling connected. Please note that with the Saturday bulletin you will find a “sermonette” usually written by one of the Readers and help for following Roy Baker’s home celebration of Holy Communion and instructions on how to join in the Zoom Service at midday on Sunday (with a greetings session beforehand!)

SUNDAY ZOOM SERVICES – again we are very grateful to Jean and Andrew for organising and hosting these half-hour services. On Sunday June 7th we think we had about 30 devices with about 50 participants. Two people also joined in on the phone, which was good. We had introductory music (Hillary playing the organ this week), a reading, a sermonette, prayers, a hymn and finally singing by choristers at Ely Cathedral. We had a few technical hiccups but on the whole it was wonderful. The service starts at noon but we spend 10 – 15 minutes beforehand greeting each other and making sure that everything is correctly set up. The meeting ID and password are given in Saturday’s bulletins.

COVID 19 cases in RWANDA – on June 16th there were 636 cases and 2 deaths – both people who came into the country already showing symptoms. Please continue to pray for Africa, especially Rwanda and Uganda.

NEW VICAR APPOINTMENT - The vacancy has been advertised to all clergy in Liverpool Diocese. Please include this in your prayers as we look for a new Vicar.

ST. LUKE’S CHURCH FINANCES

We recognise these are very difficult times for many people, as well as the church. Our income has decreased significantly, but our outgoings have not changed. If you think you can help, then here are some suggestions.

- Those who already give via the Parish Giving Scheme can easily increase their monthly gifts by email to info@parishgiving.org.uk or call 0333 002 1260.
- If you wish to register for the Parish Giving Scheme please Telephone The Parish Giving Scheme on 0333 002 1272 (Lines are open Monday to Friday, between 9 – 5pm) and complete your application over the phone.
  The Parish Giving Team will take you through the sign up process – this normally takes around 15 minutes.
  You will need to have the following information:
  • Your personal bank account details
  • The name of the parish you wish to donate to – Formby St Luke, Liverpool Diocese
  • You will need to confirm if you want to increase your gift in line with inflation each
year. Confirm if you are eligible for Gift Aid
The Parish Giving Scheme Code for our parish. **This is 220622130**

- Those who pay by Bank Standing Order can amend their gift online or via telephone banking
- If you have access to internet banking, direct gifts can be made to St Luke's PCC Formby: Please ask Hugh Dixon 834120 for the account details. Please add your name to the payment reference so we can claim Gift Aid where we already have a gift aid declaration.
- If you have no access to online banking please continue to use your weekly giving envelopes. These can then be brought into church when we re-open. **Alternatively you could deliver them to the Church Treasurer, Hugh Dixon, at 6 Stapleton Road, L37 2YN.**

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SMILE LINES

**Pancakes** - A mother was preparing pancakes for her sons, Kevin, five, and Ryan, three. The boys began to argue over who would get the first pancake. Their mother saw the chance for a moral lesson. "If Jesus were sitting here, He would say, 'Let my brother have the first pancake, I can wait.'"

Quick as a wink, Kevin turned to his younger brother and said, "Ryan, you be Jesus!"

**Seagull** - A father was at the beach with his children when the four-year-old son ran up to him, grabbed his hand, and led him to the shore where a seagull lay dead in the sand. "Daddy, what happened to him?"

"He died and went to heaven," the father replied. The boy thought a moment and then asked: "Why did God throw him back down?"
AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

It was a very dark winter’s night. The rain was lashing down as I hurried to the car park at the hospital after visiting a sick friend. What happened has remained with me ever since. As I drove away straight ahead of me was an old man waving a walking stick and trying to cross the road. I pulled up quickly as did other cars behind me. I watched him caught in two minds as to whether to go back to the pavement or to cross. Even in old age there was something distinguished about him. His clothes, his bearing and the way that he was waving his stick. He looked like some old retired general accustomed to command. Where on earth he had come from I do not know nor could I tell where he was going. There he was without mac or umbrella in the pouring rain with cars coming at him from the other way as well, headlights on, some beeping their horns. People were passing with umbrellas up, looking at what was happening but just passing by.

Then I saw it happen. A workman in a navy blue donkey jacket stepped off the pavement and crossed to the bewildered old man. Socially you could see that they were poles apart. I wound down my window and heard the workman say ‘Come on, mate, let me give you a hand.’ The last I saw of them was when they marched back into the shelter of the hospital. I have no doubt at all that the old gentleman was cared for and sorted out by his new found friend. There you are, I thought to myself: the parable of the good Samaritan re-enacted in front of your eyes. I gave a shudder that perhaps I was the priest who had passed by on the other side.

In the New Testament a man is always presented as a neighbour by his need. He is accepted as a neighbour by those who do something about his predicament. It teaches us that ones neighbour is not just the person living next door. Human need is the pathway to neighbourliness.

Looking at the parable the two people involved certainly did not live close together. One was from Samaria in the middle of the country, a race planted there by the Babylonians in the 6th century BC. Different to the Jews in race, and religion, they kept apart and did not mix. The nearest I can get is to look at the old Yugoslavian mix of Orthodox Bosnian Serbs and Bosnian Muslims. Catholic and Muslim Croats. The Jews and the Samaritans did not mix at all. It was to a lawyer, trying to trick him, that Jesus deliberately told what is obviously a true story about a lone Samaritan traveller, who came across a Jew who lay robbed and injured on the dusty road from Jerusalem to Jericho. It is a road that you can still travel today. Coming across his battered body by the roadside he did not think of whether the man was a Jew or Samaritan. He simply saw him as someone in desperate need. The Samaritan went beyond what we would count as neighbourliness if you read the account in Luke 10.25-37.
You can almost hear the hissing through the teeth of those listening to Jesus. Especially when he recounted that other Jews, a priest and a Levite passing the scene did nothing to help a fellow Jew. Jesus went far beyond what any Jew would have recognised as the obligation to neighbourliness. Jesus told this story to shock his listeners out of their preconceptions.

Jesus told this story for another reason. His listeners had strict adherence to the law of Moses. Hence both priest and Levite who passed by on the other side would have, in the eyes of the listeners, become ritually unclean if they had crossed the road and approached a dead body. They passed by on the other side to avoid ritual contamination. Now if you think that is far from the case, think again. White Anglo-Saxons, wherever they have gone in the world, have always had this fear of being culturally and racially contaminated by other races. This fear and phobia is still with us although thank God our country has made great strides in our own day in alleviating this problem. However those of the Far Right are still with us. This fear and phobia in Europe reached its zenith with Hitler’s holocaust against the Jews and others whom they considered as racially inferior. The fear of race, cultural and religious contamination is as old as humanity itself. The priests and levites of today’s world still pass by on the other side.

The great Good Samaritan is Christ. He does not see us as unclean nor does he pass us by on the other side of the road. He is the one who in his battered and bleeding body on the cross shared our humanity. He who told the story of the Good Samaritan lived out that parable in his own life. His listeners were put on the spot when he asked the question, ‘Who do think was neighbour to the man who fell among thieves?’ There could only be one answer. We too should also have ringing in our ears the reply of Jesus to that lawyer at the end of the parable. ‘Go and do the same yourself.’

Rhev Roy Baker

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Eric took social distancing while bell ringing very seriously.

They were trying to remember when they last left the house.

Lord, fill my mouth with worthwhile stuff, and nudge me when I’ve said enough! - Anon

Christianity can be condensed to four words: admit, submit, commit, transmit. - Bishop Samuel Wilberforce.
Following on from my May article titled HOPE, two months later, are things changing for the better in our battle against COVID-19? At the time of writing the gradual easing of lockdown restrictions suggests that perhaps the tide has turned. There are glimpses of light at the end of a very dark tunnel. I begin to see hope gathering for a given reality, though slow in its coming. What will that eventual reality look like? Will our experiences over the past few months shake us sufficiently to change our lifestyles for the better – a new and better normal? And if so, can we sustain it? Or, will it be yet another false dawn – another wasted opportunity to ‘get it right’? If we believe in God then we must always be praying earnestly for hope and rebirth – the Easter Day message. Our collective prayer for good can only strengthen our togetherness and resolve. Throw love into the mix and we have a powerful force for that good. At this juncture, I think of the weekly clapping for the NHS, the remarkable feats of Captain Tom (now Honorary Colonel) and the acts of dedication and professionalism shown daily by 1000’s of front line workers to keep us alive and the nation safe. Acts of kindness repeated the world over indicate just how wonderfully compassionate the human race can be. It stirs the heart. For such to be sustained, and even enhanced, we require total freedom to do so.

During our lockdown, a desire for freedom of some kind will naturally be uppermost in everyone’s mind – freedom to venture outside at leisure to enjoy the range of pastimes that life offers, freedom to visit family and friends again, freedom to travel further afield, freedom to go back to work, to return to school, to return to places of worship, and above all, freedom to make choices once more. All are only completely retrievable once we hear the key in the lock that truly, and finally, unlocks the lockdown. In summary, our overriding hope is for freedom.

I make no apology, as in my previous HOPE article, for using the Bible as a key source of reference for seeking an all-encompassing meaning of the word ‘freedom’. One internet source informs me that references to freedom number 66 in 12 translations. The core message of the Christian faith is to be found in the four Gospels of the New Testament which proclaim that the only true freedom is to be found in the ‘freedom of Christ’. Galatians 5:13 states: “For you were called to freedom, brothers. Only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love to serve one another”. The sacrificial death of Jesus on the cross signalled the taking away of our sins to set us free. This precious freedom given to us by the Christ Jesus then becomes the basis for understanding any kind of freedom. It becomes ‘freedom of choice’ – unrestrained, unshackled. Put simply, our life is determined daily by what decisions we make, whether as Christians or not.

Decisions involve choices and choices require freedom to make those choices. To me, this form of freedom, spiritual in origin, one might say, is the heart of the word’s meaning. Making wrong or bad decisions is usually not without consequences and as such goes a long way to answer the age old question: where was God/Jesus when we needed him most? Any Christian
would declare that he is there beside us all the time in support. Remember, it is us – collective humanity - that makes wrong or bad choices and not God or Jesus. He has merely given us the opportunity to make choices by setting us free. Thus the Bible, as well as being thought of as a ‘book of hope’ could also be considered to be a ‘book of liberation and freedom’.

The recent VE75 celebrations on May 8th were about celebrating World War 2 victory in Europe – a victory over tyranny and oppression to re-establish freedom through democracy in a threatened world. The Queen stated on the day within her message to the nation: “Many people laid down their lives in that terrible conflict. They fought so we could live in peace, at home and abroad. They died so we could live as free people in a world of free nations.”

Having lost a dear uncle in Burma in 1944, the fight for such national freedom strikes a resonant chord with me and my family. Sadly, 75 years on from the end of World War 2, the world is still not a world of free nations. Within all nations, even those acknowledged as democracies, there is still too much disregard for fellow human beings, illustrated by every day acts of prejudice, discrimination, intolerance, abuse, neglect, indiscipline, anti-social behaviour, impatience, arrogance, greed, selfishness - and much more. All the problems associated with a world overflowing with plastic and a world paying lip service to tackling climate change only add to our failure to do the right thing. All are examples of bad or wrong decisions/choices being made. We have the freedom to make those choices, however, and having that freedom must remain uppermost in the way we live our lives – as individuals, as families, as communities and as nations. The flip side is that we have the freedom to also make the right decisions from uninhibited choices. Right or wrong choices - which do you think outweighs the other in 2020? about freedom? Having to write this article in the middle of May, I have no true idea of what the picture will look like by the time our July magazine is published. How will the easing of restrictions be working by then? Will there be a second spike of infections? At present, I am conscious of how much we will still have to endure under these enforced conditions. There is obviously the physical side due to the lack of desired movement, but what about our mental state – emotional, psychological and even spiritual? How are those living alone feeling? Lonely? But, don’t forget, you can feel lonely in a crowd. To help me think positively during this period, endurance springs to mind. I think of Jesus spending 40 days in the wilderness being tempted by the devil. I think of the patience of the prophet Job and his appalling suffering during his loss of family, health and property due to the work of the devil with the consent of God.

I think of a quote by the German philosopher and atheist Friedrich Nietzsche: “That which does not kill us makes us stronger”. I think of ‘before you have the rainbow you have to have the rain’. I think about hearing on the radio a comment made by an elderly gentleman in isolation over his garden fence to a neighbour in a similar predicament which went along the lines of, ‘the longer the endurance the sweeter it will be when we are free’. The Bible tells us God was testing Jesus and Job to do his will. Is he not perhaps doing the same to us during this lockdown? Will we be become stronger for the experience? Will life become sweeter? Will we see the rainbow for its colour and beauty rather than be looking for the pot of gold at the end of it? The Rt Revd Paul Bayes, Bishop of Liverpool, stated in his recent podcast message (refer to pages 5/6 of the June magazine) that: “If we are to bring good out of the impact of
evil, then we need a discipline; to sit patiently with uncertainty even though uncertainty makes us anxious”. Our present circumstances at least give us the opportunity to reflect, meditate and yes, pray for a better tomorrow.

There are many types of freedoms in our failing world then. Democracies permit freedom of speech (within reason) even if you vehemently disagree with what’s being said. But you have the right, through that freedom, to say it; although the often unsanctioned abuse associated with social media is perhaps currently testing that ideal to the limit. This, I might add, is not the fault of social media, for it can be used very positively as a force for good, but more a fault of those who use it. ‘Freedom of choice’ has to override all other forms of freedom if you believe in God and the biblical texts. It dates back to Adam and Eve. The Bible is littered with good and bad choices made through freedom of choice. The key question is: can we learn from past mistakes? Can we at this moment in our history transform hope into a positive reality through the freedom God has afforded us? Bishop Paul in his recent podcast message quoted from the Archbishop of Canterbury’s Easter sermon: “…we cannot be content to go back to what was before as if all is normal. There needs to be a resurrection of our common life, something that links to the old, but is different and more beautiful”. We now have a wonderful opportunity, thanks to freedom of choice, to make life more beautiful.

Ken Davies

A GREAT BIG THANK YOU TO ALL AT ST LUKE’S CHURCH
FROM KATIE, TERRY, SOPHIE AND THE FAMILY OF MARGARET MCCOY

We would like to say a great big thank you to everyone at St Luke’s Church who attended and took part in my Mum’s funeral on 11th February, 2020. It meant a great deal to us to see the church so full of friends from near and far, gathered together to give my Mum a wonderful send off. Your prayers, support and kindness were greatly appreciated and your kind donations raised £633 for Queenscourt Hospice, Southport. Thank you also to the lovely ladies who worked so hard in the Meeting Room, providing welcome refreshments to us all. The church was full of daffodils and the snowdrops which my Mum loved so much were out in the church yard.

For almost fifty years this lovely church has played a huge part of my Mums life. She regularly attended St Luke’s at 8.30am on Sunday. Being a verger for weddings and funerals, helping in the tearoom, being a sidesperson and helping to collate the magazine were all jobs that my Mum took great pride in and pleasure from. Both my Mum and my Dad enjoyed being part of the St Luke’s Church family and they were a brilliant team together, helping with the Tuesday group and various activities. My Dad’s many jokes still make me chuckle and I know that Mum and Dad are reunited now.

Many long standing friendships have been made within this wonderful community and we feel proud to be a part of this lovely church family and look forward to a time when we can visit again.

Thank you.

Sending you all love and best wishes in these uncertain times.

From Katie, Terry and Sophie Hawton
THE ST. LUKE’S – ST. MARKS, SHYIRA LINK

In September and October 2000 I spent three weeks touring all Episcopal Dioceses in Rwanda with a group organised by Mid Africa Ministry, now absorbed into the Church Mission Society, CMS. That was just six years after the Rwandan genocide. One of the places we visited was the remote community of Shyira, in the hills of the North-West. We were only there for about two hours but it was sufficiently long for us all to feel quite devastated by the extreme poverty we saw. For example, the maternity hospital delivery room window was broken and the community was unable to purchase the small sheet of glass needed to repair it.

At the end of the tour we were all challenged by what we had seen, and we discussed what we would try to do in the future. Later I would write that I felt totally devastated by my visit to Shyira. Never had I been to such a deprived community, never had I seen people looking so dejected, never had I witnessed the consequences of evil as I had seen them there. I really hated the journey to Shyira, but felt strangely attracted by the place. I was convinced that God was challenging me to do something to help people there. Could I really return to the comfort of Formby, having seen what I had seen, and do nothing? But with such problems, such poverty, what could I do? Alone I could do nothing, but God had plans.

I had gone to Rwanda as a representative of St Luke’s because Alison, our vicar, was going on sabbatical. I had to report back to the PCC and to the entire parish on my visit. In giving the feedback I suggested to the church that we could help the parish of Shyira by inviting them to join us in a parish-to-parish link. Then Jane Morgan told me that she wanted to go to Rwanda. As a midwife she wondered if she could help the maternity hospital. We let the church know that we were planning to go, and very quickly were joined by eight other people.

Bishop John Rucyahana of Shyira Diocese wrote “We will be glad to work with you in the extension of the kingdom of God in both Shyira parish and St. Luke’s church.” After a lot of planning ten members of St. Luke’s went to Rwanda in July and August 2001. We took a letter from Alison inviting the parish to send three people to visit St. Luke’s and the parish link was formed. Back in Formby we started fundraising to rebuild or repair the maternity hospital and to alleviate the poverty of our Rwandan friends.

By 2005 the amount of money collected for Shyira parish was large enough to distort the church accounts, and it was decided to establish a charity to manage the financial aspects of our friendship with Shyira. The Shyira Trust was registered with the Charity Commission in 2006. At the suggestion of the Charity Commission it is able to work all across Rwanda. St Luke’s became responsible for the faith aspects of the link to Shyira with the Trust taking on the financial aspects. Two of the Trusts six trustees are nominated by St. Luke’s.

The link between St. Luke’s and St Mark’s is about friendship between people of faith, perhaps best illustrated by the few hundred children helped through school. A total of 28 different members of St. Luke’s have been to Shyira, some several times. Additionally several non-members of St Luke’s have travelled with people from St. Luke’s and so have been exposed
to living in a Christian community. Included in these numbers are two students from Range High, and staff members from Formby High and St. Luke’s schools. We have also facilitated a visit by members of the Rotary Club of Formby to Rwanda. Additionally we have been invited to talk to schools, groups and radio programmes about our Rwandan link. Because of our friendship with people in Shyira we have been able to tell of our faith to many people.

We have benefited by having visitors from Rwanda at St. Luke’s. We have had four groups from Shyira, a youth choir, the archbishop of Rwanda and three different bishops plus a Ugandan bishop. In addition we have been visited three times by the American missionary doctors that worked at Shyira hospital. Our Rwandan visitors have been a real benefit to us as they have been into schools and met with many people. I have been writing about that at some length and hope to be finished by the end of this year.

For a parish link to work I think there needs to be an interaction of people. We did very well in that respect until 2014, but more recently there have been fewer visits mostly because the people who have been in the past are getting less mobile or are no longer at St. Luke’s. We had visitors from Rwanda in 2017 and Harvie and Sally went to Shyira in May 2018 but they have now moved on. In Rwanda Pastor Antony will be retiring later this year. Depending on the wishes of our new vicar, when we eventually get one, perhaps now is the time for us to review our parish link. Can we work with whoever replaces Antony to revive our parish link for the benefit of future members of St Luke’s and St. Mark’s? That is something we should be praying about – what does God want of us in the future?

Allan Hobson

MEMORIES OF MARGARET MCCOY

22 May 1938 – 24 January 2020

Margaret started her Guiding career as a Brownie Guider in the late 70s, helping out with Norma Kirby. As time went on she took on more responsibility, and after training became Brown Owl of the 8th Formby St. Luke Brownies - meeting on a Wednesday evening. She decided to take her pack holiday licence again after training. Her training included two weekends away - one of which was with Shirley Potter and Mon Jones, leaders at 14th Formby St. Peter’s. She went from strength to strength and many holidays with her own unit followed after receiving her licence.

She would team up with other leaders including Wilma Brown and later on myself. We went to Waddow Hall, Clitheroe, and the now infamous Littledale. She wandered around with a bottle of bleach most of the weekend - it was a Scout place and needed a little TLC.

Margaret took on the responsibility of pack holiday advisor and later on District Commissioner, quietly trying to organise our sometimes rowdy meetings. Her swan song was a trip to Waddow Hall with all of our district Brownie pack; exhausting fun and laughter ensued. What a weekend!! I will always remember her stepping off the coach looking dazed when we arrived; the Brownies had started singing as they left Formby and never stopped, a trip of over an hour. The driver looked just as bad!

Margaret is fondly remembered in many ways by many leaders, but mostly for her kindness and care of others – and in particular for her pom pom pets, a good standby craft, I certainly remember her with affection and miss her dearly.

She was a good friend in Guiding. Ann Wood
Everyone who met Peggy knew within an instant that she was a Scouser and so proud of it! She spent her early life within walking distance of the family church, St Clement’s, and Liverpool Cathedral. She was from a large close family. She had four sisters and three brothers, all of them great characters and hugely loved. She was also proud of her Welsh heritage. Her mother came from Mold and she often spoke of idyllic farm holidays with Aunty Mag on her farm.

She met and married the absolute love of her life, Tom, when they were both in the St Clement’s church choir and they married during the Second World War. Tom served in the Army in North Africa and Italy and Peggy joined the ATS. As with so many of their generation the War was a huge formative experience for them and Peggy always looked back on her service with great and justified pride.

She became a mum after the War and devoted herself from then on to bringing up her family. She was no stranger to hard work and was game for anything. She took many jobs to support the family income – shop assistant, bar-maid, factory worker making Cadbury’s chocolate, in the school meals service and MANWEB.

On coming to Freshfield in 1964 Tom and Peg became increasingly involved in the life of St Luke’s. They joined the choir and gradually they made many friends in the church, and the church community became central to their lives. Tom died in 1995. They had celebrated their Golden Wedding.

In many ways life did not deal Peggy the kindest of cards. You will all be aware of her devotion to Paul, Christine and Judith over many years. The care and attention she was able to give them was exemplary. They were never in any doubt that they were unconditionally loved. She strove to support them and fight their corner at every turn. Mercifully she was unaware of Christine’s death just before Christmas. Thankfully Christine did not have to bear the loss of her Mum.

Peggy was a committed Christian; she was warm and loving, feisty and outspoken; she was extrovert and gregarious. She loved company. She was funny and loved a laugh. She was fierce in support of her family. She had a wonderful smile and always remained optimistic. She stood as a real representative of her brave, other-centred generation and will be greatly missed.

June McGibbon (adapted from son Paul's eulogy at Peggy's funeral on 23rd March at St Luke’s)

SMILE LINES - Lost in translation

Last year, some friends took their six-year-old on a car trip to France. To help pass the time on the way down to the Channel, they encouraged their son to practise his new reading skills by calling out road signs.

He fell asleep just before they entered France. When he awoke, he saw the French motorway signs and said in a worried tone, "I think I forgot how to read while I was asleep."
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YOUR EDITOR’S DIGGING CAREER

My archaeological career was, like my bellringing, characterised much more by geographical breadth than intellectual depth. (We may inflict my bellringing experiences on you in the September issue.)

I started off with the Oxford University Archaeological Society Saturday afternoon digging expeditions where we would all pile into the back of a fairly ancient Bedford van parked by the Ashmolean Museum before taking off to the wilds of the Oxfordshire sandpit sites – apart from part of my second year, where we worked on the floor of the Latin Chapel in Christchurch Cathedral. I remember quite a few wet and windy afternoons and one particularly dramatic one where a fellow-student managed to spike her foot with a fork – obviously an A&E job! The village of Stanton Harcourt rings a bell.

After 2 years of spending Saturday afternoons in mostly windswept gravel-pits, I swapped my allegiance to bellringing but after I’d finished my final exams, I and a friend spent a glorious sunny month or so working on the Rainsborough Iron Age Hill Fort site near Aynho. I can't remember for the life of me where we camped but I know that I have, somewhere, photos of me and my friend Gill standing in our respective post-holes digging away. If you were 5ft nothing, that was the job you were frequently given – taller people would have had to do too much bending!

I spent my long summer vacations in Heidelberg where a college friend who also studied German had worked at the archaeological dept of the Museum and she introduced me by letter to Dr. Bernd Heukemes who was very keen to demonstrate to English people that there were some – or rather lots of “sympathische” ie really nice people in Germany. They were working on the site of a Roman graveyard which was to have a high-rise cancer research centre built over it. In other words, it was a rescue dig and they needed as much manpower as possible. It was an interesting dig – fairly straightforward digging out each individual Roman grave with its lamp and coin – payment for the ferryman to row you over the Styx to the underworld – and the students were good company. I remember that you were expected to pay your “Einstand” and “Ausstand” ie a beer for everyone on your first and last day. I had a room in the city which would have been a student’s room in term-time and at weekends I was able to explore the city and surrounding area – I even ventured as far as Worms on the train.

My first teaching job was at the Royal Naval School on the edge of Hindhead Heath (good views to the South Downs on summer days but as it was nearly 1000 ft above sea-level, the clouds could sometimes sit there for days on end). From here I used to drive – initially on my moped – to Selborne – the lovely small Hampshire village of Gilbert White fame – where a small group of amateurs were investigating the ruins of the old priory. That site was really quite idyllic and I even enjoyed driving over there on quiet roads – we’re talking about the late 1960s.

I spent most of one Easter holiday in Northumbria with a group trying to find the traces of a deserted mediaeval village near Kirkwhelpington north of Newcastle. It snowed on and off and we found absolutely nothing. At least we had reasonably comfortable rooms in a Newcastle hall of residence.
Ancaster in Lincolnshire (see left) was a much more productive “dig”. The cemetery was to be extended so they needed to excavate some mediaeval graves which were thought to be there. I remember one moving grave of a mother and child – quite sad but I have to confess that I don’t now recall what happened to the burials – they must have been reinterred somewhere else. I took my younger sister with me on that dig. The man to whom she has now been happily married for over 50 years had just broken off the engagement. So one day she wasn’t concentrating on what she was supposed to be doing. She cut a corner and went down a steep ditch with a wheelbarrow – luckily she escaped with a few bruises!

My final digs were at Mucking on the northern shore of the Thames estuary. The site contained remains dating from the Neolithic to the Middle Ages—a period of some 3,000 years—and the Bronze Age and Anglo-Saxon features were particularly notable. It was apparently the largest digging site in the whole of Western Europe and work went on year round and as quickly as possible to stay ahead of the gravel extraction. I intended to sleep in the back of my Mini Clubman car but when I arrived, I discovered that there was a conveyor belt between me and the rest of the camp-site. I wasn’t very happy about this situation so next day I phoned my Aunt Edith in Romford. She took pity on me and so for 2 weeks I commuted back and forth – missing the company of the other diggers, mainly students, in the evenings but enjoying my aunt’s good cooking.

So my digging experiences took me from the gravel sites of Oxfordshire to the gravel-pits of South Essex – but by way of some really interesting places, especially Heidelberg. We did try to call at the museum when we passed that way a few years back but it was a Monday and it was closed. It would have been nice to see whether any of the artefacts I dug up were now displayed there!

My career as an amateur archaeologist ended after Mucking (very suitable name!) but it’s good to look at the various reports on the internet and reflect that I might have made a small contribution to the sum of knowledge about those sites.

Margaret Cooke

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KAFKA STORY

‘A few days back, in these strange and difficult times of Social Distancing that we now find ourselves in, I was reminded of a curious little story attributed to Franz Kafka who lived through the period of the last century's pandemic of Spanish Flu.

When he was 40 Kafka, the renowned Bohemian novelist and short story writer was strolling through Steglitz Park in Berlin, when he chanced upon a young girl crying her eyes out because she had lost her favourite doll. Kafka, who never married and had no children, helped the little girl look for the doll but alas, without any success. Kafka asked her to meet him there the next day and they would look again for the lost doll. The next day, when they had looked again but still not found the doll, Kafka gave the girl a letter "written" by the doll which said "Please do not cry. I have gone on a trip to see the World. I am going to write to you about my adventures". (contd. on Page 22)
As those of you who have read the bulletin over the last few weeks know technology and I are not on first name terms. In fact it bamboozles me. Just when I think I have got something sorted it drops a banana skin in front of me.

Then I get an email from Margaret re. Zoom Services - Would you like to write just a short piece, Jean?’ Er …..NO! – but who can say no to Margaret?

OK then, deep breath and here we go.

We started with weekly family ‘gatherings’ on Zoom. Then came Ascension Day and Andrew decided we should try to join the Zoom service being hosted by St Peter’s. It was lovely seeing some of St Luke’s congregation appear on the screen and the service, directed by David Holroyd, went well. That night I had one of those ‘stupid’ thoughts – ‘It was good to see people from church – let’s see if the bulletin group would like a chance to see each other,’ and so I sent out my first invitation.

Our ‘meet-up’ went well and then that voice in my head went on and said –’Why not try a service?’

I thought it would be easy – a simple set of Power Point slides. An email from DH and I could get the music to insert. All seemed well until we tested it over Zoom – disaster!

It took a great deal of time, help from David Holroyd, a group of ‘victims’ who put up with ‘trials’ and a swap of computers (mine wasn’t powerful enough) to end up with our first act of worship.

I was terrified but we survived and as I write this, we have held our second service and I would like to send a big thank you to all those who have taken part.

Not everything is ‘seamless’ and I am still nervous but it is a joy to see so many people and I am glad we took a ‘leap of faith’.

Jean Cox

WELL – WE WEREN’T EXPECTING THAT!
ST LUKE’S LIFEBOAT TEA ROOM

The planning had all been done,
the dates had been put in the diary
and then ….. COVID-19 struck.

No ifs and no buts – we were closed.

It was a great disappointment to the many volunteers and customers but thankfully for us the instructions were extremely clear and there was nothing we could do.

We are still watching the news but any opening would need a complete all clear. Those of you who have seen our kitchen will realise that there is no way you could socially distance yourself from anybody in there and while on a quiet day one person could cope we all know the madness of a busy day.

It would be lovely to think that we might manage to open for a bit, maybe going on into September, but we will just have to wait and see and if not – here’s to 2021!

Jean Cox
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THE CARING SIDE OF RANGE IN LOCKDOWN

Range High School has not become isolated or ‘shut’ during the lockdown, far from it. Staff have been working hard with pupils and parents to maintain communication through modern technology and other appropriate means to ensure teaching and learning continues. However, it is with the local community in mind that I have focused this article, snippets of stories and pictures primarily taken from the school’s May Newsletter.

I begin by giving examples of fundraising for various worthy causes. These have included supporting Sefton Council’s initiative to attempt to help cheer up residents in care homes due to the lack of permitted visitors during lockdown, something which St Luke’s Church has also supported; fundraising for Queenscourt Hospice (Zack Dowling Y8 and his sister Liv Y11 planning to run/walk the 2.6 miles challenge* every day, and also intending to donate a large pile of books for a children’s library which they hope to set up in the hospice once the restrictions have been lifted); fundraising for Woodlands Hospice at Aintree Hospital (Amelia McIntegart Y9 running a marathon a week finishing on Friday 15 May); fundraising for Heartbeat, a local NW charity helping people to recover and rebuild their lives after heart illness (Jack Duff Y8 and his little sister Georgia again taking on the 2.6 challenge*, this time by cycling 26km on Sunday 26 April); Woodvale Community Centre (appeal to pupils to send letters, poems, drawings and paintings to accompany food parcels the Centre delivers to older people in the community); initiative by Head of RE, Mrs Caroline Bridge, for colleagues and parents to make on-line money donations to the Southport Soup Kitchen throughout Lent, the Soup Kitchen also supported by St Luke’s Church.

(*Initiative to support UK charities during the pandemic)

A group of Y7 and Y8 pupils from Range choir have been working on The Halo Project during recent weeks. This project has been created and edited by Y8 pupil Eli Greer and combines song, dance, art and speaking. The result is an awe-inspiring two minute video. Eli has since added a second video titled ‘These Days’. The pupils wanted to create a project for local hospices and care homes to show them that they are not alone – a lovely sentiment. Some of the artwork is displayed here and you can watch both videos on the school twitter feed @RangeHighSch.
Sophie Hall Y11 and Rose Dawson Y11, along with Maisie Moxon Y8 Formby High, decided very recently to go and help with clearing up the litter left behind by day trippers on Formby dunes and beach after the late May Bank Holiday weekend. Sophie writes in her article for June’s Newsletter: “Mountains of rubbish was left behind - glass and an array of items that ranged from cooler boxes to fold out chair and disposable barbecues. There were also a number of bonfires still lit, which posed another problem for the emergency services. Residents and others were all disgusted and extremely saddened by seeing our coastline publicised on the social media and the news for all the wrong reasons. As residents we were unable to sit back and allow our beach to be littered. As a community we cleared litter as best we could, whilst maintaining social distancing. Community clean-ups are still taking place, under the direction of the National Trust and independent litter groups such as the Litter Angels. We simply ask that people treat our areas of natural beauty with respect.” Well done Sophie and all who helped.

I will conclude with a poem titled The Rule by Abigail Cowie Y7. The caring nature through creative writing of a child aged 11 is a delight. It gives us all great hope for the future.

The May Newsletter can be found at: [http://www.range.sefton.sch.uk/range-newsletters/](http://www.range.sefton.sch.uk/range-newsletters/) with links to various fundraising activities.

As always with these end of school year articles I can never come anywhere close to doing the school justice in all it accomplishes.

I am as ever indebted to Miss Laura Taylor (Administration and Marketing Assistant) in the compilation of material.

Ken Davies
Kafka met with the little girl many times thereafter, and when they would meet he would read aloud his carefully composed letters of adventures and conversations about the beloved doll, which the little girl found enchanting. Finally, after many meetings, Kafka read the little girl a letter of the story that brought the doll back to Berlin, and then he gave her a doll which he himself had purchased. “This does not look at all like my doll” she said, whereupon Kafka handed her another letter that explained, “My trips have changed me”. The little girl hugged the new doll and took it home with her.

A year or so later, in 1924, Kafka died. Many years afterwards, the little girl, who was now very much grown up, found another little letter which had been somehow tucked away into an unnoticed crevice in the doll. The tiny letter, which had been signed by Kafka, said “Everything you love is very likely to be lost, but in the end, love will return in a different way”. No matter for our present troubles, love is always with us for our comfort, and it comes in many forms. God will always see to that.

(sent in by Ron Johnson)

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NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK TO BE CONFIRMED

Bishop Stephen Geoffrey Cottrell will be confirmed as the 98th Archbishop of York this month. The service, at 11am on Thursday 9th July, will be broadcast entirely via video conference due to the Coronavirus restrictions.

The service, which had been due to take place in York Minster, will be in two parts. A legal ceremony with readings, prayers and music, will be followed by a film marking the start of Bishop Stephen’s ministry as Archbishop of York.

Bishop Stephen Cottrell says: “I am looking forward to beginning my ministry as the 98th Archbishop of York. This isn’t quite how I imagined it would begin. It is certainly the first time an Archbishop’s election will have been confirmed via video conference. But we’re all having to re-imagine how we live our lives and how we inhabit the world.

“These are difficult times. My hope is that through this service the love of God that is given us in Jesus Christ will shine out, perhaps even to those who while never attending a service in York Minster, might have a look online

Following in the footsteps of my many predecessors, I look forward to serving our nation and bringing the love and peace of Christ to our world, especially here in the north.”

The service will be available on the Church of England website. Arrangements for Bishop Stephen’s enthronement service will be announced later in the year.

THE CORONAVIRUS, CHURCH & YOU SURVEY

You are invited to take part in this national survey…details below

The Covid-19 pandemic has obviously had a profound effect on churches. The lockdown has severely restricted ministry in areas such as pastoral care, fellowship groups, and serving the community. On the other hand, for those with online access, worship has taken on new and creative forms over the last few weeks. Many clergy and ministry teams have risen to the challenge of operating in the virtual environment.

Page 22
As we pass the most severe period of lockdown, it seems a good time to assess how churchgoers have responded to the experience, and what they think the future might hold. How well have people coped with the pandemic? Has it strengthened or weakened their faith? How has it been for clergy and ministry teams trying to work in this new environment? How have those receiving ministry found this novel experience? Will virtual ministry become part of the post-pandemic landscape, and will this be a good move for your church?

We have developed a survey over the last few weeks in discussion with bishops, clergy and lay people which we hope will enable you to record your experience of the pandemic, the ministry you have given or received, and what you think will happen to churches in a post-pandemic world.

In an article to launch the survey in the Church Times, the Bishop of Manchester, David Walker, wrote: "This survey is an attempt to go beyond anecdote… It will capture evidence of both excitement and fears for the future, of where stress levels have changed, and whether personal faith has weakened or grown."

This is an online survey, which we estimate it will take you about 20-30 minutes to complete. Most of the questions simply require you to tick boxes, though there are options to specify your particular circumstances, and an opportunity at the end for you to tell us your views in your own words. Alongside questions about the pandemic and ministry there are sections which ask about you: these are important because they will allow us to see how the lockdown is affecting different sorts of people in different contexts.

The survey can be completed on mobile phones, though it is more quickly completed on devices with larger screens such as tablets or computers. You can access using the following link: https://tinyurl.com/ycsq9fy2

Please forward this link to any churches or churchgoers you feel might want to take part in the survey and support this research. We should have some initial results within a few weeks and will make these available as widely as we can.

The Revd Professor Andrew Village, York St John University  a.village@yorksj.ac.uk
The Revd Canon Professor Leslie J. Francis, Visiting Professor York St John University
(both articles from the Parish Pump website)

ST. LUKE’S PUPIL AIMS TO BECOME AN AUTHOR!

Joni Falconer is a passionate reader of books and also enjoys writing stories – so that’s what she’s been doing during the lockdown. Sharon Cowey, Joni’s Headteacher, was so impressed by Joni’s skill that she contacted Frank Cottrell-Boyce, telling him that Joni has enjoyed reading his books. Consequently Mr. Cottrell-Boyce featured one of Joni’s stories on his Instagram account and it was then read out by actress Siobhan McSweeney (who played Sister Mary in Derry Girls).

Joni has offered to read a range of books which she will review for the school’s new junior library and she has volunteered to recommend books for children to read and to share her love of reading with the younger children — when she can get back to school.

(from The Champion June 10th)
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The last letter of one name is the first letter of the next name.

- Wrote 13 New Testament letters
- He wrote the third Gospel

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Match the wife to their husband

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RUTH
REBEKAH
RACHEL
ELIZABETH

BOAZ
JACOB
ZECHARIAH
JOSEPH
ABRAHAM
ISAAC

Mother of John (Luke 1:3)
Sarah’s servant (Genesis 16:21)
Joseph’s mother (Genesis 29:35)
His wife turned to salt (Genesis 11:31)
Paul’s friend (2 Corinthians 8:27)
A brother of Jesus (Matthew 13:55)
Ruth’s mother-in-law. (Ruth 3:1)

IT’S A PUZZLE!
God sent 9 plagues on Egypt...
What were they?
Change each letter to the one after it in the alphabet to find out.

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