The EAGLE

The Parish Magazine
of St. John the
Evangelist
Walton on the Hill

in the
Diocese
of Liverpool

AUTUMN

50 p per issue
£2.00 per year

Happiness Quotes

"Being happy doesn't mean that everything is perfect. It means that you've decided to look beyond the imperfections."

"We tend to forget that happiness doesn't come as a result of getting something we don't have, but rather of recognizing and appreciating what we do have."
Frederick Keonig

"People love others not for who they are but for how they make them feel"
Irwin Federman

"Each moment of a happy lover's hour is worth an age of dull and common life"
Aphra Behn

"The reason people find it so hard to be happy is that they always see the past better than it was, the present worse than it is, and the future less resolved than it will be"
Marcel Pagnol

"If you want to live a happy life, tie it to a goal, not to people or things."
Albert Einstein

"Don't rely on someone else for your happiness and self worth. Only you can be responsible for that. If you can't love and respect yourself – no one else will be able to make that happen. Accept who you are – completely; the good and the bad – and make changes as YOU see fit – not because you think someone else wants you to be different."
Stacey Charter

"There is only one happiness in this life, to love and be loved."
George Sand

Who's Who

Lay Reader Emeritus	Mr. Bob Lea	924 9248
Church wardens	Mrs. Jean Speke	523 5005
	Mrs. Ada Parle	521 2232
Verger	Mrs Audrey Mattocks	474 1652
Musical Director	Mr Michael Bennett Dip. Mus. (Ch)	284 2874
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Hon. Treasurer	Mr. K. Mottram	01704 878731
Magazine Secretary	Mrs. M. Symes	474 1780
Magazine Editor	Mr. M. Parle	521 2232

Services

Sunday	8.00 a.m.	Eucharist
	10.00 a.m.	Parish Eucharist (Parade 1st. Sunday)
Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	Eucharist

Eucharists on Festivals and Saints Days as announced

Sunday School	10.00 a.m.	In the Vestry

Weddings and Holy Baptisms can be arranged every Sunday
in the Church After the 10 am Service

Organisations

Tuesday	7.00 p.m.	Junior Choir practice in Church
	7.30 p.m.	Adults join for full practice in Church
Thursday	6.15 p.m.	Beavers in Rice Lane School
	6.30 p.m.	Cubs in Rice Lane School
	7.00 p.m.	Scouts in Rice Lane School

From

the Carriage Window,

From the carriage window, Autumn 2013.

Farewell to summer! Gone are those heated days and sleepless nights, we wait through winter days anticipating the summer and yet when it comes we seek the cool shade! I found these few lines in a old American music book ,I am baffled by the title though, it reads "Swabian Folk song", then the following name .Jane.B.Walters. Anyway here it is "Farewell To Summer"

"When the nights grow cold and Jack Frost creeps forth at setting sun; leaves will turn to red and brown, Soon they will all come rustling down, Falling, falling ,Summertime is done. Friendly birds take wing and no longer sing on branch or tree-top high, Cold grey clouds are in the sky, Flowers droop and slowly die Fading, fading Summertime, goodbye".

I wanted to know more about the word Swabian so using the search button on the computer I write the word Swabian and up came the following : In the past, Swabians were the target of many jokes and stories where they are depicted as excessively stingy, overly serious ,prudish, or as simpletons. However, this has ceased, nowadays Swabians (who live in a south west region of Germany,)are regarded as hard working Germans, prosperous and generous.

The weather forecast on the TV watched by many, confirms our interest in the future conditions ahead. Such interest in the forthcoming weather goes back down the centuries, but unlike us today using sensitive instruments able to give accurate forecasts, our forebears sought the signs for future weather differently. For a Biblical reference with regard to future weather I did not have to look very far at this time of writing especially as the Gospel reading for Trinity 12 (heard 18th August) reads as follows: Jesus tells his disciples "When you see a cloud rising in the west, you immediately say, `It is going to rain`; and so it happens. And when you see the south wind blowing, you say,

`There will be scorching heat`; and it happens. You hypocrites! You know how to interpret the appearance of earth and sky, but why do you not know how to interpret the present time?"
So we now know Jesus was aware of seeking future weather signs, but his forecast leaves us with something to think about and questions why we do not know how to interpret the present time. That is something to think about as autumn approaches?

Until next time, Bob Lea.

Keep Your Dream

I have a friend named Monty Roberts who owns a horse ranch in San Ysidro. He has let me use his house to put on fund-raising events to raise money for youth at risk programs. The last time I was there he introduced me by saying, "I want to tell you why I let Jack use my horse. It all goes back to a story about a young man who was the son of an itinerant horse trainer who would go from stable to stable, race track to race track, farm to farm and ranch to ranch, training horses. As a result, the boy's high school career was continually interrupted. When he was a senior, he was asked to write a paper about what he wanted to be and do when he grew up. "That night he wrote a seven-page paper describing his goal of someday owning a horse ranch. He wrote about his dream in great detail and he even drew a diagram of a 200-acre ranch, showing the location of all the buildings, the stables and the track. Then he drew a detailed floor plan for a 4,000-square-foot house that would sit on a 200-acre dream ranch. "He put a great deal of his heart into the project and the next day he handed it in to his teacher. Two days later he received his paper back. On the front page was a large red F with a note that read, `See me after class.' "The boy with the dream went to see the teacher after class and asked, `Why did I receive an F?' "The teacher said, `This is an unrealistic dream for a young boy like you. You have no money. You come from an itinerant family. You have no resources. Owning a horse ranch requires a lot of money. You have to buy the land. You have to pay for the original breeding stock and later you'll have to pay large stud fees. There's no way you could ever do it.' Then the teacher added, `If you will rewrite this paper with a more realistic goal, I will reconsider your grade.'

"The boy went home and thought about it long and hard. He asked his father what he should do. His father said, `Look, son, you have to make up your own mind on this. However, I think it is a very important decision for you.' "Finally, after sitting with it for a week, the boy turned in the same paper, making no changes at all. He stated, "You can keep the F and I'll keep my dream." Monty then turned to the assembled group and said, "I tell you this story because you are sitting in my 4,000-square-foot house in the middle of my 200-acre horse ranch. I still have that school paper framed over the fireplace." He added, "The best part of the story is that two summers ago that same schoolteacher brought 30 kids to camp out on my ranch for a week." When the teacher was leaving, he said, "Look, Monty, I can tell you this now. When I was your teacher, I was something of a dream stealer. During those years I stole a lot of kids' dreams. Fortunately you had enough gumption not to give up on yours."

"Don't let anyone steal your dreams. Follow your heart, no matter what."

- Author Unknown

A Choristers confession.

Almighty and most merciful Conductor,
We have erred and strayed from Thy lost beat like lost sheep.
We have followed too much the intonations and tempi of our own hearts,
We have offended against Thy dynamic markings,
We have left unsung those notes which we ought to have sung
And we have sung those notes which we ought not to have sung
And there is no support in us.
But Thou, O Conductor, have mercy on us miserable singers,
Succour the chorally challenged,
Restore Thou them that need sectionals,
Spare them that have pencils.
Pardon our mistakes, and have faith that hereafter we will follow
Thy directions And sing in perfect harmony.

An Unexpected Holiday (part 2) Vernon Davis

It was here. Departure day. Journey should be a piece of cake Nev reckoned, rising early. Just round the M25 and straight up the M1. Leave at ten, say three hours, they should be sailing away on their family adventure holiday by around two.

His expectations went unrewarded. Nev breakfasted alone and it was nearly ten before Karen and Chantelle appeared, both glowing with a decidedly orange tint. 'Bring the cases down luv,' said Karen. 'Me 'n' Chantelle are all packed and I've done yours too.'

Nev went to get the cases and root out Jason at the same time. Jason was still in bed, fully wired. Nev shouted at him to get up. Jason nodded.

Three times Nev staggered to his newly polished leviathan in the drive with Chantelle's and Karen's necessities. Karen had decided that Nev's needs were a little more Spartan and a single sports bag sufficed.

It was nearly eleven, before, with a roar from the twin, chrome plated exhausts, they headed towards the motorway. Being a Saturday, the M25 was solid at Bluewater and Lakeside and it was late afternoon before they arrived at the boatyard.

Karen and Chantelle were both amazed and puzzled by the amount of empty countryside they'd passed through. Why did nobody live there? It was Chantelle that solved the mystery.

'There's no shopping centres. Stands to reason nobody lives there.'

Guided to their destination by the trusty satnav, Nev parked neatly in the last two parking places.

'Wait here,' he said, 'I'll go and sort it.' He returned a short while later. 'That's our boat over there. I've got the key. We can get all our gear stowed.'

Nev felt pleased with the suitably nautical expression. Things started badly. Everything had to be unpacked as there was nowhere to put the suitcases, while Jason's anguished yell of 'It ain't got no sockets,' had brought heads popping up from surrounding boats. Maybe he'll start talking, Nev thought, once his batteries run out. In the meantime, Jason stretched out on one of the bunks, adjusted his headphones and tried to remain as inconspicuous as possible.

A lad arrived wielding a clipboard bearing a check list.
'Ever done this before?' He enquired politely of Nev, although observing Karen and Chantelle tripping to and fro in skin tight pedal pushers and strappy high heeled sandals rather supplied the answer.
Twice Chantelle's heels had got caught between planks in the floating staging where the boat was moored.
'No,' said Nev, 'But you can only go forwards and backwards can't you?'
The lad groaned inwardly. 'What about locks?' he asked. 'Have you watched the video on how to work them?'
'What locks?' Nev was puzzled by apparent security concerns. There were only two doors and they each had a lock which turned with the key he'd been given.
'The locks that take the boat up and down hills,' replied the lad. He looked at Nev's details. Bexleyheath. South of the river. Probably never seen a canal in his life.
Nev continued to look blank. Hills. How could a boat go up and down hills? Wouldn't all the water run away? Perhaps, he thought, he should have read the boring bits on the website and the stuff they'd sent. Maybe there'd been something there about it.
'Better look at the video then, hadn't we sir?' said the lad. He picked up the folder marked 'Important, read this before you start'.
Chantelle eyed up the boatyard lad. Not bad really, she thought, perhaps she could get him going a bit. She went and changed in to some almost transparent white jeans that sat snugly just above her pelvic bone, exposing not only a lot of flesh between the waistband and the bottom of her tee shirt, but also displaying the waistband of her purple thong and the snake tattoo on her spine that disappeared downwards to heaven knew where.
She proceeded to walk up and down the staging, past the window where her dad and the lad were watching some stupid video. It meant that the lower half of her body was at eye level for those on the boat. The lad wriggled uncomfortably, eyeing events outside. The staging, which rested on floating pontoons, started to wobble rhythmically.
Nev watched the video. Seemed simple enough. Suddenly there was a yell from Chantelle and her face appeared at the window as she sprawled along the staging. A heel had finally broken, following a stumble on the moving staging underfoot.

The lad dragged his attention back to Nev. 'Any questions sir?' he asked.
'Nah,' said Nev confidently. 'Straight forward innit?'
Chantelle squeezed past them on the way to replace her broken footwear. She whispered something to the lad. Nev eyed her suspiciously.
'Right,' said the lad, blushing furiously, his voice a little shaky, 'If you could just sign here to say that you fully understand the workings of the boat, safety and courtesy on the waterways, and how to handle the boat when under way and when in locks, then you can be on your way.'
Nev airily scribbled his signature.
'Which way are you going?' the lad enquired thoughtfully.
Nev looked perplexed. As far as he could see there was only one way they could go, the canal ended at the basin where they were moored.
'That way,' he said, pointing along the canal.
'Perhaps you ought to buy a guide book,' the lad suggested helpfully. 'It's about two hours to the junction and you'll have to decide which way to go when you get there.'
'Oh, me and Karen can think about that while we're going,' said Nev. A sudden uncomfortable thought struck him. 'Ain't there no sat-nav?'
'Afraid not, but there is a map provided,' said the lad, 'It's in the folder on the table.'
Nev paid little heed. Couldn't be doing with maps. He walked through the cabin and out to the stern, followed by the lad. Anxious to be off, he started the engine and gave a few experimental bursts with the throttle.
The lad jumped off and untied the rope at the stern. Nev shouted at Karen, who had been leaning against the side of the boat, to untie the front rope. He saw her throw the rope onto the boat and immediately pushed the gear lever forwards and set off at maximum revs, his eyes fixed on distant horizons.
'Whatcha doing?' came a shout from a marooned Karen, as Nev, now wearing his specially purchased cap with 'Captain' embroidered on the front, swept past. 'Ain't I comin' then?'
'Sorry doll,' Nev shouted. 'Why didn't you jump? I'll reverse back and pick you up.'
Nev throttled back and put the boat into reverse. The effect on the forward progress of fifty feet and fifteen tons of steel narrowboat was negligible. Nev pushed the throttle almost fully open. Slowly the boat came to a halt and started edging backwards.

Nev was determined that his steering skills would not be found wanting. Keeping his attention rearwards, he pushed the tiller hard over to bring the stern nearer to the waiting Karen.
The boat seemed a bit sluggish so he moved the throttle to full, still looking over the stern to where he was going. In retrospect he decided later that it may have been more prudent to have divided his attention between direction and speed.
As he neared the staging where Karen was standing, the boat suddenly seemed to be going rather faster backwards than he had planned.
However, ramming into the staging neatly compensated for Nev's lack of forethought and brought the boat to an abrupt halt. Karen luckily leapt onto the stern of the boat shortly before the moment of impact.
The lad from the boatyard who had been observing the proceedings with an air of resigned horror and knew what was about to happen managed to brace himself as the staging bobbed about wildly on its floating pontoons.
Not so lucky was the fate of another holiday maker who was walking along the staging towards their boat carrying a case. The portly middle aged lady in question was sent sprawling along with her case, which burst open as she fell. Items of underwear fell out of the bag, and, caught in the slight breeze, blew elegantly and enticingly just out of the owner's reach into the water.
'Didn't pack her case very well,' observed Karen.
Nev set sail once again. He heard the lad call out something but couldn't quite hear above the fully revved engine. 'What did he say?' he asked Karen.
'Dunno,' she replied. 'Somefin' about a singin' fridge.'
'Can't be important,' said Nev, as they swept out of the basin and headed towards the countryside beyond. He noticed with interest how the wash they were creating caused a large wave that reached to the level of the towpath.
They rounded a corner and sailed past a line of moored boats. Nev thought it was quite charming the way the moored boats bobbed up and down as they charged erratically past. There were loud clangs as the boats banged into one another.
'Friendly lot on them boats,' observed Karen, looking back. 'They've all come out 'n waved to us.'
Nev didn't hear, hand on the tiller, eyes fixed on the canal ahead, cap set at a jaunty angle, captain of his own boat for a whole week, Nev's narrowboat odyssey had begun.

To be continued...

Celebration!

On 7th July, Sarah Elizabeth Bennett was baptised in St. John's during the 10am Eucharist. This was a special day, as not only was it her baptism, it also coincided with our sixth wedding anniversary. The service was conducted by our good friend Fr. John Williams, and we had a lovely post-service celebration at the Longmoor Club where choir, congregation, family and friends alike were able to socialise over buggies, butties and cake! It was quite an experience for us, as we managed to survive the whole service without being in the choir stalls! It was our special privilege to be able to commemorate the occasion by presenting a children's bible to the church for use in family services. Our special thanks to the Director of Music from the Cathedral, David Poulter, for coming to play for the service, to St. John's for the lovely celebratory candle that was presented, and to everyone for making Sarah's day so special. Even the sun came out to play!!!

Michael and Clare.

CHOIR 100 CLUB

As you know, the choir is completely self sufficient - relying completely on 100 club membership and socials to supply music and help fund junior outings and rewards.

Membership is through £1 monthly shares - you can have multiple shares if you wish - and three prizes of £25, £15 & £10 are winnable every month!!

If you are interested in being a member of the choir 100 club, which isn't exclusively open to choristers, please see Michael or Doug

TEA ROTA

13 10 13	MISS A HUDSON
	MRS E LOCK
20 10 13	MRS B MOORE
	MRS B WARBURTON
27 10 13	MRS M SYMES
	MRS L SEELS
03 1113	MRS A WORSLEY
	MRS C ROWLAND
10 11 13	MRS M TASKER
	MRS S HILTON
17 11 13	MRS M SYMES
	MRS M LLOYD
24 11 13	MISS A HUDSON
	MRS E LOCK
01 12 13	MRS B MOORE
	MRS B WARBURTON
08 12 13	MRS M SYMES
	MRS L SEELS
15 12 13	MRS A WORSLEY
	MRS C ROWLAND
22 12 13	MRS M TASKER
	MRS S HILTON
29 12 13	MRS M SYMES
	MRS M LLOYD
05 01 14	MISS A HUDSON
	MRS E LOCK
12 01 14	MRS B MOORE
	MRS B WARBURTON
19 01 14	MRS M SYMES
	MRS L SEELS
26 01 14	MRS A WORSLEY
	MRS C ROWLAND
02 02 14	MRS M TASKER
	MRS S HILTON
09 02 14	MRS M SYMES
	MRS M LLOYD

Church Chatter

Dates for your Diary

Christmas Bingo and Quiz

Wednesday 20th November
At Dunny's Club
Doors open 7.00pm. Eyes down 7.45pm
£ 2.00 includes raffle and refreshments

Christmas fair

Saturday 30th November in church. Free admission. Any ideas for stalls welcome. Also required help on stalls and refreshments etc.

Harvest LUNCH

In church Sunday 13th October, at 12.30pm.
Tickets: £3.00 adults, £1.00 children.
Numbers required for catering please!

Old Gold

We are still collecting old gold to raise much needed funds for the church. Odd earrings or broken jewellery can all be weighted in. So please check what you have lying around.
Many thanks

Magazine

I'd like to thank everyone who contributed to this magazine, Contributions need to get to me by the 1st week in Dec 2013 for the magazine. Mike
email m.parle@blueyonder.co.uk

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Decorated shoe boxes are available in church for anyone to take home and fill with gifts for children who may otherwise receive nothing at Christmas. Please see Marj Symes or Lyn Seels for further information.
Thanks

Thank You for Sending a Gift of Love

This little girl lives in a remote village just outside Conakry, Guinea Bissau. She has always wanted to be like her mama and carry a little baby on her back. So for quite some time now, she would carry a stick as her "pretend baby" on her back!

Then OCC came to her village and guess what was in her box!!!

Operation Christmas Child really is the power of a simple shoe box. A total of 17,577 shoeboxes were sent to Guinea Bissau from our colleagues from Samaritan's Purse Canada during the 2012/2013 OCC campaign. Since 2001, OCC has sent over 268,000 boxes to bless children in Guinea just like this little girl.

Thank you to all our supporters from the UK for sending over 983,000 shoeboxes to needy children during the 2012/2013 Operation Christmas Child campaign. Globally, we have given more than 100 million gift-filled shoeboxes to needy children in 130 countries in the last 22 years.

A Boy After God's Own Heart

In January 2013, a Samaritan's Purse team visited children in hospital in Magilev, Eastern Belarus, giving shoeboxes of Christmas gifts to boys and girls. One of the local team sent the following story after an encounter with a young boy called, Sasha - truly a boy after God's own heart.

"At the distribution, my friends were immediately setting up the screen, taking the puppets out and telling the story of the Nativity. Joseph and Mary, shepherds and wise men, Angels, Herod and his soldiers – all were playing their part in this ever-true story. Later the actors and our friends from UK were distributing shoebox gifts and were rejoicing with the kids who radiated sincere happiness.

"In the hospital we met a boy of about 8 years of age, reserved and quiet. His name is Sasha. Later we learned that Sasha has Type 1 Diabetes and is in hospital because of a hormonal misbalance.

"Sasha attends a Sunday School at a local Baptist Church and as he watched the puppets Nativity story he clearly knew the storyline well.

"After we distributed the gifts, our time was up and we left the hospital.

"Saturday for us was over, but not for Sasha. A new boy was brought to the room next to Sasha. This boy was very sad, crying and saying that nothing good will ever happen to him and he is the most unfortunate boy in the whole world. Sasha was nearby and heard everything…

"The next day we went to a worship service at a local Baptist Church. After the service we were invited to spend time with the Sunday School classes. During our fellowship with the children, one of the teachers, Alla, suddenly told us what had happened in the hospital the previous evening:

"After Sasha had heard about the other child's plight, he went to his room, dragged the box from the bedside table and returned to the room where new boy was lying on the bed. He came to the boy, gave him the box with all the goodies in it and said, "Take it and remember that God loves you. It is from Him."

"All the room was silent and the new boy said with a trembling voice, "Are you not afraid to give me your presents? Your mum will be very angry with you". Sasha replied, "My mum will be proud of me. Take the box and remember that God loves you". The new boy's face lit up and he accepted the gift with joy.

"Sasha gave ALL of his shoebox gift. Not one toy, not part of it, but ALL ... because God loves this new boy ... because Sasha's heart received love through relationships with his teacher Alla and other Christians ... because Sasha was taught the truth that God gave ALL He had to those He loves ... because Sasha learned that God wants him to do the same, he gave ALL he had and there is no greater response.

"He is one of thousands, whose hearts were transformed in Christ to reflect God's love. He is one of the thousands taught by a Sunday school teacher, who led him to living relationships with his Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

Since 12th May Anna Seels has been a server in church at the 10.00am family Eucharist. Under the expert supervision of Jan, our senior server Anna has now become a welcome member of the team. We thank Anna for her enthusiasm and welcome all younger members of the congregation who would like to participate in any way to let us know.

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We are a
Child Friendly Church.
We have a children's corner
please make use of it either
before, during or after the
service

Many thanks to Sainsbury's

It is with grateful thanks that many of our church flowers are kindly donated by Sainsbury's Supermarket on Rice Lane.

.StJohnsWalton.org.uk

Have you visited our website lately?

It is full of the latest goings on in St. John's - News... Information... Articles... Events... Stories... Photos... and Archive Material are all there for you to browse.

We are also always looking for new relevant material for the website.

If you want to put pen to paper - or fingers to keyboard and contribute something, contact Michael Bennett on music.mb1@googlemail.com, or in church on a Sunday.

Sing!

On Saturday 15th June, some of the choir joined with the Anglican Cathedral Choir and around 100 other voices from different choirs from as far as the Isle of Man, for a Royal Schools of Church Music Festival Evensong. During the service, awards were made, and one particular award for Mike Jones for his dedication and service to the Royal Schools of Church Music. Mike was all smiles!!

When we sing at the cathedral, it is usually just as our own choir, but it was quite satisfying to see that we can boast one of the few choirs still in existence in the northern area. This year, our own choir sang on 21st July, covering for the cathedral choir's summer holidays. We were the only diocesan choir covering during the six weeks.

Membership of a choir is important on many levels. There is a true fellowship where each looks out for the other, there is the camaraderie of team membership, and there is a sense of achievement in doing something quite unique and treasured within the traditions of the church which are sadly disappearing. There is, of course, the educational element to it where you are learning new music and gaining a good musical, and music-reading knowledge, covering music from the Renaissance period right through to the modern day. It is one of the few hobbies I can think of where there is no age restriction, and all are able to participate to an equal level. Finally, and most importantly, there is friendship.

Why don't you come along and see what it's all about? We rehearse between 7pm and 9pm on a Tuesday in the vestry, and of course sing on a Sunday morning, and other occasional special events and sing-outs.

If you think it is for you, or you would like to explore what your voice could actually be capable of, give Michael a call (284 2874) or have a natter with him after a Sunday morning service.

From the Parish Registers

Holy Baptism

We welcome into the Christian family:-

16th June
Liam Grace
Mason Grace
Poppy Lyn Bradley Arands

7th July
Sarah Elizabeth Bennett

21st July
George Thomas John Colquhoun
Imogen Grace Ashes
John Jason Fletcher Dodd

18th August
Mason Ellis James

15th September
Sophie Mai LeMonnier
Maisey Rebecca Janet Clark

Holy Matrimony

Those whom God has joined together

Funerals

Those laid to rest:-

17th June: Margaret Ann Dryhurst
19th June: Debbie Graham
25th July: Wiliiam (Bill) Scott
29th July: Mary Elizabeth Potter
8th August: Norma Dolores Reynolds
9th August: Florence Howe

Anyone wishing to arrange for a Baptism or Wedding can come to the Church on Sunday After the 10 am Service

Pastoral Care In the Parish

The Sick
This parish is committed to the care of the sick.
Home Communion is taken to those who are unable to come to church and takes place about the third week in the month. This is done by the Eucharistic Team. Names of those wishing to receive Communion at home should be passed to a member of the Eucharistic Team.
The Blessed Sacrament is reserved in church and can be taken to the housebound, the sick or the dying at a moments notice.
Holy Oil is kept for anointing the sick and dying.

Prayer List
If you would like someone to be remembered in the prayers at our Eucharists would you please pass their names on to the Verger.

Hospital and Sick Visiting
If you would like a visit or you know of anyone who would like a visit please inform the Church wardens and arrangements can be made. It is very difficult if people want a visit and the we do not know about it.
Please help us to help you.

The Eucharist
This is the central act of Christian Family Worship. We warmly invite all members of our community to regularly join us in worship.
You are assured of a warm, friendly, and loving welcome.

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The Parish Church of St. John the Evangelist, Rice Lane, Walton. in the Diocese of Liverpool. Phone/Fax: 0151 525 3458

On loan to the cathedral.....

21st July has been on the choir's calendar for some time. As in previous years we have been honoured to be regarded as being a choir of suitable standard to represent not only the cathedral choir as it takes its six week vacation from its extremely tough daily schedule, but also our own church and the hard work that the choir does week in, week out.
We have been, for some time now, the only diocesan choir invited to sing at the cathedral, and we have already been approached for 27th July 2014!
Our choir has been serving St. John's continuously since 1885, (I hasten to add there are no original members here!) and is the only uniformed organisation who is in church every single week. Unlike other churches who have choirs, we do not break up for summer, and turn out whatever the weather conditions!
We were lucky to have been supported at the cathedral from the junior choristers' parents, and Revd. and Mrs. Terrence Jones were with us for the whole day, which we are really grateful for, as they very rarely miss an occasion where we sing out, as well as support us here at St. John's.
Revd. John Roberts who is an honorary Canon at the cathedral also came to speak to me after the Eucharist and said how much he looks forward to seeing us every year, so much so that he ensures he is not covering at any other church! We have quite an appreciative audience from outside the walls of St. John's!
I am very proud of what the choir does. We have a really dedicated junior chorister membership who are tremendously well behaved and are a tribute to their parents, and ambassadors of St. John's. The choir team work very hard, and I always look forward to a new challenge with them. An increase in membership would be absolutely wonderful to be able to continue this service of traditional choral church music at St. John's well into the future! So far, 128 years not-out!

Michael.

Junior Choir Presentations.

7th July saw some special awards given to the junior members of the choir. Sophie Foden was given full membership of the choir and was awarded with her surplice, and Jessica Chadwick Morgan, Robert Bellamy, Megan Foden, Faye Chadwick Morgan and Alex Storey were awarded with their light blue chorister medals. All of these choristers work very hard during the rehearsals and services to do their best in their singing, well done all of you!

Michael.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!!

(less than 12 Saturdays left)

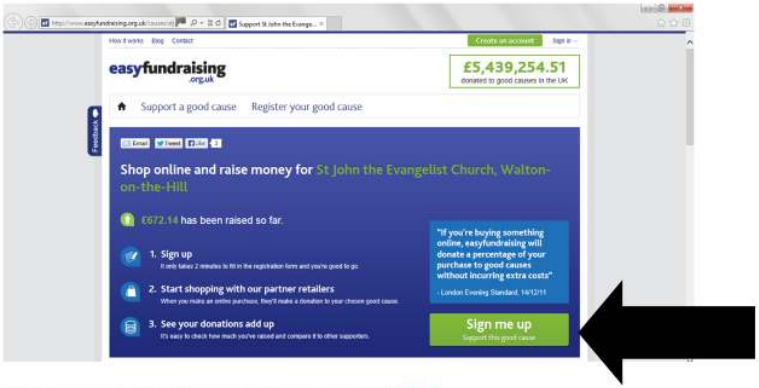
Right, now that I have your attention, I would like to remind you about Easyfundraising—the free & easy way to raise money for St. John's.

- **Do you hate the Christmas shopping crowds?**
- **Would you prefer to avoid those crowds & shop online?**
- **Would you like to raise money for St. John's without it costing you a penny?**

If the answer is 'Yes' to any of these questions and you still have not signed up to Easyfundraising, the only question left to answer is **Why not?**

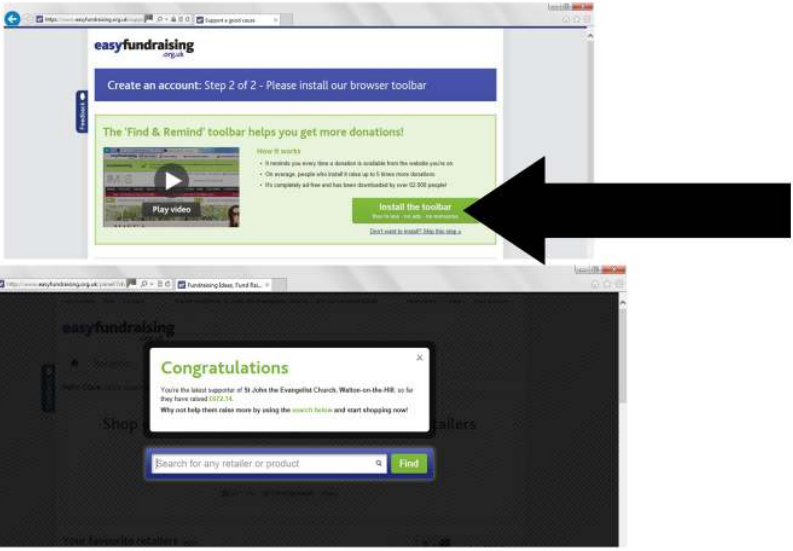
Signing up to Easyfundraising.org.uk could not be easier. There are 2 ways to access the site. Either through the church website www.stjohnswalton.org.uk and clicking on the Easyfundraising tab or by typing http://www.easyfundraising.org.uk/causes/stjohnwalton into your address bar.

Once you are on the site click on 'Sign me up'



Enter your personal details followed by 'Proceed'

Either click on 'Install the toolbar' or 'Don't want to install? Skip this step'



How to shop:
Once on the site (www.easyfundraising.org.uk) type in the shop that you wish to visit

Click on 'Go Shopping' this will take you to the retailer's regular site

Shop! Shop! Shop!

Did you know?????

- There are currently 30 members signed up to raise funds for St. John's through Easyfundraising.
- Since it was set up, Easyfundraising has raised £672.14 for St. John's.
- The member who has raised the most has raised £187.17 **without it costing them anything extra than their shopping!**
- There are over 2700 retailers to choose from including Amazon, Ebay, John Lewis, Argos & Expedia.
- You could even SAVE MONEY as many retailers give exclusive discounts and special offers when you shop through the easyfundraising site.

www.StJohnsWalton.org.uk - our Website

In today's world where practically everything out there has a www. before it, St. John's also has a website which helps people who can't necessarily make it to church keep in touch. They might live some distance away, even in another part of the world, or they are physically unable to make it to church. There are people who keep in touch through the website as they have some old family ties to the church and want to keep up to speed with what is going on, or just simply need some information about baptism or marriage - the enquiries just keep coming in. The term "Google it" is so common now as information via the internet is readily available on our computers, our mobile phones, our tablets, and if you Google St. John's Walton Liverpool, there you will find us. The website is a unique way of keeping our church doors open to the whole world, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Why don't you have a look? Just for interest, here are some figures of the amount of people who have visited our website:
In 1 week (6th Sept - 13th Sept) - 567 visitors.
In 1 month (13th Aug - 13th Sept) - 2,200 visitors.
In 3 months (13th June - 13th Sept) - 6,200 visitors.
In 6 months (13th Mar - 13th Sept) - 11,100 visitors.
In 1 year (13th Sept 2012 - 13th Sept 2013) - 23,300 visitors.
In 2 years (13th Sept 2011 - 13th Sept 2013) - 41,000 visitors.

GARDENERS' PSALM

The Lord is my Gardener, I shall not wilt,
He has prepared a bed for me in rich soil
Where I am well watered.
He has pruned and supported me,
Causing me to bloom to His perfection.
Even when early frosts
And wintry winds seek to harm me,
He shields me with His cloche
Or re-pots me in His greenhouse
and warms me.
He puts up a protective shade for me
Against the excesses of the summer sun,
Keeping me moist and oiling my leaves.
I am spoilt with attention.
I know that I am constantly in His love
and care at all times
And I shall live in the garden of the Lord forever.