A Happier New Year to you!

It was no fun to have had to close our church over Christmas (to protect our parishioners, volunteers and staff). But here are a few images of the fun we have managed to have!

Outdoor Nativity
Crib service (reached 5,000!)
Luke’s Gospel finished
Angels everywhere!
Debs and Lyndon Concert
Archdeacon preached!
PLEASE PRAY FOR:

The World
Including St John the Divine, Ghana
Rod & Glenda Thomas

The Diocese
For the Bishop as he plans for retirement.
The Diocesan Team, leading us into the new world of ‘post-covid’ ministry.

Our Parish & Community
Pray for groups in our community including Schools and healthcare facilities, shops.

Those in Urgent Need
Marlene Sharpe
Pauline Kaznowski
Clive Barnett
Rosemary Horsey
John Dallan
Tammy Jean
Evelyn Freeston

The Recently Departed
Philip Roberts-West
Daphne Rowden
Brian Nash
Kim Wynes

Anniversaries of Departed
3rd Arnold Padley
4th Jennifer Churchill
Cyril Clinnick
5th Shirley Nash
7th Jean Tilley
8th Harriet Elmes
10th Jean Sawyer

This Week...

LIVE EVENTS
All Services, are available online
[click here](#) to participate via Facebook)
or [www.stfaith.com](http://www.stfaith.com) (to just watch)

Sunday Evening Prayer takes place via Zoom at 6pm:
[click here (from 5.55pm)](#)

Monday Tea & Chat (via Zoom) at 3pm:
[click here (from 3pm)](#)

SEE THE FINAL PAGES OF THIS EDITION FOR HYMNS AND READINGS FOR THIS WEEK.

CATCH-UP RECORDINGS
Our Livestreamed Services can be viewed after the fact via the Videos section of our Facebook page. Just [click here](#) to view.
Livestreaming Success!

We are delighted to report that our online offering of livestreamed services is going from strength to strength! The image to the left is grabbed from our Facebook account, and shows that we’ve reached people nearly 10,000 times in the last month (with a definite upsurge around Christmas!).

Our efforts received a real boost this week, with the news that Allchurches Trust has awarded us a grant of £3,500 towards our Technology Fund. Together with the donations from many of you (and after purchases we’ve already made) the total fund now stands at £5,879. This is still somewhat short of the minimum we need for a significant upgrade to our system (a total cost of around £8,500) - but we are well on our way with this week’s grant!

Regular online viewers will know something of the practical difficulties we face. Our real problem is that there is currently no way for those of us in church to hear or see what is actually being sent to the internet. (Imagine a BBC studio, in which a producer watches and listens to live content before it is sent to the airwaves. Well, we need something like that!). Technology is available to provide a small studio, and a couple of cameras (so that we can switch between close-up and ‘general’ shots) and the facility to put information/welcome notices and the like on the screen. But we still need to raise around £3,000 to achieve this goal.

If YOU can help, please donate via our donations page (on the website) - or just click here to go straight to the donation portal for the technology fund. Thank you!

Canon Tom
Christmas and the onset of the New Year are traditionally a time of reflection and looking forwards as well as celebrating the birth of Christ. Fortunately my consultancy had a very busy 2020 so I took the opportunity to have a good break over Christmas and reflect on our progress as the community of St Faith’s, and also the opportunities that might present themselves to us.

When we prepared and agreed our first Mission Development Plan in 2015 it was the result of a huge amount of prayer, discussion and soul searching; and very much a leap of faith. We agreed what we thought God wanted us to do but had no idea of where the funding or manpower would come from to help us deliver it. Those five years have been one of incredible development and progress, both in terms of buildings and also improved systems to help us run the parish. It has also allowed us to quickly improve how we serve the community through the restoration of buildings and employment of new staff, and also to see the potential for new projects such as the Churchyard accessibility project and plans for employing an engagement worker to engage with local schools and young people. It is almost impossible to look anywhere around the Church or across our range of buildings and not see a wide variety of physical improvements. The amount we have achieved together has greatly exceeded our most ambitious expectations and boosted our confidence.

This may have been a fair reward from God for the years when a smaller and loyal congregation kept the light burning in the centre of Havant but we struggled to know where we should focus our efforts against a daunting range of long overdue investments. It may have been, but as I have watched how our excellent volunteers and staff have responded to the challenges posed by the pandemic I wonder if our huge progress has actually been part of God’s plan to make us more able to help serve our community during this very difficult time. As one of your church wardens I have frankly been in awe of the energy and commitment of so many people and the friendly and respectful manner in which we

Thoughts from a Churchwarden
Submitted by Colin Hedley
have made very difficult decisions as the months have passed. Through superb financial management, a passion to help those in great need and a keen desire to raise the profile of St Faith’s as being relevant to the community I believe we have come through a very challenging year with many positives and I’m hugely grateful to Tom, my fellow churchwarden, Clive, and all the great team of people who have given so much during the pandemic.

It has also been hugely rewarding to see both MIND and some of the self-help groups being able to continue to meet in the Pallant Centre and also within a much brighter and warmer church building. It has been excellent to see how the investment in lighting and internet connectivity has allowed the Ministry Team to broadcast services and so many people, including some new friends, have joined via Facebook or through livestreaming. And who would have thought, at the start of this very long year, that Sandra, Penny and Tom would be broadcasting via YouTube to the Little Seeds Group and showing the young children and their parents how to make the nativity scene from the contents of the specially delivered boxes they had all received?

Our faith teaches us that there is always hope and light even in the darkest days and there have been many positives which should give us confidence as we look forward to 2021 which marks the start of our next 5 year Mission Development Plan. We still have plenty of restoration projects to complete for our buildings, making them more comfortable and adaptable, but increasingly we can focus on how to further develop our service to our community, both spiritually and socially.

Any task can seem daunting but what in particular the last year has taught me is how strong we are when we work together around the core of our Faith, when our weaknesses and strengths complement those of other members of the St Faith’s family. We can all offer something; it may be volunteering or through financial support or, and most importantly, through prayer. This gives us a direct line to God, allowing us to offer our own concerns and thanks, but also to feel his guiding hand as we take our next steps.

We know that 2021 will not be easy but as a result the world may be one in greater need of faith, community and access to wildlife and heritage. Together we have made good progress up the “mountain” and the view is great. We can move to the next level and although keeping to the path may be tricky at times, the view is only going to get better.
2020 Started like any other New Year: I resolved as usual: To Lose Weight, but that was soon abandoned. My weekly routine included meeting grand children from school, then dinner on Tuesdays with my elder daughter and her family.

On March 23rd, due to increasing cases of Coronavirus, the U.K. went into National Lockdown. We saw great changes to daily life; no traffic, few people about. Social distancing, long queues for food shopping; then finding empty shelves. Many people worked from home and we could only see our families at a two metre distance.

Schools were closed; education moved on-line. Churches also closed as did non-essential shops, hair salons, pubs and restaurants. Exam results were decided by an untried algorithm. We joined Canon Tom via Facebook taking morning service from his home and we looked forward to the return of church services.

During those difficult times, some people tried their hand at various crafts or hidden skills. I wrote light-hearted poems and some were printed into a small booklet. I wanted to help raise money for St Faiths Big Build Campaign so the booklets were sold for £3 each. Captain Tom aged 100, walked 100 laps of his garden to raise money for the NHS which earned him a knighthood. We “clapped for carers” on Thursday evenings at 8.00 pm. We were in this together.

VE Day was commemorated with afternoon tea in front gardens. Streets were decorated with bunting, flags waved and there was dancing in the street to Glenn Miller’s band and Vera Lynn songs.

Gradually, it was possible to meet families outside in gardens and open spaces. However, when thousands descended on Bournemouth beach, it was to the dismay of the authorities. About this time we returned to Sunday morning worship in church.

On what would have been our mum’s 100th birthday, my sister and I met for lunch. It was our first meeting in four months. Over
prawn sandwiches and wine we talked, laughed and put the world to rights.

Our family birthdays occur mainly during the summer, including my grand daughter’s 18th. Celebrations were limited to gardens, no-one allowed indoors. Lots of bunting and balloons added to the merriment and we stayed 2 metres apart. My son in law took on an allotment. We wore face masks in shops and banks.

We had a great day at West Wittering with bacon and sausages barbequed on the beach. We played crazy golf in Southsea and Chichester; had dinner in a local restaurant during “eat out to help out”, relaxed in the garden with a book (and a glass). We took the grandchildren to the Isle of Wight with a ride on the steam train to Havenstreet, a visit to the train museum and a falconry display. The day ended with fish & chips at Ryde.

Saturdays became “Scone Fest Day” – we would gather in a family garden with home-made Cornish scones, meeting in shifts due to the rule of six. The last time was on 31st October. A second lockdown began on 5th November and many found it hard, due to the winter weather. So we walked, clocking up 103 miles that month.

Christmas in Tier 4 meant no eating with family, or crackers and lots of noise. There was a zoom quiz and face timing to see the grandchildren open their gifts. Once again I meet my daughters for a walk, and we chat on the phone. St Faiths church is again closed with Canon Tom conducting services on-line.

We need to find positives from the past year: I am sure the difficulties and deprivations of 2020 will make us appreciate our loved ones more than ever -- with many a hug when we can.

Wishing you all a Happy and Healthy New Year.
Talking of Pews...

submitted by Ann Griffiths

'To be Sold or Let: A neat, sashed dwelling house, delightfully situate in Warblington, built but a few years since. A commodious seat in the parish church of Havant may be had, within a quarter of a mile therewith.'

'To Let: A House fit for a genteel family, in the East Street, with coach house, stables and large orchard; a genteel pew in the parish church of Havant goes with the premises.' (Hampshire Chronicle 1790 and 1792)

In 'A Topographical Account of the Hundred of Bosmere' (1817) by Walter Butler and William Bingley, we learn that the north aisle of the church was parted from the entrance to the church by a heavy, wooden screen, 'now much incommoded by the irregularity of the pews and the steps leading to the gallery above. The church would be sufficiently large to receive all the inhabitants of the parish if the pews were to be made of equal size and uniformity, but at present scarcely one half of the inhabitants are accommodated'.

'In 1798 this evil was endeavoured to be remedied and, on a petition from the parish, a faculty was issued by the Bishop of Winchester, to ascertain the several rights to the seats in the church and to consider of adding more for the general convenience of the parish..... but the evil cannot be completely remedied till the church is re-pewed. Some of the ancient seats are still in being; and, round the walls are stone seats for the reception of the poorer classes, now concealed by the side pews.'

The photo shows St Faith’s Church c.1904. The chairs were replaced by the current pews, which came from Holy Trinity Church, Privett, Hampshire, when it was made redundant in the 1970s.
Sailing Memories

Submitted by Rena Lambden

When we first got engaged conscription was still in place, men had to serve two years. Pete was not happy so he decided he would sign on for seven years.

My first introduction to sailing when we were married, was I believe in a whaler off Eastney. It was in March, a grey, cold, windy day, I think there were six of us, we got aboard okay but were being blown back to shore. The sergeant in charge gave the order to jump overboard to prevent the boat being damaged. I’m afraid I saw every one go over the side, women as well and still did not move. It was not until he said “Jump or I will throw you over” – I went fast! We still carried on over to Wootton, Isle of Wight had a bonfire and picnic, it’s a wonder we managed that, we were all pretty wet.

That was my introduction to sailing “Service Fashion”, I still wonder why I encouraged my husband’s love of sailing (probably did not think he meant me!). We started married life in a two-bedroom flat in Portsmouth. We were allocated a nice three-bedroom house when expecting our third child, we had a daughter first followed by two boys.

My husband decided before we acquired too much furniture we would manage with two armchairs and a small rug leaving plenty of room for him to build a small sailing dinghy in the rest. The three children thought it was a wonderful idea, Daddy’s tools always looked so much more interesting! Anyway my husband proved to be quite good at woodwork, the problem was when we came to take the dinghy outside. The only way out was through the big lounge window, so a very helpful neighbour (a very good friend) helped to remove the window and out went the dinghy, fortunately the window was put back successfully, no harm done.

When my husband left the service he decided we really did need a bigger boat with more comfort by the time we had graduated to a 16’ bass boat. Our next boat was a seamaster 21’ I believe, this one took us to Alderney a beautiful island, then Cherbourg, by this time one daughter and one son were no longer interested in family cruising.

Our next boat was a westerly centaur with a lovely lay out, very good for cruising the Solent but we did sail it down to Dartmouth, a lovely spot. I had always suffered from what I thought was sea sickness but it was found to be an ear problem from a childhood problem.

One thing I can say I have never enjoyed myself as much throughout fifty-two years of married life, I wish it could have lasted longer.
We are GO!

The Chancellor of the Diocese has given us permission to replace our pews with custom-made, flexible, comfortable, oak seats. 130 memorials - or dedications - to meet the total cost are now FOR SALE, at a price of £650 each.

They will be carved into the front of the main seating, while also contributing to the costs of choir desks, modesty screens and 120 additional (stackable) chairs for busy periods. So this is YOUR RARE opportunity for a permanent memorial to your loved ones, or to make your personal mark on St Faith’s by way of a dedication or ‘donated by’ message. (Seats may, of course, also be dedicated by a group).

Booking forms are now available from Canon Tom. Please email him (at tomkennar@gmail.com) to request one. Grab one quickly….for when they are gone, they’re gone!
St Faith’s Shop will be closed during the current Tier 5 restrictions.

We will open again to welcome our customers once Pandemic restrictions are lifted!

We are sorry that we CANNOT ACCEPT donations at this time. Please hold on to them until we re-open!

Do you have just two hours a week free then come and join our friendly team and help run our shop?

For further details ask in the shop or contact Clare on 07837 700891 stfaithscharityshop@gmail.com

Shop located in the Pallant Centre
I saw this on Facebook!

Submitted by Bill Jones

John Gleadall, spotted this photograph and sent it to me ... he said it was on the Havant Facebook page. It’s St Faiths YCG Football team photographed at Hooks Lane, in about 1958? Our home ground which I always thought belonged to the church, was just south of Havant opposite what was the Girls High School... The ground where we played is now home to the “Langstone Farmhouse” restaurant and the hotel... Most of those in this picture went to St Faiths.

Apart from Bill at centre-forward, who else do you recognize from these players?

The three hardest things to say are:
1. I was wrong
2. I need help
3. Worcestershire Sauce

With thanks to Bill Jones

The New Year doesn’t appear to have dimmed Bill’s wit!
Life is an incredible show....

*You can have flaws, be anxious, and even be angry, but do not forget that your life is the greatest enterprise in the world. Only you can stop it from going bust. Many appreciate you, admire you and love you. Remember that to be happy is not to have a sky without a storm, a road without accidents, work without fatigue, relationships without disappointments.

To be happy is to find strength in forgiveness, hope in battles, security in the stage of fear, love in discord. It is not only to enjoy the smile, but also to reflect on the sadness. It is not only to celebrate the successes, but to learn lessons from the failures. It is not only to feel happy with the applause, but to be happy in anonymity. Being happy is not afatality of destiny, but an achievement for those who can travel within themselves.

To be happy is to stop feeling like a victim and become your destiny's author. It is to cross deserts, yet to be able to find an oasis in the depths of our soul. It is to thank God for every morning, for the miracle of life. Being happy is not being afraid of your own feelings. It's to be able to talk about you. It is having the courage to hear a "no". It is confidence in the face of criticism, even when unjustified. It is to kiss your children, pamper your parents, to live poetic moments with friends, even when they hurt us.

To be happy is to let live the creature that lives in each of us, free, joyful and simple. It is to have maturity to be able to say: "I made mistakes". It is to have the courage to say "I am sorry". It is to have the sensitivity to say, "I need you". It is to have the ability to say "I love you". May your life become a garden of opportunities for happiness ... That in spring may it be a lover of joy. In winter a lover of wisdom.

And when you make a mistake, start all over again. For only then will you be in love with life. You will find that to be happy is not to have a perfect life. But use the tears to irrigate tolerance. Use your losses to train patience. Use your mistakes to sculptor serenity. Use pain to plaster pleasure. Use obstacles to open windows of intelligence. Never give up .... Never give up on people who love you. Never give up on happiness, for life is an incredible show.*

Fernando Pessoa
The passenger steamer SS Warrimoo was quietly knifing its way through the waters of the mid-Pacific on its way from Vancouver to Australia. The navigator had just finished working out a star fix and brought Captain John DS. Phillips the result. The Warrimoo’s position was LAT $0^\circ 31’N$ and LONG $179^\circ 30’W$. The date was 31 December 1899.

“Know what this means?” First Mate Payton broke in, “We’re only a few miles from the intersection of the Equator and the International Date Line”.

Captain Phillips was prankish enough to take full advantage of the opportunity for achieving the navigational freak of a lifetime. He called his navigators to the bridge to check and double check the ship’s position. He changed course slightly so as to bear directly on his mark. Then he adjusted the engine speed. The calm weather and clear night worked in his favour.

At midnight the SS Warrimoo lay on the Equator at exactly the point where it crossed the International Date Line! The consequences of this bizarre position were many:

- The forward part (bow) of the ship was in the Southern Hemisphere and in the middle of summer.
- The rear (stern) of the ship was in the Northern Hemisphere and in the middle of winter.
- The date in the aft part of the ship was 31 December 1899.
- In the bow (forward) part it was 1 January 1990.

This ship was therefore not only in:
- Two different days,
- Two different months,
- Two different years,
- Two different seasons,

but in two different centuries—all at the same time!
Dear Tom,

Having just finished reading the latest, bumper edition of the Corona Chronicle, I felt impelled to write this note of thanks.

Of course, I’ve enjoyed reading each edition since its inception all those months ago, in the early spring. Like others, I’ve smiled at Peter Allman’s and Bill Jones’ gentle humour. As a historian but with comparatively little local knowledge of Havant (I’m much better on Salisbury and Kingston!), I’ve very much enjoyed Ann Griffith’s contributions which have left me wanting more. I’ve found Graham Kidd’s weekly explanation of the anthems and voluntarism fascinating; they’ve added so much to my enjoyment of his wonderful music. Margaret Tait’s poems have raised a smile. And, of course, I’ve relished the opportunity to read again the Rector’s and Bishop John’s sermons and reflections; they’ve provided food for the spirit which lasts far more than a week.

However, my main reason for writing is that I’ve read this Corona Chronicle from my hospital bed where, in these times of COVID, no visitors are permitted. So I feel quite lonely, even though I receive plenty of texts from friends. Fortunately, I’d downloaded the current edition before being admitted here. So, for the first time, I’ve had something of the experience of those of our older and more vulnerable parishioners who read the chronicle in the isolation of their homes. I have found it both a lifeline and a window into a community of love and shared endeavour which will have been the experience of so many who are housebound.

Tom, the Corona Chronicle is a joy and a comfort in equal measure. It is also a wonderful testimony to how a community has really pulled together in a crisis. It will also stand as a matchless record of God’s Will at work in 21st century Havant.

Thank you and Pauline so much for it.

From an anonymous parishioner

Awww...thanks Anon! Ed.
This poem was given to me by Bee Kenchington, a long standing member of St Marys' Church, Stoughton. The words of this poem will be particularly poignant to bellringers at this time of year.

St Marys' Church has five bells that ring right to left, and ringers stand on the ground floor of the church, so they can be easily seen.

This little Norman church at Stoughton, set in beautiful West Sussex and is well worth a visit.

Church Bells

Darkness—all is cold and silent now,
The valley’s still ‘neath star illumined sky,
Even the owl sits mutely on its bough
Lest he spoil the magic with his cry.

In the church tower, five bellringers stand
Watching the clock, beside the ancient door,
Blowing and rubbing life into their hands
Stamping their snowy boots upon the floor.

Most villagers are sleeping in their beds,
Save for revellers, just across the way
Nearly twelve—the ‘witching hour’ tis said.
The ringers wait to ring in New Year’s Day.

How many men have rung those ancient bells,
Calling everyone to Parish prayer.
O that these historic walls could tell
The love, the hope, the joy of ringers there.

Each man and woman to the appointed rope
Grasps the sally, hands lifted high, head bowed,
Utters a silent prayer, an un-voiced hope
That nothing halts their concentration now.
“Treble’s gone!” - they ring in simple rounds
Bells muffled—tribute to the dying year
Produce a moving, melancholic sound.
Excitement mounts—the midnight hour draws near.

Each ringer pulls his sally, then lets go,
Watching the others, counting, keeping pace,
Bending and straightening arms, in rhythm slow,
A look of dedication on each face.

Precision and good timing are the goal,
Each bell must fill its own allotted space;
Now the bells in different sequence toll
As each bellringer slows or quickens pace.

The Keeper of the Tower climbs to the loft
And plucks the leather muffle from each bell.
The old year’s bid adieu in cadence soft,
An imminent, melodious ‘farewell’.

Grandsires and doubles greet the approaching dawn
Singing out their joy, - unmuffled, clear.
The ringers, having seen the new day born,
Wish happiness to all in the New Year!

From Tom: Thank you Anne, for the beautiful poem. We can’t wait to hear the Havant Bells calling us to worship once more!
The Sacrifice of Light

Sermon of Canon Tom Kennar on Thursday 31 December

John 1. 1-14: Sacrificial Light

Everyone loves a story - which is precisely why Jesus used parables, and why we all love movies and books. The Christmas Story is one of the greatest stories ever told. Its many characters help us to see ourselves reflected back – in the trust of the Shepherds, the wisdom of the Wise Men, the generosity of the Innkeeper, the faithfulness of Mary and Joseph, the abuse of power of Herod – and even in the evangelism of the angels who share good news.

The Gospel writers give us different perspectives on the same story. Luke is fired by the way Jesus reached out to the poor and the oppressed. So he gives us the story of shepherds, outsiders who are invited to be front and centre at the coming of the Messiah. Matthew, on the other hand, is fired by Jesus’ message that God’s love is meant for all humanity – so he focuses on the coming of Wise Men from Eastern Lands. These are non-Jews, outsiders, who are brought into the fold of God’s love.

The oldest of the Gospel writers, Mark, actually says nothing about the birth of Jesus. And John, the most recent Gospel writer, is not interested in shepherds and wise men. Scholars tell us that John wrote his Gospel in his old age – after a lifetime of spreading – and reflecting on - the message of Jesus. John wants us to grasp the enormity of the Christmas event, the coming of Jesus, what scholars call the ‘Incarnation’ - that moment when God, who is Spirit, takes on human flesh.

There are two words which John especially plays with, in his poetic Gospel introduction. The first is ‘Word’, and the second is ‘Light’. Let’s break them down a little...

‘Word’ is the English translation of ‘Logos’ – a Greek word from where we get the word ‘logic’. John is saying that the incomprehensible being we call God is many things – spirit, love, a creative force that binds the universe together. But he is also mind. He has thoughts. He has desires and intentions for the world that he has created. God’s thoughts, God’s logic, God’s wisdom – these are his ‘Logos’ – his ‘Word’. “In the beginning was the Word” – the Logos – “and the Word was with God and the Word was God”. It’s one of those great big thoughts that we human beings struggle to get our tiny brains around – that God can be thought of as having different aspects, but each of them is also fully God’. And that’s ok. We are limited, created beings. We cannot ever really grasp the reality of God.

So John paints a different picture. He uses a metaphor. He has stated the truth as clearly as he can...
grasp it, by talking about the ‘Word’ dwelling among us. But now he chooses a different tack, and begins to talk about ‘Light’.

Ah! That’s better. ‘Light’ we can understand. We know about Light. We see its effects. We know that even a tiny spark of light cannot be extinguished by the darkness. We know that if this church was completely darkened, save for one candle, all our attention would be focused on that single solitary light.

“In Jesus”, says John, “was life, and that life was the light of the world. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it”. And that, ultimately, is the message of Christmas. Darkness is all around us. The darkness of war, and famine, and poverty, and homelessness and selfishness and consumerism and loneliness, racism, homophobia, and fear of the stranger and all hatred and rebellion against the reason and logic of God. “But the light shines in the darkness”.

In Jesus, through his teaching, his life, and yes even by his death, life is offered to the world. That’s why we are going to mark Jesus’ death in a few minutes, even in the midst of the 12 days of Christmas! Jesus’ whole life is offered to us, by John and the other Gospel writers, as The Way to life. His way of living – generously, lovingly, wisely is offered to us as an example of what God’s logic and reason look like. Jesus’ way of dying – sacrificially, trustingly are still more examples of the Logos – the wisdom - of God. These are signposts for us. Lights in the darkness. Clues to how we too should live, if we truly want to find life.

The star of Bethlehem is of course another great symbol which the Christmas story offers us. It too is a light in the darkness, which leads others to the true light of Christ. And let’s not forget that the light of a star is ultimately a sacrificial light. A star gives out light by burning itself up. All that the star is gets consumed, given out completely in the task of burning bright.

And that ultimately, is the task that we are given, as a response to the sacrificial self-giving of Christ. In a world only temporarily distracted by COVID, a world which will soon return to its selfish, greedy, destructive ways, we are called to be stars of Christ – sacrificially shining out into the darkness of the world.

So, here’s my invitation, at the turning of the year. Let tonight be a turning point for you. Let the light of Christ illuminate and inspire you. Draw from the spiritual energy he offers around his table, even taken in virtual form via this livestream. Follow and pursue the light of life every single day from this point on. It’s what wise men did, 2,000 years ago. And it’s what the wisest men and women today still do.
A Homeless Guy

submitted by Sandra Haggan

I'm homeless you see, you see my burdens
my bags on the front of my bike and my rucksack on my back.
I could tell you a tale or two!
I've got my cowboy hat it brings me luck and badges too,
it keeps me warm and dry.
My denim jacket, jeans and boots,
which are strong they’re cats you see.
I'm always moving on, never know where I'm going,
I'm happy on my journey though.
Some people stop and stare
they forget their burdens are in their hearts
they can’t be seen by their image as people, pass them by.
I have my secrets in my heart too you can’t see mine,
So how different am I to you?

Jenny Cole

Angels and Daffodils

Thank you, thank you to all who knitted angels and also to those who helped put them around the area in the days before Christmas. We have heard from many people about how much they were appreciated so thank you again.

I have some patterns for daffodils, to display around the church and in the office window. If you would like a pattern to make some, please request one from me. Sandra Haggan

Articles for the Corona Chronicle

If you would like to submit an article for the Chronicle please email Pauline at office@stfaith.com and we will do our best to include it.
**CONTACT DETAILS**

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*Please observe these rest days*

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**Contact the General Manager (Will Coulston) for:**

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Telephone: 07483 848809 — Email: stfaithsgeneralmanager@gmail.com
One of the benefits I have experienced over this past (and often horrid) 10 months is that I have noticed many small things that previously may have passed me by in the busy-ness of everyday life. Yet, as WH Davies penned: "What is life, if full of care, We have no time to stand and stare"?

On a walk in June around Cobnor my eye was caught by a flash of scarlet. An internet search revealed it was a Spotted Burnett - Britain’s only day-flying moth. Such a noticeable colour so as to scare predators - if attacked it exudes a dose of cyanide... How amazing - and beautiful - is that moth!

Then on Sunday last as I virtually attended St Faith's in Havant, my eye was caught by the Crib scene of the 3 Magi, in prominent position for their part in the Christmas festival of Epiphany. Just to the right was the Altar - its Frontal Cloth featuring an elliptical design representing the Trinity superimposed upon a map of the world. It was the very juxtaposition of these images that caught my eye - and which caused me to ponder...

The story of the visit of the Magi is only told in Matthew's Gospel, and it's a picturesque story that has attracted artists, musicians and poets, whose work sometimes illuminates but can also mislead. This year I had many Christmas Cards featuring 3 Kings on camels - yet kings they were not and in Arabia at that time camels were beasts of burden and people of any status would ride a more comfortable horse! No matter - as always with the stories of the Bible we should always seek to look behind the story (which may often be poetry rather than biography or history) and try to understand what Matthew was trying to point up for his readers. Here are Magi - and that they have seen Jesus' birth foretold in the stars is to convey the eternal and universal significance of Jesus. Gold
status of the event; frankincense to indicate divinity; myrrh to indicate humanity - that Jesus was a man whose life would be given for humankind.

My gaze focusses now on the altar cloth and its symbol of the Trinity - this reflection of how we may experience God as Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Over all the Christian centuries thousands of volumes from learned scholars (often indecipherable to me!) have pondered the relationship between the "three persons of the one Godhead". But can "God" be defined? - to define is in a way to claim we understand fully and that of course we can never do. "God" is bigger than our minds can comprehend - so I forget that struggle and look at the symbol which reminds me essentially of the greatness and diversity of God, of the UNIVERSALITY of love - God! "God is love, and all who live in love live in God, and God lives in them". Simples!

Then my gaze is drawn in, through the elliptical image to the map of the world beyond - and I realise the happy juxtaposition of these images which proclaim:

- in the magi - the eternal and universal significance of the birth of this child Jesus who will not only teach us but show us what a life of love looks like.

- in the Trinity image - that there are many ways to understand and know God and that those who would claim exclusive "knowledge" that demands they persecute others are undoubtedly very misled.

- in the image of the world - that we ARE one world, living in one climate, and surely called not to narrow causes of nationalism and populism, and systems that favour the rich and powerful, but to make our world a fit home for all people and our interdependent creation.

"What is life, if full of care, We have no time to stand and stare"?
A Year of Surprises…

Canon Tom Kennar’s Sermon from last Sunday…3 January 2021—

When we gathered in church for the first Sunday of 2020, none of us could even have guessed at the strange year ahead of us. The changes we have experienced, to so much that we took for granted, have been immense. Who would have thought that a pandemic would sweep across the globe? Who would have imagined that phrases like ‘COVID’, ‘lock-down’, ‘live-stream’, ‘track & trace’, and ‘social-distancing’ would have become daily additions to our lexicon? Who could have imagined the immense changes to our shopping habits, entertainment, family gatherings, school openings, work-patterns and worship?

There has been much that has been truly awful about last year. My heart goes out to those who have lost loved ones either directly to the Corona Virus, or because of the knock-on effect of the Virus on our normal medical services. My heart goes out to those who have been trapped in care-homes, confused and lonely, and for their families who have been desperate, but unable to provide relief. My heart goes out to the over-worked, stressed-out staff of our hospitals and clinics, and to teachers and other front-line workers who have found this year to be intolerable. It has truly been an ‘annus horribilis’ for many.

But there has been much about last year for which we can also give thanks. For some, the change of pace has been welcome, as has the cessation of the daily commute into work. Others have found time to write that book, or take up that hobby they always dreamed of. For some, there has been time to read, to walk, to spend quality-time with less people, but in greater depth. Some have discovered new things – including (for many of our congregation) the ability to be able to worship from home. For some there has been an opportunity to re-connect to the church of their youth.

2020, therefore, has been a mixed bag. There have been some truly terrible happenings, but also many things for which to give thanks. And this should not surprise people of faith. God has a way of leading us into new experiences – often unexpected experiences which may test us, perplex us, or delight us. But each of them has the potential to enable us to grow.

This was certainly the case for the Wise Men from the East, whose arrival in Bethlehem sometime after the birth of Christ is remembered today. As they set off on their journey from the East, they could not have known what would befall them. They had ancient texts and a fascination with astrology to guide them – but they really had no idea where their journey would lead them. There was delight in their journey, not least when
they eventually found the Christ in his mother’s arms. But there was terror and trouble too – not least when they had to flee from the danger of King Herod, and no doubt later to hear about the terrible slaughter of the innocent children of Bethlehem.

Trouble and delight. Pain and pleasure. Two sides of the coin of life – a life which Jesus came to share with us. Jesus was revealed to the whole world through those eastern Wise Men (which is what the word ‘epiphany’ means (‘the revealing’). But he then went on to experience all the joy and pain of human life. He knew the love of family and friends, the thrill of sharing love, both with massive crowds and with individual seekers. But he also knew the pain of betrayal and denial, and the agony of humiliation, execution and death. But in each of these experiences, there were things to learn, and ways to grow.

For the Wise Men, their surprising and revealing journey was transformative. We know nothing else about them from the pages of the Bible, but church history and tradition suggest that their encounter with the infant Christ led to them becoming the first evangelists to the world beyond Judea. They are said to have taken news of the arrival of the Christ back to the land of the East, and according to some traditions, they were all martyred for their faith. Certainly, none of them would have known that lifetime of evangelism, followed by a martyr’s death was to be the outcome of their original journey, when they set off in search of the ‘newborn King’.

We too, cannot know what the outcome of our collective journey in 2020 will be. Our long ‘COVID journey’ has not yet finished, although we can perhaps begin to see the finish line on the horizon. But what will we have learned at the end of the journey? In what ways will God have been at work among us, through these long pandemic days?

As a nation, I hope that we will have learned some important things – such as the vital necessity of investing in our frontline services, so that they have the capacity to respond to sudden challenges. I hope we’ll have learned that homelessness is not inevitable, and that it is ultimately a society’s choice to let people sleep in shop doorways. I hope that the army of people who have been mobilised to support the lonely, and bring food to the hungry, will continue to find ways to love their neighbour. I hope that the reductions in climate changing emissions we’ve achieved by learning to work from home will continue. And there is much more, besides that we can learn.

But what about us, as a congregation and as a family of God here in the centre of Havant? And what about each of us, as individuals? What have we learned? How have we grown?

The answer to that question will be different for each of us...but I encourage you, at the turn of the year, to take some time today to ponder the question. What is that God has said to
you about how to live differently in the coming year? In what parts of your life have you been challenged, or re-shaped, by God during this pandemic? What changes have you already made to the pattern of your life, which you feel called to sustain into the future?

For just as God led the Wise Men across mountains and deserts to experience profound change in their lives, you can be sure he’s doing the same to you. Be open to the journey, and open to the change. Listen to God’s voice, and God’s prompting for your life. And rejoice with me, that new days are coming, and that God continues to lead us on! Amen.

**Jigsaws to borrow**

If your mind is whirling in these troubled times and you want some quiet relaxation, why not try a jigsaw puzzle. They concentrate the mind in a pleasing, yet challenging way, offering hours of fun.

The jigsaws can be borrowed from Sandra Haggan.

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**Strange Experience**

*Submitted by Jackie Martin*

Like Clive’s experience the other week I also had a strange experience. I was on a walking holiday in the Scottish Highlands and was doing a walk classed as a medium scramble, which it was definitely not.

Having walked and climbed for several hours over very uneven ground we came to a rock which the only way around it was to hold on to a ledge and swing your legs around it, there the problem arose with my short legs it was going to be impossible and needless to say my husband was miles ahead of me. There I was hanging on by my fingertips and crying as I could not see what I could do, when all of a sudden two burly Scots in their tartan kilts were standing behind me and reassured me that they would help me. They moved my feet around the rock while holding on to me until I was back on firm ground, when I turned to thank them, they had disappeared. My husband said I must have dreamt it as he had not seen anyone all morning.

When I told the lady where we were staying, she asked me the colour of their kilts then said straight away she knew who it was, some years before two local men who were experienced climbers went missing one day in a dreadful snow storm and were never found but several walkers and climbers had reported being helped by them. I did not believe in ghosts but there was no other explanation and they certainly saved me.
As we remember the Baptism of Christ this coming Sunday, when Jesus was anointed with the Holy Spirit, this week’s anthem of the week is a setting of “Come down, O love divine” by Sir William Harris (1883 – 1973). William Harris was an English organist, choir trainer and composer; and was affectionately known as Doc H by his choristers! William Harris was organist at St Augustine’s Church, Edgbaston from 1911 to 1919 alongside being assistant organist at Lichfield Cathedral. In 1919, William Harris became organist at New College and then Christ Church, Oxford in 1929. In 1933 he was appointed organist at St George's Chapel, Windsor, where he stayed until his retirement in 1961. Upon retirement, William Harris and his wife went to live in Petersfield, so a nice local link for us!

The text of this anthem was originally written by Bianco di Siena (d.1534) who we know very little about, except that he was a member of the Order of Jesuates (lay brothers) who followed the teachings of St. Augustine. We are given to understand that he wrote several hymns, but “Come down O love divine” appears to be only one to survive. The words were translated by Richard Frederick Littledale (1833 – 1890) who was an ordained Irishman and held posts in Norwich and Soho in London. The words first appeared in their translated form in 1867 when formed part of a hymnbook known as the “People’s Hymnal”.

I enjoyed this 2007 of the Girls and Men of Norwich Cathedral recording available on YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VFmtpDQ1eyA

Organ Voluntaries at the 9:30 Sunday Eucharist

The voluntary before the service this week is a Chorale Prelude on the German hymn How brightly shines the morning star by the German
composer, **Georg Philipp Telemann (1681 – 1767)**. Telemann was almost self-taught in Music and actually studied Law, but eventually settled on a career in Music. Telemann is one of the most prolific composers in the history of music and was considered to be one of the leading German composers of the time. Telemann was godfather to Johann Sebastian Bach’s fifth child Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach; indeed, the Philipp in CPE Bach’s name is after Telemann!

The voluntary after the service is one that you might remember me playing last year. It’s the *Marche des Rois Mages* by the French composer **Theodore Dubois (1837 – 1924)**. Dubois studied at the Paris Conservatoire and later in life was a teacher and eventually director of the Conservatoire. In addition to this, Dubois was organist at the Madeline Church in Paris. In this march, imagine the Magi riding on their camels following the star in the sky. The star is represented by a high note (a B for those who like to know these things). I like to mention this as, if I don’t, someone will think that there’s a problem with the organ, or the church sound system, or the Facebook live stream, or somebody’s hearing aid...

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*From the Editor:*

Graham has been streaming a tune a day during the 12 Days of Christmas. Catch up with them all on our Facebook page!
A Prayer for Epiphany from Fr. Tony Kemp

Open our eyes, O Lord, to perceive the brightness of the dawn that is breaking upon us; Transport us out of our deep darkness to journey onwards towards your marvellous light. Be our true light, illuminating our pathway to come into your presence with joyful hearts; To be filled with the radiance of the break of day and ready to proclaim your greatness.

We arrive with all that we possess, to present ourselves before you in wonder and praise; The Child of Mary, the mystery of the Word made flesh, full of grace and truth. Lord, as we struggle on our journey in search for you in the remoteness of our hearts; Search us out and know us; come and make your dwelling place within our very beings. To you, O God, be all thanks and praise for evermore and evermore.

Amen
The Baptism of Christ (Epiphany 1)
Celebrant: Canon Tom Kennar

Hymn (282)
Words: Charles Edward Oakley (1832-1865), adapted
Tune: Little Cornard, Martin Shaw (1875-1958)

1. Hills of the north, rejoice,
echoing songs arise,
hail with a united voice
Him who made earth and skies:
He comes in righteousness and love,
He brings salvation from above.

2. Isles of the southern seas
sing to the list’ning earth,
carry on ev’ry breeze
hope of a world’s new birth:
in Christ shall all be made anew,
His word is sure, his promise true.

3. Lands of the east arise,
He is your brightest morn,
greet him with joyous eyes,
praise shall his path adorn:
the God whom you have longed to know
in Christ draws near, and calls you now.

4. Shores of the utmost west,
lands of the setting sun,
welcome the heav’nly guest
in whom the dawn has come:
He brings a never-ending light
who triumphed o’er our darkest night.

5. Shout, as you journey on,
songs be in ev’ry mouth,
lo, from the north they come,
from east and west and south:
in Jesus all shall find their rest,
in him the longing earth be blest.

Collect

Eternal Father,
who at the baptism of Jesus
revealed him to be your Son,
anointing him with the Holy Spirit:
grant to us, who are born again by water and the Spirit,
that we may be faithful to our calling as your adopted children;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever. Amen
Acts (19.1-7)

While Apollos was in Corinth, Paul passed through the inland regions and came to Ephesus, where he found some disciples. He said to them, ‘Did you receive the Holy Spirit when you became believers?’ They replied, ‘No, we have not even heard that there is a Holy Spirit.’ Then he said, ‘Into what then were you baptized?’ They answered, ‘Into John’s baptism.’ Paul said, ‘John baptized with the baptism of repentance, telling the people to believe in the one who was to come after him, that is, in Jesus.’ On hearing this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

When Paul had laid his hands on them, the Holy Spirit came upon them, and they spoke in tongues and prophesied— altogether there were about twelve of them.

Gospel Reading, Mark (1.4-11)

John the baptizer appeared in the wilderness, proclaiming a baptism of repentance for the forgiveness of sins. And people from the whole Judean countryside and all the people of Jerusalem were going out to him, and were baptized by him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins.

Now John was clothed with camel’s hair, with a leather belt around his waist, and he ate locusts and wild honey. He proclaimed, ‘The one who is more powerful than I is coming after me; I am not worthy to stoop down and untie the thong of his sandals. I have baptized you with water; but he will baptize you with the Holy Spirit.’

In those days Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized by John in the Jordan. And just as he was coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens torn apart and the Spirit descending like a dove on him. And a voice came from heaven, ‘You are my Son, the Beloved; with you I am well pleased.’
1. O Breath of Life, come sweeping through us, 
revive your Church with life and pow’r;  
O Breath of Life, come cleanse, renew us,  
and fit your Church to meet this hour.  

2. O Breath of Love, come breathe within us  
renewing thought and will and heart;  
come, love of Christ, afresh to win us,  
revive your Church in ev’ry part!  

3. O Wind of God, come bend us, break us,  
till humbly we confess our need;  
then in your tenderness remake us,  
revive, restore— for this we plead.  

4. Revive us, Lord; is zeal abating  
while harvest fields are vast and white?  
revive us, Lord, the world is waiting -  
equip thy Church to spread the light.

Post Communion Prayer

Lord of all time and eternity,  
you opened the heavens and revealed yourself as Father  
in the baptism of Jesus your beloved Son:  
by the power of your Spirit  
complete the heavenly work of our rebirth  
through the waters of the new creation;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
Hymn 252

Words: William Williams (1717-1791)
Trans. Peter Williams (1727-1796) and others
Tune: Cym Rhondda, John Hughes (1873-1932)

1. Guide me, O thou great Redeemer, pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty, hold me with thy pow’rful hand; Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven, feed me till I want no more, feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain, whence the healing stream doth flow; let the fire and cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through; strong deliv’rer, strong deliv’rer, be thou still my strength and shield, be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, bid my anxious fears subside; death of death, and hell’s destruction, land me safe on Canaan’s side; songs of praises, songs of praises, I will ever give to thee, I will ever give to thee.
Sunday Evening Prayer (6pm on Zoom)
To take part online, simply click here
Sunday 10 January—Epiphany 1

Hymn 118
Words: Various authors. Music: VENI,CREATOR SPIRITUS, Sarum Melody

1. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire,
Thou thee the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sev’nfold gifts impart

2. Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight
(CODA)

3. Anoint and cheer our soil-ed face
With the abundance of thy grace
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

4. Show us the Father and the Son,
In thee and with thee, ever one.
Then through the ages all along,
This shall be our unending song.

5. Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
Amen

Psalm 46

1. God is our refuge and strength,
   a very present help in trouble;
2. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be moved,
   and though the mountains tremble in the heart of the sea;
3. Though the waters rage and swell,
   and though the mountains quake at the towering seas.
4. There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God,
   the holy place of the dwelling of the Most High.
5. God is in the midst of her;
   therefore shall she not be removed;
   God shall help her at the break of day.
6 The nations are in uproar and the kingdoms are shaken, *but God utters his voice and the earth shall melt away.*

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; *the God of Jacob is our stronghold.*

8 Come and behold the works of the Lord, *what destruction he has wrought upon the earth.*

9 He makes wars to cease in all the world; *he shatters the bow and snaps the spear and burns the chariots in the fire.*

10 ‘Be still, and know that I am God; *I will be exalted among the nations; I will be exalted in the earth.*’

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; *the God of Jacob is our stronghold.*

**Reading: Isaiah chapter 42, verses 1-9**

Here is my servant, whom I uphold, my chosen, in whom my soul delights; I have put my spirit upon him; he will bring forth justice to the nations. He will not cry or lift up his voice, or make it heard in the street; a bruised reed he will not break, and a dimly burning wick he will not quench; he will faithfully bring forth justice. He will not grow faint or be crushed until he has established justice in the earth; and the coastlands wait for his teaching.

Thus says God, the Lord, who created the heavens and stretched them out, who spread out the earth and what comes from it, who gives breath to the people upon it and spirit to those who walk in it: I am the Lord, I have called you in righteousness, I have taken you by the hand and kept you; I have given you as a covenant to the people, a light to the nations, to open the eyes that are blind, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, from the prison those who sit in darkness.

I am the Lord, that is my name; my glory I give to no other, nor my praise to idols. See, the former things have come to pass, and new things I now declare; before they spring forth, I tell you of them.

**Reading: Ephesians chapter 2, verses 1-10**

You were dead through the trespasses and sins in which you once lived, following the course of this world, following the ruler of the power of the air, the spirit that is now at work among those who are disobedient. All of us once lived among them in the passions of our flesh, following the desires of flesh and senses, and we were by nature children of wrath, like everyone else.
But God, who is rich in mercy, out of the great love with which he loved us even when we were dead through our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ—by grace you have been saved— and raised us up with him and seated us with him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus, so that in the ages to come he might show the immeasurable riches of his grace in kindness towards us in Christ Jesus.

For by grace you have been saved through faith, and this is not your own doing; it is the gift of God— not the result of works, so that no one may boast. For we are what he has made us, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand to be our way of life.

**Hymn 684**

Words: John Marriott (1780-1825) alt
Tune: Moscow, Melody from Madan’s ‘Collection’ (1769)
Adapted by Felice de Giardini (1716-1796)

1. Thou, whose almighty word chaos and darkness heard, and took their flight; hear us, we humbly pray, and where the gospel day sheds not its glorious ray, let there be light.

2. Thou, who didst come to bring on thy redeeming wing, healing and sight, health to the sick in mind, sight to the inly blind, O now to humankind let there be light.

3. Spirit of truth and love, life-giving, holy Dove, speed forth thy flight; move on the water’s face, bearing the lamp of grace, and in earth’s darkest place let there be light.

4. Holy and blessèd Three, Glorious Trinity, Wisdom, Love, Might; boundless as ocean’s tide rolling in fullest pride, through the earth far and wide let there be light.

**Readings for Mass on Thursday 14 January**

Hebrews 3.7-14 & Mark 1.40-end

**Celebrant:** Canon Tom Kennar  
**Preacher:** Graham Kidd