



Rochdale Parish Church of St Chad



NEWS

(Please take one and pass it on)

NOVEMBER

2025

Welcome to
Rochdale Parish Church of St Chad



Be With Us Today



Father in heaven,
you have given us a mind to know you,
a will to serve you,
and a heart to love you.

Be with us today in all that we do,
so that your light may shine out in our lives.

Through Christ our Lord.

Amen

St Thomas More (1478-1535)



PLEASE SWITCH YOUR PHONE TO

*** SILENT ***

DURING THE SERVICE

Thank You



*Thank you for joining us for worship today.
You are welcome to stay for refreshments after the service.*



***Please continue to pray for
UKRAINE and THE HOLY LAND
and also for all affected
by conflict and/or disaster***



If you would like us to pray
for someone who is ill
or who has died,
please add their name to the list
located on the desk
or speak to one of the clergy.

If you have any items for the newsletter (events, articles of interest, etc)
please see me in church or send via email to: lg-stchadsrochdale@outlook.com
Linda G.



Any items you can donate for the various stalls
at the Christmas Fair will be appreciated.

We need...

Tombola / Raffle prizes • Bottle Tombola prizes
Books, DVDs, CDs • Bric-a-Brac • Toys and Games
Handcrafted items • Jewellery and Accessories
Home-made Cakes and Preserves
Items for Hamper Raffle

Note to Sidespersons and Wardens:
don't forget to bring in
*your **6 bottles** for the Bottle Tombola!!!*



ST CHAD'S CHRISTMAS FAIR

SATURDAY 6 DECEMBER 2025
11 am - 1.30 pm



RAFFLES **TOMBOLAS** **CAKES & BAKES**
BRIC-A-BRAC **BOOKS & CDs** **CRAFTS**
TOYS **REFRESHMENTS & MORE**

Rochdale Parish Church of St Chad
Sparrow Hill • Rochdale • OL16 1QT

Contributions towards the purchase of
the Christmas Tree at St Chad's are still welcome.

Please give your donation to Lyn Taylor,
or to any member of the Altar Guild

Thank you

** Thanks to everyone who has already contributed*





◆ Thursday 4 December 2025 ◆

Light Up a Life 2025

at St Chad's 7 pm

Music, carols, readings and poems
for you to reflect, remember and celebrate
the memories of your loved ones



🌀 DATES FOR YOUR DIARY 🌀

Wednesday 5 November

PCC Standing Committee - 7 pm via MS Teams

Sunday 9 November

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY at St Chad's 10.45 am

Mission Community Breathe Service at St Michaels Bamford 7.30 pm

Wednesday 12 November

Friends Together Bereavement Support Group at St Chad's 10 am - 12 noon
Everyone Welcome - Refreshments provided

Thursday 20 November

St Chad's PCC - 5 pm in church

Thursday 4 December

SPRINGHILL HOSPICE'S 'LIGHT UP A LIFE' SERVICE at St Chad's - 7 pm

Saturday 6 December

ST CHAD'S CHRISTMAS FAIR 11 am - 2 pm

Sunday 7 December

St Chad's Asian Fellowship's WHITE GIFT SUNDAY 2 - 4 pm
Everyone Welcome

Wednesday 10 December

Friends Together Bereavement Support Group at St Chad's 10 am - 12 noon
Everyone Welcome - Refreshments provided

Thursday 11 December

MAYOR'S / CIVIC CAROL SERVICE at ST CHAD'S 7 pm

Everyone Welcome

Sunday 14 December

ST JOHN'S AMBULANCE CAROL SERVICE 3 pm
led by The Rt Revd Mark Davies, Bishop of Middleton

Sunday 22 December

ST CHAD'S CANDLELIT CAROL SERVICE

at 3 pm

led by The Rt Revd Mark Davies,
Bishop of Middleton

*This service is one of the highlights of the year
and will be a magnificent start
to Christmas 2025.*

Wednesday 24 December

✙ MIDNIGHT MASS

St Chad's at 11.30 pm

led by The Ven Karen Smeeton,
Archdeacon of Rochdale

St Luke's Deeplish at 11.30 pm

led by The Revd Renate Grey

Thursday 25 December

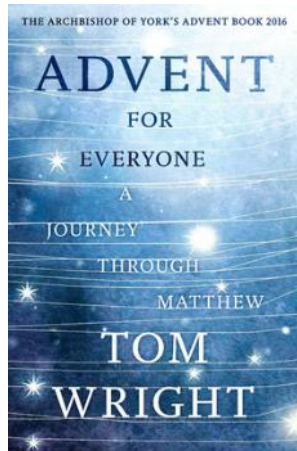
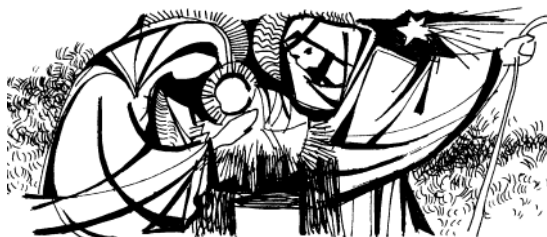
✙ CHRISTMAS DAY Eucharist

St Mary in the Baum at 10 am

led by The Revd James Read

St Luke's Deeplish at 10 am

led by The Revd Pam Parr



Once again,
Advent is just around
the proverbial corner
and so this month's
newsletter includes
a selection
from the many books
available to read
on your journey
through the season
and on to Christmas...





Sarah Coleridge - The Months

*Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.*



November has 30 days and is the 11th month of the Gregorian calendar, previously the 9th month (Latin novem “nine”) of the Roman calendar.

It kept its name after January and February were added to the calendar many years later.

The Anglo-Saxons referred to this month as Blōtmōnath and in the calendar of the French Republic November fell in the months of Brumaire and Frimaire.



This year the full Beaver Moon rises in the UK at around 15:55 GMT on Bonfire Night, Wednesday 5 November.

It will be the brightest and largest of this year’s full moons and the second of three consecutive supermoons this year.

The next full moon is on 4 December, the third and final supermoon of the year.

Why is it called the Beaver Moon?

Beavers are particularly busy at this time of year, building dams and stocking up on food for the winter months ahead.

FLOWER OF THE MONTH - CHRYSANTHEMUM

symbolising loyalty, friendship and joy



Scorpio



23 Oct - 22 Nov

Sagittarius



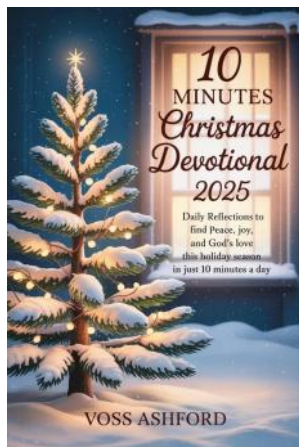
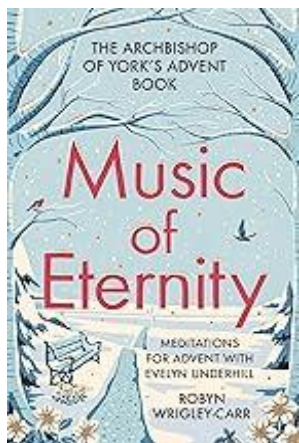
23 Nov - 20 Dec

TOPAZ AND CITRINE ARE THE TRADITIONAL BIRTHSTONES FOR NOVEMBER



Topaz can be found in a variety of colours and symbolises friendship, luck, protection, abundance and emotional balance.

Citrine is often associated with abundance and wealth, making it a popular stone for attracting prosperity and good fortune.



A PRAYER FOR PEACE



Almighty God,
from whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed:
kindle, we pray, in the hearts of all, the true love of peace
and guide with your pure and peaceable wisdom
those who take counsel for the nations of the earth
that in tranquillity your kingdom may go forward,
till the earth is filled with the knowledge of your love;
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.



Remembrance Sunday



Lest We Forget

The 11th hour on the 11th day of the 11th month

Robert Laurence Binyon was born in Lancaster on 10 August 1869, the son of a clergyman. In 1891 he won the Newdigate Prize for poetry while studying Classics at Trinity College, Oxford, and after graduation went to work at the British Museum in 1892.

Although generally known for his poem "For The Fallen", Binyon was a poet, dramatist and art scholar whose writing resulted in a substantial collection of poems, books and plays, and there was much more to his life than can be condensed down to this one page.

He composed this poem in mid-September 1914 while sitting on a cliff-top in north Cornwall and looking out to sea. It was just a few weeks after the start of the First World War, during which time casualties had resulted from the first major action undertaken by the British Expeditionary Force at The Battle of Mons on 23 August against the Imperial Germany Army.

Two places claim to be the location where the poem was written, and there are plaques at Pentire Point, north of Polzeath, and also further south on the same coast on the East Cliff to the north of Portreath.

Some twenty years later Binyon said it was the words of the fourth stanza that came to him first, and it is these words that have become both famous and familiar after being adopted by the Royal British Legion at ceremonies of Remembrance to commemorate the fallen men and women of the armed services.

Although too old to enlist for military service during World War I, he worked as a medical orderly for the Red Cross in 1916. Several of his close friends were killed in the war, as was his brother-in-law.

Binyon retired from the British Museum in 1933 and was appointed as Norton Professor of Poetry at Harvard University from 1933-34. In 1940 he was appointed as the Byron Professor of English Literature at the University of Athens and worked there until April 1941 when forced to leave in order to narrowly escape the German invasion of Greece.

He died on 10 March 1943, aged 73, in a nursing home following an operation. The funeral service was on 13 March 1943 at Trinity College Chapel, and his ashes are buried with those of his wife Cicily in the churchyard of St Mary's Church, Aldworth, where there is a slate memorial.

If you're visiting Westminster Abbey then you'll see Binyon's name is included on the slate stone unveiled on 11 November 1985 in Poets' Corner to commemorate 16 poets of the Great War.



Linda G.

For The Fallen

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Robert Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)

The grandson of Scottish immigrants, John McCrae was born in Guelph, near to Toronto, Canada, on 30 November 1872.

After studying locally he taught English and Mathematics, then returned to university to complete his B.A. After this he returned to study again, with a scholarship to study medicine, graduating in 1898.

During the Second Boer War (1899-1902) McCrae was a Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Artillery. Post-war, his medical career continued, to include teaching at university again in Vermont and Montreal, becoming an associate in medicine, a pathologist at two of Montreal's hospitals and a professor of pathology. He also travelled to London in 1904 to study, and became a member of the Royal College of Physicians. The following year McCrae established his own practice, but also continued working and lecturing at several hospitals. Further appointments followed, and in 1910 served as the expedition physician while accompanying the Governor General of Canada, Lord Grey, to Hudson Bay on a canoe trip, and 1912 saw the publication of a medical textbook on pathology that he co-authored with J G Adami.

Canada was within the British Empire, so was also at war after Germany's invasion of Belgium in 1914 at the beginning of WW1.

McCrae was appointed as a Major and also Medical Officer of the Canadian Field Artillery's 1st Brigade. During the Second Battle of Ypres in 1915 he treated the wounded in a hastily dug bunker.

A friend of his, Lt Alexis Helmer, was killed in action nearby on 2 May 1915 and his death was part of the inspiration for "In Flanders Fields", written by McCrae on 3 May 1915.

The following month saw McCrae receive orders to set up the No. 3 Canadian General Hospital near Boulogne-sur-Mer at Dannes-Camiers in Northern France, and he was not happy with the move. The hospital functioned in tents, but the winter weather resulted in it being moved to an old college in February 1916.

McCrae was still commanding the No. 3 Canadian General Hospital at Boulogne when he died from pneumonia and pneumococcus meningitis on 28 January 1918 in the British General Hospital in Wimereux and was buried with full military honours in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission section of the cemetery in Wimereux.

Initially rejected for publication by *The Spectator* in London, the poem first appeared in print with its anonymous publication in *Punch* on 8 December 1915. It soon became one of the war's most popular poems and used in the many fund-raising campaigns.

* Condensed from a longer article written previously, to fit it onto one page! Linda G.

In Flanders Fields

John McCrae - 1872-1918

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.





The Royal British Legion's first Poppy Appeal was in 1921.

The poem "In Flanders Field" had inspired Moina Michael, the American War Secretary, to buy poppies and sell these to her friends in order to raise money to help Servicemen that were in need of support after the First World War.

The idea of selling poppies was adopted by The Royal British Legion in 1921 - they ordered a million poppies from Anna Guérin and also ordered 8 million more that were manufactured in Britain.

Madame Guérin's idea was for artificial poppies, made by French widows and orphans, to be used as an emblem of remembrance for those who had died during WW1 and also raise funds to support the families of those who had given their lives or survived.

She had used poppies to raise funds in American and Canada before travelling to Liverpool, arriving on 30 August 1921, and then visiting the British Legion with samples of the poppies, explaining about their purpose of both remembrance and fund-raising.

The idea was initially met with scepticism, but by September the idea had been adopted. However the British Legion's funds were limited, so the cost of the poppies was covered by Madame Guérin.

The first British Poppy Day was held on 11 November 1921 and raised £106,000 (approx. £4.85 million today). Madame Guérin was reimbursed and the poppy has remained a symbol of Remembrance since then.

Originally called The Disabled Society, founded by Major George Howson MC, The Poppy Factory started production in 1922, in an old collar factory on the Old Kent Road in London before moving on to a larger factory in Richmond at the beginning of 1925.

Lady Haig's Poppy Factory was established in March 1926 at Whitefoord House in Edinburgh to make poppies for Scotland.

Since those first red poppies were sold in Britain, remembering those who sacrificed



their lives in WW1 and the conflicts that have followed, poppies in other colours have become available.

Purple: remembering the many animals, like the horses, dogs and pigeons that were drafted into the war effort and became victims, and especially the many horses killed or injured in WW1.

Black: remembering the contribution and sacrifice made by servicemen, servicewoman and civilians from African, Black and Caribbean countries.

White: representing our remembrance of all victims of war, with a focus on achieving peace and challenging the way we look at war.

Linda G.

We Shall Keep the Faith

Oh! you who sleep in Flanders Fields,
Sleep sweet - to rise anew!
We caught the torch you threw
And holding high, we keep the Faith
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red
That grows on fields where valor led;
It seems to signal to the skies
That blood of heroes never dies,
But lends a lustre to the red
Of the flower that blooms above the dead
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy Red
We wear in honor of our dead.
Fear not that ye have died for naught;
We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought
In Flanders Fields.

*Moina Michael
November 1918*

The eldest of four children, Wilfred Edward Salter Owen MC was born in Oswestry on 18 March 1893, the family living in a house owned by his maternal grandfather Edward.

After Edward's death in January 1897 the house was sold and the family moved to Birkenhead where his father Thomas found temporary work with a railway company. A transfer in April 1897 saw the family move to Shrewsbury, living with Thomas's parents. The family returned to Birkenhead the following year when Thomas became stationmaster at Woodside station, and then back to Shrewsbury in 1907.



Education was at Birkenhead Institute, Shrewsbury Technical School, and matriculation from University of London. He then worked as a teaching assistant from 1913-15 at the Berlitz Language School in Bordeaux and later with a family (at Bagnères-de-Bigorre?).

He enlisted on 21 October 1915 joining the Artists Rifles, and after training was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant (provisional), reporting to 3/5th (Reserve) Battalion Manchester Regiment at Milford Camp on 12 June 1916. Owen was sent to France in December 1916 joining the 2nd Manchester Regiment on the Somme, and within two weeks of arriving was commanding a platoon on the front line.

Owen returned to Britain after active service at Serre and St Quentin in January-April 1917 led to shell-shock. During his time undergoing treatment at the Craiglockhart War Hospital in Edinburgh Owen met Siegfried Sassoon, one of his literary heroes, who provided guidance and encouragement to bring his war experiences into his poetry.

Returning to the Western Front in July 1918 Owen was awarded the Military Cross in recognition of his courage and leadership during the breaking of the Hindenburg Line at Joncourt in October 1918. He was killed on 4 November 1918 by a German machine-gunner during an unsuccessful attempt by the British army to cross the Sambre-Oise canal at Ors on the Western Front, the news of his death arriving at his parents' house in Shrewsbury on Armistice Day. Owen is buried at Ors Communal Cemetery in the village of Ors, France.



The award was not listed in the British Gazette until 15 February 1919, with the citation following on 30 July 1919:

2nd Lt, Wilfred Edward Salter Owen, 5th Bn. Manch. R., T.F., attd. 2nd Bn. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in the attack on the Fonsomme Line on October 1st/2nd, 1918. On the company commander becoming a casualty, he assumed command and showed fine leadership and resisted a heavy counter-attack. He personally manipulated a captured enemy machine gun from an isolated position and inflicted considerable losses on the enemy. Throughout he behaved most gallantly.

Linda G.

Dulce et Decorum Est

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.
Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime . . .
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.
If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie; Dulce et Decorum est
Pro patria mori*.

Wilfred Owen (18 March 1893 - 4 November 1918)

This poem was thought to have been written between 8 October 1917 and March 1918.

*Latin phrase from Roman poet Horace: "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country."

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke (1887 - 1915)



Rupert Chawner Brooke was born in Rugby on 3rd August 1887, the third of William Parker "Willie" Brooke, schoolmaster, and Ruth Mary Brooke's four children.

His father was House Master of School Field, Rugby; Brooke grew up there, attending Hillbrow prep school, Rugby school and then on to King's College, Cambridge, to study Classics in October 1906.

Brooke associated with various literary groups and writers. He also lived at The Old Vicarage, Grantchester, which inspired him to write the poem of the same name in 1912 while feeling homesick in Berlin. During his travels in Europe he prepared the thesis which earned him a Fellowship at King's College in March 1913.



Just days after the outbreak of WW1 on 28 July 1914, Brooke enlisted in early August and commissioned into the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve as a temporary sub-lieutenant. In October 1914 he took part in the Royal Naval Division's Antwerp expedition, then sailed with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force on 28 February 1915.

While stationed in Egypt he developed severe gastroenteritis, followed by streptococcal sepsis from an infected mosquito bite. The French hospital ship *Duguay-Trouin* was moored in a bay off the island of Skyros in the Aegean and Brooke was the only patient on board as the ship was waiting for the injured from Gallipoli.



Despite being under the care of a dozen doctors and surgeons, treatment was unsuccessful and he died of septicaemia at 4.46 pm on 23 April 1915. Brooke had been on his way to the Gallipoli landings, missing the start of this disastrous campaign by two days.

The funeral was hurriedly arranged as the expeditionary force had orders to depart immediately and he was buried at 11 pm in an olive grove on Skyros.

Brooke was among 16 First World War poets to be commemorated on a slate monument unveiled in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey on 11 November 1985. The words of the inscription on the stone were from a fellow war poet, Wilfred Owen, and it reads: "My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity."

Linda G.



Anthem for Doomed Youth

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,

Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, -

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;

And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes

Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,

And each slow dusk a drawing down of blinds.

Wilfred Owen (1893 - 1918)



The Owen Memorial in Oswestry

SUNDAY 23 NOVEMBER 2025

Today is the last Sunday before Advent, the Feast of Christ the King, when the cycle of the church year comes to an end, and next Sunday we will begin our journey through the new liturgical year with the celebration of Advent.



In Anglian churches the last Sunday before the Advent season begins became known as 'Stir Up Sunday', taking this name from the opening words of the collect in the Book of Common Prayer for this day.

*Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people;
that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works,
may of thee be plenteously rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Amen

'Stir Up Sunday' also became the traditional time for making Christmas puddings, an essential British Christmas tradition, with each member of the family making a wish as they stirred the mixture.



Christmas pudding has evolved over the centuries, starting out as a porridge-like dish known as frumenty

that contained meat, dried fruits, spices and wine.

By the late 1500s the recipe had been adapted to include more dried fruit, eggs and breadcrumbs, spirits and/or beer and by the mid 1600s it

had established itself as the Christmas dessert of Plum Pudding.

The Puritans banned this pudding in 1664, but by the early 1700s it was once again part of the Christmas feast thanks to King George I enjoying this treat.

Although Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, is generally considered to have brought this pudding into our traditional festive feast it was more than a century earlier that King George I introduced a meatless style of pudding when he came to the throne in 1714.

The recipe continued to evolve and by the 1800s would have been recognisable to us today.

/contd on p 12

There are many superstitions associated with Christmas Puddings.

Some say the pudding should contain 13 ingredients, to represent Jesus and His Disciples.

Also, each member of the family should stir the pudding using a wooden spoon, from east to west, to remember the Three Wise Men.

However, the custom of stirring any food in a clockwise direction originates centuries before Christianity.

As the sun was the source of all life, every task a woman did in the home or field had to be done in a sunwise or *deiseil* direction, as to walk round a building or perform any action in an anticlockwise direction - *widdershins* - was to work against the sun and in turn strengthen the powers of darkness and call down ill-fortune, or worse.



British Royal Navy tradition requires the youngest sailor and the ship's commander to be called together on Stir-up Sunday and stir the ship's Christmas pudding using a wooden oar or paddle that symbolises the wooden manger in which the baby Jesus was laid.

Another custom is for a silver coin to be hidden in the pudding and the finder will have good luck throughout the coming year.

Traditionally the coin was a silver six pence, whilst today a 5p is the smallest silver coin available.

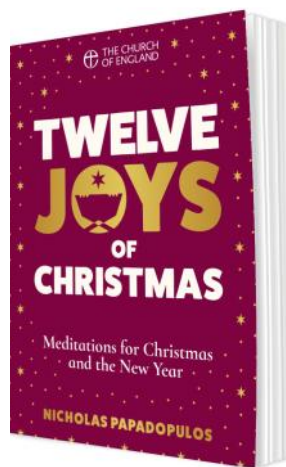


/contd on p 14

Our Diocesan Prayer of Thanksgiving and Hope

Living and Loving God,
as your pilgrim people in Manchester Diocese
we thank you for the great commission
with which you have entrusted us:
to love and serve, and to bring
our parishes, schools, chaplaincies,
and all our communities
into new life in Jesus Christ.
Through your abundant love
lead us into your Kingdom
and grant us the trust to follow you;
meet our weariness, our griefs and fears
with your tender and comforting Spirit
that we may greet the promise
of each new day with joy and trust.
Teach us to pray in faith, hope and love,
that we may go out into your world
confident in your wondrous mission
and full of the Good News of Jesus Christ.

Amen.



The sprig of holly placed on the top of the pudding is there to remind us of the Crown of Thorns worn by Jesus when he was crucified, with brandy poured over the pudding and set alight at the table to enflame it, said to represent Jesus' love and power.



A typical recipe for Christmas pudding will require long cooking in advance of the festive feast, and it will then be reheated for another few hours before being served on the day itself.

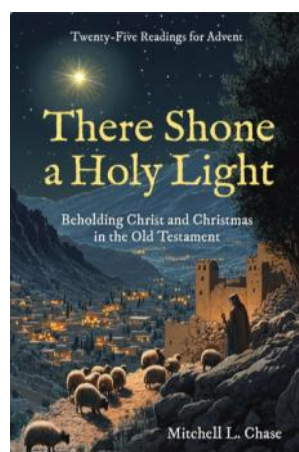
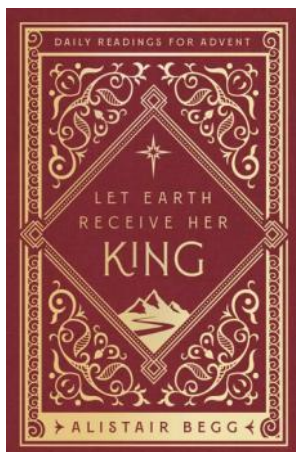
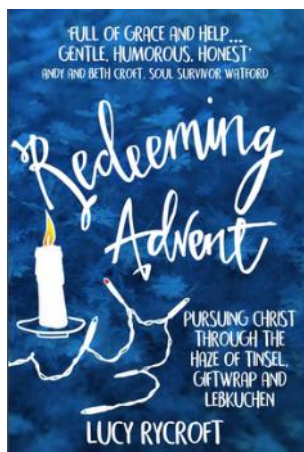
Traditions linked to the Christmas pudding also varied in different areas of Britain.

Some households made 13 small puddings, with the last pudding (known as the Judas Pudding) given to a beggar who had to carry it away from the house and so take away any bad luck for the coming year.

Retaining a small portion of the Christmas pudding was another custom, with this being added to the next year's pudding mixture; this was to ensure the family would never go hungry as the pudding was never finished!

So, if you haven't made your pudding yet – it's time to stir up! and while you're giving the puddings a good stir don't forget to remind yourself of the words of the collect.

Linda G.



**ST CHAD'S ASIAN FELLOWSHIP EXTEND AN INVITATION
TO EVERYONE FOR THIS EVENT**

JOIN US AS WE CELEBRATE

White Gift Sunday

Your faith has healed you

Mark 10:52

SUNDAY 7 DECEMBER 2025

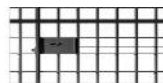
2 pm - 4 pm

**Rochdale Parish Church of St Chad
OL16 1QT**

**Contact info: Janice Julius
07983 388169**

White Gift Sunday began in 1904, with an idea from the minister's wife in a small Methodist church in Ohio. The story goes that she wanted to solve the problem of the unequal value of gifts donated, and so by wrapping gifts in white paper the donors would be able to remain anonymous. Everyone would be able to share in the joy of giving to others and no-one would be judged by the value of their gifts. During the event held at St Chad's you will be invited to place a gift of money inside the white envelopes available and the amount collected will be used to help others. It is just one way in which we can show God's love along with our caring commitment to people in our community.

A VIEW BEHIND BARS – SURREAL REALITIES



We turned around from the stand where Alan had been lighting a candle to mark the second anniversary of his daughter's death. The chairs had been cleared away after the Sunday communion service where fourteen men had sung praises lustily (or tried hard or stood with mouths closed, embarrassed) and had received the sacrament reverently with a muttered 'Amen' or 'Thanks' (which often seems even more appropriate) and in which I'd had to ask the two on the back who were like pesky and irritating schoolboys to stop their chat for just a minute or two, if they wouldn't mind.

They had said sorry and in a bizarre conversation later had told me that the conversation was really related to what I'd said about John the Baptist because the programme they'd seen on TV the night before had been about the place where they had his head in a case for people to worship. I gawped. I didn't really need to know that strange fact which was the apparent rationale for murmured conversation through half the service.

Now Alan and I were facing the other, we stood somewhat open mouthed at Jake doing a handstand in the middle of the floor. This was a first for me. Walking handstands in chapel. 'Must be the wine', Alan commented. A small sip of non-alcoholic communion wine is unlikely to be the reason that Jake had taken to standing upside down, I fear.

As gravity took hold of his shirt, and it fell towards his nose, Jake revealed an impressively tattooed torso, before he finally lost his balance, readjusted his woolly hat and walked calmly over for his cup of coffee.

One of the saner members of the congregation was heard to remark that this afternoon it had felt a bit like a meeting of 'ADHD Anonymous'.

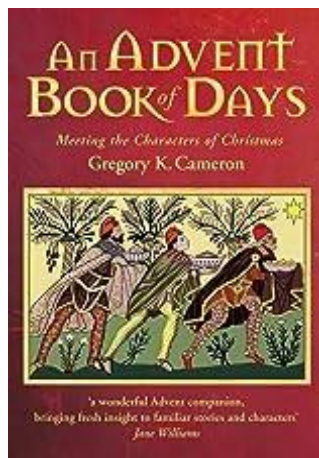
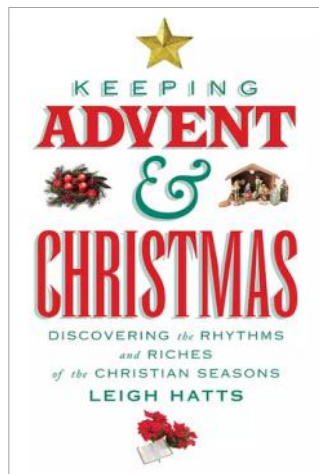
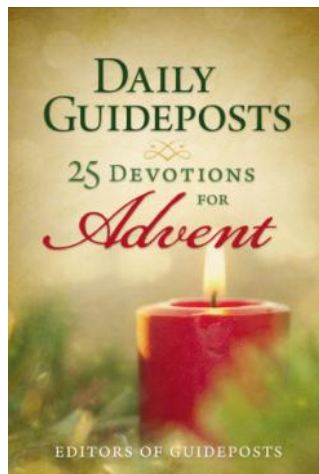
But lest you get the impression, dear Reader, that our services are wildly uncontrolled, I could tell you about the attention given to our preacher and the visitor from the Foodbank two weeks ago at Harvest, and about the bag loads of spare food and clothing brought on that occasion as gifts for people that they will never know but feel they do, because many of them have been homeless, with no extra clothes and short of food as well.

Surreal moments abound. I walked into the gym a couple of weeks ago and, in slightly distracted mood, did a double take as I saw half a dozen bodies on the floor. Resuscitation dummies declared that there was a First Aid course running.

/contd on p 18

A few more questions to test those 'little grey cells'...

1. What is the term for a group of flamingos?
2. What is the world record for the longest hiccupping spree?
3. What is the official animal of Scotland?
4. What animal is known to laugh and has been proven to have a sense of humour?
5. What is the fear of clowns called?
6. What animal's milk is pink?
7. What is the northernmost capital city in the world?
8. In what year did the Great Fire of London occur?
9. Name the first vegetable to be grown in space?
10. The Trojan War was a battle between which two cities?
11. In which year did the Titanic sink?
12. Who is known as the "Father of Modern Physics"?
13. What is the capital city of Brazil?
14. Who wrote *Pride and Prejudice*?
15. Which mountain range is the longest in the world?
16. What is the only even prime number?
17. What is the largest bone in the human body?
18. Who painted "The Persistence of Memory"?
19. What is the largest island in the world?
20. What is the chemical symbol for silver?
21. In what year did the Berlin Wall fall?
22. Which of the five vowels is missing from this question?
23. What five-letter word is missing from the alphabet? ABCDEFHIJKMNPQSTUVWXZ
24. What is the lowest of four consecutive numbers you can add up to get to 90?
25. What is Shakespeare's shortest play?



They would be in use after lunch. I climbed aboard my bike and continued amidst the lifeless forms with a peculiar sense of being watched.

A little of the intensity of our Bible studies has vanished, with the transfer of one man and the busyness in other activities of a second. I couldn't stop them from pouring out their thoughts and insights a few weeks ago but the calmer and more thoughtful remnant of my group now is harder work and easily distracted.

Yesterday I found myself dragged down the rabbit hole of conversation about Prince Andrew, the King, the new Archbishop and the Pope. Somehow I dragged us back into the world of Psalm 62, where we had started, and our need to recognise the rock and fortress of God when facing opposition.

Someone who needs a rock and fortress is Graham. He'll be just short of the age of 80 when he leaves prison. Can you imagine it? Mostly I tell people they have a lot of life to live when they go out, when they're feeling hopeless. Both Graham and I know that is probably not true for him.

He was a hard worker who suffered the trauma of a son with depression who got into the wrong crowd, took drugs and found his older brother fighting with the pushers, only to stab his sibling instead. The wound was fatal.

Years later, when his lifelong partner also died, Graham's drinking went out of control and in what he says was a complete accident, in an argument with a friend, he pushed him downstairs, and left him. Assuming he would just have hurt himself a bit, he was stunned to return to the house to find he had died. Graham is in prison for manslaughter. He feels frightened each day when he's unlocked but has palled up with a more vulnerable prisoner opposite. They work life out together and get through.

Amidst the manipulation, the sense of entitlement (I need more vapes, I'm going to cut myself, the peas are cold, I'm going to smash my cell...) there is real sadness - but the surreal moments keep on coming. An exercise routine to a DVD on the landing, a mattress walking down the length of the Wing, the ridiculous tower of tinned mackerel on a windowsill, the soldier-like ranks of single planted flowers in a bed prepared by someone who evidently hasn't done much gardening before now... Keep looking and you'll find life, in all it's different colours and moods.

*Hilary Edgerton, Chaplain
HMP Buckley Hall, Rochdale
October 2025*

Your continuing support by means other than the envelope scheme will be appreciated, and there are a number of ways you can help:

Transfer to a monthly **Standing Order**
(please ask for a form when you're in church)

Use **online/internet banking** by transferring
from your account to:

Virgin Money, 9/11 Yorkshire Street, Rochdale OL16 1BL

Account to be credited:

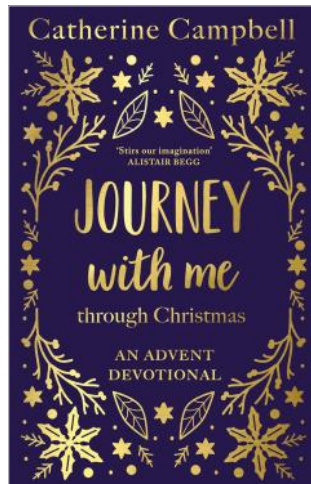
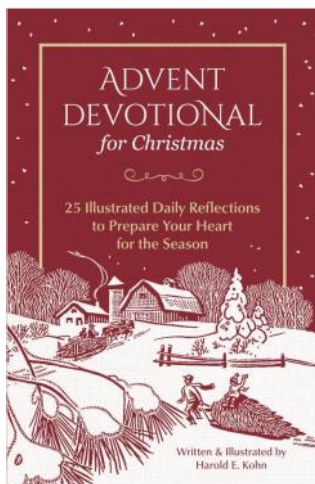
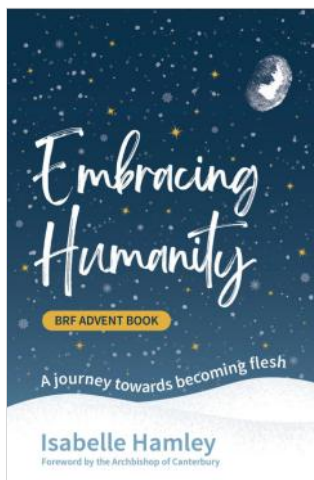
Rochdale Parish Church Account No: 24990011 Sort Code: 05-07-22

Pay by **cheque** and send to:

Rochdale Parish Church, c/o 17 Dale View, Littleborough, OL15 0BP

Whichever option you chose, confidentiality will be maintained.

**Contactless Payments
for donations now available!**



URGENT

PLEASE CONTINUE
TO SUPPORT



The Rochdale Foodbank Warehouse is open to accept your donations

Monday to Friday, 10 am - 12 noon

Exchange Shopping Centre Service Entrance,
Newgate, Rochdale Town Centre, OL16 1XB
(under the bridge).

Their sign will be on the door.

There are also in-store donation points at
Asda Dane Street, Tesco Silk Street
and other supermarkets.

This link gives up-to-date info on items required:

<https://rochdale.foodbank.org.uk/give-help/donate-food/>

(currently everything on the Foodbank's shopping list)

The full shopping list...

Semi-Skimmed or Whole Milk (UHT) (1 Litre)

**Sugar ♦ Tea Bags ♦ Instant Coffee (Jar) ♦ Long Life Fruit Juice
Pasta Sauces ♦ Tomato Ketchup**

Tinned Foods

**Soups ♦ Tomatoes ♦ Baked Beans ♦ Spaghetti ♦ Vegetables ♦ Potatoes
Rice Pudding ♦ Custard (or Packet) ♦ Fruit ♦ Meat ♦ Fish**

**Instant Mash ♦ Rice (500g) ♦ Pasta (500g)
Jam / Honey (Jar) ♦ Breakfast Cereals
Biscuits (Packets) ♦ Snacks / Crisps (etc)**

Personal Toiletries



Once again... a sincere “Thank You”
to everyone who gives their time to help
with cleaning the church, tidying the garden areas,
arranging the floral displays,
providing refreshments after our services of worship,
and the many other jobs not mentioned here
that enable St Chad’s to keep running smoothly.

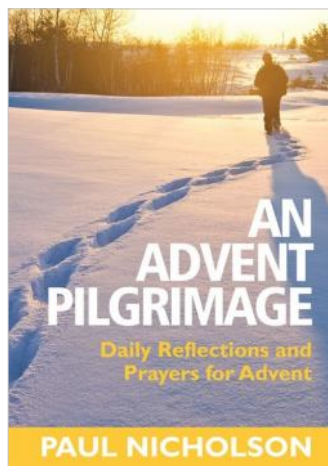
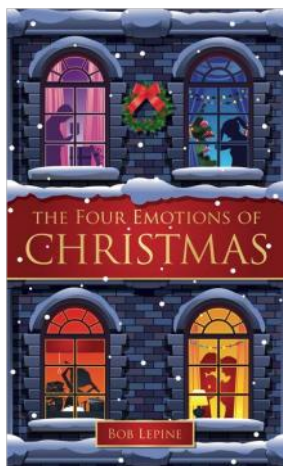
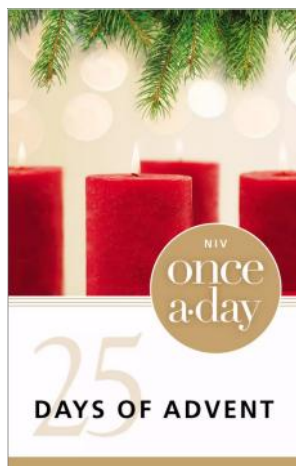


Can **you** spare an occasional hour on Wednesdays or Thursdays
to help with cleaning the church or tidying the garden areas*?

If so, please speak to Peter G, Linda G, Jill, Sue F, or Martin.

Your help in maintaining our wonderful church will be appreciated.

*Tidying the garden areas is now ‘weather permitting’!



SERVICES OF WORSHIP

♦ Sundays

ST MARY IN THE BAUM 9.15 am

Week 1 - BCP Communion Weeks 2, 3, 4 and 5* CW Communion

** where there is a 5th Sunday in a month*

ST LUKE'S DEEPLISH 10.00 am

Holy Communion, Service of the Word or Family Worship

ST CHAD'S 11.15 am

Choral Eucharist (*Matins on 2nd Sunday of month*)

ST CHAD'S 2.00 - 3.30 pm

Asian Christian Fellowship

♦ Wednesdays

ST LUKE'S DEEPLISH 11.00 am

Morning Prayer or Holy Communion



CONTACT INFO

Churchwardens:

St Chad's: P Goddard 07564 635900 P Bollington 07566 983798

St Mary in the Baum: A Pollock 07974 191 246

St Luke's Deeplish: D Smithers 07794 2559865

Assistant Curate: The Revd Pamela Parr 07580 782201

Asian Christian Fellowship: Janice Julius 07983 388169

<https://rochdaleparishchurches.co.uk>

www.facebook.com/rochdaleparishchurches

*To book a Wedding or Baptism/Christening at any of our churches,
please come along to church on Sunday morning
or phone to make arrangements.*

