



Rochdale Parish Churches  
of St Chad and St Mary in the Baum

## Remembrance Sunday



**Lest We Forget**

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

# NEWS

(Please take one and pass it on)

13  
NOVEMBER  
2021

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



CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS THE PURCHASE OF  
OUR CHRISTMAS TREE AT ST CHAD'S  
WOULD BE WELCOMED BY THE ALTAR GUILD.

PLEASE GIVE YOUR DONATION TO LYN TAYLOR,  
OR TO ANY MEMBER OF THE ALTAR GUILD

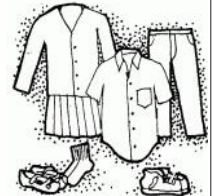
THANK YOU.

## **SCHOOL UNIFORMS**

Councillor Rachel Massey's daughter, Julie, has set up a uniform recycling project known as *Uniform For All* with the Coop and local Churches. The aim is to help parents who are struggling to afford school uniform; however we also see it as a way to help recycle and also try and protect the environment from wearable clothing being taken to landfill.

If you know of anyone who would benefit from this scheme, there is more information via their Facebook page:

<https://m.facebook.com/Uniform4A/>



**PLEASE ENSURE  
YOUR PHONE IS  
\*OFF\*  
DURING THE SERVICE**

*Thank You*

**HELP TO KEEP OUR  
COMMUNITY WARM  
THIS WINTER**

*THE ROTARY CLUB  
OF ROCHDALE EAST  
IS ASKING FOR YOUR HELP  
FOR OUR PROJECT*

**'WINTER WARMING  
WOOLLIES'**

**PLEASE DONATE  
NEW OR GENTLY USED  
HATS, SCARVES, GLOVES OR SOCKS  
FOR MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN  
BETWEEN NOW AND 30 NOVEMBER**

*ALL DONATIONS WILL BE HANDLED BY  
ROTARY ROCHDALE EAST  
TO ENSURE THEY REACH THOSE IN NEED*

**PLEASE HELP US SPREAD  
A LITTLE WARMTH THIS WINTER**

**IF YOU CAN HELP US HELP OTHERS  
CONTACT YOUR LOCAL ROTARIAN  
WHO WILL ARRANGE COLLECTION**

**OUR LOCAL ROTARIAN IS:  
GRAHAM KNOX 01706 642311**

**PLEASE CONTINUE  
TO PRAY FOR UKRAINE**



**place of welcome**  
coffee. cake. community.

**Thursdays  
10.30 am - 12 noon  
at  
St Chad's Church Rochdale**

**for further info contact:  
[fr.darrenquinlan@gmail.com](mailto:fr.darrenquinlan@gmail.com)**



► DATES FOR YOUR DIARY ◀

NOVEMBER

**Sun 13** Remembrance Service  
at St Chad's 10.45am

**Sun 20** Christ The King,  
Sunday Next before Advent

**Tue 22** St Mary in the Baum PCC 5pm

**Wed 23** St Chad's PCC 7pm

**Sat 26** Lunchtime Concert  
12 noon St Chad's

**Sun 27** First Sunday of Advent

DECEMBER

**Thur 1** Light for Life  
with Rochdale Hospice 7-9pm

**Sat 3** St Chad's Christmas Fayre  
11am - 2pm

**Sun 18** Carol Service  
at St Chad's 11.15am

**Mon 19** WonderPiano Students'  
Concert 6-9pm (*time tbc*)

**Sat 24** Christmas Eve Midnight Mass  
at St Chad's 11.30pm

**Sun 25** Christmas Day  
Festal Choral Eucharist  
at St Chad's 11.15am

**Mon 26** St Stephen's Day  
Holy Communion  
St Chad's 11.15am



ANY ITEMS YOU CAN DONATE  
FOR THE VARIOUS STALLS  
WILL BE APPRECIATED

WE NEED...

TOMBOLA PRIZES

RAFFLE PRIZES

BOTTLE TOMBOLA PRIZES

BOOKS, DVDs & CDs

BRIC-A-BRAC

TOYS AND GAMES

HANDCRAFTED ITEMS

HOME-MADE CAKES, BAKES

AND PRESERVES

JEWELLERY AND ACCESSORIES

ITEMS FOR HAMPER RAFFLE

NOTE TO SIDESPERSONS

AND WARDENS:

DON'T FORGET

TO BRING IN YOUR 6 BOTTLES

FOR THE BOTTLE TOMBOLA!!!





**ADMISSION  
FREE**



# *St Chad's Christmas Fayre*

**SATURDAY 3rd DECEMBER**

**11am - 2pm**



**RAFFLES & TOMBOLA  
BOTTLE STALL  
CHRISTMAS HAMPER  
CAKES, BAKES & PRESERVES  
BOOKS, DVDs & CDs  
TOYS & GAMES ~ BRIC-A-BRAC  
JEWELLERY & ACCESSORIES  
CARDS & CRAFTS  
CHILDREN'S FUN  
REFRESHMENTS  
AND MORE**

November is a time each year when we reflect on those who have died, whether it is the Saints on the 1<sup>st</sup>, those we love who have died at All Souls on the 2<sup>nd</sup> or those who have lost their lives in conflict on Armistice Day 11<sup>th</sup> November.

It is important that we remember those who have died, the sacrifices they made for us, and also the influence they have had on us.

As a family of churches we have marked All Souls Day, both as a parish and a community, and today we also have the opportunity to join together to mark Remembrance Sunday.

Remembrance Day causes internal conflict for some people because they believe that it glorifies war.

I have had similar discussions in the past with a friend who chose to wear a white poppy for exactly that reason.

It was my friend's view that the red poppy glorified the shedding of blood in war and she chose to wear a white poppy which promoted peace not war.

My response was that it is important to remember the bloodshed and the violence and the death, how families were affected by the loss of their loved ones who had given their lives in the defence of their country.

There is a danger of glorifying war, with games where you can take part in war and when you are killed you regenerate to fight again, or films with gripping story lines and amazing special effects created for our entertainment. For some of the younger generation these are their only experience of war.

War is not entertaining, or glamorous, or something to be glorified, but **it is** something to be remembered.

We do need to remember the blood that was shed and the horror of war; if we do not remember and learn from the mistakes of History there is a danger it will be repeated.

Those who can remember what it was like to live through a World War are now few in number. It is not just the soldiers who were affected in a World War but the whole of society. I have never lived through a World War, and pray that I never do, but having taught History firmly believe in the importance of remembering not just the lives lost but also the horrors, so we have a real desire to never let it happen again.

Remembrance Day, or Armistice Day, marks when, at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour of the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month, the peace treaty was signed to mark the end of WWI.

I will be remembering my Great Uncle Fred; my dad was named after him. He served in the First World War, enlisting on 27<sup>th</sup> July 1915 and lying about his age as he was just 16. He served in the navy and was invalided at the end of September 1916. At this point he could have considered his duty done but chose to re-enlist a year later, this time giving his correct date of birth. Sadly he died on 21<sup>st</sup> August 1918, where his war record states he was discharged dead, 3 months before the end of the war. He was just 19 years old.

His is not a remarkable or unusual story; there were thousands of others like him, ordinary boys, men and later women who wanted to serve to protect their country and their families.

When I wear my poppy I will be remembering with gratitude my Great Uncle Fred with all those who gave their lives in the two world wars and all the conflicts that have happened since.

I shall also be remembering the families who shared that sacrifice, those who were left behind to carry on while their loved ones served and to cope with the loss of those who died.

The greatest way to honour their sacrifice is to remember and try to ensure that we don't allow History to be repeated.

“At the going down of the sun and in the morning,  
we will remember them”.

Revd Anne

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 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 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 Guèrin and also ordered 8 million more that were manufactured in Britain.

Madame Guèrin'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 sceptism, 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 Guèrin.

The first British Poppy Day was held on 11 November 1921 and raised £106,000 (approx. £4.85 million today).

Madame Guèrin 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.*

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. 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. Lt Alexis Helmer, a friend of McCrae, was killed in action nearby and it was this burial that inspired him to write "In Flanders Fields" 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.



The poem first appeared in print after 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 I'd 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 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 following year saw the family return to Birkenhead when Thomas became the 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 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."

## **Anthem for Doomed Youth** (1918)

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 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.



He was 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 11pm 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.

## MUSIC AT ST CHAD'S

**Saturday 26 November at 12 noon**

### **THE DUNELM DUO**

**Robert Rainford** (*piano/organ/keyboards*) and  
**Lynne Williams** (*flute/oboe/clarinet/saxophone*)

*Programme to include:*

*Salut d'Amour - Elgar*

*Earth - Takatsugu Muramatsu*

*Prelude from Suite Antique - John Rutter*

*Clair de Lune - Debussy (piano solo)*

*Poirot - Christopher Gunning*

*Concerto for Alto Saxophone - Ronald Binge*

Rob studied music at Durham University before going on to a career in music in the north-west of England, teaching at all levels from primary school to music college. He also works with many theatre and opera companies both in the orchestra and as a répétiteur, and is an examiner for the ABRSM.



Following Lynne's studies at Durham University she had a highly successful teaching practice, first in Yorkshire and then in Lancashire. She now runs a thriving woodwind repair business in Garstang, and plays for many local orchestras.

Together, Lynne and Rob established the publishing company Forton Music in 2008 specialising in music for woodwind instruments in all combinations. They are both published composers, with their compositions and publications appearing on several exam syllabi.

As the Dunelm Duo, Lynne and Rob have been performing together since their university days, with concerts, weddings, celebrations events and recording sessions under their belts.

# MUSIC AT ST MARY IN THE BAUM

## TOAD LANE CONCERTS

Rochdale's Weekly Music at Lunchtime on Wednesdays  
Doors open at 12 noon • Concert 12.30 - 1.30 pm • Entry fee: £6

**Please note change to the schedule on 30<sup>th</sup> November**

### ◆ NOVEMBER 16 ◆

Telemann Baroque Ensemble

Alastair Roberts *flute*, Alfred Pollard *oboe*, Elaine da Costa & Sarah Snape *violins*  
John Goodstadt *viola*, Roger Bisby *cello* & Peter Collier *harpsichord*

### ◆ NOVEMBER 23 ◆

Rascallity Harp Duo

Alice Roberts and Kathryn Mason (RNCM)

### ◆ NOVEMBER 30 ◆

Louise Taylor *soprano* and Leighton Jones *piano*

### ◆ DECEMBER 7 ◆

Margaret Ferguson *soprano* (Ghana, Poland & RNCM)  
& Jonathan Ellis *piano* (RNCM & Manchester University)

### ◆ DECEMBER 14 ◆

Notability - Mixed Voice Choir

### ◆ DECEMBER 21 ◆

Shuwei Zuo *violin* (Beijing Conservatoire, Royal Academy of Music, & RNCM)  
& Xin He *viola* (Xinghai Conservatoire & RNCM)



◆ Thank you for your support ◆

Contact Dr Joe Dawson **01706 648872** for more info

## SERVICES OF WORSHIP

### ◆ Sundays

#### ST MARY IN THE BAUM

9.15 am

Week 1 - BCP Communion

Week 2 - Service of the Word

Weeks 3, 4 and 5\*

Common Worship Communion

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

#### ST CHAD'S

11.15 am

Choral Eucharist

*Matins on 2nd Sunday of month*

1.00 - 2.30 pm

Asian Fellowship

### ◆ Thursdays

#### ST CHAD'S

from 3 November at 10.00 am

Weeks 1, 4 and 5\* Morning Prayer

Week 2 and 3 Holy Communion\*\*

*\* months with a 5th Thursday*

*\*\* for those who wish to receive  
the sacrament in the week*



## CONTACT INFO

**Vicar:** The Revd Anne Gilbert

Vicarage: 01706 346 774

Mobile: 07865 293 827

revannegilbert@gmail.com

**Asst Curate:** Fr. Darren Quinlan

07308 898 008

fr.darrenquinlan@gmail.com

### **Asian Fellowship:**

Elizabeth Julius

07931 846942 (please text)

### **Churchwardens:**

#### **St Chad's**

Mr P Bollington 07566 983 798

Mr A Wild 07905 837 847

#### **St Mary in the Baum**

Andrea Pollock 07974 191 246

<https://rochdaleparishchurches.org.uk>

[www.facebook.com/rochdaleparishchurches](http://www.facebook.com/rochdaleparishchurches)

@RochdaleStChads @stmaryinthebaum

*To book a Wedding or Baptism/Christening  
at St Chad's or St Mary in the Baum,  
please come along to church  
on Sunday morning  
or phone the vicar to make arrangements.*

