

*CHRIST
CHURCH
IN
JULY & AUGUST
2020*



VOLUME 4 ISSUES 7 & 8 JULY & AUGUST 2020

Registered Charity No. 1152846

The Parish of Worthing, Christ Church

Website: www.christchurchworthing.org.uk

My apologies to all those who are not on the internet, we have had limited ability to distribute monthly magazines as usual. I am emailing daily to all those who want me to, and the wonderful news is that we have new family members, who have been in touch and are also on the email list now. They are all very welcome! I am now, with the easing of restrictions, able to print these magazines for you all.

My thanks go to the wonderful members of the admin team who have ensured that everyone is in touch with each other by phone, if they so wish, and anyone can get in touch with the team should you need any help, and we will do our best to assist.

We pray that we will all be together soon, and our thoughts and grateful thanks are with all those who keep us safe and tend the sick.

Vicar: *The Revd. David Renshaw*

email: christchurchvicar@btinternet.com

Tele: 01903 244283

Churchwardens: *Kenneth Hobbs & Di Askew*

email: kenneth.hobbs1@ntlworld.com

Tele: 01903 237713

Editor & Parish administrator: *Janine Hobbs*: Tele: 01903 237713

email: janine.h@ntlworld.com



Words of prayer

Soul of Christ be my sanctification,
Body of Christ be my salvation,
Blood of Christ fill all my veins,
Water from Christ's side wash out my stains.
Passion of Christ my comfort be,
O Good Jesu listen to me
Guard me when my foe assail me,
Call me when my life shall fail me,
Bid me to come to thee above,
With all thy saints to sing thy love,
World without end

Amen



God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change;
the courage to change the things I can;
and the wisdom to know the difference.
Living one day at a time;
Enjoying one moment at a time;
Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace;
Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it;
Trusting that He will make all things right if I surrender to His Will;
That I may be reasonably happy in this life
and supremely happy with Him Forever in the next.

Amen.

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon;
Where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope;
Where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.
O Divine Master,
Grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Amen.

A walk along the Prom.....

Summer in Worthing, pictures courtesy of Ken Hobbs



Looking east



Responsibly enjoying the beach!



The wheel is back for another summer!



Just look how clear that water is!



Low tide



*A wonderful view of the new hospital in Brighton,
and Worthing's Southern Pavilion Café*



The Children's playground and coffee and food cars at West Worthing



The new seating area in the dry gardens at the west end of the prom

Men's Group August Meeting



As it unlikely that we'll be able to huddle round a table with tea and bacon rolls in church in the near future I would like to keep some momentum going by trying a "virtual" meeting using the Zoom conferencing facility. It is simple to use but I'm aware it relies on a computer or "smart phone" to get the full experience. If there is reasonable interest and subject to permission I am prepared to set up a meeting for 1st August when the speaker will be me (funny old thing!) and the title of my illustrated talk will be "Playing Volleyball in Iraq". Please let me know via email johntholden@aol.com or leave a message on 07841 054952 if you are interested; I expect a few teething troubles but let's try it – practice with Zoom in advance perhaps!



The meeting invitation is as follows:

Topic: Christ Church Men's Group Zoom Meeting

Time: Aug 1, 2020 09:30 AM

Click on link to [Join Zoom Meeting](#) Meeting ID: 769 9500 2231

Password: 3RqAeu

PS – Bring your own bacon butties!

Our thanks to John C for this piece from his friend Alice in Brazil

The souls ' perfume

This is what life is like...

The soul which does good breathes out sweetness.

The hand which offers flowers is filled with a sweet perfume.

The soul which feeds its neighbour is supplied naturally.

The soul which gives out love gives off Light.

We are all governed by the Universal Law of Cause and Effect.

As St. Francis of Assisi taught:

the more I understand the better I am understood.

The more I give assistance the more I am helped by the Divine Force.

The more I grow... the more I am able to forgive.

The more I love The more I feel the Divine Love within me.

Poet's Corner

When...

**When suffering intensifies,
And faith begins to fade,
When none there is that mollifies,
And hope lurks in the shade,
Who heeds despairing cries?
In depth of darkness, soulless night
A silent whisper hear,
Assuring words of love alight,
To banish every fear,
A hymn of thanks recite.**

©Elliott Allison

Beware.....

**Warm waves of summer heat
Seduce sun seekers to the sea,
A fine tan to entreat,
Despite grave dangers that there be,
Unless they are discreet!**

©Elliott Allison

I have already heard wise silences,
I have already heard empty advice,
I have already seen kisses without the lips being used
And a touch without using the hand.



And from this calm observation,
One line I leave from the lesson:
"Happy is the one who touches with the soul
And sees with the heart".

Gabriel Castro

The Present Moment.

Each moment of God-given day,
With relish and delight
Imbibe into our underlay,
Distractions will take flight,
Renewal set alight.

So much to see, so much to hear,
So much to sense and feel;
Be thankful, drive away all fear,
Ingratitude repeal,
From negligences heal.

©*Elliott Allison.*

Here and Now!

Let's cultivate the custom, all,
Frequent the here and now,
Let present moment us enthrall;
Stop, stillness to allow,
Peace in us to endow.

©*Elliott Allison.*



Upside Down Cake

8 servings - 45 minutes to make - You will need:

114 grams butter or marg, softened, plus more for greasing the tin

3 large, ripe peaches [or 8 plums/apricots]

250 grams sugar

128 grams plain flour

$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg

3 eggs



Method:

1. Heat oven to 350 degrees Gas mark 4. Grease a 9-inch cake tin. Line the bottom of the tin with a round of parchment paper and grease that as well.
2. Pit the fruit and cut into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Arrange the slices in a pattern on the bottom of the tin.
3. Combine 100 grams of the sugar with 60 millilitres of water in a saucepan. Cook over medium-high heat until the mixture turns amber, about 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from heat immediately and pour this caramel evenly over the fruit in the tin.
4. In a medium bowl, sift together the flour, baking powder and nutmeg, and set aside.
5. In another medium bowl, beat together the butter and remaining 150 grams of sugar until light. Beat in the eggs 1 at a time. Stir in the flour mixture. Spread the mix evenly over the fruit and caramel.
6. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes, until top is golden brown and cake is set. Remove from the oven and set on a cooling rack. Run a knife around the sides, place a plate on top and invert the cake onto the plate. If any of the fruit slices stick to the tin, lift them off carefully and replace them on top of the cake. Serve the cake warm or cooled to room temperature, maybe with crème fraîche or cream on the side.

Pandemic

What if you thought of it
as the Jews consider the Sabbath –
the most sacred of times?

Cease from travel.

Cease from buying and selling.

Give up, just for now,
on trying to make the world
different than it is.

Sing. Pray. Touch only those
to whom you commit your life.

Centre down.

And when your body has become still,
reach out with your heart.

Know that we are connected
in ways that are terrifying and beautiful.

(You could hardly deny it now.)

Know that our lives
are in one another's hands.
(Surely, that has come clear.)

Do not reach out your hands.

Reach out your heart.

Reach out your words.

Reach out all the tendrils
of compassion that move, invisibly,
where we cannot touch.

Promise this world your love –

for better or for worse,
in sickness and in health,
so long as we all shall live.

By Lynn Ungar [Thanks to John B for sending this]