

# CHRIST CHURCH

*in* AUGUST



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**Registered Charity No. 1152846**

**Parochial Church Council of Worthing Christ Church**

**Website: [www.christchurchworthing.org.uk](http://www.christchurchworthing.org.uk)**





# Worship in August at Christ Church

**1<sup>st</sup> 10.30am Holy Communion**

with Archdeacon Chris Sklilton

**8<sup>th</sup> 10.30am Morning Prayer**

with Revd Canon Muriel Pargeter

**12<sup>th</sup> 10.30am BCP Holy Communion**

with Revd George Butterworth

**15<sup>th</sup> 10.30am Holy Communion**

with Revd Roger Walker

**22<sup>nd</sup> 10.30am Morning Prayer** with Derek Hansen

**26<sup>th</sup> 10.30am Thursday BCP HC**

with Revd Roger Walker

**29<sup>th</sup> 10.30am Holy Communion**

with Revd Roger Walker

## Contact us:

### Vicar:

*Revd David Renshaw is currently signed off sick.  
Our thoughts and prayers are with him at this time.*

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# *Sermon of the month,*

***reproduced with kind permission of  
Associate Bishop Christopher Morgan***

**2 Corinthians 12: 2 – 10**

**Mark 6: 1 – 13**

Paul continues to fascinate and sometimes disturb people, and in our Epistle reading, there is certainly material to fascinate and to disturb – and also to challenge and attract.

Paul might have had a natural tendency to boast. He was certainly pushy. We first come across him in Acts when he was systematically harrying those who believed that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah; and herding them to Jerusalem on charges of blasphemy. Later, when writing to the Philippians – and imagining a challenge to his status – he reeled off his pedigree: a circumcised Jew, of the tribe of Benjamin, by conviction a Pharisee, zealous for the law and its interpretation and a Roman citizen to boot! Nothing and no-one, one gets the impression, would very easily get the better of Paul without a fight!

But then he met Christ, who accosted him in a striking vision while on his way to Damascus as he went about his zealous defence of the purity of Judaism, as he understood it. His world came juddering to a halt, his clearly set out view of God and God's people fell to bits; and he was faced with the challenge of re-imagining everything, with Jesus – that most unlikely of Messiahs – at its centre. As time went by his grasp of Christ and Christ's grasp of him only grew.

We get clear indications of Paul's personality – and of Christ's stamp upon it in our reading. Almost all scholars believe that 'the person in Christ who 14 years ago was caught up into the third heaven' (there to see and experience things on the very edge of human understanding) was Paul himself. He is tempted to boast of his spiritual adventures – BUT REFRAINS. He wants his Corinthian friends simply to judge him on his words and activities among them, never mind about all the rest.

But then there is another turn in Paul's road. The articulate, self-confident and skilled operator (as we might say) encounters an unwelcome newcomer to his life 'a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan' to keep him from being too pumped up. He doesn't elaborate on what this 'thorn' actually was. Scholars: debilitating malaria? A stammer? The onset of mild epilepsy? A weakening of his eyesight? No matter what it was, it led Paul to realise that he needed to rely on the grace of God – in the midst of his weakness or disability, not apart from it – in all that he undertook. The 'thorn' was a prompt constantly to be looking towards God for His energies rather than trying to rely on his own. The self-propelled Saul had by now certainly and thoroughly become the God-propelled Paul.

He had absorbed deeply that central reality that God wants to dwell in his people – and work through them – in all their weakness and limitation. God does not wait for us to be unblemished and perfect before taking us on but is dying (yes dying) to embrace us just as we are, warts and all.

Hop if you will to the scene in our Gospel reading where such themes are illuminated, though from another angle.

Here Jesus, after a fruitful time meeting people, teaching both crowds and individuals, and healing both broken bodies and wounded lives in villages (or the northern shoreline of Galilee) returns the short distance to his hometown in Nazareth. Here he is invited to speak in the synagogue one Sabbath morning and we are told that ‘many who heard him were astounded’. Where does he get all this from – this power, this clarity, this sense of reality they ask themselves and one another? And those healings that we have heard about from those villages down the road? God’s hand surely must be somewhere in all of this, mustn’t it?

And then common sense and caution begins to break in. Hold on, hold on! He’s a good carpenter and housebuilder alright, he can tell a good story and he’s a fine wordsmith no doubt: but he’s local and we know his family, his mother, brothers and sisters. There’s nothing too remarkable about them. No, let’s not get swept off our feet! It’s all style and not too much substance surely? so we are told ‘and they took offence at him’. The Greek word for this is ‘skandalizein’, they were scandalized, (literally) they tripped over.

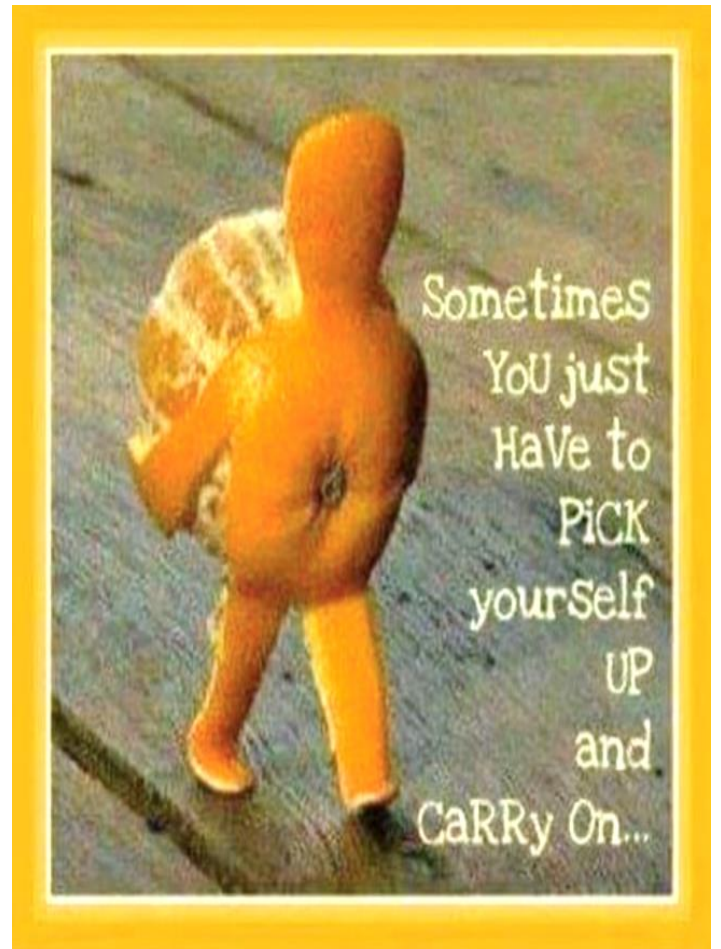
Those synagogue goers in Nazareth couldn’t, in the end, imagine that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob could make himself known to them through a next-door neighbour – be he never so talented – in the untidy and imperfect circumstances of their own village life? Weren’t trumpets, bright lights, thunder and lightening part of that scenario? Paul, on the other hand, had seen through the attractions and ‘pull’ of his earlier visionary experiences, and had come to realise that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was even, or precisely, meeting him ‘thorn in the flesh’ and all

the midst of his weaknesses, constraints and needs. And for him, Jesus – the most unlikely Messiah, who embraced rejection, pain and difficulty – was the key to it all.

Then and now, dear people, the living God does not wait to seek us out and use us until we have sorted ourselves out, or until our lives are airbrushed and perfect. God will also see through all our real or imagined efforts to show him how capable and loving we are in our own strength that he must be so pleased to have us in his team. No: again and again he wants to journey with us in the here and now, baggage and all, and he wants us to welcome the journey with him. It is only that way round that thorns can blossom







After the pandemic be sure to start hugging again! Why? Because hugging is practically perfect.

- It helps the body's immune system.
- It cures depression.
- It reduces stress.
- It's rejuvenating.
- It has no unpleasant side effects.
- It is all natural — contains no chemicals, artificial ingredients, pesticides, or preservatives!
- There are no parts to break down, no monthly payments; non-taxable, non-polluting, and best of all - it's fully returnable!

# Poet's Corner

## Thoughtfulness!

Speak softly to the heart in tears,  
With gentle touch the ache absorb,  
Let eyes proffer a smile!

The flood of anguish oft recedes  
When human warmth hurt hearts embrace,  
Deep-rooted strength is stirred!

Unhelpful counselling forbear,  
Restore to hapless soul her orb,  
In stillness wait a while!

We seek to serve the deeper needs,  
Adorning presence with good grace,  
When kindness is conferred!

Let Life be clothed in thoughtfulness,  
Lest we forget the dispossessed!

*© Elliott Allison.*

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## Finesse!

Inner self exults  
When goodness masters baseness;  
Issuing in grace.

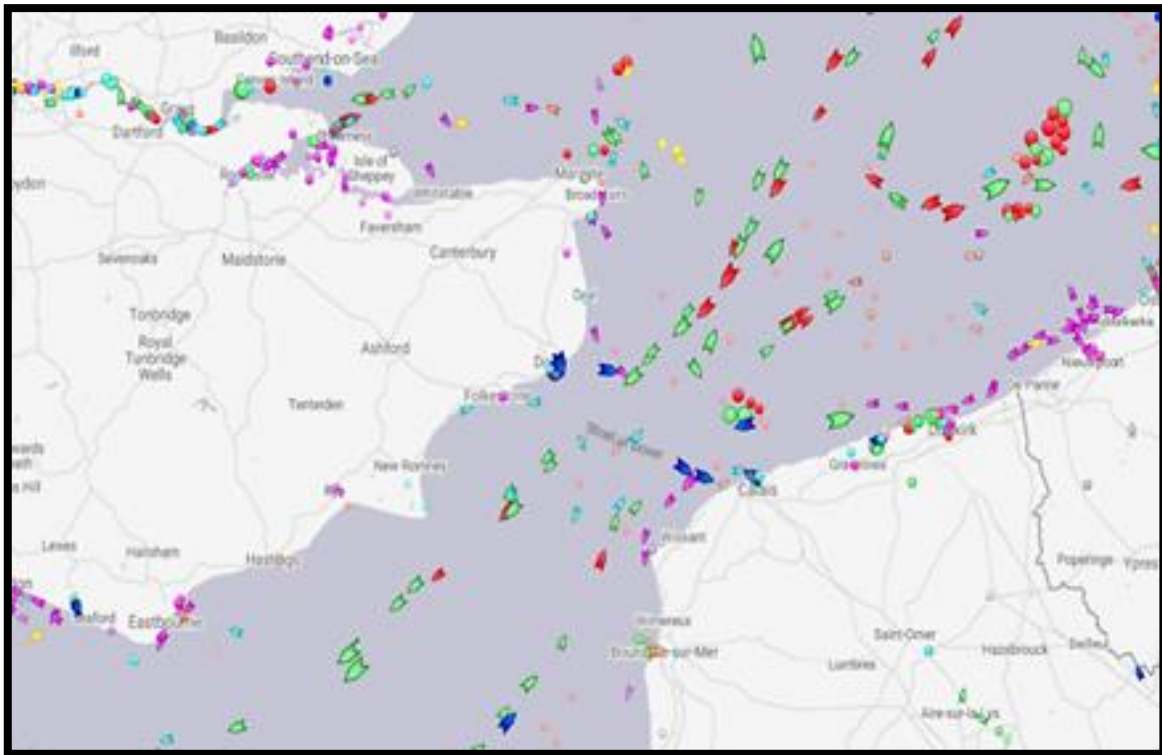
*© Elliott Allison*





*As with all our missions supported by the parish, raising funds has not been easy during Covid. Our thanks to Derek Hansen and colleagues for sending us this report:*

As the world slowly moves through the pandemic, it is important to remember the work of the Mission to Seafarers and acknowledge the efforts that seafarers have made to keep the supply chain open in extremely challenging conditions.



Over 90% of the goods we buy are transported by sea - the snapshot of the chart provides a glimpse of some of the commercial traffic passing through the Straits of Dover on one of the quieter days recently.

The Mission to Seafarers have partnered with leading seafarer welfare charities and shipping industry players launching an emergency relief fund to support seafarers and their families impacted by the COVID pandemic.

Crew change restrictions have been a major source of stress and anxiety. Some major ports now prohibit crew changes for seafarers with a recent travel history to India and Bangladesh. In other ports crews are prohibited from leaving the ship and the chaplains not allowed on board.

In the current financial climate ships are increasingly being abandoned leaving the crew on board. Some crew members in the United Arab Emirates described their ordeal as a living hell. On their ship, the crew had already been without wages or support for more than a year. They were caught in an impossible situation. If they set foot onshore without the right documentation, they risked being detained and forfeiting their right to nearly £170,000 in unpaid wages. On board they faced a prison sentence with no end. The Mission chaplain liaised with the shipping company, local authorities and the International Transport Federation, he was also supporting the men on a daily basis. Food, medication and fuel were all vital, as were the daily conversations. News that their children were missing out on education and medical care as bills went unpaid, alongside fears around COVID and political instability heightened their anxiety. “It was important that they were aware that they’d not been forgotten”.



Thanks to the Mission they weren't. A turning point came when the 5,000-tonne oil tanker ran aground. "The incident attracted international media attention, which the authorities couldn't ignore." Under pressure from the Mission new owners agreed to pay 75-80% of wages owed and, by acting as an intermediary, the Mission ensured the funds were safely transferred to the seafarers' families back home.

Then came the job of applying for entry visas, health insurance and repatriation flights. Considering the spread of COVID in India and the military coup in Myanmar, this was no mean feat. Finally, all crew members had plane tickets home. Their ordeal in the UAE has come to an end and, thanks to you, our teams across the world can continue to support the men as they rebuild their lives.

*Derek Hansen*

***If you wish to donate money to the work of our missions, you can always place cash in a gift aid envelope and mark it for the mission of your choice. This way, if you are a taxpayer, you can also gift aid your gift.***



## HIROSHIMA IN CONTEXT

The 1960s was a time of both promise and threat; the emergence from post-war austerity and optimism for the future balanced by the Cold War threat of nuclear attack.



Serving in the Armed Forces at this time, this threat was drilled into us by film of the A-bomb tests and of the devastation caused to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Half a century later I stood in the Peace Park in Hiroshima looking at one of the few buildings that remained standing after the bomb, now a memorial, and reflected on the power that had been unleashed. A little while later we sat and listened to recordings of interviews with survivors and bereaved parents which were heart-wrenchingly painful and included the description by a father who had been working on the railway away from home when they lost all contact with Hiroshima but didn't know why.



The recovery from what was utter devastation of this part of the city could be seen around us: skyscrapers; commerce; traffic; and tourists. I was aware of the terrible health problems inflicted on the survivors and knew that the local health service had a policy whereby care to survivors was graduated based on their proximity to Ground Zero – the closer you were the more support you got. But this was all theory!

Leaving the Peace Park in a rather sober and reflective mood we boarded the tram back to the port. After some seat changes imposed on us by the extreme politeness and consideration of locals who insisted that I should sit next to my wife I then stood to offer my seat to an elderly gentleman who boarded the tram a few stops later. He thanked me and explained that he was 86 (proved by showing us his bus pass). He guessed we'd been to the Peace Park and started to tell us about his recollections of the day the bomb dropped. He had been at school at the time and had escaped but he lost his mother and his sister. He then described the medical care he was entitled to and how he had made a success of himself as a Merchant Seaman visiting the UK and smiling when I asked if he had found Kings Cross and Newcastle as polite as Japan.

It was a moving but enjoyable conversation that put much of my view of history into some sort of context. It was another of those exchanges that we have encountered when NOT doing the organised tour and maybe getting lost somewhere off the normal tourist route. *John H*

## Are you smart?....

Olny srmatt poelpe can raed tihs. cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacly uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid, aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn't mttar in waht oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoatnt tihng is taht the frist and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit a porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Amzanig huh? yaeh and I awlyas tghuhot slpeling was ipmorantt! if you can raed tihs psas it on !!

**You drop something  
when you were younger,  
you just pick it up.**

**When you're older and  
you drop something, you  
stare at it for a bit  
contemplating if you  
actually need it  
anymore.**



## WITH THE HELP OF GOD, WE WILL

*Our thanks to Christopher Ward, friend of the parish,  
who is a reader in London Diocese.*

One recurrent strand in the Old Testament could be summed up as follows: God makes a covenant with his people; after a while, the people turn away from God; God then sends prophets to encourage the people to mend their ways; and the prophets are ignored. It was, of course, Jesus himself who told his followers that a prophet is without honour in his own land.

This theme came to mind a few months ago, when part of the road we live on was closed each day for much of the working day to enable resurfacing to take place. The road is normally quite busy. During the works, signs were placed prominently in the road at each end indicating that it was closed, and these signs also directed traffic to the diversionary route. The local road layout is such that the addition to journey length necessitated by the diversion was, in most cases, minimal, as any driver familiar with the locality would have known.

We live within a stretch of the road cut off by the closure but unaffected by the resurfacing and had a fascinating time during the closure periods observing the behaviour of motorists. At our end of the road, the

closure took effect just before the brow of a gentle hill, well before the section being resurfaced, so approaching motorists could not see any evidence of the reason for the closure: they were forced to take on trust the message of the sign.

The first thing that happened was our temporary cul-de-sac became a traffic jam, as quite a lot of motorists ignored the prophetic notice and were forced to turn round and retrace their steps. Compliance improved later in the day, but we noticed that drivers would quite frequently ignore the sign if they saw a vehicle coming in the opposite direction over the brow of the hill. And of course, when I blithely ignored the sign because I only required access, it was quite common for the vehicle behind me also to ignore the sign. Perhaps the driver believed that I had some secret insight. And this pattern of behaviour seemed to be independent of vehicle type - there was no particular type of vehicle amongst which this behaviour was particularly prevalent.

Perhaps I should not have been surprised by what happened; drivers were simply exercising free will, as were the people of Israel when they turned from God and ignored the prophets, and the privilege of free will necessarily carries the risk that wrong choices will be

made. This has been a problem for humanity ever since Adam and Eve substituted their own judgement for God's instructions in the Garden of Eden.

So how can we both exercise free will, and hope to get things right on as many occasions as possible? The answer went through my mind when our minister swore in the churchwardens. It was that the churchwardens' response was not, "I will", but

"With the help of God, I will".

*Christopher Ward*

*Reader*

A man and his wife were having an argument about who should brew the coffee each morning.

The wife said, 'You should do it because you get up first, and then we don't have to wait as long to get our coffee.'

The husband said, 'You are in charge of cooking around here and you should do it,

because that is your job, and I can just wait for my coffee.'

Wife replies, 'No, you should do it, and besides, it is in the Bible that the man should do the coffee.'

Husband replies, 'I can't believe that, show me.'

So she fetched the Bible, and opened the New Testament and showed him at the top of several pages, that it indeed says

'HEBREWS'



## *Time for a laugh!*

Two men are stranded in the desert. After days of walking, they come across a market.

“Please, we need water,” says the first man.

“I’m sorry,” says the market stall owner. “I can only sell you custard, jam or cream.”

Disappointed, the two men walk on.

“That was strange,” says the second man.

“Yes,” says the first man, “it was a trifle bazaar.”



### **You’re probably retired if.....**

- You try to straighten out the wrinkles in your socks and discover you aren't wearing any.
- It takes two tries to get up from the couch.
- Your idea of a night out is sitting on the patio.
- You step off a curb and look down one more time to make sure the street is still there.
- Everything hurts, and what doesn't hurt, doesn't work.
- You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.
- You wonder how you could be over the hill when you don't even remember being on top of it.

- Why did the man fall down the well?  
Because he didn't see that well!
- What did the pirate say on his eightieth birthday?  
"Aye Matey!"
- Someone has glued my pack of cards together - I don't know how to deal with it.
- I was wondering why the frisbee kept looking bigger and bigger, and then it hit me
- I was stood behind a customer at an ATM and he turned around and said "could you check my balance?" - so I pushed him. His balance wasn't that great.
- Why did the scarecrow get an award?  
Because he was out standing in his field!
- What did the daddy buffalo say to his son when he left for work? Bison
- Two guys walked into a bar. The third guy ducked.
- What do you call a blind dinosaur?  
A Doyouthinkhesaurus!
- I once hired a limo but when it arrived, the guy driving it walked off. I said "Excuse me? Are you not going to drive me?" The guy told me that the price didn't include a driver .... so I'd spent £400 on a limo and have nothing to chauffeur it!

## A Fishy Tale



My father was a fisherman on Worthing beach when he returned from WW2 and was a regular at his locker on the seafront until he passed away in the 80s. I was brought up around the boats and the 'old boys' who inhabited the seafront back in those days, mainly retired fishermen and those who enjoyed their sailing boats. Recently, a favourite hymn reminded me of my first proper fishing trip with my dad and his crew, a man known as 'Ike', when they took me with them herring fishing. I was 5 years old.

I can remember it so clearly not because of the fish we caught but because my father had picked such a perfect morning to take me along. The sea was as flat as a sheet of glass, there was not enough breeze to blow a candle out, the weather was cold, it was clear, frosty and still dark when we arrived at our locker, but the dawn was soon to break; It was a beautiful Winter's morning.

Back in the 50s, 60s and 70s, herring fishing would begin off Worthing in late October and end on Christmas Eve, subject to weather conditions of course. For my first morning in a fishing boat loaded with nets we were going to try to catch the herring during the so called 'morning swim'. Back in those days it was thought that herring had two 'swims' a day, an evening swim just before dusk, and a morning swim just before dawn. The one thing everyone knew for sure was that herring could not be caught in daylight, and they were never caught too far away from either dusk or dawn, so maybe the old belief was correct.



It was around 5.30am on a cold November morning when we began to prepare the boat, to fire up the Tilley lights and grease the trows (large wooden planks were known as trows, which the boats slipped down the beach on top of). I soon realised it was so cold that the frost had got into the beach stones and they had frozen together meaning the usual crunching of shingle underfoot could not be heard, it was more like walking on concrete. The only sound to be heard was the repetitive lapping of the sea on the edge of the shingle further down the beach.

The paraffin filled Tilley lamps were lit, pumped up, and I was given the job of taking them down to the water's edge, one by one, ready to put into the boat once we were fully prepared to go. The boat was eventually pushed afloat and rowed away from the beach. The engine was started, and we steamed just a little way along the shoreline before stopping the engine and getting the oars out once more in order to shoot the nets into the water.

For the first time, I discovered that on a cold frosty morning, when the gunwales of our boat were covered with a thick, white, jack frost, the sea water would feel warm to the touch which suggested just how cold my hands were by that time (my father didn't believe in boys on the beach wearing gloves, not even 5 year old boys) so it was the first of countless times that I felt the warmer sea water on my hands despite the cold, icy weather.

As the nets were being shot into the water by my father and his crew I sat and looked around me at the beautiful clear sky, choc a block with stars and for the first time I saw

shooting stars speeding across the sky above me. Regardless of the stillness, the cold, the warm sea, the oars dipping in and out of the water, the herring nets speeding out over the stern quarter and the gulls paddling alongside our boat chattering expectantly, I was drawn to one particular very bright star in the sky, it was shining so much more brightly than any others, that I was mesmerised by it. My father's crew noticed me staring as he continued with my dad to help the nets out of the boat, and he said "that's the morning star boy" (all the so-called old boys of the beach referred to me as 'boy' and I can't remember how old I was when they finally started addressing me by my name..... or if they ever did!)

I was so enthralled by the sight of that particular star in the sky, that remained brightly shining as the night sky withdrew and the new dawn broke, that I don't have a clue how many herring we caught on my first real fishing trip. That was my introduction to commercial fishing which I continued as often as I could, until I eventually became a full-time fisherman for a few years, once I left school in my teens.

Nowadays I wonder if that first trip to sea has any bearing on my love for a certain hymn, the words of which I think fit perfectly with my memory of that particular morning. The first verse sums it up for me: Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy, whose trust ever childlike, no cares could destroy, be there at our waking, and give us, we pray, your bliss in our hearts Lord, at the break of the day.

Ten years after that memorable early morning introduction, my father ordered a clinker-built fishing boat for me to fish

and when asked what I wanted to call it I knew right away... it would be the Morning Star.

Just about the only photo I seem to have retained of the Morning Star shows me and my mum standing by it one summer evening..... looking at that photo now all I can think is..... did I really ever have that much hair!?

*Steve Davis,  
Churchwarden*



*And finally, a last laugh!*

## **What it's like to be British**

- Not hearing someone for the third time, so just laughing and hoping for the best
- Saying "anywhere here's fine" when the taxi's directly outside your front door
- Being sure to start touching your bag 15 minutes before your station, so the person in the aisle seat is fully prepared for your exit



- Repeatedly pressing the door button on the train before it's illuminated, to assure your fellow commuters you have the situation in hand
- Having someone sit next to you on the train, meaning you'll have to eat your crisps at home
- The huge sense of relief after your perfectly valid train ticket is accepted by the inspector
- The horror of someone you only half know saying: "Oh I'm getting that train too"
- "Sorry, is anyone sitting here?" – Translation: Unless this is a person who looks remarkably like a bag, I suggest you move it
- Waiting for permission to leave after paying for something with the exact change
- Saying hello to a friend in the supermarket, then creeping around like a burglar to avoid seeing them again
- Watching with quiet sorrow as you receive a different haircut to the one you requested
- Being unable to turn and walk in the opposite direction without first making it obvious to imaginary people around you that you have just remembered something
- Overtaking someone on foot and having to keep up the uncomfortably fast pace until safely over the horizon