

# CHRIST CHURCH



*in*  
*December 2021*



**VOLUME 5 ISSUE 11**

**DECEMBER 2021**

**Registered Charity No. 1152846**

**Parochial Church Council of Worthing Christ Church**

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

## **Worship in December at Christ Church**

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

with Revd Roger Walker

**6pm BCP Evensong**

with The Venerable Luke Irvine Capel

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

with Revd Maurice Slattery

**12<sup>th</sup> 10.30am Morning Prayer with Derek Hansen**

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

with Revd Roger Walker

**4pm Carols by Candlelight**

with Revd Nancy Ford

**24<sup>th</sup> 11.30pm Holy Communion**

with Revd Roger Walker

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

with Revd Maurice Slattery

**26<sup>th</sup> 10.30am Morning Prayer with Derek Hansen**



**Church Wardens:**

*Kenneth Hobbs*

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*Steve Davis*

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*Administrator's email is monitored constantly*

**Parish Office** 01903 215343

**Hours:** Tuesday & Wednesday 10.30 – 12 noon  
Thursday 2.30 – 4pm

**When a flashlight grows dim or quits working, do you just throw it away? Of course not. You change the batteries. 🔋 . When a person messes up or finds themselves in a dark place, do you cast them aside? Of course not! You help them change their batteries. Some need AA...attention and affection; some need AAA...attention, affection, and acceptance; some need C....compassion; some need D...direction. And if they still don't seem to shine...simply sit with them quietly and share your light. 💡**

# Sermon of the month.... *Our thanks to Revd Maurice Slattery*

## **John 18 vv 33 – 37**

Sometimes things aren't always what we expect.

For example, every day I walk from Beach Green to Ham Road and back. Just as you get to the end of the Green there is a Pagoda type building where every day a group of ladies exercise, all toggled up in their athletic gear. This week there was a day when, as I approached, I saw a pair of legs sticking up and was quite impressed. As I got closer the legs came down and the owner stood up. Unfortunately it was a man ..... And I am definitely not into men's legs!!

I'm sure that you've seen trials on TV where people are sworn to tell .. 'The truth, the whole truth .... etc.'

I'm sure that many times in your lives you have wanted to possess the truth – I have. Yet in our reading Pilate is asking questions that Jesus is not answering directly.

It can be said that there is a possible dark and dangerous side to claiming possession of the 'truth'. This can arise in words and actions. I refer you to the current situation where people opposed to Vaccinations are picketing schools and blocking roads and motorways ... Because THEY know the truth. More than this they are claiming to be the sole possessors of truth.

I wonder why Jesus does not give Pilate a straight answer? Perhaps that is His way of telling us that truth is never as simple as we want it to be, never as absolute as



we often assert it to be – never as exclusive as we sometimes claim it is. He knows the truth is more than a fact, an answer, an experience, and that it cannot be possessed, it is rather a life to be lived.

The truth to which Jesus testifies is the God who is beyond the circumstances of this world. Jesus came into the world to tell us the truth, to show us what it looks like in human life and teach us how to be part of, and belong to that truth.

That's a lesson Pilate doesn't seem to understand. He just wants facts. 'What have you done?' 'So, you are a king?' It is a lesson that the world desperately needs to learn. It's a lesson I am still learning. Perhaps you are too.

To seek and claim sole and exclusive possession of the truth is the way of Pilate and the way of the world, but is not the way of Christ. Jesus never asks us to possess the truth about him or anything else. Rather he asks us to belong to the truth and let ourselves be possessed by his truth and listen to his voice.

So ... here's my question ... Do we belong to the truth, or do we live and act as if the truth belongs to us? How we answer that question will determine whose voice we listen to, the choices we make, the priorities we establish, the words we speak, and the actions we take.

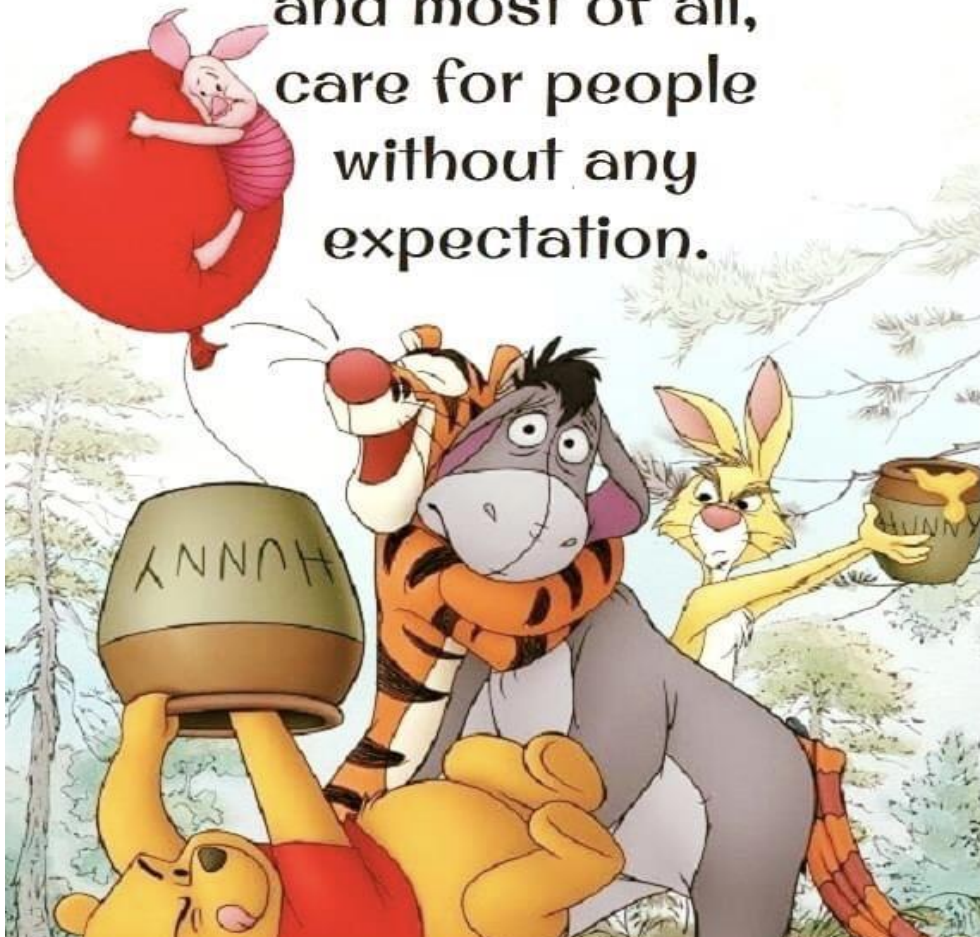
'Everyone who belongs to the truth listens to my voice' Jesus said. Right, then whose voice do we listen to when we act as if the truth belongs to us? Our own. We listen to our own voice and when we do, it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to hear another's voice ..... human or divine.

When we make ourselves custodians of the truth, when we believe the truth belongs to us, we listen to our own voice and the voices of those who think and act like us .... A political party, our country, our religion, our faction.

In every time, in every place, in every situation there is always that other voice. It is always speaking to us. It speaks in today's world, in your life and in my life. That's the voice I want to listen to. That's the truth to which I want to belong. That's the life I want to live.

What about you?

Learn to love  
without condition,  
talk without bad intention,  
give without any reason,  
and most of all,  
care for people  
without any  
expectation.



# Poet's Corner

## **Invocation!**

Entreaties from the heart present,  
With pure sincerity,  
Never the outcome to resent,  
What is to be, shall be,  
In grace of Trinity.

No time, nor space for infantile  
'We like not this, or that',  
Invest in spirit juvenile,  
A childlike faith, begat,  
Seek not a pointless spat.

Assured acceptance cultivate:  
Petitions, all, bar none,  
To Fount of Grace in trust relate,  
Rendered by everyone,  
In good time shall be done.

*©Elliott Allison.*

## **Grace!**

She smiles seraphic when upset,  
Understanding in her eyes;  
A mien never to forget,  
The untoward to neutralise -  
Incomparably wise!

*©Elliott Allison*

## **Memories from a Christmas past.**

Recently a member of our church family very kindly loaned me the Autobiography of Sir Trevor MacDonald, the former TV journalist. He wrote about his many experiences all over the world including his very scary meeting and interview with Saddam Hussain. He also told of his time as Northern Ireland reporter for ITN from 1973 and wrote that he is still very often bothered by flashbacks to what he saw while he was there. He was surprised that incidents often came into his mind without any warning so many years later.

The only thing I have in common with Sir Trevor is that I find experiences in Northern Ireland return to my mind too, many years later and without any warning. At this time of year one relatively minor incident, which took place in the last few hours of one of our deployments, is often in my mind because it took place just a few days before Christmas.

Christmas day was getting closer and in between foot patrols, mobile patrols, eagle patrols (in helicopters) and sanger duties (guarding our temporary home) we were packing up and preparing to hand over to a newly arrived Army



Regiment. They would take over our temporary home and our areas of operations once we left.

With just a few hours remaining we were tasked to attend the house of a frail, elderly gentleman probably in his eighties, who had been chatting and sharing a joke with one of our foot patrols earlier in the day. A particularly important part of our job was to win the hearts and minds of the locals so when we had the opportunity we spent as much time as possible chatting with as many civilians as would engage with us.

As we arrived at the scene we saw this poor man, and his home had been brutally attacked. All his windows had been smashed with bricks and rocks, whilst blood red paint had been thrown all over him, his furniture, and throughout his home. His exterior walls were covered in the red paint and various phrases had been written too. He was standing in the street bewildered and all alone as nobody would be seen with him for fear of retribution. We could see he was shaking from head to foot. The terrorists had decided he was an informer after he was seen talking to us, the enemy.

The Provisional IRA knew that we would always turn up if there was an incident no matter how

small so, when it suited them, they would be waiting for us. Slowly approaching the house in our vehicle, the hairs bristling on the back of my neck as was usual at such times, one of our lads jumped out, scooped the old man up off his feet, and carried him back to our Land Rover. I clearly remember seeing his Christmas tree ruined, and dripping in the red paint, inside his smashed lounge windows. The season of peace and goodwill to all men?

Bursts of automatic gunfire suddenly came out of the darkness, and we heard that very familiar sound of the 'crack' and 'thump' as rounds passed us by. Tarmac on the road around us kicked up as the rounds hit home but for the umpteenth time during this deployment our luck held out and nobody 'caught one.'

More of our Land Rovers were making their way to support us when they were ambushed by a large mob throwing rocks and bricks. The vehicles we used were stripped down, so they had no doors, no roofs, and only a windscreen so they offered little or no protection. All the lads in the speeding vehicles sustained injuries, especially the ones travelling in the rear who had serious head wounds. Others were luckier as the missiles hit

their flak jackets, their arms and their legs, resulting in some very smart looking bruises and some pretty nasty cuts that needed stitches.

Meanwhile, the Fire Brigade had been called but they too were ambushed a few streets away and stoned by another mob to such a degree they were forced to stop. They had to be rescued by some other lads from our Troop and thankfully none were seriously injured, just badly shaken.

When our Royal Navy helicopter air support suddenly appeared low overhead and flood lit the area around us with its powerful 'white light,' the stoning mobs scattered, and the gunfire ceased.

Then it was time for the old gentleman to be driven to an ambulance that was patiently waiting a safe distance away, and I heard no more of him. As always in Northern Ireland we operated on a 'need to know basis' and we didn't need to know!

Only a few hours later we were completing our hand over to the newly arrived Army Regiment and then we decamped to our home in Scotland. A very odd but very welcome feeling of peace and relaxation, mixed with utter exhaustion, came over most of us as we left Northern Ireland after some long and busy months.

Christmas day came, and those who had been chosen to remain in Scotland to guard our base (yours truly included) were served our Christmas dinners in the galley by our Senior Officers, as was the tradition on Christmas day. It didn't make up for going home of course but it was very welcome and enjoyable in the relaxed and jovial atmosphere of our Scottish home.

As we sat and exchanged our dits (stories) over Christmas dinner it was hard not to talk of our experiences during our most recent deployment and to wonder what had happened to some of the people we had encountered over the months.

We had lost two of our number during the deployment and some of us found ourselves wondering how their families would be handling their first Christmas day without their loved ones.

Many family members attended the Military Memorial Service, as did HRH Prince Philip, who paid his respects to the families in his role as the Commandant General of the Royal Marines. Apart from the sound of sobbing you could have heard a pin drop while the Last Post was sounded by two Royal Marines Buglers.

This Christmas 2021, please spare a prayer for those who are not lucky enough to be living in

peace. May I also ask that we say a prayer for the men, and the women, who will be putting themselves in harm's way this Christmas to keep us all safe here at home. I hope they will be lucky and go home safely to their loved ones when their work is done.

I wish you all peace, goodwill, and happiness this Christmastide.  
*Yours, "The Veteran."*

**OLD AGE COMES AT A  
BAD TIME!  
WHEN YOU FINALLY  
KNOW EVERYTHING,  
YOU START TO FORGET  
EVERYTHING YOU KNOW.**



***Martin writes.....***At last I am able to report some visits to churches, beginning with St Swithun's at Sandford.

A new heating system was being installed when I visited and large pipes were being fitted to the exterior of the church near the west tower.

The church was for a long time a chapel of ease for Holy Cross in Crediton and was rebuilt in 1523.

A 17th century gallery still stands on Corinthian columns at the west end and also many fine bench ends can still be seen in the church.

Nearby is St Mary's church at Upton Hellions which is built of Rubble masonry quarried locally with Volcanic Trap - dark igneous rock from Thorveton. There is a 13th century font of Beer stone and unusual zodiac tiles behind the altar.

The tower is 54 feet high, unbuttressed with an embattlement parapet. A medieval bell remains and bears the inscription "Est Michi Collatum ihe isted Nomen Amatum" - the name of Jesus is worshipped and loved by me.

The Reynalls Memorial is an alabaster monument of the 17th c, of Richard and Mary Reynall of Creedy Wiger, who are shown kneeling before a Prie Dieu featuring a skull and hourglass. Their daughter, Tryphena was the second wife of Sir John Davie, the second Baronet of Creedy Park. Upton Hellions Parish owned Glebelands and there was no little opposition to the proposed union with Sandford in

1922. Parliament made an agreement whereby Sandford had first to separate from Crediton's control and this finally took effect in 1928.

A chalice which transferred to Sandford from Upton in 1928 went missing in 1950 and has not been recovered, and when exhibited in London in 1890 was described thus, "Fine beaker, parcel gilt, resting on 3 lion segents, bowl showing the Flight of Egypt and other scenes, ornamentation of Acanthus leaves, Griffin with circular plate, inscribed 'the gift of Sir John and Lady Davie, 1770.'"

*Thanks Martin!*

## **DID YOU KNOW?**



**Your brain will constantly rewire itself to suit the information that you feed into it. If you constantly complain, gossip, find excuses, etc; it will make it much easier to find things to be upset about, regardless of what is happening around you. Likewise, if you constantly search for opportunities, abundance, love, and things to be grateful for, it will make it much easier to find a reflection of those things around you. It takes practice, but over time, this is a very powerful way to reshape your reality.**



# CHRIST CHURCH WORTHING

## Services and Events...



**1<sup>st</sup> December 2021 to 2<sup>nd</sup> January 2022**  
**Annual Christmas Tree Festival**

**Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> December 4pm**  
**Candlelight Service of 9 Lessons and Carols**

**Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> January 11.30am - Film Show**  
**Followed by 'Soup and a scone' [with jam and cream!]**

**Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> March & 9<sup>th</sup> April 2022**  
**12 noon – 1.30pm**  
**Lent Lunches – Soup, a roll and fruit**

**Tuesday 31st May 2022 12.30pm – 1.30pm**  
**Yoko Ono Concert Pianist**

**Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> June 2022**  
**Paul Gregory Classical guitarist/Cellist**

**Sea Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> July 2022**  
**Morning Prayer with Derek Hansen**  
**Donations for Mission to Seafarers**



## ***Groaning time!***

I saw an ad for burial plots, and I thought:  
“That’s the last thing I need!”

\*\*\*\*\*

Need an ark? I Noah guy

\*\*\*\*\*

Will glass coffins be a success?

Remains to be seen

\*\*\*\*\*

Hear about the new restaurant called Karma?

There’s no menu - you get what you deserve

\*\*\*\*\*

What do you call a bee that can’t make up its mind?

A maybe

\*\*\*\*\*

I tried to sue the airline for losing my luggage.

I lost my case

\*\*\*\*\*

When everything is coming your way, you're in the wrong lane

\*\*\*\*\*

She had a photographic memory but never developed it

\*\*\*\*\*

Is it ignorance or apathy that's destroying the world today?

I don't know and don't really care

\*\*\*\*\*

I wasn’t originally going to get a brain transplant, but then I

changed my mind

\*\*\*\*\*

Which country’s capital has the fastest-growing population?

Ireland. Every day it’s Dublin.

The guy who invented the door knocker got a no-bell prize

\*\*\*\*\*

I used to think I was indecisive; now I'm not so sure

\*\*\*\*\*

Sleeping comes so naturally to me, I do it with my eyes closed.

\*\*\*\*\*

What did the grape say when it got stepped on?

Nothing - but it let out a little whine



**How about joining us for coffee  
and a chat during the week?**

**We are open Tuesday and Wednesday mornings  
from 10.30am till noon**

**and Thursday afternoons from 2.30pm till 4pm**

**On Thursdays, we also have a crafty table, for anyone  
to bring along their knitting, crocheting, colouring, in  
fact any crafts, or just stop by to have a natter!**

**Even though our reordering has started, we are still  
serving coffee and tea in the café area at the front of  
the church near the kitchen hatch  
and in the organ vestry.**

**We look forward to seeing you soon!**



My dad said I always loved alphabet soup when I was young, but it was just him putting words in my mouth.

Indian Takeaway £20. Cost of delivery £2.  
Getting home to find they've forgotten part of the order? Riceless.

I went to buy camouflage trousers, but couldn't find any.

A lorry-load of tortoises crashed into a train load of terrapins. What a turtle disaster!

I was having dinner with a world chess champion and there was a check tablecloth. It took them two hours to pass the salt.

A sandwich walks into a bar. The barman says: "Sorry, we don't serve food in here."

Went to the doctors and said: "Have you got anything for wind?" He gave me a kite.

I'm on a whisky diet. I've lost three days already.

Two aerials meet on a roof, fall in love and get married. The reception was brilliant.

*I hope that my child,  
Looking back on today,  
Remembers a Mother  
Who had time to play.  
  
Children grow up  
While you are not looking,  
There will be years ahead  
For cleaning and cooking.  
  
So quiet now, cobwebs;  
  
Dust, go to sleep,  
  
I am rocking my baby,  
  
And babies don't keep  
  
Anon...*

## **And finally... take heed.....**

*The trouble with wrapping presents  
when your cat's around*

Take out wrapping paper, unroll paper

Grab first gift, put gift down next to paper

Remove cat from on top of wrapping paper

Put gift on paper

Take cat off of gift

Cut out chunk of wrapping paper with cat teeth marks in it.

Wrap gift, taping paper as you go.

Notice cat fur on tape, try to peel tape off of paper.

Push cat off of package. Try to pick cat fur out of tape

End up getting nail polish on the tape, too.

Remove tape, ripping paper. Throw used, furry tape aside

Wad up paper and throw in trash.

Notice cat has tape stuck on paw. Chase the cat to remove tape from paw.

Tell the dog to stop chasing the cat with you. Grab cat and remove tape from cat's paw.

Go back to wrapping room. Unroll paper. Put present on paper.

Cut paper. Almost stab cat with scissors after he jumps on paper.

Move cat off of paper.

Wrap and tape gift.

Take out ribbon.

Remove ribbon from cat's mouth. Cut bitten part of ribbon off.

Get a Lysol wipe to clean cat spit off of scissors that touched ribbon.

Push cat away with left foot while leaning right to tie ribbon.

Wipe cat spit from ribbon. Shriek in pain after cat bites left foot.

Apply alcohol and Band-aid to left foot.

Hope the gift receiver is not allergic to cats

Notice your foot is still bleeding. Call your husband from your cell phone even though he is downstairs. Go to the hospital to get stitches in your foot.

Return from hospital with an antibiotic prescription

Hobble upstairs to the wrapping room. Close the door so the cat cannot HELP.

Listen to the cat beat on the door and yowl. Open the door and let the blessed cat in.

Call your husband on the phone again and ask for a stiff drink. Gulp down drink and grab the next present.

Notice you have Christmas gift bags.

Open a bag. Reach for tissue to put in bag. Notice cat is in bag. Lure cat out of bag with tissue paper.

Grab wrapping paper. Grab present.

Realise you never put a nametag on the first present.

Unwrap first present because you forgot whom it was for. Throw first present in gift bag after removing cat again.

Put tissue paper in gift bag. Remove that one wet piece of tissue. Throw wet tissue in trash. Wash hands, hoping it was only cat spit again.

Get more tissue. Put tissue in bag.

Call for another drink.

Grab second present. Notice it is for your son.

Grab roll of Santa paper. Unroll paper. Accidentally bonk cat on head with present while racing him to the paper.

Move unconscious cat over and finish wrapping.

*Best of luck to you all!!!*





*A Very Happy Christmas*  
*from us all at*  
*Christ Church!*

