



CHRIST CHURCH in March 2022

**VOLUME 6 ISSUE 3
MARCH 2022**

**Registered Charity No. 1152846
Parochial Church Council of Worthing Christ Church
Website: www.christchurchworthing.org.uk**



Worship in March at Christ Church



2nd 12.30am Holy Communion for Ash Wednesday
with Revd Maurice Slattery

6th 10.30am Holy Communion
with The Venerable Luke Irvine Capel
6pm BCP Evensong
with Revd George Butterworth

10th 10.30am BCP Holy Communion
with Revd Roger Walker

13th 10.30am Morning Prayer with Derek Hansen

20th 10.30am Holy Communion
with Revd Maurice Slattery
6pm BCP Evensong with Revd Roger Walker

24th 10.30am BCP Holy Communion
with Revd George Butterworth

27th 10.30am Morning Prayer for Mothering Sunday
with Derek Hansen (leading) and Lydie Badcock from
Family Support Work

Be compassionate as your Father is compassionate.....

The words/teaching of Jesus can often appear to be, or sound like being almost impossible to understand, let alone achieve.

How about, Matthew 5:48...

"Be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

That would certainly mean 100%

What makes for 100%? What is 100%?

Is it possible to give more than 100%?

Some may be familiar with a little Mathematical formula that might help to find out what makes for 100% - Perfection!

There are 26 letters in the alphabet.

Now, if we write them all down one after the other, and below/next to them, write down a numerical value for each, from 1-26, starting with A being 1, B-2, C-3 and through to Z being 26, we can come up with a very, very interesting few insights.

Thus, the letters that comprise, **HARDWORK**, will total 98%; the letters that comprise, **KNOWLEDGE**, will comprise, 96%; however, the letters that will give you 100% (Perfection?) will spell:

A T T I T U D E --- That is, ATTITUDE.

For the overzealous, the overbearing and the over-eager to please, there are some unpleasant shocks for... 103% and 118% - not appropriate to even mention here... With Hardwork and Knowledge we get very close to 100% - but, Attitude gets you there.

This may be a 'Fun Mathematical Formula' but I did find it a very telling illustration of the central thrust to ALL of Jesus' Teaching; his life and ultimate death. His attitude towards others was impeccable; his teaching, sermons if you like, always underscored the imperative of our attitude towards others.

One of His avowedly greatest disciples, St Paul, underpinned this nowhere more pointedly than in 1 Corinthians 13...

Though I speak with the eloquence of men and angels and have all sorts of brilliant gifts and achievements, and do not have.... Charity/LOVE...I am simply a gong booming or a cymbal clashing... There is nothing more

paramount for St Paul, as was for His Lord Jesus Christ, than **AGAPE** - Translated Love/Charity and meaning, total and unconditional acceptance of others... A Tall Order, no doubt!

It is an ideal to which we might constantly aspire. It is that ATTITUDE of Love/Charity that is ultimately to be the objective of true Christian living.

We stand on the threshold of Lent! On Ash Wednesday, we begin our traditional Christian 40 Day "Fast"- the equivalent of the Moslem Ramadan .

We shall not be "fasting" in the true sense of the word, but we are encouraged, either to give up or to take on, something which will make our taken-for-granted lives a little more uncomfortable; thus, it is hoped, our inner lives, the spiritual dimension of our lives, will benefit -- we might be able to become more Christlike.

In order for such an exercise of mild 'deprivation' and/or 'additional obligations' to be effective and for our 'spiritual lives' to benefit fully, there will need to be a degree of serious intent and resolve. There should be no room for 'showmanship' or 'point-scoring' in our keeping of Lent - in this respect our Lord gives ample guidance in the gospel for Ash Wednesday...

take note when it is read.

Or when you read it on your own..

As we prepare ourselves for Lent, perhaps we could remind ourselves that the Lenten Season of Self-discipline has three very important objectives:

- a) It is to the greater Glory of God;
- b) it is for my own personal benefit - I shall grow, hopefully; and,
- c) it is for the good of other human beings, all of whom are loved and cherished by God.

Much as I am in favour of progress; bringing our Liturgy up-to-date; making our Christian Faith more relevant - user-friendly, as the saying goes - there are some features which have unfortunately been lost - For example, in the Prayer Book, the Sunday before Lent has that delightful name: Quinquagesima - this year, 27th February - which literally means the 50th day before Easter; it is the Collect for the day - in the Prayer Book- backed up by the Epistle, that is so helpful for us, as we prepare for Lent...

You can read the epistle for yourselves, but here is the Collect for Quinquagesima (Prayer Bk):

O Lord, who has taught us that all our doings without Charity are nothing worth: Send Thy Holy Spirit and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace, and of all virtue, without which whosoever liveth, is counted dead before thee: Grant this for thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake....

Now THERE is something to take on for Lent:
Work on the cultivation/or nurturing of an existing CHARITABLE ATTITUDE; to put it differently, it is ATTITUDE that scores 100%.... An ATTITUDE OF CHARITY/LOVE must be the Perfect Number... the number for God in Christ.

Elliott Allison.

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

Ralph Waters ARCO



On 17th December 2021, Ralph Waters, our former organist died. Ralph was 81. He also served for many years as our churchwarden and member of the fabric committee that oversaw many of the recent changes to our building.

Ralph moved from the position of organist at St. Botolph's, Heene in May 1964 to take up the position of organist at Christ Church, which post he held

for 52 years until retiring at the end of 2016. While working for the treasurer's department of the borough council he studied the organ with Edwin Bown at Christ Church, and with Gavin Brown at St. Peter's, Brighton, under whose tutelage he passed the ARCO.

At the time of his appointment to Christ Church, the organ was a two manual Compton Electrone, which by 1966 was showing serious signs of deterioration. In 1970 Ralph oversaw the installation of a splendid three-manual pipe organ, originally built by J.J.Binns of Leeds in 1892 for Baillie Street Methodist Church in Rochdale and rebuilt in

1967 by Percy Daniels and much enjoyed by all who play or hear it. Over the years Ralph carried out many small repairs himself and on his retirement he became 'Curator of the Organ'. Under his charge, the choir regularly performed a wide range of anthems. He was a staunch supporter of the West Sussex Organists' Association, attending many of their days out locally and some of their trips abroad. Having in-laws in Poitiers, one of his particular joys was being allowed to play the historic organ at the cathedral there. He played carefully programmed recitals locally, his repertoire covering the early period up to the late 20th century, and was a first-class improviser, particularly of slower, reflective pieces demonstrating the wide range of tone colours at his disposal. He became increasingly interested in the development of historical performance practice and was keen on learning more about less well-known composers.

In June 2017 during a morning service at Christ Church Ralph was awarded a long service certificate from the RSCM for his 52+ years of service to church music. In addition to his duties as organist and choirmaster he served for some years on the PCC. He is survived by his widow Janet and their two daughters, Stephanie and Jacqueline, and four grandchildren.



Other Cafes Are Available!

Viewing our soon-to-be new home, the Negotiator swore blind that the derelict pub across the road on the corner of Brunswick



and Thorn Roads would never re-open, so no need to worry about disturbance. Not too long after we moved in it reopened! It didn't last long. Then it was resurrected as a café but for various reasons, probably mainly the Lock Down, it too failed. After a year looking sadly derelict, it started to emerge from the chrysalis and opened as Sand Bay.

The place had been given a fresh look with a smaller café and a light and airy atmosphere. It proved to have interesting menu with very tasty meals cooked on-site, but we quickly found there was more to it than cake and coffee. The clue was in the freezer – individual portions of lasagne, tomato and coconut casserole, bread pudding and more – each with the name of the chef proudly displayed. Artwork on the walls looked different and interesting, some more professional than others, but all original.

The Sand Project, who are responsible for this resurrection, have the aim to develop viable and innovative businesses to enable young adults with learning difficulties to experience the working environment and gain skills and build confidence such that they are more readily employable and not so reliant on benefits. Sand Bay is one such project.



A welcoming place, Sand Bay Café is ideal for young families heading to the beach or for those of us who appreciate a pot of tea that stays hot longer than it takes to eat the cake. The students bubble with enthusiasm whether hearing customers' appreciation of the veggie curry or of the quality of the alterations in which they had a hand.

Next time you are passing why not give them a try! *JTH*



BOOKS ON MY READING LIST.

“Curing Insomnia” by Warren Peace

“Lion Taming for Beginners” by Claude Yarmoff

“Victory at Agincourt” by Beau N. Arrow

“Songs for Children” by Barbara Blacksheep

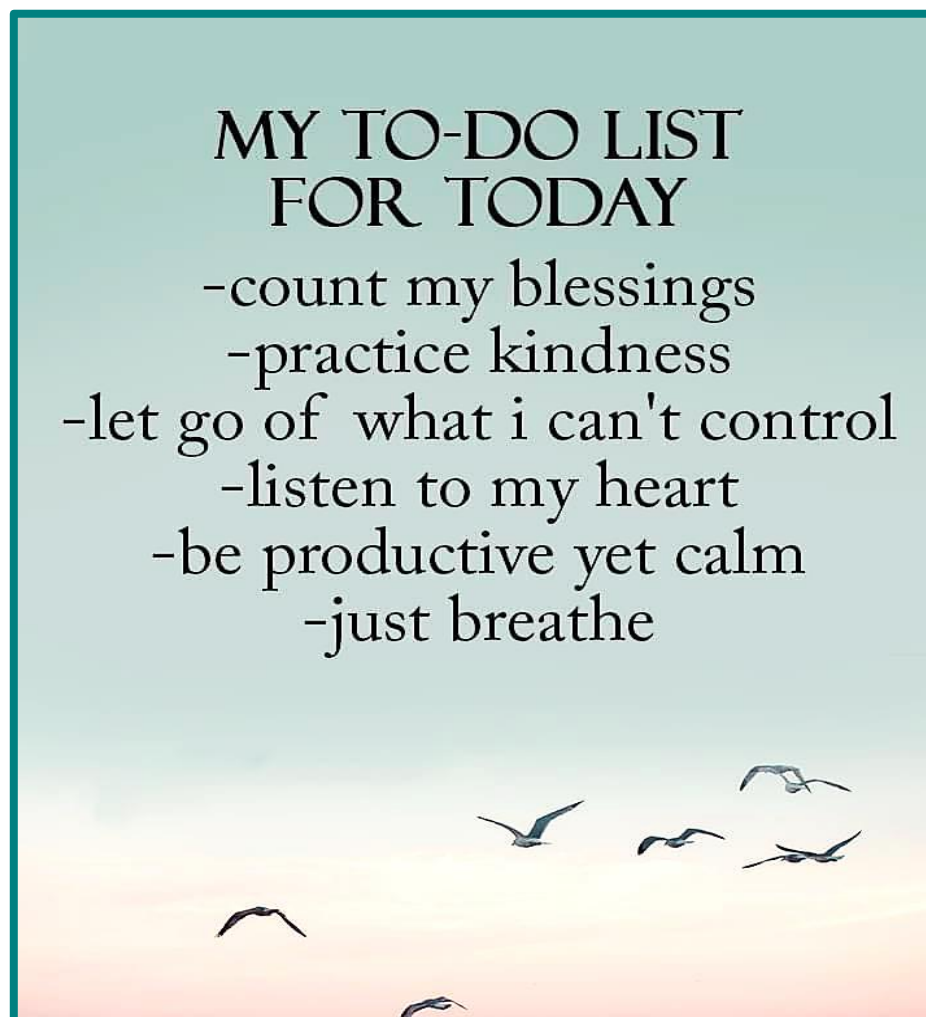
“Irish Heart Surgery” by Angie O’Plasty

“Crossing the Sahara” by I. Rhoda Camel

“The Empty Desk” by Marcus Absent

“Inside the Wardrobe” by Mahatma Coate

“Audio Control” by Danielle Soloud



Poet's Corner

Nuggets of Counsel

When to the distant Past my thoughts I turn,
Some counsel for the Present there to find,
Embers of rich experience brightly burn,
Irradiating warmth of Welcome, kind;
Too seldom do we access lessons taught
By error-stricken actions come to grief,
Until, perchance, in life we're left distraught,
Appealing to what's gone to seek relief;
Not only is the Past a burial ground,
Where hurtful, dark encounters are interred,
Nuggets of counsel, wise, oft there are found,
Awaiting on someone to be conferred.
Leave not untended what is gone before,
There, wisdom pearls aplenty lie in store.

© *Elliott Allison*

Journey's End!

Hemmed by tall birch trees,
Bent by driving western winds;
The old churchyard rests.

©*Elliott Allison*



FUNNY OXYMORONS

FOUND MISSING
OPEN SECRET
SMALL CROWD
ACT NATURALLY
FULLY EMPTY
PRETTY UGLY
ORIGINAL COPY
ONLY CHOICE
LIQUID GAS

AND THE MOTHER OF THEM ALL

SOCIAL DISTANCING

100 years ago everyone owned a horse and only the rich had cars.

Today, everyone has a car and only the rich have horses

Oh how the stables have turned

“Our Precious Hands”

They work for us, help us to create wonderful works of art, give us the power to make music (and where would the world be without music). They have the power to heal and through them flows the best gift of all – love, and love begets kindness. There is nothing in this world stronger than love because it comes from God and is God.

A woman giving birth to her first born takes up the baby as she becomes a mother for the first time and imparts through her hands that special love to the baby; a love that will bind them for life. His Mother was there to see her son tortured and dying. Is there a greater miracle?

The ultimate use of Jesus' hands came in the last supper. He broke the bread into pieces and gave each to his disciples and likewise the wine. He commanded them to go into the world and repeat what he had done. In spite of persecutions, wars and conflicts; as Christians we are able and privileged to come to God's table, and with cupped hands we receive God's greatest gift to mankind - the body and blood of his Son.

Roy Harland



Attendance register!!



A 3,200-year-old attendance sheet found in Egypt.

Reasons for absence included *"bitten by scorpion"* *"brewing beer"* and *"embalming brother"*

In Memory of Edward Colston

In the year 1 BCE (Before Covid Epidemic) we had cause to go back to Bristol. Bear in mind we'd lived close to Bristol for 13 years before moving south and were familiar with the city centre and its history of trade and immigration. This time however, we noticed a change near the statue of Edward Colston after whom have been named streets, concert halls, schools, almshouses and tower blocks. More of that in a minute!

Now, I'd started life in Lancashire just 20-odd miles south of Lancaster. As I recall formal teaching of local history and geography was limited to the importance of the Manchester Ship Canal and the success of Leyland Motors (and that dates me!) Our one trip to Glasson Dock (just west of Lancaster) left me with hardly any memories and it was only when researching this article that I found that Lancaster had been the fourth largest slave port in Britain.

Maybe this subject wasn't taught because of a national embarrassment or because it wasn't relevant to the optimism of the 1960s, or because it was just history. Even in Bristol in the 1990s, although we were more familiar with Bristol's part in this trade we saw it as "history". But the memories of the St Paul's riots of 1980 left a festering boil close to the surface and a reminder that although the city was very much a multi-cultural society, it could be an uneasy place at times.

On this sunny spring day we were walking down from The Nails to the Harbourside when we were drawn to the Colston statue

by the sight of small, doll-like figures arranged at the base of the plinth. These plain white mannikins each had a label - nail bar worker, domestic servant, cleaner, fruit picker, sex worker, dish washer... Slavery is not history; it is all around us. This statue celebrated a man who was a central part of Bristol's history but the addition of the dolls reminded us of how he built his success.

Whilst removing Colston's name from buildings and streets (and abandoning the Colston Memorial Service and wreath laying) is probably entirely justified, to my mind the toppling of this statue in June 2020 was a serious mistake. Passers-by no longer



have their conscience pricked about what went on in the past and, with the mannikins in place and labelled, we would be forced to think about modern slavery. To put the

recovered statue in the museum means it is now conveniently out of sight and we can ignore what we see every time we walk down the high street.

The Law of Unintended Consequences strikes again! *JTH*



Here's what's cool:

1. Saying "thank you."
2. Apologizing when you're wrong.
3. Showing up on time.
4. Being nice to strangers.
5. Listening without interrupting.
6. Admitting you were wrong.
7. Following your dreams.
8. Being a mentor.
9. Learning and using people's names.
10. Holding doors open for others.

**"If you cannot
find Christ in the
beggar at the
church door, you
will not find Him
in the chalice."**

St. John Chrysostom



The Lighter Side of London Pub Life

We worked for Allied Breweries in London where our first promotion was to a beautiful old London pub which was about to have a half million-pound refurbishment. It was the closest pub to Sloane Square, just a few yards off the famous Kings Road in the heart of Kensington and Chelsea. Usually when new managers take over a pub the so called 'regulars' are not very welcoming as they think they own their pub, so they never want any changes. This one however was different, as they were looking forward to a new approach and the refurb'.

We took over a few weeks before the temporary closure for works and found that we had a small group of elderly Italians amongst our regulars who always sat at a table together in the early evening. They were a very friendly bunch, just half a dozen men in total who would sit around their table with their trouser legs rolled up to their knees while they quaffed their beer! They told me they felt more comfortable that way hence the clothing adjustment. They weren't offending anyone so if it made them happy.....

One of the characters we inherited was Ginge. He had clearly been given his nickname in a former lifetime because when we met him he was as grey as a badger! He was a tall, slim, former Scots Guardsman who was in his 50s and living at home with mum. Ginge would come in every night at around 8.30pm and not speak to anyone,

not even the bar staff. He would sit on a bar stool and point at the beer he wanted, which was always the same one, John Bull Bitter. He would drink his pint(s) while staring straight ahead not speaking to anyone, no matter what was going on around him. He would put his money on the bar when he wanted another one, and then another, and finally at around 10.50pm when it was time for last orders he would start to smile to himself. After he finished his last pint at around 11.05pm he would put his glass on the bar and get up to leave saying his first and last words of the evening.... "G' nite".

After a few weeks I had the measure of certain people, including Ginge, so if I was in the vicinity as he was leaving I would say in a raised voice for all to hear "nite Ginge, good chatting with you"..... and he would always stop immediately, turn to look me in the eye and laugh; not just a giggle, or a smile, but a belly laugh, out loud as if he had never heard me say it before, and had never heard such a funny thing in his life! I used to think.... the long Winter nights must fly by for old Ginge!

Gordon was another regular. He was a small, slight man in his mid-40s, he had a few health problems and sometimes seemed to be a bit slow thinking. He had a stutter which didn't affect him all the time but when it did, it really did. He had been the flower seller on Sloane Square tube station for many years and he came in every evening on his way home.

One night he brought in a beautiful bunch of flowers and handed them over to me as I walked past him on the customer side of the bar. When Gordon spoke he had a habit of wagging his head from side to side, it was as if he couldn't speak unless he did so. He was a born and bred Londoner and the word 'flowers' was pronounced by him as flaaaaarzz. So, on this particular evening he stopped me and said..... "does your misses want these flaaaaarzz?" waggle, waggle, waggle..... I replied "thanks Gordon, that's very nice of you I will give her a shout so she can come and thank you".

I buzzed upstairs and my wife came down into the bar, I gave her the flowers and she went over to Gordon, who by then was sitting with his Italian friends, (though he hadn't rolled up his trouser legs!) and she said "how lovely of you Gordon, these are beautiful, thanks for thinking of me"..... to which he replied, with his customary waggle....."that's orright, I offered 'em to the barmaid at the White Horse but she didn't wan em".....

Then there was David. Deliberately, we later discovered, none of our regulars warned us about David as they thought he would cause a good laugh at our expense, which he did, but it backfired a little. One Summer evening one of the doors flew open and a tall slim man came running into the bar screaming at the top of his voice. He had a thick bamboo stick in his hands that he was waving around above his head. He was wearing a long robe that

hung right down to the vandal sandals he was wearing on his feet, and he had a Kamikaze style bandanna strapped around his forehead.

As he came thundering through the doors I happened to be on the customer side of the bar so came face to face with him. I stopped dead and looked at him approaching me as he continued running and twirling the stick above his head, still screaming loudly. He didn't go near anyone but I didn't have a clue what was going on, nor what he was about to do. None of our regulars in the bar at that time moved a muscle, they simply looked at him running through the bar. I decided this lack of movement amongst our regulars was fear, so it was necessary to do something. Oops.....

Later I discovered that David was well known to all the regulars, as he had been coming in for years dressed as a Samurai Warrior or similar, screaming at the top of his voice whilst wielding a bamboo stick. Why I hear you ask? Goodness knows would be my reply! Why didn't previous managers tell him to stop? I refer to my previous answer.....

It turned out that all that was needed was for the manager(s) to say "that's enough David, thank you, off you go now" and he would smile and wave at everyone in the bar as if he was a celebrity!

Anyway, to cut a long story short, David was quickly patched up and made to feel comfy again and then, after a soothing hot drink, he was sent on his way and politely told not to return until we were no longer the managers. He agreed and we never saw him again. Weeks later we heard that the White Hart pub had suddenly emptied when a man dressed as a Samurai Warrior, wielding a big stick above his head, crashed through their doors screaming like a Banshee.....who knew.

One day Angela, a lovely elderly lady who used to come in for lunch with her friends, told us that someone had stolen her Gnome from her very smart fenced-off front garden. The Gnome was her pride and joy and she was very upset, so much so that she even reported it to the local Chelsea Police. A week or so later it became clear that someone was enjoying a giggle at her expense when she came into the pub and showed us a ransom note! It read "leave a bottle of beer at your front gate tonight otherwise.... the Gnome is gonna swim with da fishes". I wanted to laugh out loud but when I looked at the poor lady's face I bit my tongue and instead suggested she take the 'ransom note' to the Police for their advice.....

Talking of the Police..... the local Chelsea CID began using our pub once the refurbishment had been completed. The 'Guvnor', an Inspector, introduced himself and warned us that sometimes his boys and girls get a bit loud and over excited, so if that bothered us we should just have a word

with him, or the other senior officer present, who would get them a taxi home. One night the Guvnor decided that one of his lads was a bit too boisterous so he called a 'taxi' himself. I later noticed the plain clothed officer being unceremoniously stuffed into the back of a Police Panda car by two uniformed officers. I couldn't help wondering if he gave them a tip when they dropped him off.....

After the refurb' many of our new lunchtime customers were management and staff from the John Lewis department store on the corner of Kings Road and Sloane Square just a few yards away. When the so-called 'Sloanies' came into the pub as well, it made for quite an interesting mix. The interactions with such regulars as Rubber Man Fred, Big Beardy Bill, Mick the Mouth, Raymundo, Dynamic Duo James and Basil, and not forgetting the one and only Cushty Mooshty, are stories for another time maybe

Steve Davis

It is Christ Himself, not the Bible,
who is the true word of God. The
Bible, read in the right spirit and
with the guidance of good teachers,
will bring us to Him. We must not
use the Bible as a sort of
encyclopedia out of which texts can
be taken for use as weapons.

-C. S. Lewis

By Grace

JESUS FORGAVE A THIEF DANGLING ON A CROSS, KNOWING FULL WELL THE THIEF HAD CONVERTED OUT OF PLAIN FEAR. THAT THIEF WOULD NEVER STUDY THE BIBLE, NEVER ATTEND SYNAGOGUE OR CHURCH, AND NEVER MAKE AMENDS TO THOSE HE HAD WRONGED. HE SIMPLY SAID "JESUS REMEMBER ME," AND JESUS PROMISED, "TODAY YOU WILL BE WITH ME IN PARADISE." IT WAS ANOTHER SHOCKING REMINDER THAT GRACE DOES NOT DEPEND ON WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR GOD BUT RATHER WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR US.

-Philip Yancey

DID YOU KNOW?

1. The space between your eyebrows is called a “glabella”.
2. The way the air smells after the first rain following a long warm spell is called “petrichor”.
3. The little plastic cylinder at the end of a shoelace is an “aglet”.
4. The first cry of a baby is a “vagitus”.
5. The day after tomorrow is the “overmorrow”.
6. The sound of gentle waves on shingle is called “susurration”.
7. Combining an exclamation mark and a question mark (like ?!) gives you an “interrobang”.
8. The armhole in clothes where the sleeves are sewn is the “armscye”.
9. Illegible handwriting is called “griffonage”.
10. The dot over an “i” or a “j” is a “tittle”

Well, you do now!

CHRIST CHURCH WORTHING

Services and Events...



Saturday 5th March & 9th April
12 noon – 1.30pm

Lent Lunches – Soup, a roll and fruit

Mothering Sunday 27th March

Morning Prayer with Derek Hansen and we welcome back
Lydie Badcock from FSW,
who will speak about the charity's work

Wednesday 1st June 12.30pm – 1.30pm

Yoko Ono Concert Pianist

Wednesday 22nd June 12.30pm to 1.30pm

Paul Gregory Classical guitarist/Cellist

Sea Sunday 10th July

Morning Prayer with Derek Hansen
Donations for Mission to Seafarers

Wednesday 27th July 12.30pm to 1.30pm

Richard Bowen Classical and Jazz Guitarist

Christ Church Jubilee Market-

Saturday 3rd September *more details to follow!*

Tuesday 20th September 12.30pm to 1.30pm

John Collins' Organ Recital as part of the celebrations for
Christ Church's 179th Anniversary

*More events will be announced through the year,
watch this space!*