



CHRIST CHURCH in July 2022

VOLUME 6 ISSUE 7 - JULY 2022

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



On Saturday 2nd July 2022 at 11am

A Celebration and Thanksgiving for the life and work of Ralph V Waters – Churchwarden, and Organist at Christ Church for over 52 years is to be held at Christ Church.



We are to be joined by Ralph's family and friends.

The service, led by Revd Nancy Ford will be followed by a light lunch and an official dedication of the newly created "Waters' Hall" in the west end, a project that was initiated by Ralph and members of the PCC.

If anyone has items they think we could include in the magazine, please get in touch with Janine at christchurchadmin@btinternet.com

Contact us....

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

Sermon of the Month by kind permission
of the family of Revd. Greville [Alex] Grubb

2 Corinthians 4: 5 – 12

Verse 5. 'For we do not preach ourselves, but Jesus Christ as Lord, and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake'.

Some years ago, I read an article by The Revd. John King called 'Sham'. Here's part of it:

'What is true of cut-price Rolex watches, pirated CDs and mock-Tudor mansions can, unhappily, be true of religious institutions and their officers.

St. Paul made no bones about it. In the early Church at Corinth, there were what he called 'sham apostles', tricksters masquerading as apostles of Christ.

Doubtless the aspiring leaders of the Church in Corinth went to work with the best of motives. They made the mistake of thinking that they knew better than Paul what was good for the Church.

St. Paul did not pull his punches. His second letter to the Corinthians is in part a volcanic fulmination against sham, because he had a deep concern for the believers in that cosmopolitan city.

That gives us an introductory background to life in the Corinthian church circa 2000 years ago. But what about the Christian church today?

The leader of a small church on the Continent was asked 'How many members have you in your church?'. He gave the figure: 'Such and such a number'. 'And how many ministers have you in your church?' he was asked next. The answer came back 'The same number! In our church all members are ministers of Christ'. He meant, of course, that all church members had a sense of vocation and formed a serving community.

But it's not always like that in our churches is it?

All Christian service should have as its underlying motive the desire to share the good news of Jesus with the world at large. Why? Because in 2 Corinthians 4, the world is seen as being in a state of spiritual darkness, blinded by the devil to the truth of God.

Likewise, the Gospel is described by St. Paul in terms of 'light'. That light has shone in our hearts in order that we, Jesus' followers might reflect it. That we might reflect Jesus. Whatever form our service takes, we must never forget that we are 'light-bearers' and that our object is to magnify not ourselves but the Lord.

So, we come to this important verse 5.

Three points:

We do not preach ourselves.

There was an unpleasant rumour going the rounds in the Corinthian church. Some people, of course, wouldn't hear of it, but others leant 'half-an-ear'. They whispered 'there is no smoke without fire'. And St. Paul got wind of it. It was about himself and his fellow ministers in Corinth. The rumour was that they were deceivers, twisting the word of God to boost their own status. And it hurt. St. Paul stoutly refuted this accusation. When he preached he did not say 'Look at me'. He said in effect 'Look at Jesus.'

Throughout the centuries, Christian leaders, clerical and lay, have had to face the subtle danger of spiritual pride – of proclaiming themselves. This is a hazard that all Christian leaders face, especially those who wear dog-collars. We have to remind ourselves of St. Paul's words 'We do not preach ourselves'.

Which brings us to my second point:

We proclaim Jesus Christ as Lord.

Perhaps some of you used to go train spotting in the good old days of steam trains? You have to be of a certain age of course to go back this far! But remember the wheel-tapper? He used to walk along the train tapping each wheel with his hammer. He was listening for the authentic ring his hammer made on the metal-tyre of the wheel. If he didn't hear it, if it appeared to be cracked, the train was stopped from continuing its journey.

Similarly, there is an authentic ring about preaching. It must bear testimony to the lordship of Jesus. 'We proclaim Jesus Christ as Lord' said St. Paul.

Jesus. This was the man who walked the dusty paths of Galilee, who ate, drank, sweated, grew tired and went to sleep, just as we do. If this Jesus coming in the flesh does not figure in preaching, if this Jesus is not proclaimed as the Lord of life, no proper preaching is taking place, there is no authentic ring.

To proclaim Jesus as Lord, to honour him as King, means reaching out to the world, and St. Paul did that. He wasn't just a mouth on legs – he lived it out: which brings us to the third point in defence of his ministry:

We proclaim ourselves as slaves (or servants) for Jesus' sake.

You may have across this story of a newly married couple. On the first morning after they had got back from their honeymoon, the husband went downstairs while his wife was still in bed. After a while he came back up with breakfast on a tray. 'There' he said, 'what do you think of that?'. She looked at the tray, which had eggs and bacon, toast and marmalade, orange juice and tea, the post and the newspaper all beautifully set out,

and said 'Darling, it looks fantastic'. 'Great' he answered, 'that's how I want you to do it for me every morning'!

I'm afraid married life isn't quite like that! Neither is the Christian gospel.

Jesus is the Lord, but he came as the servant. We, his followers, have to be servants of others. This means obedience and discipline, and a sacrifice of comfortable lives. It means serving people wherever they are: in church, at work, our next-door neighbours, our family, those in care homes or hospital, in a supermarket.

And we do it (like St. Paul) for Jesus' sake, because Jesus taught us that he loves us, and we owe everything to him.

Serving others isn't easy. It can be demanding, time-consuming, costly. The words of the old poem by Annie Flint may help to encourage us:

Christ has no hands but our hands to do his work today,

He has no feet but our feet to lead men in his way,

He has no tongue but our tongue to tell men how he died,

He has no help but our help to bring them to his side.

We pray: Lord Jesus, we have but one life to live, the life you have given us, the life you have redeemed. Help us to make the best use of it.

Amen.

Archaeology/History Walk in Worthing for 2022

On Wednesday 13th July, there will be an archaeology/history walk for Christ Church in Worthing.

We start at 10am and end up at Christ Church for the Coffee Morning.

July 13. A fishing history of Worthing.

Meet outside coastguard office on the seafront.



***If Wednesday is rained out,
we will do it on the following Wednesday instead.***

**Any enquiries, my telephone number is 07753 282714
or email alexclipsing@gmail.com**

Alex Vincent

Poet's Corner

Ageing Years!





Sweet birdsong wanders through the treetops,
Percolating morning breeze;
Grey squirrels forage in the plant pots
Seeking larders to increase.
Bright sunshine hails a balmy daybreak,
Kissing dozing flower buds;
Spry ag-ed, up without a backache,
Finds a place for planting spuds.
Small garden offers so much pleasure
To contented retiree;
Passing time in carefree leisure,
Letting sadness to go free!
Pliable to Nature's Canon,
Ageing years to life abandon!

©Elliott Allison.

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Retirement!



From behind high curly cloud,
A smiling sun spies the scene
Of retirees, by age unbowed,
Enjoying bowling on the green
In soothing atmosphere serene!

©Elliott Allison.

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Why not join us through the week?

Were open for coffee and a chat every Tuesday and Wednesday mornings from 10.30 till noon.

All donations for coffee go to our missions

And on Thursday afternoons between 2.30 and 4pm, we open for “The Crafty Club’s” coffee and natter sessions, when you can bring anything you love doing, knitting, crochet, sewing, drawing, colouring... anything, and enjoy chatting over a cuppa.

Or you can just pop in to talk with friends old and new, have a tea or coffee and biscuits and catch up.

Maybe you would just appreciate sitting in the church in quiet reflection... whatever you like, you are always welcome!

See you soon in “Waters’ Hall” !!

Cauliflower Steaks with cheese

Here's a recipe I've developed from an idea I saw recently. It's quite delicious, and it can be a side or a main with a jacket potato, or anything you fancy.

Serves 2

Half a Cauliflower *[You'll need to start with a whole one, and only use half]*

1 Egg,

Dessert spoon of flour

Large handful of grated cheese

Ground black pepper

Salt

Oil or low calories oil spray to bake

Chopped chives or tops of spring onions

Cayenne pepper

Method:

Cut 2 x 2cm thick slices from the centre of the cauliflower, through the core, so it holds together. Store the rest.

Beat the egg, add the sifted flour and the cheese, salt and pepper. Mix well.

Dip the cauliflower slices in the mixture, place on an oiled baking sheet, loading more of the mixture on the slices so it is all used. Top with a sprinkling of cayenne pepper.

Place in the centre of the oven Gas 6 or 200° for 15 minutes, or until the cauliflower is cooked, but still firm, and the cheese mixture bubbling.

Serve with the chopped chives or green spring onions and enjoy!

The Last Leg

After the missile strike of 12 June 1982 HMS Glamorgan spent 10 days in San Carlos Water sealing the large hole in the deck and jury-rigging power supplies and ventilation systems to provide limited services. To begin with the Wardroom (Officers') Galley designed to cater for about 50 was feeding 500 until the Main Galley had been cleared of missile debris and enough equipment brought back into use to deliver a limited menu.

In the various Messes full advantage was taken of being back in a normal watchkeeping routine and being back on normal alcohol rations rather than the much-restricted War Routine. Sunday evening's formal dinner in the Wardroom ended with the traditional but incredibly personal toast to "Absent Friends" as we remembered those who had not made it through the previous couple of weeks.

Invitations for drinks were exchanged between the Wardroom and the Chief Petty Officer's Mess and between the various Senior Ratings Messes. Junior Ratings Messdecks were obviously limited to their three cans per man per night to be drunk on the day it was issued – and how could that ever be abused?! Then, sat in my cabin early one evening as we flogged our way north in company with HMS Plymouth, there was a knock on my door.

"Sir, can I have a word please," asked the Leading Hand of the Junior Ratings Mess that I supervised, "We'd like to hold a Cocktail Party."

Now, CTPs are formal and very well-planned exclusively Officer events run by the Chief Steward with trained wait staff. Under fierce grilling “Hooky” explained that he could arrange the training, venue, canapes, waiters, glasses and the guest list if I could get them an extra beer allowance to supplement what they had already stashed away. In the spirit of “If you don’t ask, you don’t get” I could see how it could work. I could also see how it could go disastrously wrong and chop my career off at the knees.

Casually chatting to the Commander later that evening he agreed that it would be worth it just for their cheek and as a one-off and laid down very few conditions. A few days later and Captain Barrow, his Heads of Department and myself were being graciously hosted by a cohort of “Stokers” smartly dressed in white shorts and white shirts and highly polished shoes. It was one of those experiences that years later you shake your head and ask - “Did that really happen?” There is a moral to this story – but other than the spelling (moral/morale) I couldn’t tell you what it is!

“Chippy”

Why did the art thief's van run out of gas as he
drove away from the museum?

Because he had no Monet to buy Degas
to make the Van Gogh.

Travelling in Wales

‘Going anywhere nice?’ they asked
‘Italy, France or Spain,
Somewhere sunny, pleasantly warm
Avoiding clouds and rain,
Somewhere abroad away from here
Far from wind and gales?’

‘No’ I said, ‘For our break this year
We’ve decided to go to Wales’.

‘But’ they said ‘When the mist comes down
On the hills it gets so foggy,
And when it rains (as it always does)
Ground underfoot becomes soggy
What about Bournemouth, the Isle of Wight
Or even the Yorkshire dales?’

‘No’ I said, ‘For our break this year
We’ve decided to go to Wales’.

We packed our macs, umbrellas and boots
Set our sat nav to the north west,
Conway, Caernarvon, Beaumaris, Harlech
We saw, and were very impressed,
The railway to the summit of Snowdon
Sunlit mountains and vales,
Amazing views we saw around
When it didn’t rain in Wales.



Wherever we went the Welsh were friendly
We found different places to sleep,
Not surprising was lamb on the menu,
We'd never seen so many sheep,
Scenic photos we took to bring home,
Llangollen and mountain trails,
So we could say to all who asked,
'We had wonderful weather in Wales'.

Caroline Hansen



CHRIST CHURCH WORTHING

Services and Events...



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

Saturday 13th August at 2pm a Classic Film with an
intermission when choc ices will be served,
with tea and cake afterwards

Wednesday 24th August 12.30pm to 1.30pm

Composer Ben Solomon

Sunday 28th August *following the morning service – bring
your own **picnic lunch** and share time together!*

Christ Church Market- 10.30am to 2.30pm

Saturday 3rd September

Wednesday 21st September 12.30pm to 1.30pm

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

Wednesday 19th October 12.30pm to 1.30pm

A Barbershop Quartet

Sunday 4th December 10.30am

A service of Holy Communion with the start of the
Christmas Tree festival - **Let there be light!**

Only 6 months to go, so here are more
Christmas cracker jokes!!!!

What's round and bad tempered?

A vicious circle

Why don't bananas get lonely?

Because they always go round in bunches.

What do you call a spy when he goes to bed?

An undercover agent

Why do cows have bells?

Because their horns don't work

What did the sea say to the beach?

Nothing, it just waved.

Where do fish keep their money?

In the riverbank

Why did the acrobats get married?

Because they were head over heels in love.

What is the biggest ant?

An elephant

Why did the jockey take his saddle to bed?

If case he got nightmares

Why did the tomato blush?
Because he saw the salad dressing

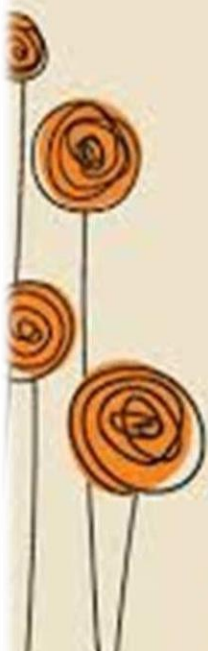
How do you keep cool at a football match?
You stand next to a fan



CHRISTCHURCH FOODBANK

If you are able, please would you donate **anything from the list by the collection baskets in church** so the volunteers can assemble identical packages. Also please check everything is “in date”. Baskets are either side of the cross aisle in the middle of the church.

THANK YOU!



As we grow older,
REAL BEAUTY travels
from the face to the
heart, appeal turns to
charm, hurts to
wisdom, and great
moments to shared
memories.

The **TRUE BEAUTY** of
Life is not how happy
you are now but how
happy others are
because of YOU!

**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.**

Those were the days

Heard a Doctor on TV recently telling us that we needed children to play in the dirt with their dogs and cats and be allowed to build up some immunity!
Who would have thought?

My mum used to cut chicken, chop eggs and spread butter on bread on the same cutting board with the same knife and no bleach, but we didn't seem to get food poisoning. Our school sandwiches were wrapped in wax paper in a brown paper bag, not in ice pack coolers, but I can't remember getting E.coli.

We all took PE . And risked permanent injury with a pair of Dunlop sandshoes or bare feet if you couldn't afford the plimsoles instead of having cross-training athletic shoes with air cushion soles and built-in light reflectors that cost as much as a small car.

I can't recall any injuries but they must have happened because they tell us how much safer we are now.

We got the cane or the strap for doing something wrong at school, they used to call it discipline yet we all grew up to accept the rules and to honour & respect those older than us.

We had at least 40 kids in our class and somehow, we all learned to read and write, do maths and spell almost all the words needed to write a grammatically correct letter....., FUNNY THAT!!

And we all knew we had to accomplish something before we were allowed to be proud of ourselves.

I just can't recall how bored we were without computers, Play Station, Nintendo, X-box or 270 digital TV cable stations. We weren't!! Don't even mention about the rope swing into the river or climbing trees.

Oh yeah ... And where were the antibiotics and sterilisation kit when I got that bee sting? I could have been killed!

We played "King of the Castle" on piles of dirt or gravel left on vacant building sites and when we got hurt, mum pulled out the 2/6d bottle of iodine and then we got our backside spanked. Now it's a trip to A & E, followed by a 10-day dose of antibiotics and then mum calls the solicitor to sue the contractor for leaving a horribly vicious pile of gravel where it was such a threat.

To top it off, not a single person I knew had ever been told that they were from a dysfunctional family. How could we possibly have known that?

We never needed to get into group therapy and/or anger management classes.

How did we ever survive?

HAPPY MEMORIES TO ALL OF US WHO SHARED THIS ERA, AND TO ALL WHO DIDN'T, SORRY FOR WHAT YOU MISSED.

As you get older you find out that true happiness is not in how much you make or how many degrees you have or how big your house is or how fancy your car is. It's finding peace and joy and a calmness in your life that will soon become the most important thing to you. Your family are what matters to you, love is what matters to you. Things that are of quality, not of quantity.

SATURDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER 2022
10.30am to 2.30pm



Our Annual September Fair returns!!

All proceeds going to the Christ Church Screen Fund which will be part of our new Waters' Hall.

Paperbacks and DVDs

Gifts and Toiletries

Toys and Games [new or nearly new]

Jewellery and Accessories

Greetings Cards

Crafts Tins and Packets Bottle Stall Grand Raffle

Live music and Ploughman's Lunches available!