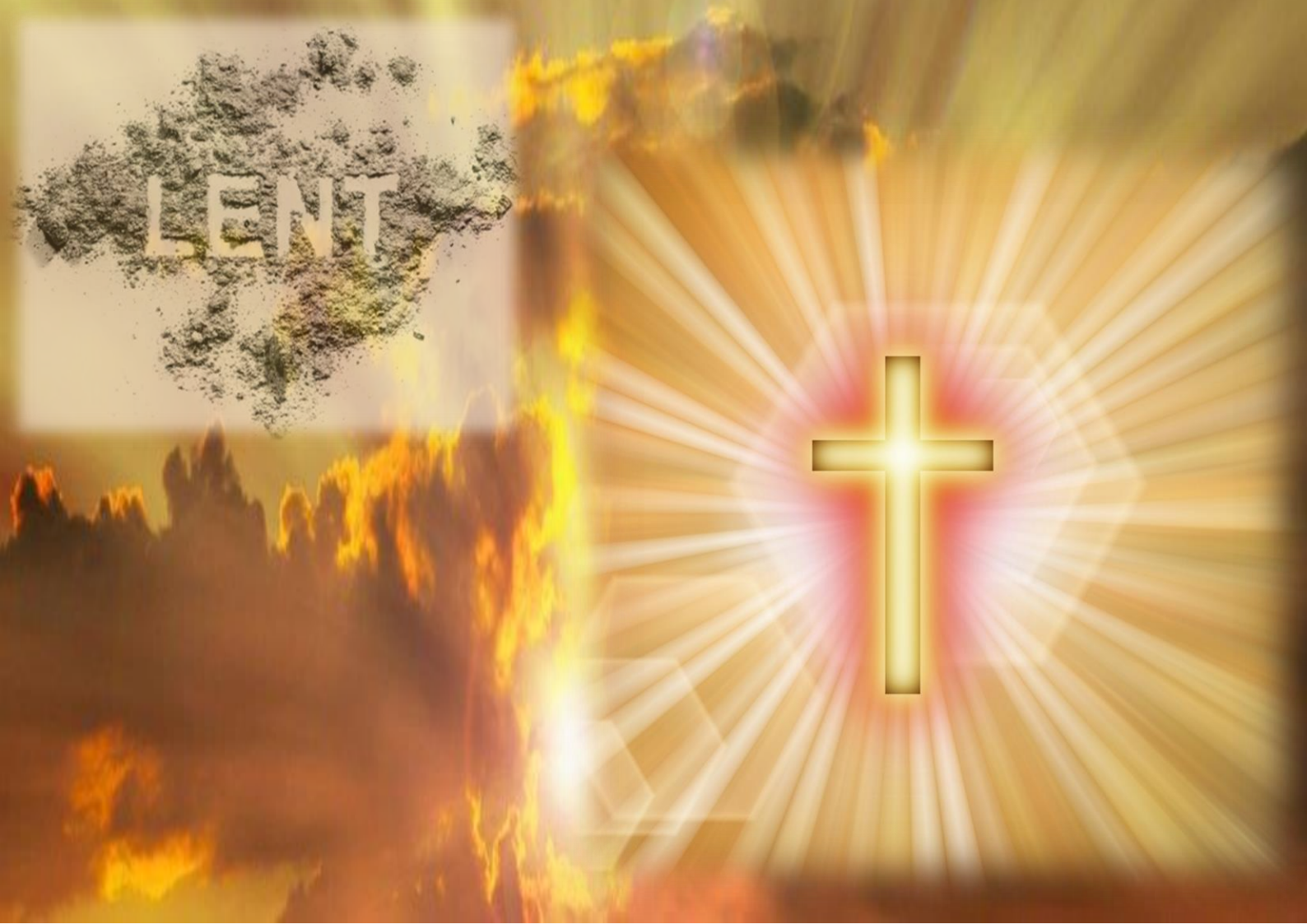


*Winter/Spring
2024*



VOLUME 8 ISSUE 1

Worship in Christ Church Services for February, March & April

FEBRUARY

- 4th 10.30am Holy Communion
 6pm Evensong**
- 8th 10.30am BCP Holy Communion**
- 11th 10.30am Morning Prayer**
- 14th 12.30pm Ash Wednesday
 Imposition of Ashes with Holy Communion**
- 18th 10.30am Holy Communion
 6pm Evensong**
- 22nd 10.30am BCP Holy Communion**
- 25th 10.30am Morning Prayer**

MARCH

- 3rd 10.30am Holy Communion
 6pm Evensong**
- 10th 10.30am Morning Prayer**
- 14th 10.30am BCP Holy Communion**
- 17th 10.30am Holy Communion
 6pm Evensong**
- 24th 10.30am Morning Prayer**
- 28th 7pm Maundy Thursday Holy Communion**
- 29th 2pm Good Friday Reflection**
- 31st 10.30am Easter Sunday Holy Communion**

APRIL

- 7th** **10.30am Holy Communion**
 6pm Evensong
- 11th** **10.30am BCP Holy Communion**
- 14th** **10.30am Morning Prayer**
- 18th** **10.30am BCP Holy Communion**
- 21st** **10.30am Holy Communion**
 6pm Evensong
- 28th** **10.30am Morning Prayer**

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

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

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!**

A sermon for Lent

*With grateful thanks to Derek Hansen,
reader and friend of Christ Church*

In Genesis we learn that God told Abraham that he would be the father of many nations. This not just included the gentiles in the early Christian Church but others including those who would later follow Mohammed. Jews, Christian and Moslems all share the same Abrahamic inheritance.

Paul tells that because of Israel's rejection of the Messiah, God has brought salvation to the Gentiles. But that's just the start of the story. He says that God's blessings have come to the Gentiles to make Israel jealous and to draw them back to Him. He says that he is making the most of his ministry in order that some Jews might become envious of the relationship we believers enjoy with God and that "some might be saved."

We have a rich heritage rooted in the Hebrew faith and it's purely by God's grace that we have been included (or grafted into) what God has been doing for generations through Israel. So we are grafted in and, as a result draw all the strength of that inheritance. Some of the old branches are broken off because of unbelief. In John 15 Jesus tells us *I am the true vine, and my Father is the vinedresser. Every branch in me that does not bear fruit he takes away, and every branch that does bear fruit he prunes, that it may bear more fruit.*

Paul uses an illustration of an olive tree to support this point. He says that natural branches can be broken off of the cultivated tree, while wild branches can be "grafted in" to enjoy the nourishment of the root. I'm not much of a gardener but my dad was a brilliant one and I remember he had huge success with grafting beautiful new roses onto old root stock. If the graft wasn't

properly attached to the root stock it withered and died. And, if we are not careful, not prayerful, that can happen to us.

We, as Christians, cannot bear fruit by ourselves unless we remain connected to Jesus. If we try to manufacture fruit on our own it simply won't work. It's Jesus who produces fruit through us. Without him, we will wither and won't produce anything. But don't let's get too gloomy – we haven't got to do the work.

Olive trees don't try to make olives, and grape vines don't worry about making grapes. They just remain rooted in solid ground, draw up water and reach for the Sun. When all those things are in place, Fruit happens.

As Paul was hoping that the way these new Gentiles would live was such that would attract the Jews back to their historic faith – back to their roots. Can we share the hope, the task, to which we are called. To, as St Matthew's Gospel tells, go and make disciples of all nations. Can we, as Bishop Lindsay used to say, gossip the Gospel – tell the Good News of Jesus? Can we, do we, live in a way that would make unbelievers curious or even envious? Would they want what we have? – would they recognise it?

And to be fair, do we recognise it? Do we, in our turn, recognize the value of what we have received?

We often sing **"Be still for the power of the Lord is moving in this place"....**

Do we recognise it? **"He comes to cleanse and heal to minister his grace"....** Do we believe it?

Lent is a good time to do a bit of thinking. To reflect on God's promises and to realise, to accept the fact that, he comes to each one of us to cleanse and heal and receive his grace. To remember that we are connected to something bigger. God has grafted us into a root system that runs deep. He's done this so that we will

be nourished, but also that we will invigorate the old tree with new fruit.

The word Lent comes from an old English word meaning Spring or Springtime. A time of new growth and new life. Our job is not to bear fruit. It happens naturally when we remain connected to the True Vine - Fruit comes through faith, not works. It just happens naturally when we remain connected to the True Vine.

I wish you all a very fruitful Lent *Amen*

Why not join us through the week?

We're open for coffee and a chat every **Tuesday** and **Wednesday** morning from 10.30 till 12noon

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.

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!





Poet's Corner

Affirmation

Few precious moments lapse each gifted day
That gratitude deserts my mindfulness;
Few opportune occasions fail to say
What faltering word and sound cannot express;
Felicitations undeserved abound,
Though vain presumption seeks their joy to mar,
None my appreciation shall confound,
Nor leave within my heart unseemly scar;
Encouraged by a simple word of thanks,
The soul of low esteem shall be affirmed;
As dividends provided by all banks,
Thus self-belief shall grow the longer termed.
The more we freely offer words of praise,
The more self-worth of others we shall raise!

©Elliott Allison

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Celebrations....

A cloudless sky welcomes the sun
On this auspicious day,
Another year has come and gone,
A new gets under way -
May blessings fears allay!

©Elliott Allison

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Delving into the history of Christ Church!

Found recently on 'Facebook'....

“Walter Gardiner and his daughter Gladys arriving at Christ Church for her wedding to Arthur Harmsworth in 1925” with grateful thanks to the Regis Family’s photo collection.

Alderman Walter James Gardiner and family ran a very successful photography business in town, (as many of us who have lived in the town all our lives will remember!) and he was Mayor of Worthing in 1925/26.



AUSTERITY LENT LUNCHESES –

**Saturday 17th February and Saturday 23rd March
from 12 noon to 1.30pm**

Raising funds for the Mission work at Christ Church.
Soup, a roll and fruit followed by tea, coffee and biscuits.
Suggested donation £5.

The following was discovered in Coventry Cathedral.
We enjoyed and agreed with the sentiment so wholeheartedly
that we adapted it for Christ Church...

Our thanks to the Cathedral!

WELCOME!!!!

We extend a special welcome to those who are single, married, divorced, widowed, gay, confused, filthy rich, comfortable or dirt poor.

We extend a special welcome to wailing babies and excitable toddlers.

We welcome you whether you can sing like Pavarotti or just growl quietly to yourself. You're welcome here if you're 'just browsing', just woken up or just got out of prison. We don't care if you're more Christian than the Archbishop of Canterbury, or haven't been to church since Christmas ten years ago.

We extend a warm welcome to those who are over 60 but not grown up yet, and to teenagers who are growing up too fast. We welcome keep-fit mums, football dads, starving artists, tree-huggers, latte-sippers, vegetarians, junk food eaters. We welcome those who are in recovery and those who are still addicted. We welcome you if you're having problems, are down in the dumps or don't like 'organised religion.' (*We're not that keen on it either!*)

We offer a welcome to those who think the Earth is flat, work too hard, don't work, can't spell or are here because granny is visiting and wanted to come to the Parish Church.

We welcome those who are inked, pierced, both or neither. We offer a special welcome to those who could use a prayer right now, had religion shoved down their throats as kids or got lost in the town centre and wound up here by mistake. We welcome pilgrims, tourists, seekers, doubters... and YOU!"

‘POINTLESS’ SAINTS?

When I watch the television programme *Pointless* (or its spin-off *Pointless Celebrities*), I am always fascinated by the pattern of the answers given by the public to the questions posed. For the uninitiated, these programmes require contestants to answer questions to which there are multiple correct answers. These questions have previously been put to a cross-section of the public, and the aim of the contestants is to give a (correct) response that the fewest members of the public have given. The ideal answer is one that nobody has given – a ‘pointless answer’. The lowest score wins.

Every year, we buy an engagement calendar, and this year’s was produced by a talented Aberystwyth-based artist. 25 January is marked as a Saint’s Day. So I wondered what the response might be if the programme posed the question: What saints are commemorated on 25 January? St Paul, whose Conversion we mark on that day, is the least likely in my opinion to be a ‘pointless’ answer. A standard reference work on saints, Butler’s *Lives of the Saints*, offers several other answers which stand a much better chance of being ‘pointless’, such as Saints Juveninus and Maximus, martyred in 363 AD, and St Publius, a 4th century abbot.

However, there is no mention in Butler’s of the saint on our calendar, St Dwynwen, so I suspected that she might be an even better bet for a ‘pointless’ answer. So who was St Dwynwen, and where and why is she remembered?

According to legend, Dwynwen was a 4th century Welsh princess. An attractive young woman, she fell in love with a local lad, but her father, the King, had already arranged a royal marriage for her. Distraught, she fled to the woods and prayed for God’s help. An angel visited her and gave her a sweet potion to help her forget her true love. An unfortunate side effect was that he was turned into a block of ice.

God then granted her three wishes: her first was that her true love be thawed; the second was that God should help all true lovers; and the third was that she would never marry. In gratitude, she set up a convent at Llanddwyn Island on Anglesey, where a (ruined) church dedicated to her survives, and where she is believed to

be buried.

Dwynwen is celebrated because of her second wish. She has become the Welsh patron saint of lovers and, particularly in Welsh-speaking areas, St Dwynwen's Day, 25 January, is celebrated in the same way as Valentine's Day. Apparently, such celebrations are becoming increasingly popular, and that is why her festival is recorded on our calendar, which has the days and months in Welsh.

It's a wonderful romantic tale and, given that quite a few people visit Llanddwyn, particularly in the summer, I suspect that St Dwynwen might not be as safe a bet for a 'pointless' answer as I first thought. So I have gone back to Butler's, and I am now putting my faith for a 'pointless' answer in St Artemas, a martyr about whom even the compilers of Butler's have discovered very little.

*Our thanks to our friend, Christopher Ward, Reader;
a former member of our congregation.*

**Neighbours in Christ! A wonderful skyline picture
taken by Alex Vincent
showing Christ Church, St Mary of All Angels
and St Botolph's Heene** *Many thanks, Alex!*



A SMALL MIRACLE ON THE ISLAND OF MAJORCA

When we holiday as a multi-generational family, as we did last year, Spain is always the preferred destination, not least because it enables my daughter Angharad, who teaches Spanish, to use the language in context. That is how we ended up last year spending a week in August in Cala Millor.

Cala Millor has long been a popular holiday spot, but we had not visited it for some thirty years. In that time, much has changed. The greensward previously fringing the beach now exists only on postcard photographs; it has been swept away and replaced by a paved promenade and cycleway, backed by manicured lawns dotted with palm trees. The beach, which stretches for nearly two miles along an open bay, is now host to many blocks of sunbeds, with space in between for literally thousands more sun worshippers in the peak holiday season. Behind the beach, a lot more hotels, shops and apartment blocks have sprung up.

And it is the beach that is the real attraction in Cala Millor – a long, wide sandy beach gently sloping into the sea. But wide sandy beaches do not just appeal to tourists, as became clear to us when we noticed an unusual structure on the beach, just in front of some sunbeds on the beach close to our hotel. With an outer rectangle of yellow painted crush barriers, and an inner rectangle of six feet high small gauge plastic netting, 24-hour CCTV surveillance and lots of pictograms making clear that the space inside was not to be

entered by anything or anybody, it was a distinctly incongruous sight.

What was it? A notice on the structure made that clear; one night in early July, a sea turtle had come ashore and laid her eggs there. She is clearly a turtle of taste and style, because she picked one of the finest spots on the entire beach to build her nest, entirely oblivious to the thousands of humans that would swarm into the area.

Sea turtles are of course endangered, and the Spanish authorities are nowadays very keen to take all the steps they can to protect nesting sites. Not only was the nest under constant surveillance, the lifeguards on the beach were also keeping a close eye on it, too. Even propping an inflatable on the outer barrier, or hanging a damp towel over it, prompted a rapid intervention.

The eggs were due to hatch in early September, and the tiny hatchlings will then have attempted their hazardous run into the sea. Again, their mother had chosen her spot skilfully – clear of the damp sand, which would not warm up sufficiently to incubate the eggs, but only a relatively short distance beyond it so that the period of danger on the beach for the hatchlings was minimised. I said a prayer for their safe delivery to the sea.

Even if they made it to the sea, the hatchlings face many predators. Very few survive the 20-30 years necessary to return to the beach of their birth and lay their eggs. But I like to think that,

if the family returns once more to Cala Millor in 30 years' time, one of these hatchlings may have left a brood.

Christopher Ward

Reader

My kind-a-town, Worthing is...

I was born near to Christ Church at 40 Richmond Road, a house near to the wallpaper shop. I, like most of my siblings and cousins were baptized at Christ Church so I really am a Worthing-ite.

I have many early memories – being taken out in my pram by my eldest sister, roaring coal fires [no central heating!], bathing in front of the fire with lovely warm towels. I grew up in a cosy family home playing simple games, doing jigsaws, sticking paper in scrap books, skipping, learning to knit and Mum singing nursery rhymes. With eight children in the family there was always a baby!

At the age of four I had two new experiences without Mum, just brother Ted looking after me. We were at Sunday School in The Good Shepherd Hall and everyone was standing to sing- I just sat still! And at the Rivoli cinema during the film 'Pinocchio, I screamed all the time as I thought the whale was going to eat us all!

Infant school days were very scary but by Junior school I settled down and enjoyed it. Days were long and happy – hours were spent out of doors in the park, on the beach or playing in the street [no fear of traffic!]. The only vehicles were the dustmen and coalmen, milk delivery, or doctor's car if someone in the street was ill.

Summer lunchtime Ted and I would race down the High Street to the beach. Mum would be there waiting with the pram, baby and goodies – on with our swimwear, a lovely splash followed by

picnic lunch, then back to school – thanks Mum for the lovely memories.

Life was very full for me, Brownies, piano and dance lessons, Saturday pictures [films] and Sunday School. Every summer, there was a Sunday School outing to Chessington Zoo – I have taken many photos there. As a family we spent many hours on the beach by Dad's boats and having trips out to the visiting war ships. Late nights Dad coming ashore with a boat full of fish – herring, huss and plaice – we really did have fresh fish!

I started work at Jones & Tomlin training in soft furnishing upholstery. I loved all the new fabrics and learning new skills.

Friday payday would often see us in the Arcade Silk Shop, choosing fabric to make a dress for a Saturday dance. There were several dance halls to choose from, The Assembly Hall, Plaza Ballroom, The Ritz or The Dome - I also enjoyed summer shows at the Pier Pavilion; then frothy coffee was the rage at La Casita, all this and four cinemas, we were spoilt for choice!

Bryan and I were married at Christ Church and our three girls were baptized there. After our wedding, due to Bryan being in the Forces, we left Worthing for a few years. However, we came back every year for a holiday. I missed the sea – now if I feel low I sit on the groyne where my dad had his boats. Just watching the sea and changing tide always lifts my spirits.

With all my lovely memories of Worthing, I can't imagine living anywhere else.

Connie



This wonderful piece was sent in by Janet Atkinson, who, when writing it, was Senior Conservator at Lambeth Palace Library. *Thank you so much, Janet for sharing it with us!*

Richard III's Book of Hours: its (and my) involvement in the burial service at Leicester Cathedral, 26 March 2015

Lambeth Palace Library (www.lambethpalacelibrary.org), founded in 1610, is the historic library and record office of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is an academic research library, specialising in ecclesiastical history, but with far wider-ranging archive, manuscript and printed collections, dating from the ninth century to the present day.

MS 474, Richard III's Book of Hours is one of items described in *The Treasures of Lambeth Palace Library* printed in 2010ⁱ. In her entry for it, Anne F Sutton (I Historian Emerita, Worshipful Company of Mercers, London, and Livia Visser-Fuchs, Independent Scholar) wrote:

“MS 474; Book of Hours (including Memorials, Calendar, Hours of the Virgin, Hours of the Cross) London; c.1420; prayers added for Richard III, c.1483-85 Latin;...

King Richard III (r. 1483-85) was the first-known owner of this book, which contains an exceptionally large number of individual prayers, mostly chosen by the original commissioner, probably a cleric. It was probably made in Paternoster Row within the circle of the illuminator Herman Scheerre.....

The book appears never to have been used until chosen by Richard, perhaps to replace a volume which reminded him too much of his dead wife and son; there is no indication that he used it before he was king. His birth (2 October 1452) is entered in the calendar in his own hand: *Hac die nat[us] erat Ricardus Rex Anglie iijus apud Foderingay anno domini Mcc[cclij]* (f. 7v). Devotions were added on blank pages

(ff. 1, 181-84) by a professional clerk for Richard's personal use, with his name inserted. These included a collect of St Ninian, patron saint of the Western March, where Richard had ruled as Duke of Gloucester, and a mutilated text —perhaps a crusading litany.

The most important addition was the so-called 'prayer of Richard III', a version of an ancient prayer attributed to St Augustine but probably composed in Franciscan circles in the fourteenth century; its later users included the dukes of Burgundy, Frederick of Aragon and Maximilian I. It was intended to bring relief to sadness by emphasising the goodness of God. Versions vary in minor (I, the word dolor (grief) in Richard's copy appears to be unique .and is actually linked to his name in the text.

This book would have been in Richard's tent at the Battle of Bosworth. It passed to Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII. In the 1540s and 1550s it was rebound and heavily cropped in the workshop of the King Edward and Queen Mary Binder. It came to Lambeth in the collection of either Archbishop Bancroft or Archbishop Abbot."



MS 474 f. 7v detail

Part of my role as Senior Conservator at the Library is to act as Loans Registrar, drawing up and processing the various forms, conditions,

agreements and other documentation involved in lending items from our collections to other institutions.

In December 2013 Gordon Campbell, Professor of Renaissance Studies of University of Leicester and a member of the liturgical group organising the services for Richard III's reinterment, contacted the Librarian Giles Mandelbrote to enquire whether the Cathedral might display Richard III's Book of Hours during the period of and immediately after the services. At this stage, a judicial review had yet to decide that the burial would be at Leicester. The Librarian's response was that, in principle, he would look favourably on such a loan on the understanding that the library's strict conditions of loan were adhered to.

In August of 2014, I received a phone call from Revd. Pete Hobson, Acting Canon Missioner at Leicester Cathedral who was leading the Richard III project. He asked whether there was any possibility of Richard's prayer book actually being a part of the interment service, which was to be led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Revd and Rt Hon Justin Welby. I took his contact details and said I would discuss it with Giles. He in turn agreed that it would be possible, but that it had to stay in the custody of a member of the library staff at all times.

In December the Very Revd David Monteith, Dean of Leicester Cathedral, was interviewed and photographed by Leicester's *Pukaar* Magazine in the crypt of Lambeth Palace, holding the book of hours. In it he said "This is a uniquely valuable item and we are honoured to have been entrusted with it as part of the ceremonies planned for reburying the king. Religion and faith were of paramount important to the people of his age, and his manifest attachment to this book shows that Richard took his faith extremely seriously, both as a man and as divinely- anointed King. He went to his death with the Book of Hours in his possession." ⁱⁱ

The formal request for the loan of the manuscript came to me in January 2015. We had agreed to the book being present during the service, but were worried that the Cathedral would not be able to meet our stringent security and environmental conditions for a prolonged period on display. A solution was found in that the newly refurbished New Walk Museum and Art Gallery could offer the perfect venue for it to be exhibited for three months immediately after the service.ⁱⁱⁱ I offered to make a facsimile copy which the Cathedral could show in its stead. The Cathedral generously agreed to fund the digitisation of the original manuscript. This would enable a much wider audience to have access to this remarkable book.

In February I was interviewed (with the manuscript) by Rajiv Popat for *ITV News Central*, an unnerving experience, since I am a conservator and not an historian.^{iv} We were filmed in the 12th century crypt, the Guardroom and the Pink Drawing Room.

With all arrangements in place, we had to complete a condition report for the loan, both photographic and descriptive, and to provide a display stand for its exhibition at New Walk as well as a secure case for it to travel in. The volume needed no conservation prior to the loan. Its 16th century binding was quite sound, with only minor cracking of the outer joints of its 20th century calf reback. The 16th century sewing of the parchment leaves onto 7 alum-tawed pigskin thongs, laced into the boards, is still remarkably strong. The boards had both been lined with parchment music manuscript. All of these materials had been of the highest quality and would ensure a long life for the prayer book. You might be amused by the red paper star at the head of the spine. Not of much quality itself, it does in fact denote that this is one of the Library's Red Star sequence of manuscripts: and so signifying it as one of the most important in our collection. We would now mark its ranking by tooling the leather with a brass star-shaped finishing tool and red foil.

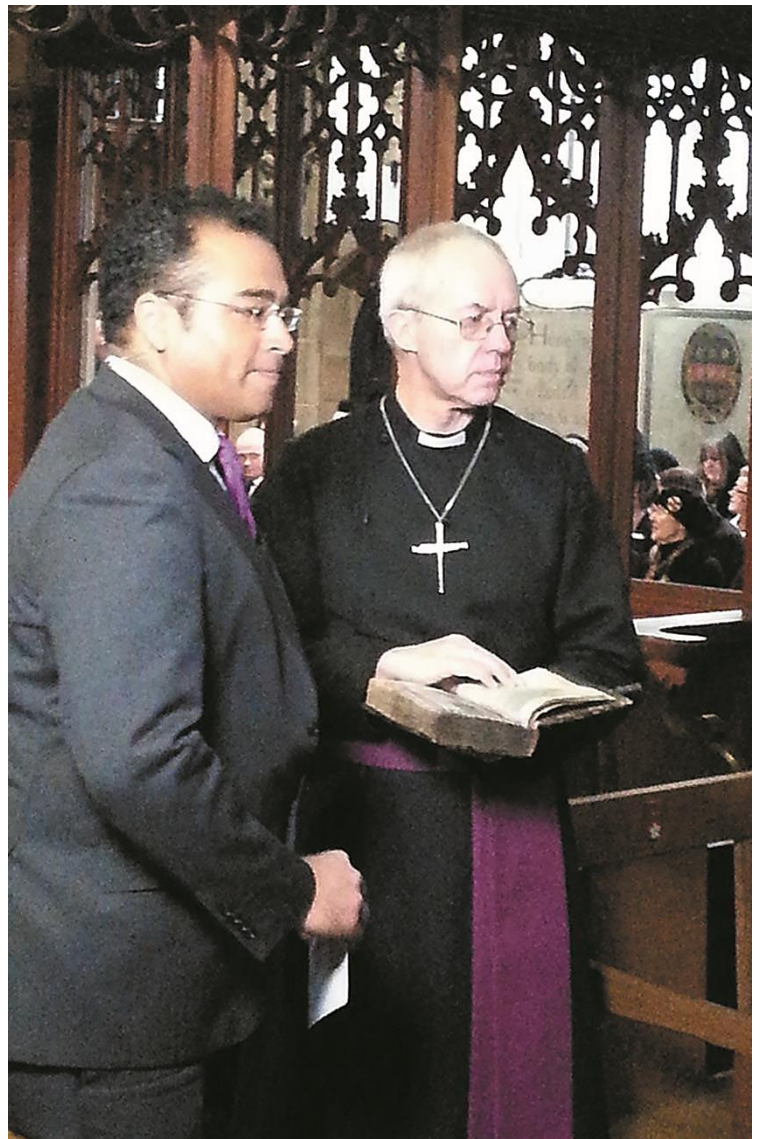


So all was set for the big day. I was to be collected, with the prayer book, its facsimile binding, and the display stand by Crown Fine Art at 7.30am from Lambeth Palace. There was heavy rain and we were late leaving. Revd Jo Bailey-Wells, the Archbishop's Chaplain, had told me that Archbishop Justin was due to be interviewed at 10am, holding the book of hours. As you might expect, traffic leaving London was heavy as were the roads into Leicester. We arrived with about two minutes to spare. I was due to be given a pass into the Cathedral; but there was no time and Jo rushed me through into the Sanctuary where the archbishop was being prepared for the live interview. I handed him the manuscript and he said he was nervous of dropping it. He went on to give a remarkable interview, during which time I sneaked a photo on my phone. I have subsequently tried to obtain a better one for the library's 2015 Annual Review, but with no luck from the TV companies. So, we have had to go with this image.

There had been little time so far to take in the atmosphere in the Cathedral; but now I could begin to realise the significance of what was about to happen. I still had to get my pass and leave the facsimile and stand in a safe place for after the service. This meant getting to St Martin's House, the administrative centre for the Cathedral. A kindly steward showed me the quickest way – out via the door directly behind the coffin. I suddenly realised I was within inches of Richard III.

Back on the outside, I was shown into St Martin's House, where I could store the case and everything else not needed on this part of the journey – but I never was to get my pass. We were told to be in our seats in the Cathedral by 10.30. The trouble was that with no pass, I couldn't get back in, nor could the Prayer Book! A policeman was quite adamant that I shouldn't pass, even though I pointed out that the prayer book I was clutching was a vital part of the service just about to start. Luckily, a few yards away, both the Archbishop and Jo Wells were making their way back into the Cathedral. I told them: 'They won't let me in!' to which the archbishop said: 'Stick with us. We'll get you in!' And they did.

Having gained re-entry, Pete Hobson told me that I was to have a part myself in the service. This was an alarming bit of news to hear. I had thought that I would put the prayer book on its cushion in its place before the start of the service and that I would just have to make sure that I could keep it in line of sight for the rest of the proceedings – job done and I could



relax. Suddenly I was given an order of service and shown a point where I was to take the book of hours and hand it to the Duke of Gloucester, for him to lay it in front of the coffin. I took my seat, two rows behind Benedict Cumberbatch and next to Philippa Gregory. We introduced ourselves (Philippa and me – sadly not Benedict) and she said, ‘is that the book?’ When I told her it was, she asked whether she could touch it, which she did; and I showed her f7v with Richard’s inscription. I’d also shown a group of Leicester schoolchildren who were sitting close by. They had made a modern book of hours to commemorate the internment and were thrilled to see the original. Both she and they (as had I been) were in awe of his actual handwriting. Watching the full play back of the service later that night I cringed at the moment when having been asked to take the book to the coffin, the Duke of Gloucester’s face was clearly saying ‘what book?’ and then what seemed to be an excruciating period where you could hear the tapping of my heels as I walked the not insignificant distance to unite the duke with his predecessor’s prayer book. I was only glad that it didn’t feature in the edited highlights.

Once my moment had passed, I could relax and take in the enormity and the splendour of the service. There was, however, another moment of stress. As the coffin was taken to the sanctuary for burial, the duke followed in procession with the hours – and I lost sight of it. Once the service was over, the congregated were asked to leave in stages. Suddenly, there were a lot of people milling about the Cathedral, and I still couldn’t see my charge. Finally we were given our instruction to leave and I was reunited with it. By now a military guard of honour stood round the coffin in its open tomb. One of the guardsmen asked whether he could help with the prayer book. I thanked him and said I was fine with it. He said, ‘can I touch it then?’ – And so he did.

Working in my job is a real privilege; I handle such fantastically important and historic items from our collections. It would be easy to become blasé over them. I thank God that I never do. I still get a thrill in seeing them, and MS 374 as much as any other. It was an enormous

honour to have played a small part in enabling it to be used in the service of reinternment.

Janet Atkinson, Senior Conservator, Lambeth Palace Library

ⁱ Lambeth Palace Library Treasures from the Collection of the Archbishop of Canterbury Dr Richard Palmer, Dr Michelle Brown (eds)

ⁱⁱ [KING RICHARD III'S PRIVATE PLAYER BOOK COMES TO LEICESTER | Pukaar Magazine](#) [Pukaar Magazine](#) ⁱⁱⁱ <https://www.leicester.gov.uk/leisure-and-culture/museums-and-galleries/our-venues/new-walk-museumand-art-gallery>

^{iv} <http://www.itv.com/news/central/2015-02-20/ancient-prayer-books-sheds-new-light-on-richard-iii/>



Friendship

I stand upon the sand shore,
I hear the seagulls as they call.
The sand is soft between my feet,
It's such a lovely place to meet.

I see the boat draw near the shore,
My friend calls out 'Are you coming aboard?'
I feel so excited as I think of the ride,
Then my friend Susie helps me inside.

The day is warm, the sky is blue,
There is so much we want to do.
Our desire a dip in the sea,
Then a look at the shops and a fancy tea.

The day has past and we head for home,
I cannot believe how the day has flown.
I wave to Susie as she sails away,
And I thank God for her friendship today.

Muriel Pargeter

LITTLE BOB

Hi everybody – I am a little dog called Bob! I believe I am part Jack Russell and possibly part Dalmatian as I have a few black spots. I want to tell you my story....

I was born in a terraced house in East London. A man, woman and 3 children lived there. They had a little dog called Fluff and one night Fluff decided to go 'walk about' and subsequently her adventures brought me into the world! Fluff had three of us, two little girls and me. The family seemed very taken with the two girls, but for some reason not me. I

wasn't sure why they didn't like me until one day I looked in the mirror in the hall. I had only one eye, and one ear was up straight and the other dropped down - I was certainly not the most handsome of dogs! I was aware that the family did not want to keep me, and my future therefore was uncertain. The departure was soon to come....

One wet and foggy night the man put me in a box, which he loaded into the boot of his car and took me to the local park and left me there. I felt cold, miserable, hungry and unloved, however, eventually I fell asleep. When I woke, it was light, and the sun was shining. After quite some time, someone opened the box and a kind friendly voice said, 'Alright old chap, you're safe now' and lifted me out of the box. He carried me in his arms through the park and there at the roadside was a white van - it had some letters on it, RSPCA. I didn't know what the words were, but I knew that I was safe.

He took me to some dog kennels not so far from the park and there I received love and care and a cosy compartment all to myself. The bed was warm, the food was good, and the people were kind - but I needed to belong to somebody. Day after day people passed by me, but they did not stop very long, just smiled and went along their way. I began to feel that no-one would ever want me. Then an amazing thing happened...

One morning, I heard a squeak of wheels coming along the corridor. And there in front of me was a young boy sitting in a wheelchair. He had a long red scarf across part of his face, and he looked rather unwell. 'That's the dog I want Mum!' he said pointing at me. His mother gave a gasp, 'Harry' she said, 'he is such an ugly little dog and there are so many nicer looking ones here'. Harry looked at his Mum and said, 'You are always telling me that, although people call me ugly, you love me; and say it's not what people see on the outside it's what we are on the inside'. 'Little Bob is meant for me' Harry said.

So began the most wonderful 8 years of my life. I ran alongside Harry in his wheelchair, I went to church with him and sat on his lap. He tried to stop me howling at the hymns, but I persisted! We went everywhere

together, and every moment was so precious. And then a sad time came when Harry became sick. I always sat on his wheelchair at night, next to his bed. However, this particular night I'm thinking of, he stretched out his hand and gathered me to him. 'I won't be here much longer little Bob' he said, 'but when it's right for you to join me I'm sure God will find a place for you. Until then I will go on thinking about you, and I know you will go on thinking about me.' On the day of the funeral, I stood solemnly by his grave (by now I was beginning to be quite old) and gave a little howl as we said goodbye. I was going to miss Harry so much but thanked God that one little boy had loved an old ugly dog enough to give him such a special and wonderful life.

Muriel Pargeter

Gratitude..

The unthankful heart discovers no mercies; but the thankful heart will find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings.

Henry Ward Beecher

*Gratitude is the ability to experience life as a gift.
It liberates us from the prison of self-preoccupation.*

John Ortberg

*The soul that gives thanks can find comfort in everything;
the soul that complains can find comfort in nothing.*

Hannah Whitall Smith

*I will forever remain humble because I know I could have less.
I will always be grateful because I know I've had less.*

Unknown

"Gratitude is a quality similar to electricity: It must be produced and discharged and used up in order to exist at all.
William Faulkner

*"Now is no time to think of what you do not have.
Think of what you can do with what there is."*
Ernest Hemingway

*When we focus on our gratitude, the tide of disappointment
goes out and the tide of love rushes in.*
Kristin Armstrong



New Life!!!

Thanks John B!

A frog goes into a bank and approaches the teller. He can see from her name plate that her name is Patty Whack. “ Miss Whack”, the frog says, “I’d like a £20,000 loan to take a holiday”. Patty looks at the frog in disbelief and asks his name. The frog says that his name is Kermit Jagger, and that his dad is Mick Jagger, and that it’s ok, as his dad knows the bank manager. Patty explains that he will need to secure the loan with some collateral. The frog says “Sure, I have this”, and produces a tiny porcelain elephant, about an inch tall, bright pink and perfectly formed. Very confused, Patty explains that she will have to consult with the bank manager and disappears into the back office. She finds the bank manager and says “There’s a frog out there, who claims to know you, and he wants to borrow £20,000, and he wants to use this as collateral. She holds up the tiny pink elephant and says, “I mean, what in the world is this?!”

You’re going to love this.....

The bank manager looks back at her and says “ It’s a knickknack, Patty Whack, give the frog a loan. His old man’s a Rolling Stone!”

You sang it, didn’t you?!..... Never take life too seriously!



Kathleen S also found this...

Do you remember when half a bottle of wine cost you 47p in a Berni Inn!!!!.....

Berni Steak Bar

Sheffield



Steak Bar

Aperitifs before your meal

Dry Fino Sherry: 2/7 Glass 13p 3/11 Schooner 19p	Bristol Milk Sherry: 2/5 Glass 12p 3/8 Schooner 18p
Chilled Fruit Juice 1/9 or Tomato Juice 9p	

Prime Fillet Steak (when available)

21/- (Half pound approximate uncooked weight) **£1.05**

Grilled to your liking and served with button mushrooms, tomato, french fried potatoes, roll and butter, and to follow, ice cream or a choice of cheese and biscuits.

Prime Rump Steak

16/- (Half pound approximate uncooked weight) **80p**

Grilled to your liking and served with button mushrooms, tomato, french fried potatoes, roll and butter, and to follow, ice cream or a choice of cheese and biscuits.

Prime Sirloin Steak

15/3 (Half pound approximate uncooked weight) **76p**

Grilled to your liking and served with button mushrooms, tomato, french fried potatoes, roll and butter, and to follow, ice cream or a choice of cheese and biscuits.

Golden Fried Fillets of Plaice

14/9 (10 ounces approximate uncooked weight) **74p**

Served with tartare sauce, lemon, french fried potatoes, roll and butter, and to follow, ice cream or a choice of cheese and biscuits.

21/- Golden Fried Whole Dover Sole £1.05 when available

(12 ounces approximate uncooked weight)
served with tartare sauce, lemon, french fried potatoes, roll and butter, and to follow ice cream or a choice of cheese and biscuits.

Wines with your meal

By the glass (one-fifth of a bottle)

- 3/5 Spanish Red, or White 17p
- 4/- Lutomer Riesling 20p

By the carafe (one-third of a bottle)

- 5/7 Spanish Red, or White 28p
- 6/9 Lutomer Riesling 34p

Red

Bottle	Half			Bottle	Half
16/9	9/5	1.	Spanish: Burgundy	84p	47p
20/9	11/5	2.	Bordeaux: Medoc	£1.04	57p
22/9	12/5	3.	Burgundy: Beaujolais	£1.14	62p
24/-	13/-	4.	Rhone: Chateaufeuf du Pape	£1.20	65p
29/-	15/6	5.	Italian: Chianti (Large Flask)	£1.45	77p

Rose

19/9	11/-	6.	Loire: Anjou Rose	99p	55p
27/-	14/6	7.	Portuguese: Mateus Rose	£1.35	72p

White

16/9	9/5	8.	Spanish: Sauternes	84p	47p
20/-	11/-	9.	Yugoslav: Lutomer Riesling	£1.00	55p
25/-	13/7	10.	Bordeaux: Sauternes	£1.25	68p
24/-	13/-	11.	Hock: Liebfraumilch	£1.20	65p
47/-	24/7	12.	Champagne: Heidsieck D.M.N.V.	£2.35	£1.23

The management and staff of this Berni Inn are pleased to welcome you, and would appreciate any helpful suggestions for the improvement of the standard of service. Please talk to the Manager or write to the Managing Director,
Berni Inns Ltd., Broad Street, Bristol BS1 2EU

1/71/134A

Those were the days!!!

Elizabeth and Her Sunday School

Elizabeth asked her Sunday School class to sketch a picture of their favourite Bible stories. She was puzzled by Tom's picture, which showed four people sitting in a plane, so she asked him which bible story it was meant to represent.' The flight to Egypt,' said Bert. 'I see ... and that must be Mary, Joseph, and baby Jesus,' Elizabeth said, 'But who's the fourth person?' Oh, that's Pontius - the Pilot.'

Recipes of the month

Two favourites from two of our ladies: Try them for an Easter treat!

Joan's Rock Cakes:

8 ozs [225grms] Self Raising Flour

3ozs [90grms] Sugar

3ozs [90grms] Margarine

3ozs [90grms] Mixed dried fruit

1 large egg, lightly beaten

2 tablespoons milk

Pinch mixed spice

½ teaspoon salt

Sieve together the flour, salt & mixed spice. Rub in the margarine, until it resembles fine breadcrumbs. Mix together the egg and milk and add to the dried sieved ingredients. Mix to a stiff dough and place 12 spoonfuls on a greased baking tray. Cook at 200° C, 400° F or Gas mark 6. For 10 – 15 minutes. Leave to cool and enjoy!!

Dorothy's orange biscuits

8oz [225grms] S.R. flour

5oz [140grms] margarine

5oz [140grms] caster sugar

Rind of 2 oranges [or lemons if preferred]

1 egg yolk

1tbs.milk

Rub margarine into flour, add sugar and grated peel. Beat egg yolk and milk, then add to the dry ingredients and mix to a dough.

Leave in fridge to harden.

Roll out thinly and cut into rounds. Sprinkle with caster sugar.

Bake for 10-15 mins on Gas Mark 5/ 190° C/ 375° F.

Divine Lemon Pots *with thanks to Val!*

For 8 pots or wine glasses

1 pint [600 mls] pouring double cream

5 ozs [150 grms]

Finely grated zest and juice of 3 lemons

16 fresh raspberries [plus a few for decoration]

3 tablespoons brandy

Mint leaves

Heat the cream, sugar and lemon zest over a low heat until simmering, stir for about 3 minutes.

Remove from the heat, allow to cool slightly until lukewarm.

Place the raspberries in the pots.

Mix the lemon juice and brandy with the cooled mixture.

Pour into the pots – leave to set in the fridge, minimum 2 hours.

Decorate with mint leaves and a raspberry on each.

Not suitable for freezing – preparation can be done up to 24 hours prior to serving.



CHRIST CHURCH EVENTS 2024

Tuesday 20th February 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
Worthing U3E Recorder Group

Tuesday 12th March 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
Yoko Ono and Clelia Iruzun on one piano!

Tuesday 9th April 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
South Downs Folk Singers

Tuesday 14th May 2024 - from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
Richard Bowen - guitarist

Tuesday 11th June 2024 – from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
Brighton Guitar Quartet

Friday 21st & Saturday 22nd June An Exhibition of Arts to include
Banners, Sculptures, paintings and photography 10.30am to 4.30pm

Tuesday 9th July 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
Zhanna (*pianist*) and **Evelyn** (*clarinet or alto saxophone*)

Tuesday 13th August 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
Serenata Jazz Group

Saturday 7th September 2024 from 10.30am to 2.30pm
Christ Church Autumn Fair

Tuesday 10th September 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
Paul Gregory – Guitarist

Tuesday 24th September 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
John Collins - Organist

Tuesday 8th October 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
Rob Campkin (Violin) and **James Buckham** (Piano),

Tuesday 19th November 2024 from 12.30pm to 1.30pm
The Inspired Instrumentalists