

CHRIST CHURCH

Spring/Summer

2024



VOLUME 8 ISSUE 2

Registered Charity no: 1152846

**Parochial Church Council
of Worthing Christ Church**

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Worship in Christ Church Services for July

JULY

7th

10.30am Holy Communion

6pm Evensong

11th

10.30am BCP Holy Communion

14th

10.30am Morning Prayer [Sea Sunday]

21st

10.30am Holy Communion

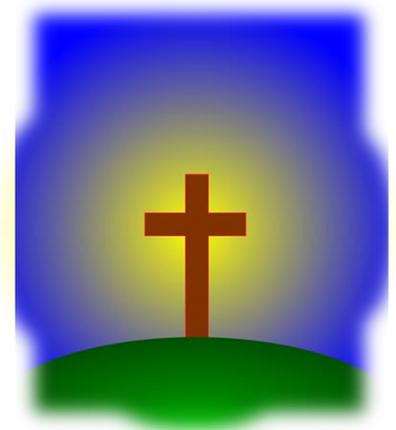
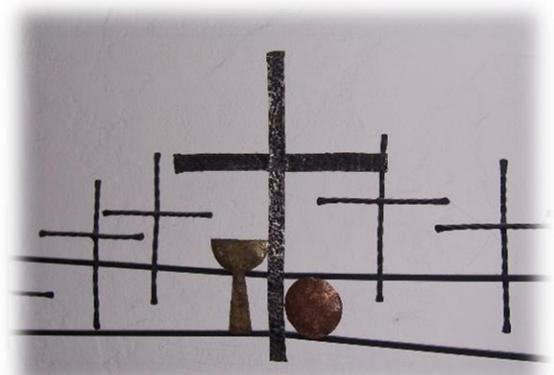
6pm Evensong

25th

10.30am BCP Holy Communion

28th

10.30am Morning Prayer



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

To Have or Not....

When shadows lengthen beckoning night,
And sun in west declines,
Defenseless homeward take their flight,
Seeking safer confines,
With family aligns.

Shameful are those who spurn this gift,
A priv'lege thousands lack,
Not for diminished care or thrift,
Or colour, white or black,
But being born off track.

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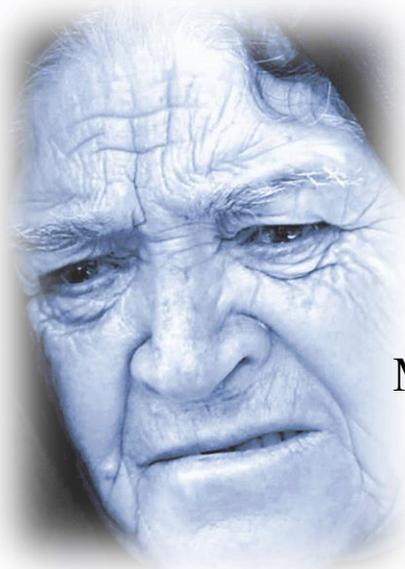
Lonely Journey!

On pathways, dark and perilous,
With destiny unknown,
Inclined to being querulous,
Thus often left alone,
The aged no care are shown.

Hampered by speech impediment,
Gravely misunderstood,
Regarded without sentiment,
Not to her spirit's good,
To doubt whether she should?

Courageously she soldiers on,
A lonely lass at times,
May days of feeling sad begone,
And tearful eyes mere mimes,
Let smiles see better climes.

©Elliott Allison



The Quiet Road

And so she came to a parting of the ways,
a fork in the road, a choice to make.

Friends called to her,
“Come join us on this path.
We’ll travel far and wide.
Hurry, there’s no time to waste.
Spectacular sights and sounds await, dizzying experiences
to amaze and dazzle us on our adventure.”

The still small voice within showed her the other way.
“Tread gently on this path, pausing as you go to look around.
Walk quietly among the trees,
take time to watch the flowers grow.
Gaze at the sea, rivers and lakes.
Watch the sun rise and set.”

Returning from their journey
her friends told her all they had seen,
and experienced on the way.
But she could not find the words
to tell them why she did not envy them.
For she had chosen the second road
where every day was special,
and the path was
Peace.

Caroline Hansen

Isaiah ch:30 v:21

*Whether you turn to the right or to the left, your ears will hear a
voice behind you saying, “This is the way, walk in it.”*

Archaeology/history walks in Worthing for 2024

Alex Vincent

I am running a series of archaeology/history walks for Christ Church in Worthing, once a month between May and July. These will take place in the morning on the second Wednesday of the month. If rained out, then the walk will take place on the following Wednesday . We start at 10.00 AM and end up at Christ Church for the Coffee Morning. The walks for this year are listed below.

12th June - Old Worthing village. Meet outside Waitrose.

10th July - Worthing brickfields. Meet north end of Graham Road.

14th August - Portland Road, Worthing. Roman and medieval sites. Meet at St Paul's Church.

Any enquiries, my telephone number is 07753282714.

Email alexeklipping@gmail.com via Worthing Library.



Not old, Mature!

Today at the chemist, the assistant was a gent.
From my purchase, this chap took off 10 percent.
I asked for the cause of a lesser amount;
and he answered, "Because of the Seniors' Discount."

I went to McDonald's for a burger and fries; and there, once again, got quite a surprise. The server poured some coffee which he handed to me. He said, "For you seniors, the coffee is free."

Understand — I'm not old — I'm merely mature; but some things are changing, temporarily, I'm sure.

The newspaper print gets smaller each day, and people speak softer — can't hear what they say. My teeth are my own (I have the receipt), and my glasses identify people I meet.

Oh, I've slowed down a bit... not a lot, I am sure.

You see, I'm not old... I'm only mature.

The gold in my hair has been bleached by the sun. You should see all the damage that chlorine has done!

Washing my hair has turned it all white, but don't call it grey... saying "blonde" is just right. My car is all paid for... not a penny is owed. Yet a kid yells, "Old man... get off of the road!"

My friends are all getting older... much faster than me.

They seem much more wrinkled, from what I can see. I've got "character lines," not wrinkles... for sure, but don't call me old... just call me mature.

The steps in the houses they're building today are so high that they take... your breath all away; and the streets are much steeper than 10 years ago. That should explain why my walking is slow.

But I'm keeping up on what's hip and what's new, and I think I can still dance a mean boogaloo.

I'm still in the running... in this I'm secure,

I'm not really old...

I'm only mature!



Words from Derek Hansen,

Reader and friend of Christ Church....

Acts 8: 26 - 40:

Our first reading has Phillip travelling from Jerusalem towards Gaza when he is nudged by the Spirit to approach the Ethiopian Eunuch reading from the book of the prophet Isaiah. A bit more of the background might be helpful. It was virtually impossible for the chief finance minister of Ethiopia to have been Jewish but he clearly was attracted by something about the Jewish God having gone to Jerusalem to worship. He was clearly both wealthy and literate as he was trying to understand more otherwise he would not have been reading from the book of the prophet Isaiah.

How God nudges Philip, or you and me is like trying to explain the peace of God which, as Philippians tells us, passes all understanding. But nudge him he did – Philip approached the Ethiopian and asked “Do you understand what you are reading? The Ethiopian recognises in Philip a man who can of bring some understanding of the scriptures and invites him to join him in the carriage alongside him.

After Philip’s explanation about Jesus the Eunuch sees some water and exclaims, “Look, here is water! What is to prevent me from being baptised?” This opens up the picture of the generosity of God. Can wealth, race, sexual status, piety, understanding and so on and so forth get in the way? The good news is for all and all are invited to share in the fullness of life with God and each other!

In Jesus, God breaks down all barriers to include all people in God’s family.

This story was included amidst all type of difficulties and persecution in the early church to emphasise that God was at work and to inspire hope that the message of Jesus was going forth into the world as he had promised. It also records the fact that first non-Jew to come to faith and baptism recorded in the New Testament is a black man from Africa.

But it goes further – the growth of the church depends upon people telling the story. And we have a picture here of how to do that. Bishop Lindsay used to say we need to Gossip the Gospel. To be responsive, and not afraid of the times when we are nudged be God to tell his story – the good news.

John 15: 1 – 8:

Some will take our second reading as one of judgment and threat. We need to put that too in its context. Jesus is offering these words to his disciples on the eve of his crucifixion. He knows what is going to happen – both to himself and to his flock – and they don't. They are about to be cut down by his crucifixion and death and he is assuring them that it will not be abandoned by this senseless cutting but they will survive, even flourish.

By the time they hear these words they have already been scattered, likely thrown out of their synagogue, and have had plenty of reason to feel like they've been abandoned. But John writes to assure them that while they have indeed been cut, it is the pruning for more abundant fruit and life. No doubt that was hard to believe, as there was precious little evidence available to the disciples or John's community that they had not been abandoned. It still is sometimes hard for us to believe too as so much of life can seem awkward and confusing with no evidence that we march toward some more fruitful future.

But amid this uncertainty and distress, Jesus still invites us – actually, not just invites but promises us – that he will not abandon us but rather will cling to us like a vine clings to a tree so that we endure, persevere, and even flourish among these present difficulties.

If Jesus had only said, “abide in me or else,” that would be different. But he doesn't. It's not. “Abide in me,” Jesus says, “as I abide in you.” This is more than good advice. More than an invitation. This is a promise, that no matter what happens, Jesus will be with us. That no matter what happens, Jesus will hold

onto us. And that no matter what happens, God in Jesus will bring all things to a good end.

I take courage and inspiration from the words scratched on the wall of a concentration camp in World War 2:

***“I believe in the sun,
Even when it isn't shining.
I believe in love,
Even when I don't feel it.
And I believe in God,
Even when He is silent”.***

May that be so for all of us **AMEN**



This drawing is by Anja Rozen, a 13-year-old primary school student in Slovenia. She was chosen from 600,000 children around the world to create a piece of art to show what peace looks like.

She is the winner of the international Plakat Miru competition.

“My drawing represents the land that binds us and unites us.”

“Humans are woven together. If someone gives up, others fall. We

are all connected to our planet and to each other, but unfortunately we are little aware of it. We are woven together. Other people weave alongside me my own story; and I weave theirs,” said the young designer.

Senior's Version of FACEBOOK

For those of my generation who do not, and cannot, comprehend why Facebook exists: I am trying to make friends outside of Facebook while applying the same principles.

Therefore, every day I walk down the street and tell passers-by what I have eaten, how I feel at the moment, what I have done the night before, what I will do later and with whom.

I give them pictures of my family, my dog and of me gardening, taking things apart in the garage, watering the lawn, standing in front of landmarks, driving around town, having lunch, and doing what anybody and everybody does every day.

I also listen to their conversations, give them 'thumbs up' and tell them I 'like' them. And it works just like Facebook.....

I already have 4 people following me: 2 police officers, a private investigator and a psychiatrist!



And now, from those in their twilight years to the very young...

**We are grateful to Benedict Barrett for his delightful tale of
“The Three Little Pigs with a Twist in the Tail”!**

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs. Their names were Percy Pig, Pineapple Pig and George Pig. They lived in a miniscule house with their mum and dad. It was so small that it could fit in a shoe box. One day their mum told them that they had to leave because the house was just too tiny for them all.

“Get Out!” She yelled, “There is not enough room for all of you guys, now that you are grown so big and fat.”

The three little pigs, although sad, obeyed their mother’s orders. They went out into the big wide world to build their own home. They found a pleasant wood and decided to start building there and then.

Percy Pig built his house out of cakes, his favourite food. This was not terribly successful because he kept on eating his own walls. There was no way that it would protect him from the horrible, evil, big, bad wolf who had recently moved into the area. The wolf, who was called Kevin, was wreaking havoc because he kept on eating all the pigs he could find. This was not neighbourly at all!

Pineapple Pig made his house out of glass. This was stronger than Percy’s cake house but might easily be smashed and Kevin knew karate. You could also see right through it. Would George manage to build something that was more practical?

George Pig was very keen on science. He built a futuristic house which was clad in metal. It had a security portal. If anyone he did not want to meet came through his front door George could activate the portal and they would be instantly transported to Mexico. George also liked inventing and had made many marvellous

machines. He didn't always know quite what they did but they were very exciting.

One day, Kevin the wolf came creeping craftily into the woods to find some tasty pigs to eat. He loved chopped pork, it tasted delicious. First, Kevin came up to Percy's house. Percy saw him coming and rushed inside through a slice of Battenberg he used as a door.

"Come out, come out wherever you are." Kevin called, "or I will eat and chomp until I have devoured all of your house. Then I will eat you. Ha Ha Ha!"

Percy was panicking, he did not want to be eaten he replied, "not by the hairs on my chinny, chin, chin."

Kevin started eating. He chomped through some creamy chocolate cake. He chewed through some zesty, lemon drizzle cake. He practically inhaled the Battenberg and the coffee and walnut cake and still there was more. Kevin was very full but still he kept going. When he eventually got inside he found Percy had nibbled his way out of the opposite wall. Percy went wee wee wee all the way to his brother Pineapple's house.

Kevin found the icing trotter prints that Percy had made and therefore he was able to follow him. When Percy got to his brother's house he rushed inside and warned him. Pineapple shut and locked his front door. However, they could see Kevin approaching the house because as you might remember, it was made of glass. Kevin called,

"Let me come in, let me come in or I will smash and I will bash and I will crash my way in." "Not by the hairs on our chinny chin chin: we will not let you in." The brothers replied. Kevin smashed and crashed but when he got in the brothers weren't there. They had climbed up the chimney and run off to George Pig's house.

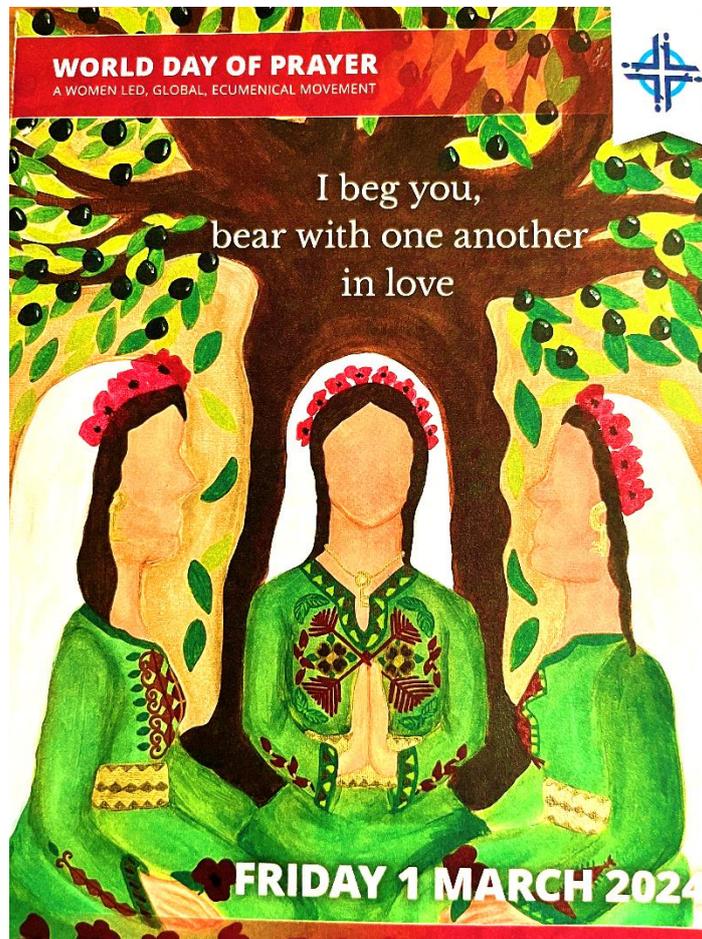
George saw his brothers rushing towards his house and he turned off the security system so they wouldn't get sent to Mexico and opened the door. When they had told him about Kevin, he welcomed them in and locked the door, he also turned the security system back on. The pigs felt very safe inside George's metal clad fortress but were still worried that Kevin, the wolf, might eat them.

When Kevin arrived, he paced around looking for a way in. He spotted the chimney, and he climbed up and slipped down it. "I am coming in down the chimney to have a feast."

George had a clever idea. One of his recent inventions might help, it was a body switcher. He grabbed it and put one end in the fireplace and stood at the other end and turned it on. When Kevin came down the chimney, George zapped him. Now George was the wolf and Kevin was a pink, plump pig. George was now able to protect his brothers.

He was a pig in wolf's clothing!





World Day of Prayer 2024

'I beg you, bear with one another in love'

The Service this year was prepared by an ecumenical group of Christian women from Palestine, the land in which Jesus was born, ministered and died, where Christian faith began and is rooted.

Because of the present situation in that war-torn area, and because the Service had been prepared approximately two years ago, additional prayers and words were added, and it was amazing to see and hear how the original Service was so incredibly relevant today.

The 'World Day of Prayer', which happens yearly on the first Friday of March, is a great wave of prayer encircling the globe; beginning as the sun rises over Samoa, continuing as it makes its way around Earth, ending back in the Pacific as the sun sets over American Samoa.

In this year's Worship Service, three Palestinian women from three different generations, witness to the power of 'Bearing Together in Love'.

I attended the Service at Ferring Baptist Church, and received a warm welcome, and was delighted to meet up with ladies from several local churches, including Offington Methodist, West Worthing Baptist and the Salvation Army. The Service was well attended with approximately 70 ladies and gentlemen present – in spite of the dreadfully wet morning!

Joyful worship songs, meaningful hymns, stories of resilience, bible readings and reflections, stories of truth and flourishing made for a wonderful hour. It ended with a personal commitment by everyone to work and pray for peace and to 'bear with one another in love'.

Jenny Chandler, March 2024



A very old picture of Christ Church, found recently on Facebook!

"To my dear daughter, when I'm old... "

"My lovely daughter,

When you realise I'm getting old, please be patient, and most importantly, try to understand what's happening to me.

If, when we chat, I repeat the same thing a thousand times, don't interrupt me by emphasizing, "You just told me that, two minutes ago!" Just listen, please. Task to remember your childhood, when I read you the same story, night after night, until you fell asleep.

If I don't want to bathe, don't be mad, don't embarrass me

Remember when you were just a kid, and I'd chase you to get you in the shower, despite all the pretexts you made!

When you find out I don't know anything about new technology, give me time to do it and don't look at me like that... Remember, my heart, that with patience I have taught you many things, like eating well, dressing alone, undressing your hair, and dealing with life day by day.

When you realise that I'm getting old, I want you to be patient, but most importantly, try to understand what's happening to me.

If I lose track of our conversation sometimes, give me a minute to catch up and if I don't, don't get mad, don't raise your voice.

Know deep inside, that all I care about is being with you.

And if my old, tired legs are slowing me down, give me your hand, like I gave you mine when you took your first steps. When that time comes, don't be sad. Just be there, and understand me, as I gently walk through the end of my life. I will love you and thank you for the gift of time and shared joy.

With a big smile and immense love that you always inspired me, I just want to tell you... I love you my darling daughter "

~ Guillermo Peña ~

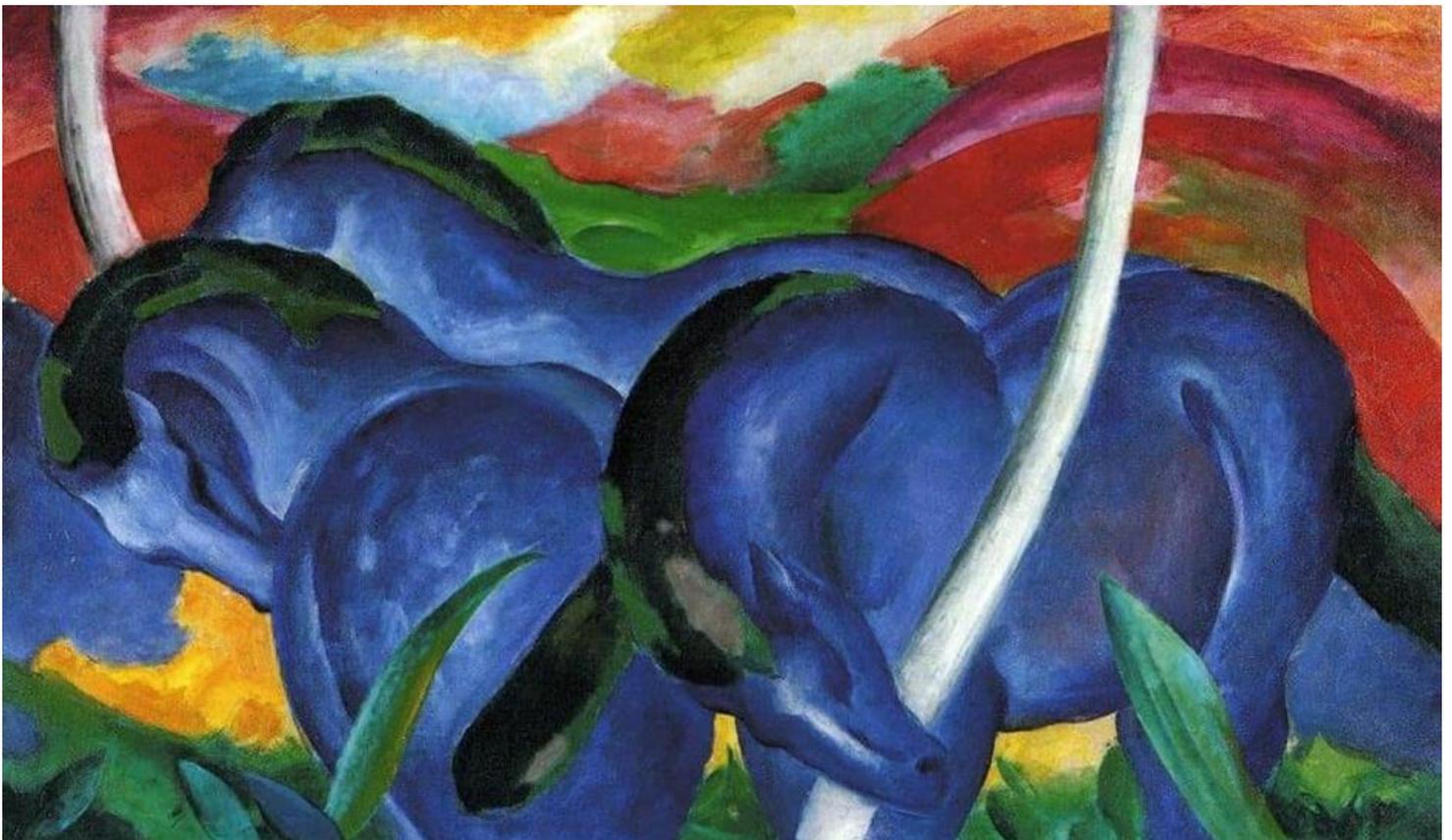
Do you know that awesome feeling when you get into bed, fall right asleep, stay asleep all night and wake up feeling refreshed and ready to take on the day?

Yeah, me neither!

A WISE MAN ONCE TOLD HIS SON:

MY BOY, WHEN YOU ACCUMULATE THE UNDERSTANDING TO KNOW WHY A PIZZA IS MADE ROUND, TO BE PUT IN A SQUARE BOX & IS EATEN IN TRIANGLES, THEN & ONLY THEN WILL YOU BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND WOMEN

A lovely poem by Mary Oliver and the picture that inspired it by Franz Marc.



I step into the painting of the four blue horses.
I am not even surprised that I can do this.

One of the horses walks towards me.

His blue nose noses me lightly.

I put my arm
over his blue mane, not holding on, just
commingling.

He allows me my pleasure.

Franz Marc died a young man, shrapnel in his brain.
I would rather die than try to explain to the blue horses
what war is.

They would either faint in horror, or simply
find it impossible to believe.

I do not know how to thank you, Franz Marc.
Maybe our world will grow kinder eventually.
Maybe the desire to make something beautiful
is the piece of God that is inside each of us.

Now all four horses have come closer,
are bending their faces toward me
as if they have secrets to tell.

I don't expect them to speak, and they don't.

If being so beautiful isn't enough, what
could they possibly say?

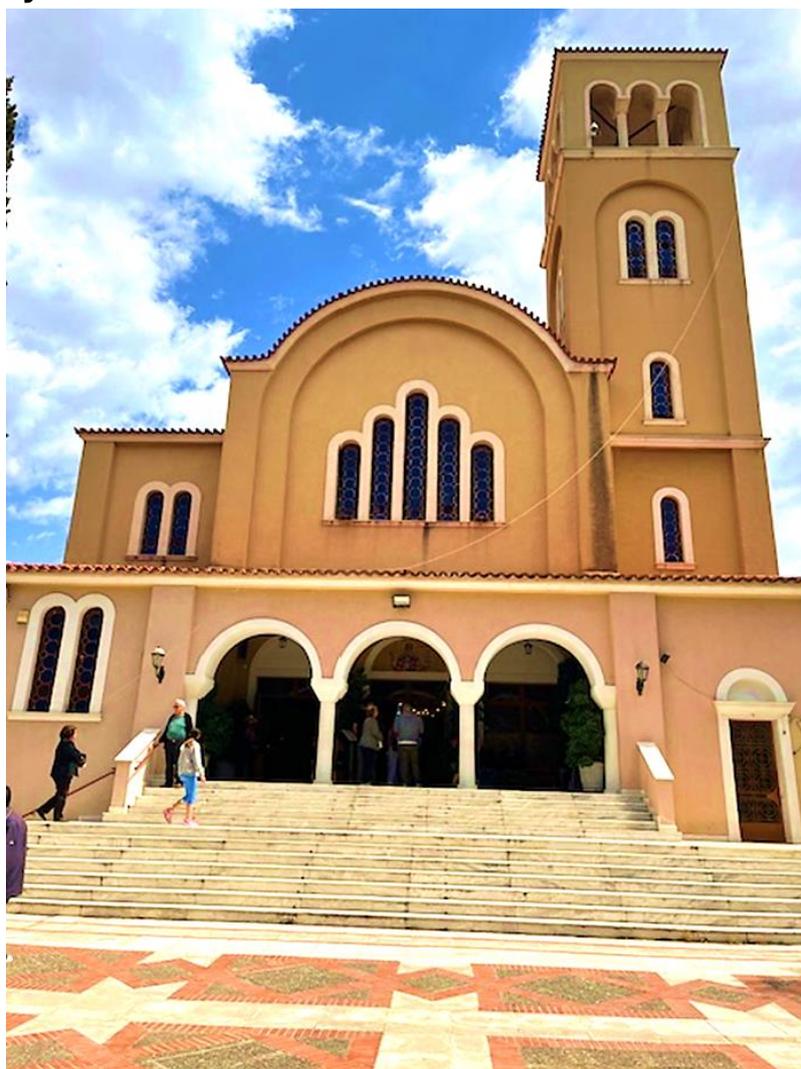
*Mary Jane Oliver (September 10, 1935 – January 17, 2019)
was an American poet who won the National Book Award and the
Pulitzer Prize*

Greek Orthodox Easter Celebrations 2024

Our thanks to Ann P, who has Greek family, and this year was in Greece to witness Greek Easter, which is celebrated later than in the UK. Here is her recollection of a wonderful time, with pictures.

Many thanks Ann!

This year Greek Easter fell from Maundy Thursday, 2nd May to Easter Monday, 6th May.



On Maundy Thursday, Greek home ovens get very busy as traditional *tsoureki* [a type of fragrant brioche] is baked, along with *lamprokouloura* [round Easter cookies with a hole in the middle]. Eggs are immersed in red dye – the red colour symbolizing the joy for Nature’s rebirth and the spiritual regeneration that comes with the Resurrection of Jesus.

On Good Friday in churches, a wooden canopied bier representing the tomb of Christ is covered with flowers. My cousin Alex and I went to a large local church just after a service had ended.



[Please note the church here was full, with standing room only! Approximately 98% of the population identifies with the Greek Orthodox Christian faith].

We waited in a queue for about a half an hour and when it was our turn, the attending white-robed priest shook our hands and ushered us towards the bier.

Most people made the sign of the cross before kissing the top of the bier

[a glass plate]. We, however, just hovered above it for health and safety reasons! A woman in front of us actually knelt down and got under the cloth covering the bier, and had to be hauled out the other end by her family. [We think perhaps that she was very religious!]. On leaving the church, we bought a large brown candle each for a few cents to take with us to the procession that evening.



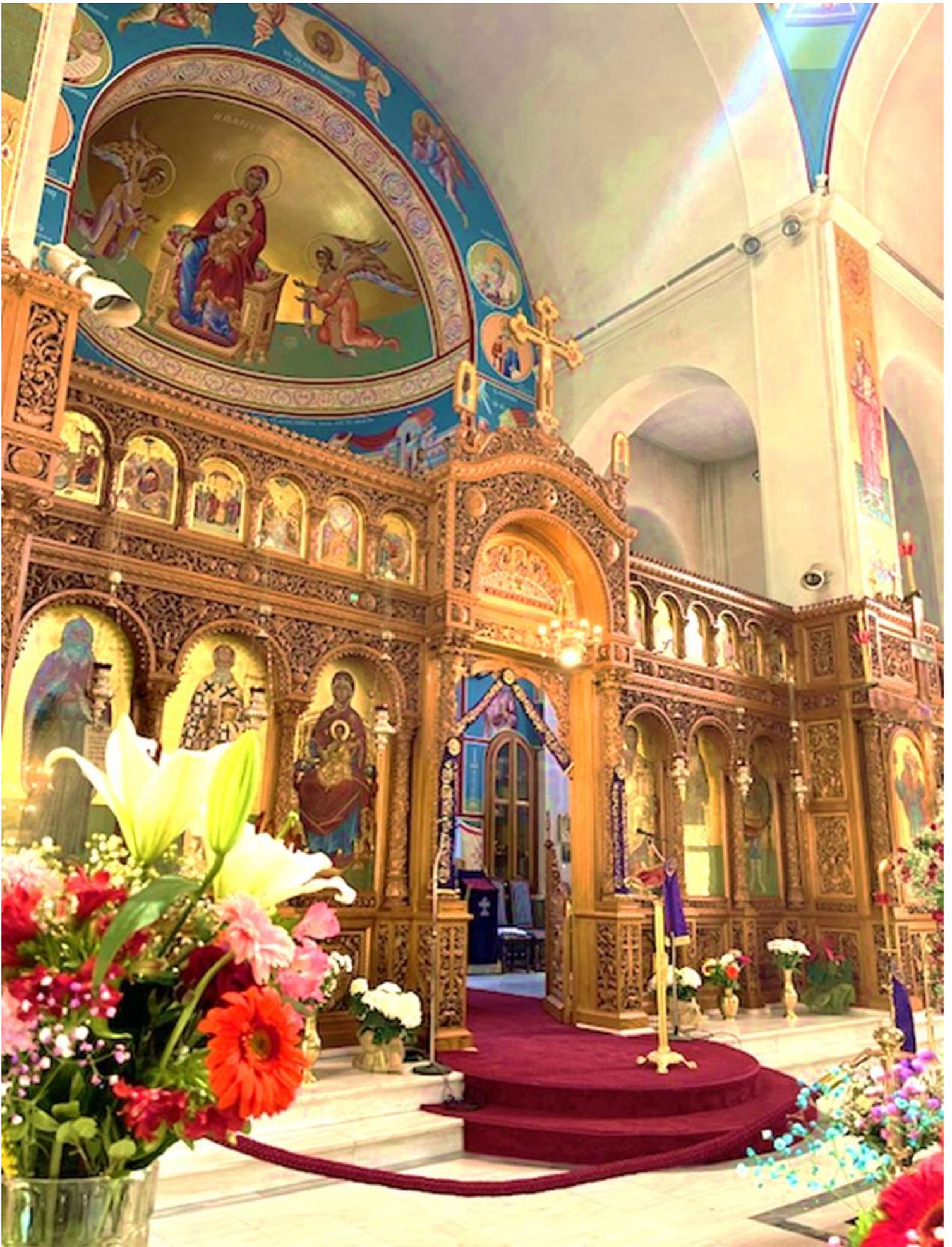
At the end of the evening service around 9.30pm, a procession takes place headed by the priests. People follow along the streets of cities, towns and villages listening to psalms being chanted.

On Holy Saturday morning, preparations start for the festive dinner that is served after the Resurrection Midnight Mass. From midnight through Easter Day, people eat *mayeritsa* soup, a traditional dish prepared in most Greek houses made out of lambs liver, lettuces, dill, parsley, lemons, to name but a few ingredients!

Before midnight, we gathered in church holding white candles, which were lit with the 'Holy Light' offered by the priest. We then took these candles home. At the threshold of our front

door, Alex used her candle to make the sign of the cross above it.

The resurrection of Christ is celebrated at midnight with drum beats and fireworks lighting the skies as the church bells peal out, and the hymn 'Christos Anesti' [Christ is Risen] is chanted by everyone. Then people return home to gather round the festive table. They each hold a red egg and crack it with the person next to them, exclaiming at the same time Christos Anesti. The winner is the one whose egg has remained intact!



On Easter Sunday morning, there is another lengthy church service to attend. In many parts of the country, lamb is skewered and cooked over charcoal. In other regions, the meat for the Easter table – lamb or kid – is roasted in the oven. The atmosphere is festive and people listen to and dance to folk music.

On Easter Monday, the Greek priests have a rest from services - and the congregation too!

Easter celebrations are exciting all over Greece! My cousin and I had a wonderful time in Attica, enjoying the festive atmosphere; and listening to the greetings from the people saying ‘Christos Anesti’ and replying ‘Alithos Anesti’ [He is Risen indeed]!

Ann





CHRIST CHURCH EVENTS 2024

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

“Tone Two” Orchestra