

An abstract painting featuring a central figure, possibly a person or a religious icon, rendered in vibrant, textured brushstrokes. The figure is primarily composed of yellow, green, and white, with a dark blue or black outline. The background is a deep, dark blue, with large, swirling areas of red, purple, and orange. The overall style is expressive and somewhat somber, with a focus on color and texture.

FEBRUARY 2023

**Church
Magazine**

Steyning and

Ashurst

FREE

**Steyning Parish Church,
1 Vicarage Lane, Steyning BN44 3YL**

Vicar: The Revd Mark Heather LLB BA

879877

vicarofsteyning@gmail.com or rectorofashurst@gmail.com

CHURCH SERVICES

Candlemas will be kept on January 29 (transferred)
at the 9:30 Eucharist

St Cuthman's Day will be kept on February 5 (transferred)
at the 9:30 Eucharist

St Andrew's & St Cuthman's

Every Sunday

8:00am 1662 Holy Communion Service

9:30am Sung Eucharist (19 February Music Group Eucharist.)

6:00pm Evening Service (5 February Reflections service see advert P4)
(19 February Choral Evensong)

St James's

10:30am Second Sunday Family Communion Service

Fourth Sunday Holy Communion (BCP)

Wednesdays at St Andrew's & St Cuthman's

11:30am Midweek Eucharist

Ash Wednesday Services at St Andrew's and St Cuthman's

Wednesday 22 February

11:30am and 7:00pm Eucharists with Ashing

Parish Office Address:

Penfold Hall, Church Street,

Steyning BN44 3YB

Tel: 813276

office@steyningparishchurch.org

www.steyningparishchurch.org

Parish Administrator: Pat McMullan.

PASTORAL LETTER



Dear Friends,

The Feast of Candlemas – the day when Jesus was presented in the Temple – marks the end of the joyful and festive season that began on Christmas Day and continued through all the Sundays of Epiphany, the season when we celebrate the gift of the Messiah not to the church but to all the people of the earth: the ‘light to lighten the gentiles’ (Luke 2:32; see page 7 and the back cover of this magazine). The day falls on 2 February, when the baby Jesus would have been 40 days old, although, as with Epiphany and most other feasts, we and probably most parish churches, transfer it to the adjacent Sunday, when we will conclude the service with the usual candlelit procession, ending at our ancient font. In olden days, because of Simeon’s words in the Gospel for the day, household candles were blessed for use over the following twelve months.

This year Lent begins during February. We think of Lent as lasting for 40 days but the western church counts only weekdays – since it counts Sundays as non-fasting days – to match the number of days spent by Jesus in the wilderness (Mark 1:12 etc). The season between Easter and Ascension Day also marks 40 days, and we derive the name of Pentecost from the fact that the date of the Jewish Feast was calculated to be 50 days after the second day of Passover festivities, although the Christian calendar calculates the number from Easter Day itself.

In between the Presentation and Ash Wednesday we observe a short period of what we now call ‘Ordinary Time’ – which will resume on the Sundays after Trinity. At Steyning this will be interrupted this year by our celebration of St Cuthman. History apparently does not record why his feast is kept on 8 February, as the date of the saint’s death is unknown. It may have some connection with the transfer of the saints remains or ‘relics’. His feast will be another opportunity to give thanks for our founder, and to celebrate, before we keep the fast of Lent. Again, we will transfer the day to the nearest Sunday, when more of us will be in church to give thanks for him. I hope you may be in a position to join us for both of these services – and indeed for the commencement of Lent on Ash Wednesday. See page 5 for dates and collects.

Fr Mark

FROM THE EDITOR:

Our thoughts and prayers continue to be with Ukraine and all its people and leaders, and especially families who have found refuge within Steyning and Ashurst including all those who worship with us. I do hope you all enjoyed your Ukrainian Christmas on January 8. I listened to the service on radio 4 at 08:10 and enjoyed it very much.

February is a busy month this year as it sees the start of Lent (Ash Wednesday) and also the start of the Lent courses. I do hope you will join one.

Also it includes St Cuthman's day and on page 23 there is a new poem we have been sent to remember our founding church.

I would like to start a Good News page, (to counteract the bad news we hear) but it needs your help. Could you send in a small paragraph about an act of kindness that we can share together? Here's the address: steyningchurchmag@gmail.com

Reflections



'In Between Times'

"For everything there is a season" (Ecclesiastes 3:1)

Sunday 5 February, 6pm

All are welcome to attend this short, informal time of watching and listening to our Lord.

The Parish Church of St Andrew
& St Cuthman, Steyning

PARISH REGISTERS

FUNERALS

- 13 December Timothy (Tim) de Buriatte
(d. 21 November)
- 15 December Lawrence Stone (Lawrie) Smalley
(d. 13 November)

At Worthing Crematorium

- 21 December Ronald Cecil (Ron) Gadd
(d. 2 December)

INTERMENT OF ASHES

- 8 November Nora Mary Sheppard &
Olive Sheppard
- 11 December David Goacher &
Yvonne Adelaide Goacher

BAPTISM

- 11 December Freddie James Constable

SUNDAY BULLETIN

The weekly Sunday bulletin sent from the Parish Office gives all the information about services, news and events.

There is also the list of those needing our prayers. If you would like to receive the bulletin please contact: office@steyningparishchurch.org or ring 01903 813276

To add any new prayer requests please contact:
prayers@steyningparishchurch.org or ring 01903 813276

PRAYER DIARY FOR FEBRUARY

**Thursday 2 February The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.
Candlemas (transferred to 29 January)**

Almighty and ever-living God, clothed in majesty, whose beloved Son was this day presented in the Temple, in substance of our flesh: grant that we may be presented to you with pure and clean hearts, by your Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the Unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.

Sunday 5 February The Third Sunday before Lent

Wednesday 8 February St Cuthman's Day (transferred to 5 February)

Sunday 12 February The Second Sunday before Lent

Sunday 19 February The Sunday next before Lent

**Wednesday 22 February Ash Wednesday
Lent**

Almighty and everlasting God, you hate nothing that you have made and forgive the sins of all those who are penitent: create and make in us new and contrite hearts that we, acknowledging our wretchedness, may receive from you, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.

Sunday 26 February The First Sunday of Lent

Collect for St Cuthmantide Festival

Loving Father,
who filled Cuthman with a love of the Gospel and the desire to make you a house in this place for your glory:
inspire us, who honour his memory, to build up your church in hope and faith and love;
as we look for the day when we and all your saints will fill your heavenly temple with our praises;
through him who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever



PAUSE AND PRAY FOR PEACE

Lord we ask for peace for those who need peace, reconciliation for those who need reconciliation and comfort for all who don't know what tomorrow will bring. Lord may your Kingdom come, and your will be done.

We pray that people still in Ukraine will be protected from the violence; that there will be provision of essential food, power and clean water; for vulnerable people who cannot flee.

That refugees will find safe places to stay. For healing for people who are wounded or have experienced trauma; and comfort for those who are grieving. We pray that international leaders will know wisdom and understanding, strength, courage and compassion.

Ukrainian citizens ask that we pray:

- That God would intervene in the situation and stop the violence
- For God's wisdom for the presidents and authorities of both countries
- That God will care for those who are in danger, especially for Ukrainian people who have lost their loved ones, for His comfort and protection over them and the church

Please also pray for Russia:

- That God will comfort Russian families who have lost their beloved ones

Dear God, we ask that you fill us with your Spirit of love and unity among believers all across this world.

We ask for your help to set aside our differences and look to the greater cause, the cause of Christ. We ask that you would help us to truly live a life of love. We know that this is only possible through the power of your Spirit, so we pray for your Spirit to move across our land in fresh ways. Turn your people back to you. Draw others to come to know you. Thank you that you are always with us to give us great purpose and hope.

We pray for our families, for every relationship most dear to us, that you would guard our time, and our lives together. We ask for your ability to quickly forgive hurts, for a renewed heart of compassion, for love and faithfulness to be evident in every decision and action.

Debbie McDaniel

CANDLEMAS - LIGHT AND HOPE

On February 2 the Church celebrates Candlemas, forty days after Christmas. I still consider this to be a Christmas feast, even though it is a long time after all our Christmas services, and is the last time that we will specifically think of Christ as an infant child before the start of Lent.

Candlemas is an ancient feast that has developed over the centuries to have its own special service. The late Pope Benedict wrote in *Seek That Which is Above: Meditations Through the Year*:

In Rome this candle-lit procession supplanted a rowdy, dissolute carnival, the so-called "Amburbale", which had survived from paganism right into Christian times. The pagan procession had magical features: it was supposed to effect the purification of the city and the repelling of evil powers.... Thus the element of encounter, again, was evident in this procession: the pagan world's wild cry for purification, liberation, deliverance from dark powers, meets the "light to enlighten the Gentiles," the mild and humble light of Jesus Christ. The failing (and yet still active) aeon of a foul, chaotic enslaved and enslaving world encounters the purifying power of the Christian message (pp. 26-27).

The Bible passage focuses on the meeting of Christ with the elderly Simeon. With Simeon we rest our hope in the Lord, as the passage includes the beautiful Cantic of Simeon, *Nunc Dimittis*, which is said at Evensong or Compline.

*Lord, now you let your servant go in peace;
your word has been fulfilled:
my own eyes have seen the salvation
which you have prepared in the sight of every people:
a light to reveal you to the nations
and the glory of your people Israel.*

This is a personal favourite of mine, and can sit on its own as a prayer enabling me to thank God for all His goodness and His care for me. I am also simply stating that I accept His will for me, and I accept my death. I love that these are Simeon's words and not mine that I repeat, and yet they take me into times of quiet and self examination. How have I served Him? How have I carried Christ's light into the world and given that light to others? It is a prayer of hope - am I placing my hopes

in Christ?

These are lines for reflection amid the splendour of a service of candles and light.

Who was Simeon? Simeon was a Jew living in Jerusalem, and was probably an old man (we really do not know how old) by the time Jesus was born, but we do know he was a respected man who lived a life devoted to God, and we know he had one wish on his mind in that he wanted to meet with the Messiah before he died. God granted him that wish because Mary and Joseph brought Jesus to the Temple and placed their beloved baby into his arms. Simeon knows immediately that he is holding the promise of God in his arms - a promise so tangible he was touching it.

In his praise to God he thanks God and says that he is ready to die, his life is now complete. We all are prepared for both life and death because Christ watches over us, and we are led by the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit showed Simeon conflict and pain and suffering in the path Jesus would follow to the cross with Mary grieving at his side.

We cannot see into the future, but there must be very few of us who do not know suffering and pain, but it is the path of pain that leads to life in this world and in the world to come where God has prepared a place for us. When death comes, and it will some day, remember this phrase

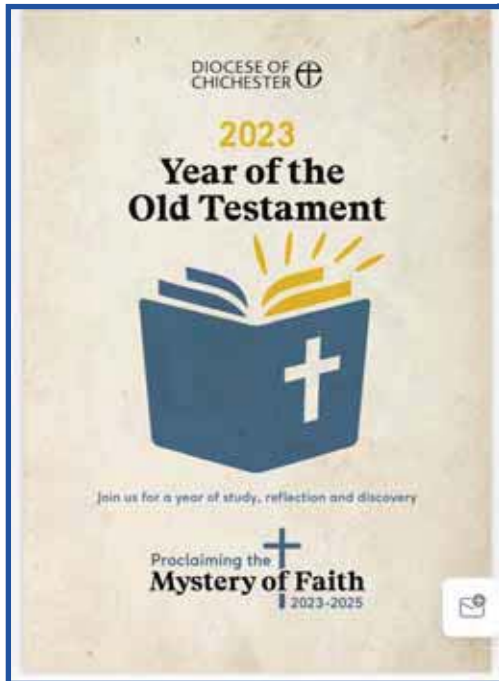
“Lord, now let your servant go in peace”.

We have no exact knowledge of what happens after death, and so we need our faith, we need to have something to believe in, and that for me, and I hope for you too, is Jesus who is alongside God and the Holy Spirit.

Candlemas is a service full of candle light - all holding a candle representing Christ the Light of the World in each person and shining out to the world. But it is also, through Simeon, clearly leading us on to Lent and Easter. Mary and Joseph offering Jesus to God is the beginning of His earthly ministry, and His next 33 years are concertinaed into these few February weeks because at the end of February we begin Lent.

Have a happy Candlemas.

Chris Fitton



YEAR OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

Come and join a group during Lent to discuss,

Who then is this?

The Diocesan course will look back to events and characters from the Old Testament and “to pull the meaning of the Old Testament into your encounter with Jesus”

Each session will begin with a painting or image and will be accompanied by a podcast, so people can participate individually at home or as part of a small group.

We will launch the opening session of the Lent Course at the Penfold Hall at 11am on Thursday, 23 February. Please save this date for your diaries.

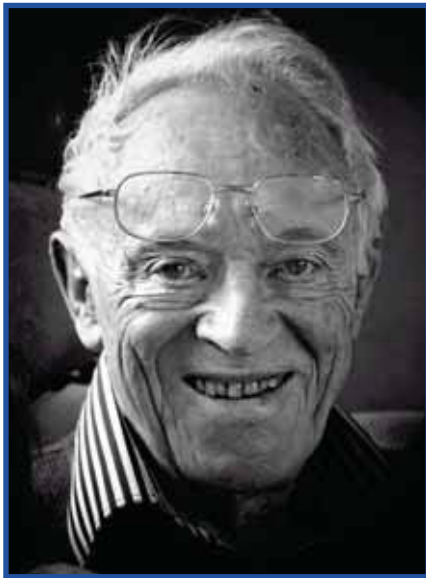
More information and an introductory video message from the Bishop may be found at www.chichester.anglican.org/lent

Find a group at a time to suit you and phone up for more details. All groups are hoping to follow the diocesan course.

Tuesday mornings: The Penfold Group (812220) This group will meet in a home every Tuesday morning during Lent. Coffee at 10:30, leading into prayer and reflection, followed by discussion of the course text and notes for the week. Ending at 12 noon.

Tuesday mornings: Grove House Home Group This group will meet in a home on the second and fourth Tuesdays during Lent as normal, but with 10 members is full.

Wednesday evenings: Study Group (417385) This group will meet in the Penfold Hall at 7:30 each week during Lent. After coffee and opening prayer there will be discussion about the text for the week and the course information and questions. End at 9pm.



STONE LAWRENCE (LAWRIE) SMALLEY

I am Lawrie's sister, but he was never Lawrie to me. He was christened Stone and he was always Stone to our family. Lawrence was after our father but the origin of Stone remained a mystery known only to our parents. But it was a singular name for a singular person.

Lawrie was eight years old when I was born so my memories of him date only from when he was around 11 or 12 years old. He was born before the war in West Bromwich, which was a dangerous place, and I know that he spent many nights in the air raid shelter under the back garden. In fact a bomb dropped on the school playground which ran along the bottom of our garden.

My overriding memory of Lawrie is of someone who had many interests, pursuing them until he mastered them and then moving on to the next. At school, where his nickname was Smacker (because of his prolific goal scoring), he was a very good footballer and had trials for Walsall. I remember him sitting on the back step on Sunday mornings dubbing his boots after playing for the school on Saturdays.

As a young child I spent a lot of time at his shoulder watching him read, and over the years I watched as he moved from collecting butterflies to birds' eggs, when these were perfectly acceptable hobbies, to collecting stamps, and making and painting model aircraft. He then progressed to photography not only taking photos but also developing them himself. He took up speed ice skating and entered races. I don't remember when he started cycling but it became an overriding passion, joining a cycling club but also perfectly happy cycling long distances alone.

Lawrie decided, having passed his driving test, to build a sports car, which he did, and drove it. We did not have a garage but used one at our maternal grandparents' house about a 15 minute walk away. Driving back there one Saturday night, possibly after a few beers (no drink and driving laws then) he drove the car into the garage and straight out of the other end landing on the lawn some few feet below. The car did not recover but thankfully he did. When girls came onto the scene he decided he needed to learn to dance. Despite the fact that our parents had been ballroom dancing champions, he took out a book from the Library with instructions on the various dance steps, and with the book in one hand and his other arm round an imaginary partner, in our very small back room followed the diagrams of the steps.

I am not sure when painting came into his life but that remained a constant and everyone knows how talented he was. Of course, he was very good at golf too, playing off a single handicap and spending time as Captain of Sandwell Golf Club.

I briefly mentioned school. He was not a fan! He went to West Bromwich Grammar School but left by choice at 16.

He took his higher qualifications later while working. As a result he was able to defer his conscription which he hoped to avoid altogether, but they caught up with him, and he completed his two years in the Army. They were unhappy years, and he would drive home – in his sports car – every weekend if he was not on duty. He found some comfort in the sport he played while there.

As a much younger sister, I was used to Lawrie doing everything first. The only thing that I beat him to was marriage, though only by three months. Now he has done it again, leaving us behind. He was my big brother and I will miss him.

Cherry Smith

Dad was quiet and humble, but he was a truly exceptional person in his many and varied abilities and his constancy. When I close my eyes and picture Dad at his happiest a few images come to my mind.

On family holidays, with his favourite camel coloured towelling shirt, in Cornwall or Tenby or climbing the fells in the Lake District. Standing on the downs sketching, filling his books with beautiful drawings that a day or two later would be turned into the wonderful watercolour paintings, plenty of this very church, that many of us are lucky enough to have hanging on our walls.

I see him on the golf course, lining up a putt to win the match, and feel very lucky to have shared with him his passion for the sport. Dad was a fine player with a languid but effective swing and the golf club was a place where he felt comfortable, enjoying the camaraderie of his pals, and being able to enjoy team sport yet playing as an individual.

Dad was a private man who could always find enjoyment in his own company. I picture him sitting happily in his favourite chair puzzling over the Telegraph prize crossword or, in later years, the Griddler and Kakuros.

I see him tending his garden, pulling moss from the lawn by hand, and sharing tips back and forth across the fence with his neighbours. He was always delighted to tell us that he'd seen an unusual butterfly, a rarely seen bird or, on one much recounted occasion, foxes playing in the snow covered garden.

Dad was an exceptionally talented man. A very logical thinker, highly accomplished artist and someone with a natural ability for leading others. Anyone who remembers Dad from Rotary, Probus, the golf club or Steyning Museum could testify to his accomplishments as a chair of a committee.

Dad succeeded against anyone's measure in his career. Rising through the ranks in the local council in West Bromwich before moving to Sussex to take up the role of, firstly deputy and then latterly Borough Engineer and Director of Technical Services for Brighton.

For Dad, his family, his sons and grandchildren were a huge source of pride to him. I treasure the memories of him being with me at university graduations, attending prize giving at the golf club and, making a dreaded journey to London, to visit his grand daughters.

When Ian and I had children, dad became a devoted and involved granddad to Lawrie, Theo, Phoebe and Liesel. He was tireless in playing with them as babies and toddlers and found pure joy in hearing the unconditional laughter that resulted from his efforts.

As the four of them have all grown older Dad would often share with me how proud he was of all their many academic, artistic and sporting achievements. And this was mirrored in the pride that his own father, Eric, whose headstone stands proudly outside this church, had for him.

Mum reflected shortly after Dad's death that he never said a bad word about anyone and that he had always lived his life generously. In her own words she said that "he was never mean to anyone in his life". A wonderful achievement that should serve to inspire us all.

Mum and Dad were a true partnership - a couple who never argued, who were always together and who shared their lives and their ambitions completely.

Dad gave me a perspective on what success means; not the acquisition of belongings or external recognition but the simple contentment of a life honestly and happily lived. I am grateful to Dad for the logical and clear headed approach that he passed on to me. I never saw my Dad in a panic, angry or in a situation that you didn't feel he could not solve. I do believe that Dad found a place in life where he was happy and content. He knew that he had the support from those around him, family, friends and wider community, that allowed him to achieve all that he expected of himself.

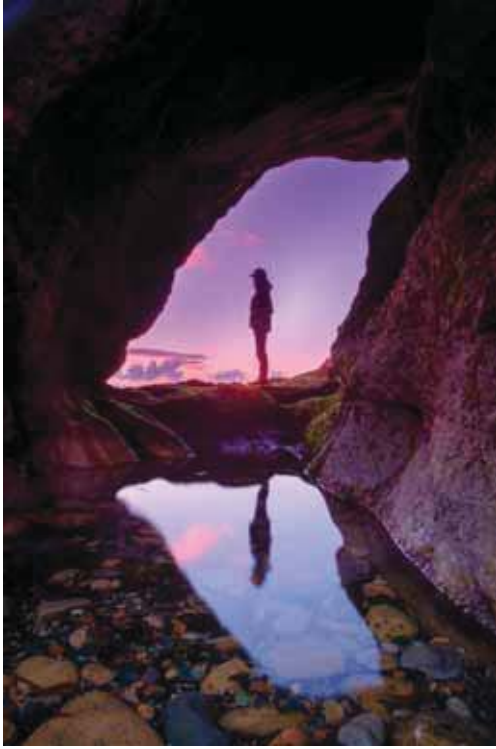
Ashley Smalley

TIME FOR REFLECTION

You will probably have noticed an item in our list of services, usually on the first Sunday of the month at 6pm, called 'Reflections'. You may have wondered what this means – it's not Evensong, Compline, Vespers, not even a Eucharist.

The service (I shall call it that although it doesn't really meet such a definition) grew out of what was previously known as the 'Prayer Vigil'. But it's not really a vigil either, although prayer is at its fundamental core.

At our recent Steyning Grammar School Christmas services, Revd Neill Stannard, the school chaplain and Rector of the 3Bs churches, said that if people say they don't believe in God he then asks them if they pray. In many cases, the answer is yes – they pray for good health, success in exam results, for their team to do well: all manner of reasons. On the other hand, there are many who do believe, but just don't go along with 'organised religion' - I was one of those for many years.



And that is what Reflections is all about. It's a silent time to pray, to listen to God, or just for contemplation. You don't necessarily need to be aligned to any Christian or other denomination. It's put together and led by lay members of the congregation, though we are always pleased to receive the blessing.

'Reflections' typically lasts up to 40 minutes, of which 12-15 minutes is a time of silence, for prayer, mindfulness, meditation, or just quiet thoughts. We don't have to sit still, we can go to any part of the building where we might find inspiration – the altar

rail, the Cuthman Chapel, the war memorial, the Tudor panelling – it's remarkable what stories they, and the very fabric of our ancient building can tell us, having echoed to centuries of prayer.

What sets Reflections apart is that it is totally non-liturgical and, apart from the period of silence, has no fixed structure. Typically, in the lead up to the silence we would hear music and readings of a meditative nature, and following the silence it's generally similar, but with a more uplifting and joyous tone.

The readings include some short Bible passages, but are often taken from poetry or prose, modern or classical, not necessarily religious but with spiritual overtones. And the same with the music; again not overtly religious, but with a spiritual message, classical or contemporary, often drawn from different traditions and faiths. Please come along and try it out if you are looking for something a bit different. You may even be inspired to join the team that puts Reflections together, or to offer to do a reading. We would welcome more people. Each Reflections is usually put together by one or two individuals from our small team. It's surprising how easy it can be as we are pointed towards suitable readings and music to fit the chosen theme.

Bill Thomson



TIP OF THE MONTH

COMMUNITY FRIDGE

I'm sure most of you are aware of this project that is operating in our Church Cottage twice a week. However, I thought it worthwhile to give you an update, in the hope that more members of our community will benefit from it.

There are two aspects that I would like to mention.

The first is the sheer volume of produce that is donated.

The fridge operates every Monday evening from 6.00pm to 7.00pm, and every Thursday from 10.00am to 11.00am.

They have two fridge/freezers to help preserve that day's produce. As an example, today's donations (Thursday 29 December 2022) totalled 350kg (yes, three hundred and fifty kilograms!), including 200kg of potatoes, swedes, parsnip, carrots and tomatoes. There were also fresh runner/French beans, salads and the usual selection of bread and pastries.

Secondly, the mission of the volunteers is to make sure that none of this produce goes to waste, so they really need your help! I know that 6.00pm in the evening is not a great time to be out in the winter, but let's see if we can help our neighbours. Jackie and I have taken bread (an excellent selection was available) and some veggie items, and I know that our neighbour Isabelle, who is one of the volunteers, tries to get produce to as many people as possible, including care homes.

Now, I know what you're thinking; this is for people in need, and I can afford to go to the shops. Whilst they would love to get free produce to every family in need in Steyning, their primary goal is to avoid waste. So get down there, pick up some produce for yourselves, and maybe ask a neighbour if you can bring them something.



There is a board in the street pointing to the entrance to the cottage when the community fridge is open, and you will be met by friendly, helpful volunteers who really want to find a home for this lovely produce.

I look forward to seeing you in the queue!

Gavin Flowers - Leek

SAINT OF THE MONTH

SCHOLASTICA, PATRON OF NUNS AND EDUCATION (c 480-543)

According to *the Dialogues of Gregory the Great* Scholastica was born about 480 at Nursia in Umbria. She and her brother, Benedict, had been dedicated to God by their parents from a young age. They had been educated together at home until Benedict left to pursue his studies in Rome.

Gregory records that Scholastica had set up a hermitage about five miles from her brother's monastery at Monte Cassino; this was to become the first convent for Benedictine nuns. Early calendars and place names in the area around Monte Cassino support the historical accuracy of Gregory the Great's account of her life.

Once a year Scholastica and her brother would meet at a place near his abbey, worshipping together, studying the sacred texts and discussing issues of the day. On one such occasion their conversation continued until after supper but, when Benedict said it was time for him to leave, she begged him to stay and continue their discussion. When he refused saying it was against his Rule, Scholastica prayed and immediately a wild storm blew up preventing Benedict returning to his abbey, the result being that they spent the night in discussion.

It is thought that she had had a premonition of her impending death which was why she had been so insistent about wanting Benedict to stay. Three days later, she died. From his cell Benedict saw Scholastica's soul leaving earth and ascending into heaven in the form of a dove. Her brother had her body brought to his abbey and laid in the tomb which had been prepared for his body.

Scholastica is the patron saint of Benedictine nuns and patron of education. Her feast day is celebrated on 10 February.



St Scholastica Catholic Church, Florence

What are the Benedictine values?

Benedictines believe in service to the common good, respect for the individual, virtuous friendship, and the beatitudes. Demonstrate **good will, humility, trust, accountability, justice, faithfulness, obedience, peace, and discipleship.**

RONALD CECIL GADD 6 APRIL 1925 - 2 DECEMBER 2022

Ronald was born to John (Jack) & Bertha Gadd at The Bower, Cinder Hill, Chailey. It was a simple start to life – in a house with no electricity, gas or mains water and his father was a drover, farmhand and ploughman at Bower Farm, but his parents would move regularly as bouts of bronchitis due to being gassed in WWI, would cause Jack to be laid off from a number of jobs.



When they moved to Moonhill Farm in Ansty, the family had all their belongings in a horse-drawn, tarpaulin-covered wagon. Lily and Bertha walked, pushing the pram with Evelyn, Ron's new sister, in it. This farm was run by Bert Grover, who was keen to introduce tractors despite Jack's love of horses. However, he was still able to work his beloved pair, Blossom and Flower. This was when Ron first became interested in machinery.

By the time Ronald left school he had another three younger brothers – Ivan, Gerald and Dennis, bringing the family to nine. It was now 1939 and evacuees from the East End of London were being billeted locally, bringing diphtheria with them. Ron caught it, and spent six weeks in hospital over Christmas at The Dene hospital in Hassocks, where all the children were given toys that had been “thrown away” by others – he was given a broken top!

After coming out of hospital Jack secured him a job at Hoadley's, a grocer's in Cuckfield where he would pack up the orders and help to deliver them – the regular male drivers had been called up, so ladies drove the delivery vans. Ron remembered watching the Battle of Britain dogfights while delivering groceries.

At 17 he joined the Air Training Corps (ATC) as a precursor to volunteering for the RAF. He was called up at 18, to work as an Aircraft Engineer and completed his basic training at Halton in Buckinghamshire, and was then posted to Croydon. Over his five years in the RAF he travelled extensively around the UK, being based at Skegness, (where they had to cross a minefield to reach the beach for their PT sessions, ducking under Lancaster bombers practising for the Dambuster raids), Redhill, Gatwick, Durham, St Mawgan, and others. He worked on many aircraft, including Oxfords and Mosquitoes, and would have loved to have been aircrew but his eyesight was too poor.

Ron married on March 13 1954 at Upper Dicker, and moved to Kingston upon Thames, to live in flat, and a job at Bentalls. In 1957 they bought their first house, Fairlight, in Byfleet, where he was asked to help set up the new Bentalls store at Ealing. Unfortunately, in January 1958, they had a serious motorcycle accident. The bike was written off and they were both taken to Ashford Hospital, Middlesex, where Ron stayed for nearly a year.

Bentalls kept Ron's job open for him, so they moved back to Kingston where he ran the Staff Store, then later managing the Confectionery and Biscuit departments.

Ron retired in 1988 to look after his wife, who had been diagnosed with Parkinson's, and in 2002 they moved to Steyning to live at Primrose Court. Soon afterwards Ron moved to Dingemans where, although living independently, he was able to enjoy all the activities (and lunches!) on offer.

On Christmas Eve 2016 Ron had an accident at Upper Beeding garage, slipping on a petrol spill resulting in a broken hip. In June 2017 he moved to Upper Mead, Henfield where he was well cared for until his death on 2 December 2022.

John Gadd

"Dad was a good Christian man; a selfless man; a shy man with strongly held beliefs.

A man of the post-war adult generation – who had lived through the war, and then lived with it's consequences for many years after. He was of the 'make do and mend' generation – people, faith, family, service, work made him happy – not possessions.

Our family life centred around family and the church. Walks in Richmond Park, weekly church at St Paul's, Kingston where dad was a Sidesman, and non-stop, regular visits to and from family, including regular holidays.

Service played a huge part in dad's life – and after retirement he was able to give more time running the League of Friends Hospital Shop at Kingston Hospital, raising money for Parkinson's UK, and fully contributing to the wider life of St Paul's church, as well as taking on a couple of allotments

Dad maintained his strong independence until the accident in 2016. Aged 91 common sense kicked in and he told me that he probably wouldn't go back to driving!

Dad died aged 97 in a way that I'm sure many of us would hope for – having lived a long, mostly content life, and in the final hours being pain-free and at peace.

Sue Gadd



The Hanover Band & Chorus delights with The Messiah

Handel's Messiah electrified the audience as people filled the church and were transported by the sublime music of the Hanover Band and Chorus as they performed this very special Christmas concert.



The 20-piece orchestra was directed by Andrew Arthur who also played the harpsichord; Theresa Caudle, violin, was the Leader of the orchestra. And with the chorus of 16 singers and four soloists – Tara Bungard (soprano), Timothy Morgan (alto), Bradley Smith (tenor) and Edward Price (baritone) - we were entranced throughout.



Having braved arctic weather and sub-zero temperatures to attend the concert, the 200+ audience was well rewarded: "We are so lucky to hear a top orchestra and choir perform right here on our doorstep in our beautiful Parish Church – it's such a treat!" said one concert goer, while another commented: "It's one of the best concerts, anywhere, that I've ever attended". Others said: "It was an incredible performance," and: "The most outstanding and uplifting concert I have attended in years!".

Based in Sussex and founded in 1980 by Caroline Brown as Artistic Director, The Hanover Band now performs all over the world. Its primary objective remains one of enabling

audiences to gain a better feel for how earlier music sounded when heard in favourable circumstances.

Additional photos of this and other recent events on the Friends' new website:

<https://friendsofspc.org/>

As always, dozens of people were involved in organising this special event and many thanks go to them all.



Everyone plays a very special part to make events such as these happen.

A SONG FOR SIMEON BY T S ELIOT

Lord, the Roman hyacinths are blooming
in bowls and
The winter sun creeps by the snow hills;
The stubborn season has made stand.
My life is light, waiting for the death wind,
Like a feather on the back of my hand.
Dust in sunlight and memory in corners
Wait for the wind that chills towards
the dead land.

Grant us thy peace.

I have walked many years in this city,
Kept faith and fast, provided for the poor,
Have taken and given honour and ease.
There went never any rejected from my
door.

Who shall remember my house, where
shall live my children's children
When the time of sorrow is come?
They will take to the goat's path, and the
fox's home,
Fleeing from the foreign faces and the
foreign swords.

Before the time of cords and scourges
and lamentation

Grant us thy peace.

Before the stations of the mountain of
desolation,

Before the certain hour of maternal
sorrow,
Now at this birth season of decease,
Let the Infant, the still unspeaking and
unspoken Word,
Grant Israel's consolation
To one who has eighty years and no
to-morrow.

According to thy word,
They shall praise Thee and suffer in every
generation
With glory and derision,
Light upon light, mounting the saints'
stair.

Not for me the martyrdom, the ecstasy
of thought and prayer,
Not for me the ultimate vision.

Grant me thy peace.

(And a sword shall pierce thy heart,
Thine also).

I am tired with my own life and the lives
of those after me,

I am dying in my own death and the
deaths of those after me.

Let thy servant depart,

Having seen thy salvation

The Orthodox call Simeon "

"

BEARING BURDENS?

I write this in or around the Christmas season. Even with the strikes which cast a shadow over normal festivities, the post still brings a selection of letters from charities hoping to reap some harvest from the seasonal goodwill. Few stick to the memory so well as the envelope telling me to “Gamble wisely”; it contained a batch of lottery tickets for me to distribute!

Amongst the rest the postie delivered recently, was an envelope (addressed to my neighbour) marked “*Care for retired donkeys*”. It caught my attention because about the same time some-one suggested I might write about donkeys in the Bible. So I looked them up; they are everywhere! Horses are only connected with wealth or war, but everyone has a donkey for good reliable everyday work, an example to us all.

There are of course some special ones:-

The Palm Sunday donkey carrying the King of Israel into Jerusalem (which is why he has a black cross marking on his back). If you are old enough to remember the radio play cycle, “*The Man born to be King*” you will recall the theory that Jesus was offered a choice between a warrior horse and a peaceful donkey to ride into the city to show what sort of King he intended to be. No evidence for this of course, but the thought counts.

Or the donkey at the crib, who appears to have wandered in from the pages of the prophet Zechariah (chapter 9) when he realised there was a manger on offer, and to have brought his friend the ox with him. Did he give Mary a ride while he was about it?

Luke wrote about the manger but I couldn’t find any record of the animals before a carving of the 4th century, and the actual Christmas Crib was an invention of St Francis 1200 years later.

No matter; it’s good to picture a donkey (who is a symbol of honest endeavour and peaceful intent) sharing in the coming of the Prince of Peace. The church has always been in favour of good theatre – we usually call it ritual, but the Nativity play will do very well.

I find it quite odd and sad that this special animal seems to have become an

insulting term for stupidity; I hope you are not in the habit of calling some-one else a “silly ass” or “stupid donkey”. Before you do, you should look up the story of Balaam (who is described as a magus, or wise man) in Numbers chapter 22 and read about the ass, who knew what God was about better than his rider, and saved his life.

I was once told about a parish where a group of well-to-do ladies formed the “Society of the Ass of Bethany”. They used their cars to carry the curates around, who were taking the sacrament to those who were housebound!

You don't have to be outstanding to carry God's blessing to others.

Senex

PRAYER POINTS FOR FEBRUARY

- For all who work in Worthing and Brighton Hospitals or St Barnabas Hospice
- For all who work at night
- The humanitarian crisis is far from over in Syria. Try to find time to read about the situation for all who live in Syria, or who have had to flee as refugees.
- For all families on half term week from Monday 13 to Friday 17 February
- For those struggling with heating costs
- For those living on Middle Mead and St Cuthman's Road



Churches Together Carol Singing at Steyning Farmers Market

The morning was fairly dry and the Patcham Brass Band were already playing when many members of our churches here in Steyning, Beeding and Bramber gathered together at the December Steyning Farmers Market. DingDong! Merrily On High was our opening carol. The band played it at a good fast pace and the assembled singers made a pretty tuneful sound, at least from all the smiles on the stall holders faces it went down well.

The Patcham Brass Band were enthusiastic and our ad hoc group of singers sang for an hour. Over all we drew people in to find the music, some of the customers were joining in with us. The only thing we asked of them was to take a flyer with information about all the Advent and Christmas services planned by Steyning Parish Church, Steyning Methodist Church, Christ the King, The Hub Baptist Church St Peter's Church, Beeding and St Nicholas's in Bramber.

Elizabeth Brown

ST CUTHMAN OF STEYNING

A sheepless shepherd found another flock;
One yoked charge, his mother,
Pulled paralyzed to never part
As door to door he dragged his cart.

Both begging for their bread across
the land,
Father and husband dead,
Until the rope around him broke
And he, with withies, fixed his yoke.

Should, he swore, this line between them
break,

He'd take that as a sign
That God desired the couple's search
To end, and there they'd build a church.

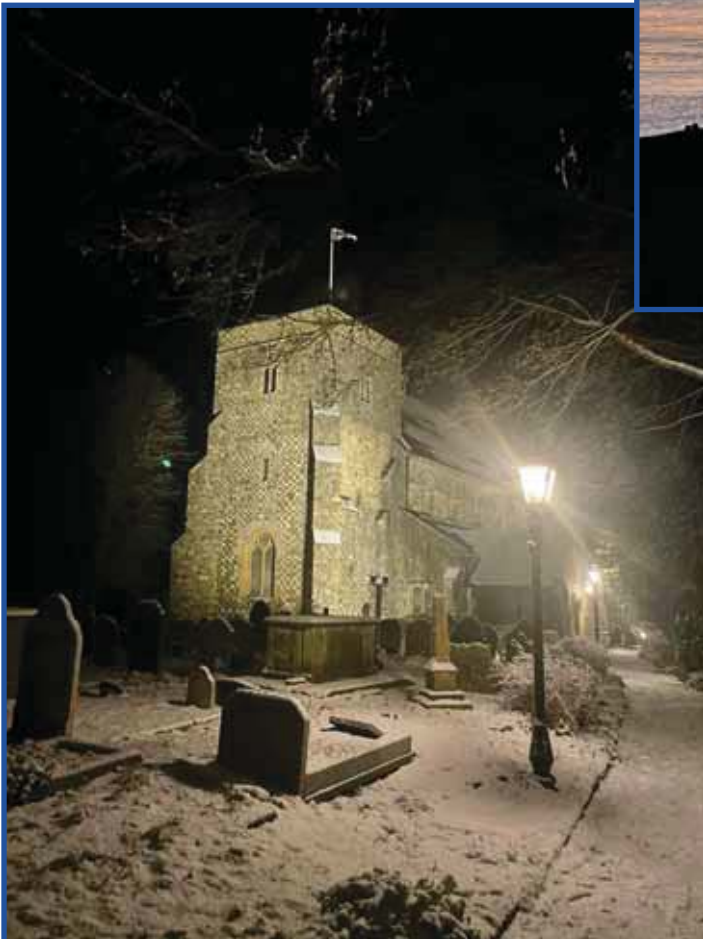
In Steynham, Sussex, where the withy
strap
Was snapped they stopped forthwith,
And there their simple home was raised
And then their promised house of praise.

Neil Rhind

TWO DECEMBER PHOTOS



With thanks to Fiona Aiton for this photo, taken on her way home from work during that cold spell in December.



The church as it started to snow at the end of the Christingle service in December.

It all looks so magical, with the new pathway lighting

COMMUNITY COFFEE

21 December was very busy with Penfold Hall full to capacity. We drank many mugs of coffee and tea and consumed platefuls of mince pies, stollen and chocolate biscuits. Ola, one of our Ukrainian friends, loaned her keyboard to Rosie Harrison who accompanied us through several rounds of carols.

Fr Mark spoke to us after our first set of three carols. Finally John Edwards, with very little encouragement, volunteered to take over singing two carols that Rosie could not accompany as we didn't have music. We sang Good King Wenseslas in parts, all the men sang enthusiastically and the women raised their voices wonderfully. Finally John led us singing 'While Shepherds Watched' using the well known folk tune known as 'On Ilkley Moor ba'tat'. Both he and Rosie deserved their rounds of applause.

So many people contributed to make this, and every Wednesday Coffee morning a welcoming and friendly session. I should also like to thank Fr Mark for his visits and chats, whenever he is able to join us. It is always greatly appreciated.

Do come and join us on a Wednesday morning any time between 10 and 11.30. Although several of our visitors go across to the Church in time for the Wednesday service, there are always plenty of people wishing to chat until the coffee mugs are empty.

Elizabeth Brown and the Coffee Team

BRAND NEW WEBSITE



The Friends of
Steyning Parish Church

CHECK OUT OUR BRAND NEW WEBSITE

www.friendsofspc.org

- ⇒ GET NEWS OF EVENTS
- ⇒ TAKE A VIRTUAL TOUR OF THE CHURCH INTERIOR FROM THE COMFORT OF YOUR HOME OR COME TO THE CHURCH.
- ⇒ SEE PHOTOS SHOWING DETAILS OF CHURCH HISTORY AND RECENT EVENTS
- ⇒ FIND OUT WHAT THE FRIENDS ARE PLANNING FOR OUR COMMUNITY

⇒ **AND MORE**

THE STEYNING SOCIETY

Friday 17th February 19:00
at The Steyning Centre

**'From Blue to Gold
A Life in the Royal Navy'
by Julia Simpson**

Julia is an adventurous traveller and an experienced meteorologist. She gave us a wonderful talk on The Silk Road in 2019 and is a former Director of the Sussex Wildlife Trust.

The doors are open at 19:00 and there will be wine or sparkling elderflower (monetary donations welcome) on arrival. There will also be a Bring and Buy table with Books, DVD's and Puzzles. **Our talk will begin at 19:30.** Free to members and £3 guests. All are very welcome to attend.

www.steyningsociety.org.uk
Registered Charity Number
269859

+MARTIN MESSAGE

Bishop Martin's Christmas message for church communities focused on the star as a significant aspect of our Christmas crib. Reminding us of our place in the universe, the night sky's beauty, and in the Christmas story, it is the sign of where Jesus Christ is to be found. (*Full sermon on Sermon Page of Steyning Parish Church website*)

FLOWERS IN CHURCH

Steyning Church Flowers in FEBRUARY

Chrissie Leader will arrange the flowers in February.

There will be no flowers in Lent.

Carol McKechnie



POEM - CHURCHYARD UNDER THE SNOW

(from 'Playing for England', 1989, Bloodaxe Books)
By David Scott (1947 - 2022)

The newer headstones tense against the cold
having no moss to befriend the snow;
and footsteps to them are specific, directed
not for idle search, but to a particular bolster
of earth.

Year long, widowers right the tipped vase
and shake the Christmas wreath back into
greenness.

A thrush cascades snow off a bouncing
high branch and offers its clear song
over the uniform white ground.
The cold makes it much worse,
indiscriminate in its disregard
for the memory of this one's summer dress
and the angle of that one's cap over his shrewd
brow.

We used to hurry them inside from the cutting
wind:
now, from that unimaginable weathering,
we can only trust their souls do well to fly.

From his obituary in Church Times, 23
December 2022:

"The Revd David Scott was one of the finest
poets of his generation, and a much-loved
priest whose ministry was transformative, as
the many tributes at his funeral bore witness.

Indeed, like George Herbert before him, his poetic gifts and his fruitful Anglican priesthood were mutually enfolded, nourishing one another and those around him...Although, in one sense, he is no longer among us as a living poet, in another, he is fully alive to us, as he himself was alive to language. Anyone who reads his poetry now and in the future will find a living voice that speaks gently into the mystery of all our living, both here and hereafter."

Larry Culliford writes:

David was powerfully instrumental in the founding of the *Thomas Merton Society of Great Britain and Ireland*. I knew him quite well (he and his wife Miggy came to visit me in Steyning about ten years ago), and I can attest to the genuine nature of the most welcoming, observant, quiet, faith-full, saintly personality revealed in his poetry. "His poems", wrote Norman Nicholson, "are rooted in an English culture which is found not only in locality, but also in understatement, and the sideways look. But his poetry has wider reverberations, exploring spirituality and ways of praying, as well as momentary glimpses of meaning in everyday life."

David's retrospective, 'Beyond the Drift: New & Selected Poems' was published by Bloodaxe Books in 2014.

Larry Culliford

THE CRIB SERVICE

The church was full for two Crib Services on Christmas Eve.

A beautiful tableau all enhanced by the new lighting effects.



GOOD NEWS

A new page for this magazine next month, but it needs your help please. We would like to include some stories that are good news - they could be about a kindness shown, or a word or deed that made all the difference. I am not looking for long stories, but little sound bites that you contribute.

Send to: steyningchurchmag@gmail.com

ANAGRAM FOR FEBRUARY

The anagram for February is:

CANDLEMAS

REMEMBER: All words to have three or more letters, but only use each letter once. NO capitalised words and NO plurals.

I was not very good at any long words this month, but I found a Calm Camel Came by a Canal!

Don't forget Pancakes for Shrove Tuesday.

What is your favourite topping?

JUST FOR FAMILIES - CANDLEMAS

Candlemas is a time for celebrating the naming of Jesus in the Temple, and for reminding ourselves that Jesus came to be The Light of the World. Have a special tea time cake party with your children. Make Fairy Cakes together, and ice them and then decorate them with a birthday cake candle. Don't forget to light some candles for the table too.

Fairy Cake recipe.

- 100g caster sugar
- 100g soft butter
- 100 g self raising flour
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

For the Icing

- 200g icing sugar
- Few drops cold water
- Cake candles

1. Adult to turn the oven on to 180C/160C

fan/gas 4. Children can put a paper case in each of a 12 hole bun tin.

2. Children to beat together the butter and sugar in a bowl until light and fluffy.

3. Adult break in the eggs and add the flour while children stir it all together.

4. Divide mixture between 12 cases, and adult to put the tray in the oven for 20 mins.

5. While cakes cool mix icing sugar with a few drops of water and spread on the cakes. Top with a cake candle. Enjoy!

COLOUR IN - JESUS WITH SIMEON



RECIPE FOR FEBRUARY

MUDDLED POTATO AND MOZZARELLA TORTILLA.

Serves 6

Becky says:

I usually halve the recipe for the two of us for dinner and that still gives lunch for the next day. Serve with a green salad or to be extra warming, baked beans.



Ingredients

2 tbsp olive oil

2 x 400g packs ready-roasted potatoes (available with different flavourings from most supermarkets)

8 eggs, beaten

4 vine-ripened tomatoes, sliced

150g ball mozzarella, torn into pieces

Step 1 Start by frying: Heat the oil in a large frying pan. Empty the potatoes into the pan, spread them out to cover the base, then fry for 5 minutes. Pour in the beaten eggs so they completely cover the potatoes, season well and leave the tortilla to cook on a medium heat for about 15-20 minutes, or until the base and edges have set.

Step 2 Grill to finish: Take the tortilla off the hob and place under a hot grill until the top is firm, then remove from the grill and scatter over the tomatoes and mozzarella. Put the tortilla back under the grill for a further 3-5 minutes, or until the tomatoes are soft and the cheese has melted.

To serve, cut into thick wedges

SHROVE TUESDAY 21 FEBRUARY

“Shrove” relates to absolution from sin. In Britain it is widely called Pancake Day as pancakes use up all the rich foods before Lent, which starts on the next day. Elsewhere it is known as Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday) as it is a time for carnivals and fairs.



It's around about now that I start getting a bit bored of winter. Don't get me wrong, I enjoy a bit of bleak beauty: bare trees, frosted landscapes and all that. But now I need something to get my heart racing. Send me a sign – some life in the graveyard of winter, a promise of those dynamic spring months ahead, a flash of colour. In February my light at the end of the tunnel is an oncoming butterfly.

On sculpted, vibrant yellow wings the Brimstone makes his elegant entrance into the New Year on those bright February days when you feel the warmth of the sun on your face. Its distinctive yellow wings have given birth to a legend – that this 'butter-coloured fly' inspired the word butterfly. This claim may not entirely be true. Also untrue is the notion that these February Brimstones are the first signs of the year's new life. Because by the time Brimstones appear in February they are already on their last (six) legs.

Fresh Brimstone butterflies emerged from their chrysalises in late summer, so by February they could be seven months old – and in butterfly years that's ancient. Admittedly almost all of that time they've been asleep in a hedge, sheltered from the storms under Holly and Ivy. Yet despite the worst winter weather they always emerge immaculate in the spring. They must be made of Teflon.

When they awake the (bright yellow) males search for a mate, they mate, the (pale yellow) females lay eggs and then both die. Still, an adult life of over ten months earns them the title of our longest-lived butterfly. An insect OAP.

The Brimstone's caterpillars feed on the leaves of Buckthorn and Alder Buckthorn, unobtrusive shrubs which, like the butterfly, are widespread across Sussex. When I first became the proud owner of a garden it was only a matter of days before I evicted the gnomes and planted an Alder Buckthorn. The following spring I was excited to watch a Brimstone laying her tiny skittle shaped eggs and I studied the caterpillars as they hungrily defoliated my tree. It's funny, people often complain to me about caterpillars eating their plants – especially cabbages (the food of Small and Large White caterpillars). Why people are concerned is beyond me. Cabbages are horrible. The only reason I would ever plant a cabbage is for the pleasure of watching something else eat it.



The first Brimstone sighting in February doesn't exactly mean that spring is starting but it's certainly a sign that winter is starting to end. And right now that's good enough for me. Either way this yellow butterfly is a welcome messenger of what's to come – the first sulphurous spark to ignite the blaze of spring.

Michael Blencowe

THE STORY OF SIMEON LUKE 2: 25 - 35

Now there was a man in Jerusalem called Simeon, who was righteous and devout. He was waiting for the consolation of Israel, and the Holy Spirit was on him. It had been revealed to him by the Holy Spirit that he would not die before he had seen the Lord's Messiah. Moved by the Spirit, he went into the temple courts. When the parents brought in the child Jesus to do for him what the custom of the Law required, Simeon took him in his arms and praised God, saying:

Sovereign Lord, as you have promised, you may now dismiss your servant in peace. For my eyes have seen your salvation, which you have prepared in the sight of all nations: a light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of your people Israel.



The child's father and mother marvelled at what was said about him. Then Simeon blessed them and said to Mary, his mother: "This child is destined to cause the falling and rising of many in Israel, and to be a sign that will be spoken against, so that the thoughts of many hearts will be revealed. And a sword will pierce your own soul too."