

Shoreline

The Church of the Good Shepherd

Shoreham Beach

July 2020





While we can't yet hold services in the church, we are still running them online.

Join us for regular worship on the internet!

Sundays 10am

Holy Communion with Sermon

Tuesdays 9.30am

Holy Communion with Sermon

Thursdays 7pm

Celtic Evening Prayer

Fridays 8am

Meditation with Morning Prayer

**For details about how to join our online worship visit
www.goodshepherdshorehambeach.org.uk**

First Thoughts

Revd Jane shares her thoughts on the mix of digital and physical church in our future as lockdown eases.

The Church of the Good Shepherd has gone through a massive learning curve during the pandemic about how we use technology. I know that not everyone has been able to access our internet services, but a good number have found their way onto Zoom – there were sixty of us at a recent Sunday Holy Communion. Many others have watched parts of the services on Facebook and YouTube. Even when our church is open again for public worship, it is likely we will need to continue to have some sort of online worship for those who can't attend for health reasons.

It has been very good to meet up on the internet to worship together during the lockdown and subsequent partial lockdown. We have made much more creative use of images than we might usually do in church. Parts of our service were in real time and parts pre-recorded in varied locations. We've had people join us from different parts of the country!

All of this has been really interesting, but I have missed being physically together in the sacred space of the church. I know I am not alone. When something is taken



away from you it makes you realise how much it is valued. Being bodily gathered together in a cherished holy place is important to us, especially if it's a place where we have accrued memories and built up a deep relationship.

Our spiritual need for a physical holy place has deep roots. The Old Testament theologian Walter Brueggemann explains how, in the Old Testament, land is seen as a promised gift from God. 'It is presented as a life-giving embodiment of his word,' he writes. Many of our Bible stories happen in named places.

When we move to the New Testament there is a shift: encounters with God in place become encounters with God in Christ. Through the Holy Spirit, Christ might be encountered anywhere not just the temple. We can even encounter Christ on the internet, at home on a Sunday morning in our pyjamas! Yet this doesn't mean that physical place has lost its importance.

We must remember that the Christian faith is incarnational, found in one man, born into history and into a geographical place. This principle suggests that our faith too is rooted within earthly time and place.

Coming to church on a Sunday morning is an incarnational moment that reaches its fullness when we physically eat bread and drink wine together. I know that many of you have missed being able to receive Communion during lockdown.

Having said all this, gathering on the internet also has a value, and we should avoid polarising the debate. Some services, like meditation and prayer, lend themselves particularly well to being hosted online. The internet enables people from a wide geographical area to gather together without travel.

I made use of wonderful study opportunities on the internet during lockdown, some of them broadcast live from other countries. There was one particularly powerful moment when about 1,000 people around the world came to together for a Zoom pandemic vigil and held their candles in front of their cameras - in gallery view we could see all the flickering flames and illuminated faces, from Germany to Jamaica, New Zealand to Singapore, the USA - to John and me in the Shoreham Beach vicarage! I hope such opportunities can continue.

Our afternoon study and fellowship group has made great use of the talks that were recorded at St Paul's Cathedral and posted on YouTube. How easy it was to get to hear these leading Christian theologians without having to get on a train to London.

Our use of technology during the pandemic will give us all much food for thought in the future. We need to sustain and nourish this creativity, and yet also remember that physical presence and our church building offers us something profound to be cherished. In the words of the poet Philip Larkin, the church is 'a serious house on serious earth'.

Rev'd Jane

Delays, delays!

Canon Ann celebrates two delayed but important moments: the end of Revd Jane's curacy, and Steve's commission as a lay reader, in anticipation of his ordination later in the year.

Weddings, baptisms, social events... so much has had to be delayed over the past few months because of the lockdown. And most significantly for us, this has meant a delay to the church service we should have had at the beginning of July for Revd Jane to officially become the Associate Vicar for the Church of the Good Shepherd.

Jane completes her curacy this month and "transfers" to Shoreham Beach permanently, which we will celebrate together as soon as we are able.

In many ways there won't be a noticeable difference because Jane has increasingly been taking the lead, particularly throughout the pandemic. However, she will be moving from full time to half time, and we will need to adjust to this to ensure the life of the church continues to grow and flourish.



I am confident it will with the gifts and skills we have in our church community – we are so blessed.

And Steve Emerson will join us, alongside our Readers and retired priests, who offer so much to the Good Shepherd. Steve was commissioned as a licensed lay



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minister by Bishop Martin on Wednesday, 25th June. This is in anticipation of his ordination as Deacon to the Benefice of Shoreham Beach and St Mary's, which has been deferred from 27th June until 3rd October because of the pandemic.

He hasn't been at the Good Shepherd much in recent months, partly because of his studies, but

mainly because he has been chief "Zoom operator" for St Mary's!

Please hold both Jane and Steve in your prayers as they make these transitions and continue to respond to God's calling in the context of the pandemic.

With love and prayer,
Canon Ann

Friday Meditation & Morning Prayer

Our weekly online Meditation and Morning Prayer continues on Zoom, 8am-8.40am every Friday, with an opportunity for conversation over a 'bring your own breakfast' following the meditation.

We read one of the set Bible readings for the morning using the practice of *Lectio Divina*, which means divine reading.



We are currently a group of about 18-20 people, from the Good Shepherd, St Mary de Haura and beyond. Everyone is welcome and no prior experience of meditation is required.

We meet on Zoom and the Zoom ID number to access the meeting is 513-293-120. [Register for a free zoom account](#) and load Zoom onto your device (laptop, smartphone, PC, Mac).

[Join the meeting by clicking this link.](#)

Megan's story

Trish Holme remembers the life of a lady she visited at the Mount Hermon care home

One of the things Trish and I have missed most during lockdown has been our visits to Mount Hermon, the care home on Lancing seafront for those living with dementia. This is the story of a very special lady who lived there. Just four of us attended her funeral at the end of April, led by Revd Jane, organised by Trish, for reasons you will soon understand, and livestreamed to Mount Hermon.

The following is an edited version of Trish's tribute to Megan, which stands as a remarkable testimony to the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the ministry of pastoral visiting in care homes.

Sheila

Megan was born on 16th January 1935. Sadly, there is no information available about where Megan was born or where she lived, other than locally, before entering Mount Hermon Residential Care Home, around nine years ago.

My relationship with Megan, as her visitor, began two years ago. She would customarily sit in the resident's lounge, and would be

present for the monthly communion service, led by Sheila and Edgar, assisted by Derrick, from St James the Less, and also by me.

Megan had first been encouraged to attend Communion by another resident, Mrs Joan Barton, who had been in the next room to Megan, and considered Megan to be her friend. Joan had lived on Shoreham Beach and had been a member of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

Sheila and Edgar, visiting Joan, had asked if they could take Communion into Mount Hermon monthly for her. The home was happy for this to happen, and asked if they would also share Communion, in the lounge, with other residents who wished to be present.

With the consent of the local parish church in Lancing, Sheila and Edgar began their regular Holy Communion visits in 2016.

They were soon joined by our own dear Ted Young on guitar. He used to arrive well before time and entertained the residents with old songs in his inimitable style, "warming them up for the serious stuff!" he would say.

The staff had tried, unsuccessfully, to find a visitor for Megan. I realised that it was something I could perhaps help with, having previously visited a dear, elderly friend, with dementia, for many years, in a care home in London. I felt drawn, and also spiritually nudged, to visit Megan.

We developed a good rapport over the two years of visiting. I did feel fortunate that Megan had taken a liking to me as she was known to voice her dislike of someone, or something, very vociferously!

On the one and only time Megan didn't care to look at the photos on my phone, she took hold of the said phone, grasped it tightly, and lifted her arm high. Realising what was about to occur, I too took hold of the phone and suggested that we might put it away in my bag.

Megan's form of dementia had robbed her of speech, apart from one or two phrases like "very nice". However, this didn't stop her from communicating that she understood a great deal. In time, I was able to discern that she, like I, was a lover of dolphins. She loved to listen, as I loved to tell, my swimming exploits with the two solo dolphins off the east coast of England



and west coast of Ireland in the 1990s. I took in books of dolphin pictures to share. To my great joy, on one occasion, she spoke the word "dolphin" very slowly and very clearly. I knew, then, that I had a kindred spirit in Megan.

Sheila and I visited Megan on her 85th birthday, in January of this year. She seemed very moved and a bit overawed by the cards and gifts we had given her, including a book of dolphin photographs.

My last conversation with Megan, was quite probably the best we'd ever had. Megan was great at using animated facial gestures, and her eyes, to respond to conversations. The staff told me that she was in a particularly good mood that day, and I thought it boded well for our time together.

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As our conversation developed, I told Megan that I had been born in London, in a place called Streatham. Her eyes opened wide, and with a look that conveyed that she knew Streatham, she nodded, with great enthusiasm. Megan, too, had lived in Streatham. By now we were both totally enraptured: dolphin lovers and a younger life spent in Streatham! It seemed as though we had been brought together to share these experiences.

As I mentioned various shops of note, and the beautiful Streatham Common, to her, Megan excitedly responded by letting me know that she had been a proficient ice-skater at the well-known Streatham Ice Rink. I, however, like a newly-born Bambi, did not take to skating, which amused her very much, as I demonstrated how wobbly and uncoordinated my legs had been.

During the course of this wonderful hour, I also learned that Megan liked a drink. Whisky her favourite, with gin and champagne in there too. Beer was not a favourite.

I had never known Megan to be so engrossed and for so long, in our conversations. I went home uplifted by our time together. Sad, then, that only two weeks later, on

Monday, 17th February, Megan's health began to deteriorate and her earthly life would end, a month after her birthday.

It was a bittersweet ending. Megan would now be out of pain and going onwards to heaven, but I would miss a dear friend. Sheila and I visited Megan in her room, after communion the week before. It was clear then that Megan was preparing to leave this world. We sat and said the Lord's Prayer together, and read the 23rd Psalm which had been read during communion with the other residents.

It was an honour to be able to sit beside Megan during her final hours; to pray with her and to comfort her when she cried out. The staff, who clearly loved Megan, came into her room to say farewell to her. It was a very moving outpouring of love and respect.

As Megan was carried out from Mount Hermon the following morning by staff from the funeral director, the care home staff formed two lines from the door to the pavement, to pay their respects. It must have been very moving.

God speed and go well, Megan.

A Prayer



For the beauty of the earth,
the beach, the sky, the sea,
we give you thanks and praise.
Your love is here to see.

Words by Joy Daintree, photo by Derek Hansen

Book reviews: *Hedgehogs* and *The Five Silent Years of Corrie ten Boom*

Summer reading continues with the enjoyable RSPB book about

Hedgehogs. We noticed

hedgehogs in our garden - and started feeding

them - last year. During lockdown many neighbours on our Herby Help WhatsApp group have reported doing the same, so we now have a designated Herby Wildlife and Garden group on the app. Each evening we report in on their arrival in our gardens. There must be quite a few resident and moving around the Herb Estate in north Shoreham. One neighbour, who has a trail cam in her garden to monitor their visits, loaned me this book. I learned a great deal about our nightly visitors from it.

Following on from rereading Corrie ten Boom's book *The Hiding Place* last month I have also reread ***The Five Silent Years of Corrie ten Boom***, the inspiring story of her final courageous ministry, written by Pamela Rosewell, her companion during her last years. It is a very moving book which I found very



helpful for the times we are living through. Pamela recounts that after Corrie suffered a severe stroke in her 80s which robbed her of speech,

her hectic life of travelling around the world giving talks and making films came to a sudden stop. At home in California, life took on a different rhythm for the next five years. She tells how they learned to treasure small experiences and made the most of them. Long minutes were spent watching the hummingbird flashing iridescent green and red, its speed and energy in such marked contrast to that of its silent observer. They savoured the taste of their coffee and the piece of dark chocolate and walked slowly around the garden, paying attention to the flowers. Corrie ten Boom was in lockdown, imprisoned once again as she had been in the war, but never once complained or asked "Why me?". An inspirational woman, and a book well worth reading.

Sheila Powell

The Kindness of Strangers



My mother often used to tell us how, during the Second World War, people would come together to help each other, united in a common cause.

Cutting across class and social divides, many who before might have gone no further than a nod and a ‘Good Morning’ could be found chatting away to the next person in a queue outside the shop, about what might be in stock that day, where any bombs had landed in the vicinity, the latest news on the wireless, and, of course, the usual British preoccupation: the weather.

During the last weeks, we have noticed the same reaction to the coronavirus pandemic here on Shoreham Beach. On a daily walk on the beach, people stop and chat. They ask how others are, as if they really want to know, and take time to listen to the answer.

The community has combined with the church to collect for Shoreham foodbank, and local volunteers deliver food and medicine to those

who have been in isolation, who in addition can receive phone calls, e-mails, join in Zoom meetings, and have a much-needed chat.

On the boardwalk people step aside, even those jogging or running will get off on to the pebbles, to allow those less able or with buggies to go first, and observe social distancing with a greeting and a smile.

Of course not everyone or everything is perfect. The litter is everywhere after a sunny weekend. Not all will bother to pay for parking and so the traffic becomes log-jammed, with people driving along the pavements to get through.

Countering this are those who say thank you to those who collect the rubbish, those who pick up the litter, the postmen, and all the hitherto strangers, who we can now call friends for all the many and different ways they show kindness to others.

Caroline Hansen

Crossed Lines

There are rules that have been broken
There are lines that have been crossed
Either spoken or unspoken
In the lives that have been lost

There are paths we have not taken
There are roads we could not cross
Each day as we awaken
We hear about the cost

On decisions undertaken
And collisions everywhere
We hear of those forsaken
And try to say a prayer

Then shining through our blindness
We see again the light
In countless acts of kindness
Before us in plain sight

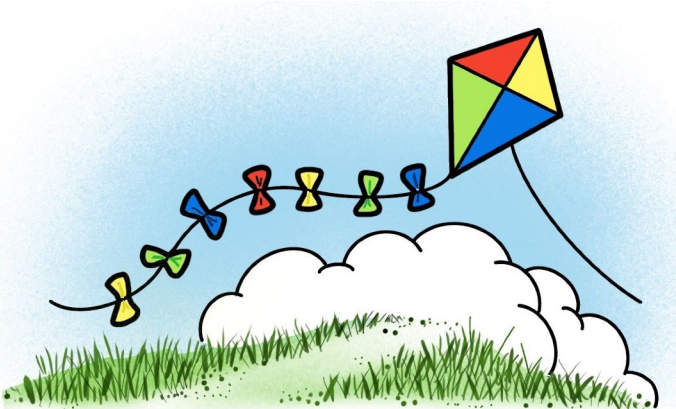
Caroline Hansen

A Midsummer Poem

O Lord above and Lord below
In this Midsummer Solstice glow
Bring light to our minds
Bring warmth to our hearts
the Gods of many voices
O Father Sky and Mother of the Seas
and the God of your choice whoever it be,
Make us wiser make us freer steadily
Unlock us now for us to see how locked down
we've been in our humanity
Bring the light of this longest day of the year
To unlock and unpick silently
Unravel our opinions
our flags staking claims
with our own empire gains
Let us start again
surrender step fully
with humility.
En-lighten light up our humanity
And help us in our responsibility
to hold this earth respectfully.

Allie Rocket

(also known as Kate Collier)



Pegotty

My name, I think is Pegotty
At least that's what they say
When they call me across the field
And when I try to run away.
But someone called me Legotty
Though why, I do not know
Mommy says 'Poppet' and 'Sweet-Heart'
When she tells me she loves me so.
And across the road there's a lady
Who takes me for a wonderful run
And she calls me 'Peg'
In a grown-up way and gives me loads of fun!

I go all the way to Ferring,
Along the beach on the sand
And the sea swishes
And laps at my feet as I run
Oh it feels so grand!
Then, on the way I meet my friends
And play in the sand and the sea,
And I run and I run much faster than them
Though they try and catch up with me...
But nobody can, and they never will
'Cos I'm the fastest of the bunch...
And then, I get to Grannie's house
Where I might get some lunch?!

The best bit of me,
If truth were told
Are the ears that stick up on my head
Like flags they wave
Velvet and bold.
Flapping wherever I'm led.

They tell of my great confidence



Of happy self-esteem
They allow me to express myself
To show you what I mean.
I can wiggle them and flatten them
And make them stand up tall,
But sometimes the two-legs laugh at me
And I don't mind at all.

Just now I'm living somewhere else
Away from the sand and sea,
Jess the old girl lives here too
And she's a good friend to me
But sometimes when I bounce too much
She grumbles and swears in my ear,
So I run away and play at scared
But I know I've nothing to fear
'Cos really she's a pussy cat
In disguise of a big hairy hound
So I'll wait quietly in my bed
Till she comes around.
Then we'll pester our two-legs together
Till they take us out in the sun

Ladders & Snakes

Where the grass is long and tickles my nose
As I walk and jump and run,
And the other dogs chase after me
And I hear the people's cheers
As I run like a race dog round a track
With the wind in my folded-back ears.
And my two-legs blows her whistle
So I turn and I don't miss a stride
When I thunder down hill like a longdog
To brake when I get to her side.
And the sweetness of that moment
As she reaches out her hand
And inside it I find a dog biscuit...
The best taste in the land!

One day we'll go back where we used to live
In our home beside the sea.
And there won't be anyone else there now
Except my two-legs Mommy and me.
But over the road there's Carolyn
Simon, Lily and Flo
And up the road where the cars go by
There's Daisy (I miss her a lot!)
And Olly and Harriet...
With Mom and Dad... and Scampie...
(I nearly forgot!)
And I'll go for sleep-overs
And play-dates,
And I'll wear my coat in the rain.
Then the world will be like it was before,
With everyone happy again.

Chrystabell

Yesterday, I climbed the ladder,
My feet steady and my heart light.
I felt the sun, dappling through trees
And warming on my skin.

Yesterday, the steps under my feet
Were firm and my tread confident,
I had a future and a hope.

Today I am sliding, sliding, sliding...
Down the slithery snake.
Did I not hear it hissing
As I sang in the bright light of day?
Could I not have held on just one more hour
To that other world, where you are with me still?

Now I am going down, down, down...
Out of control on the winding path to Hell.
The ladder, still standing and reaching to the sun
Waits for me...
Another day...
To dare...
To climb again.

Chrystabell

Justice, Christianity & Black Lives Matter

John Watters reflects on the challenge to us all brought by the worldwide protests in support of racial equality.

*“Learn to do good; seek justice;
correct oppression.”*

Isaiah 1:17

*“Human progress is neither
automatic nor inevitable... Every step
towards the goal of justice requires
sacrifice, suffering and struggle.”*

Martin Luther King Jr

I often hear people say on the Adur Ferry Bridge or in the supermarket queue “it’ll be good to get back to normal”. Will it?

I was struck by the prophetic wisdom from our former Archbishop Rowan Williams, who asked us, during one Sunday sermon in lockdown, to think afresh about what we think of as ‘normal’.

“The life we regard as normal is in fact a life in which there are deep chasms of separation between those who have the resources to manage their lives with a degree of freedom and control and those who don’t.”

Rowan preached about the well-known parable of the Good Samaritan and related it to the way the Good Samaritan stepped across this social distance and moved beyond the “familiar human mixture of self-preserving instinct, inherited fears and hatreds of the other.”

In our recent times in London we have the [graphic image of Patrick Hutchinson](#) stepping across the social divide at a Black Lives Matter protest in Trafalgar Square to scoop up the body of a white man who moments earlier had been part of a white mob attacking black protesters but who now was vulnerable, on the floor and in danger. The iconic photo of this grandfather, Patrick, stepping across the social divide to attend to this injured white man and bring him to safety is the Good Samaritan in action.

The Black Lives Matter movement in the UK and in the U.S. has challenged me. I’ve asked myself

uncomfortable questions. I've come to see that many white people, including myself, find conversations about race and racism deeply uncomfortable.

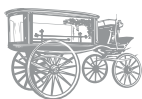
Part of the difficulty is the way we've come to understand racism.

The notion that racism is limited to individual intentional acts committed by unkind people is oversimple. It's also problematic because it means any time that race or racism gets raised then people feel accused of bigoted behaviour and this tends to produce a defensive response: anger, argumentation, silence and other reactions all of which shut down exploration and learning.

This limited way of understanding racism also keeps well-meaning white people (and I count myself in that group) in a safe and innocent place



where we believe we are not part of the problem. You've no doubt heard someone say one or more of the statements: "I treat everyone the same", or "People just need to be taught to respect one another", or "I am colour-blind".



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The trouble with these explanations is that they don't engage with the reality or the causes of racism, thereby negating the experience of black people. These frequently heard responses are also unconvincing to most people of colour.

If we are to address the injustice of racism we need to [increase our racial literacy](#). Our first step is to distinguish prejudice from racism. Everyone has prejudices.

It's when Prejudice + Power combine, including institutional power (of the [police](#), [justice](#), education and other systems) that we get institutional racism – prejudice that is embedded and embodied in the policies and practice of the institutions that make up our society.

For those of us who identify as Christians we need to face the fact that racism has often been [bolstered and assisted by white Christians](#). In the 18th century, Bishops in the House of Lords used biblical authority as justification for voting against the abolition of the slave trade. And lest we think the Church is now free of institutional racism, several examples of racist personnel and recruitment practice in the Church of England have been reported [in the Church Times](#).

The gift of the internet age means there is no shortage of resources, including testimony from people of colour about the reality of racism in the UK, and what we can do to counter it.

Socrates famously said that 'the unexamined life isn't worth living'. And Malcolm X added that "the examined life is painful."

As we each consider our part in ending racism, we will need qualities of courage, humility, compassion and perseverance to enter into and stay with uncomfortable conversations.

Let's be moved by and act on the words of Isaiah 17 and learn what we need to do to become anti-racists, to seek justice and to correct oppression, knowing that, as Martin Luther King said, human progress is neither automatic nor inevitable.

Let's remember that we are called to be active collaborators in building the Kingdom of God on earth, a kingdom where there is justice for all.

[John Watters](#)

Photo by [James Eades](#) on [Unsplash](#)

The St Francis Fund

Hello, all.

I'd like to tell you a little bit about the [St Francis Fund](#), and to bring you up to date with where we are at the moment, in terms of awarding grants and also raising funds.

The St Francis Fund is a registered charity, set up by members of the Good Shepherd, to help those worshipping regularly here who are in need. The Fund is run by church members, as a Committee, meeting up to six times a year. The Committee bring forward members of the Church who might be in need of a small grant. All matters discussed in the meetings are confidential.

The Fund is aware that there may be church members who, due to the restrictions of the Coronavirus, are in need of help, at this time. If you, or someone you know, within the Good Shepherd, are experiencing financial distress, please get in touch with me, in confidence.

Revd Jane, together with the Committee, and Dogs Trust, Shoreham, made detailed plans to hold the annual Pet Service during



May this year. This, of course, didn't happen. Whilst the Pet Service was an opportunity to give thanks for much loved pets, and for them to receive a blessing, it was also a chance to raise a modest amount of money for the St Francis Fund.

If you feel you are able to make a small donation, please contact me on 01273 453709.

Kind regards,

Edgar and the Committee

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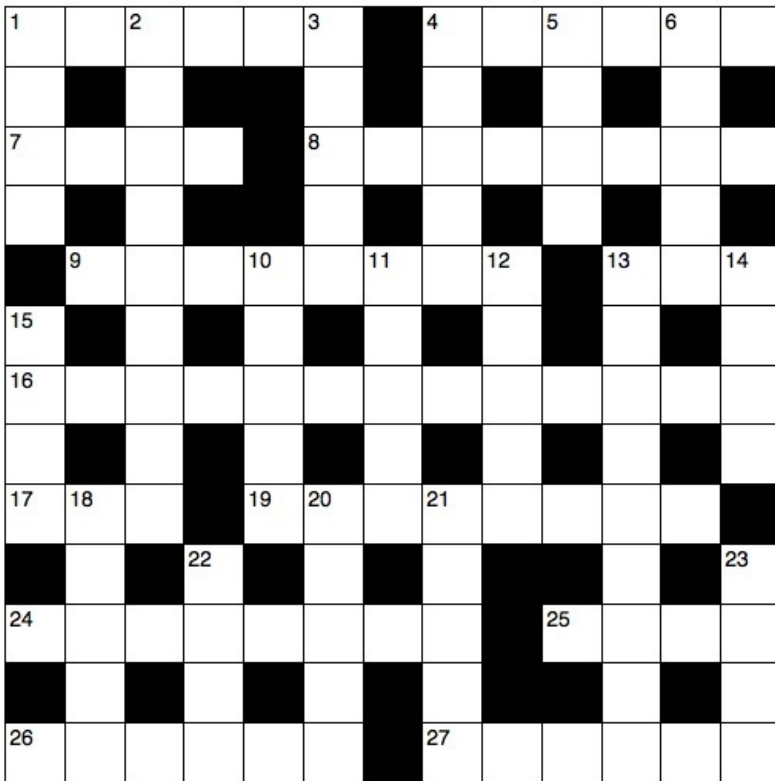
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Across

- 1 'I pray that out of his glorious — he may strengthen you with power through his Spirit in your inner being' (Ephesians 3:16) (6)
- 4 'Saul's father Kish and — father Ner were sons of Abiel' (1 Samuel 14:51) (6)
- 7 'Praise the Lord, O my — ' (Psalm 103:1) (4)
- 8 See 5 Down
- 9 Laws (1 Kings 11:33) (8)
- 13 'Who of you by worrying can — a single hour to his life?' (Luke 12:25) (3)
- 16 Artistry (Exodus 31:5) (13)

- 17 'Your young men will see visions, your — men will dream dreams' (Acts 2:17) (3)
- 19 How David described his Lord (Psalm 19:14) (8)
- 24 'If this city is built and its — — restored, you will be left with nothing in Trans-Euphrates' (Ezra 4:16) (5,3)
- 25 'The holy Scriptures, which are able to make you — for salvation through faith in Christ Jesus' (2 Timothy 3:15) (4)
- 26 Intended destination of arrows (Lamentations 3:12) (6)
- 27 Eve hit (anag.) (6)

Down

- 1 'For I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find — for your souls' (Matthew 11:29) (4)
2 Where Peter was when he denied Christ three times (Luke 22:55) (9)
3 Remarkable early 20th-century Indian evangelist, a convert from Hinduism, — Sundar Singh (5)
4 'Now the king had put the officer on whose — — leaned in charge of the gate' (2 Kings 7:17) (3,2)
5 and 8 Across The Lover describes this facial feature of the Beloved thus: 'Your — is like the tower of Lebanon looking towards — ' (Song of Songs 7:4) (4,8)
6 'Stand firm then, with the belt of truth buckled — your waist' (Ephesians 6:14) (5)

- 10 Trout (anag.) (5)
11 Easily frightened (1 Thessalonians 5:14) (5)
12 The ability to perceive (Ecclesiastes 10:3) (5)
13 One of the clans descended from Benjamin (Numbers 26:38) (9)
14 "It is one of the Twelve," he replied, "one who — bread into the bowl with me" (Mark 14:20) (4)
15 Resound (Zephaniah 2:14) (4)
18 Traditional seat of the Dalai Lama (5)
20 Precise (John 4:53) (5)
21 Build (Ezekiel 4:2) (5)
22 Beat harshly (Acts 22:25) (4)
23 Darius, who succeeded Belshazzar as king of the Babylonians, was one (Daniel 5:31) (4)

*For answers to this crossword —
see page 29.*

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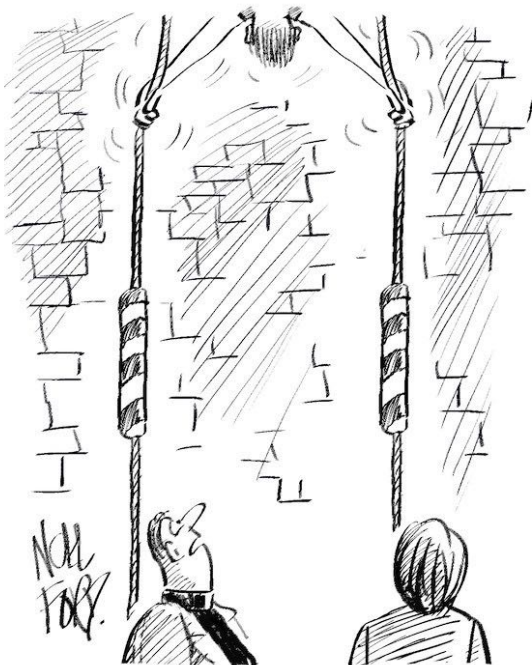
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*Eric took social distancing
while bell ringing very seriously.*



*They were trying to remember
when they had last left the house.*

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ShoreLine is the parish magazine of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Shoreham Beach and is provided as a service to the community and the congregation. The church is part of the Church of England's Diocese of Chichester and is also part of the world-wide Anglican Communion.

If you would like further information on the Church of England and its beliefs, please use the 'Useful Links' on the back cover.

The magazine is also available as a PDF file on the church website: the address is on the back cover.

Any and all contributions are always welcome and should be sent to the Editor by the 15th of each month. Contributions should ideally be as a Word or rtf file. Please send to the editor's e-mail above.

For advertising requirements, please contact Trish Holme direct on the above telephone number or email address. Advertising copy deadline is the 15th of each month for inclusion the following month.

The acceptance of advertisements does not imply endorsement



Crossword Answers

ACROSS: 1, Riches. 4, Abner's. 7, Soul. 8, Damascus. 9, Statutes. 13, Add. 16, Craftsmanship. 17, Old. 19, Redeemer. 24, Walls are. 25, Wise. 26, Target. 27, Thief.

DOWN: 1, Rest. 2, Courtyard. 3, Sadhu. 4, Arm he. 5, Nose. 6, Round. 10, Tutor. 11, Timid. 12, Sense. 13, Ashbelite. 14, Dips. 15, Echo. 18, Lhasa. 20, Exact. 21, Erect. 22, Flog. 23, Mede.

Final Thoughts

As swiftly as the lockdown tide came in, it's left a flood that only slowly recedes. Things have moved on since I was last sitting here at my desk, wracking my brain for a way to conclude an issue. The church is open for private prayer. My youngest has been back at school for a week and a half.

And, just yesterday, the Church of England issued guidance for churches on reopening for services.

We're still a long way from anything that resembles the way we lived before. All through the autumn and winter, Team Tinworth roused ourselves early on a Sunday for swimming lessons at Lancing College before church. We've still not got any sense of when they might be able to resume.

Still, the pubs open this month - not that I'll be rushing back for a

few weeks - and, thankfully, Tom Foolery is open to keep me caffeinated, and the children bribed with babychinos and hot chocolates.

But what hasn't changed is that we all have to navigate our own paths towards a new normal, an idea Ann raised last issue, and Jane further explored in First Thoughts.

Life goes forwards, not back. Our new church life will not be the same as the one that was abruptly curtailed. Our services will lack Chris and Ted, but we will hold them in our hearts and memories. They will lack those who still need to shield. They might well lack song, which will be strange indeed.

But, as we slowly begin to gather together again, it will be in the knowledge that we have held together wonderfully as a

community through this difficult time, and will do so whatever we face into the future.

Adam



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Cover Image by Diana Rogers

*If you have a photograph or picture that may be suitable
for a future cover then please send it to:*

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