The Botolph Bell



The Magazine for the Parish of Heene December 2018/January 2019

Services for December & January

Wednesday, 5th December	12.30pm	Holy Communion (said)	
Friday, 7th December	10.15am	Prayer Meeting	
Sunday, 9th December	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	
Wednesday, 12th December	12.30pm	Holy Communion (Said)	
Friday, 14th December	10.15am	Prayer Meeting	
Sunday, 16th December	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	
Sunday, 16th December	4.30pm	Community Carol Service	
Wednesday, 19th December	12.30pm	Holy Communion (Said)	
Friday, 21st December	10.15am	Prayer Meeting	
Sunday, 23rd December	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	
Monday, 24th December	4.00pm	Crib Service	
Monday, 24th December	11.15pm	First Eucharist of Christmas	
	(preceded by carols at 11.00pm)		
Tuesday, 25th December	10.00am	Christmas Day Parish Eucharist	
Sunday, 30th December	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	
Friday, 4th January 2019	10.15am	Prayer Meeting	
Sunday, 6th January	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	
Wednesday, 9th January	12.30pm	Holy Communion (Said)	
Friday, 11th January	10.15am	Prayer Meeting	
Sunday, 13th January	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	
Wednesday, 16th January	12.30pm	Holy Communion (Said)	
Friday, 18th January	10.15am	Prayer Meeting	
Sunday, 20th January	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	
Wednesday, 23rd January	12.30pm	Holy Communion (Said)	
Friday, 25th January	10.15am	Prayer Meeting	
Sunday, 27th January	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	
Wednesday, 30th January	12.30pm	Holy Communion (Said)	
Friday, 1st February	10.15am	Prayer Meeting	
Sunday, 3rd February	10.00am	Parish Eucharist (Sung)	

It would be lovely to see you at any of these services.

You would be made very welcome.



Thought for the Month

Dear Friends

Almost 60 years ago. John Betieman wrote a poem about Christmas. which has since become quite well-known. In the poem, he describes something of the way in which the festive season had become so commercialised that the essence of what the season is really all about, had been lost:

On lighted tenements I gaze / Where paper decorations hang.

And bunting in the red Town Hall / Says, "Merry Christmas to you all."

And girls in slacks remember Dad, / And oafish louts remember Mum,

And sleepless children's hearts are glad / And Christmas-morning bells say "Come!"

Even to shining ones who dwell / Safe in the Dorchester Hotel.

It's a nice, cosy image of Christmas. And it's the image of Christmas which continues to be predominant today. But unfortunately, none of the commercial trappings of the festive season can get anywhere near to the heart of what Christmas is really all about. Because the real message of Christmas is indeed life-transforming. For it speaks of the fact that in Jesus Christ, God himself - the creator and sustainer of the universe came to dwell among us. God has made himself known to us in the historical person of Jesus. In Jesus, God comes to share in our humanity, to identify with us in our situation, to share in the joys and sorrows, the sufferings and trials, which are the experience of every human being.

In fact, the truth which lies at the very heart of Christmas provides us with a definitive answer to that perennial question, 'Does God exist, and if so, how can I know him?' Through knowing him and going around with him, the first followers of Jesus, 2000 years ago, came to know God in a very special and personal way. And the same is true for us today; when we come to know Jesus, we come to know God.

Dec. 2018/Jan. 2019 66th Edition

Now because of all the wrong things that we do, we are actually unworthy to know the God who made us. But the same Jesus, lying in the manger at Christmas, also died for us on the Cross on Good Friday and rose again from the dead that first Easter morning, so that all our wrongdoing may be forgiven, and so that we may have eternal life in him. Jesus makes a personal relationship with God possible, both in the here and now, and in eternity.

After portraying the commercial side of the Christmas season, Betjeman concludes his poem with these profound words:

No love that in a family dwells / No carolling in frosty air,

Nor all the steeple-shaking bells / Can with this single Truth compare -

That God was Man in Palestine / And lives to-day in Bread and Wine.

This Christmas Day, amidst all of the festivities, let's take some time out to think about the greatest Christmas present of all that we can receive – the gift of new life which God offers us in his Son, Jesus Christ. For the momentous events we celebrate at this time are not simply a relic of history, but they pose a profound personal challenge to each and every one of us today.

Wishing you all a Holy and blessed Advent and Christmastide, and a peaceful 2019.

Peter

Revd Peter Kane can be contacted via email: peterkane@cantab.net



The Botolph Bell editors - Rik, Jackie, Nick and Andrew - send all their readers, advertisers, contributors and distributors thanks for their support during 2018.

Seasons greetings and very best wishes for 2019 to you all!

Notice seen outside a church in Canada:

PRAYER - THE BEST WIRELESS CONNECTION IN THE WORLD.



From the Bishop of Chichester

One of the aspects of Narnia, in

C S Lewis's novel, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe,* is that it is always winter and never Christmas.

We get quite excited about the arrival of winter if it brings snow at just the right time for enjoyment – sledging, making a snowman, snowballing.

But in Narnia, seasons are suspended in the grip of a

ferocious frost. Silence is a pervading atmosphere in Narnia as it is in today's world where justice is denied to prisoners of conscience, and the needs of women, children, the elderly and vulnerable are ignored.

Silence is the refuge of the deceitful, just as it can be the medium of corporate grief and respect for our dead. It is the symbol of our sin and our mortality.

One of the hallmarks of Christmas, however, is that the silence is broken. It is broken by the cry of a new-born child drawing breath and needing food – Jesus Christ, one with us. It is also broken by the song of the angels who announce his birth to people of goodwill.

Music can plant a song in our minds, letting it inspire us, as one of God's gifts to us. But we can take music for granted, and too rarely appreciate the skills and contribution of those who are our music-makers.

This Christmas, as we sing our carols, let us be grateful for musicians, as they help us to be mindful of the silent places in our world and closer to home, where the good news of peace and hope and justice has not yet penetrated.

Those who are frozen in silent poverty and despair, await more than a seasonal hand-out. They look for a melting of hearts and minds that will bring social and material release and encourage them to join the angel song of peace that we are still trying to learn.

Rt. Revd. Dr. Martin Warner

YEAR OF VOCATION 2019

75 years ago ...

Morning walks from home to St. John's Church, Putney took five minutes. A late autumn evening was another matter on the unlit, foggy streets of 1943, as proven on Advent Sunday, my debut as a nine-year old chorister. Realistically, my mother allowed twenty minutes. Alas, she couldn't have anticipated the unguarded gas-repairs chasm into which she disappeared en route. I heard three or four new secular words on her rise to street level; these preceded a string of unfamiliar sacred ones in the course of Evensong.

Two hymns were familiar: Hark! A thrilling voice is sounding and O Come, O Come, Emmanuel I knew from school assemblies. Unmanageable, though, were responses, psalm and canticles. Prayers. The General Confession came as a head-scratcher: "We have erred and strayed ..." My schoolteacher may or may not have strayed, but I'd lost count of Mrs. L's "Er, that's it for now" and "Turn to page, er ...". Devices? I'd never knowingly followed any. "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done" had me checking my shoelaces, while a subsequent prayer persuaded me that I'd some internal catching up to do: "... that both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that ..."



The boy choristers of St. John's Church, Putney in the spring of 1944, including: (Left to right as you view the picture) 1. Ronald Mack; 4. Clifford Mack; 5. Dennis Mack; 8. John Gibbons.

As the weeks passed I waited in vain not only for a slice of the church roll mentioned in notices. but also for the bands of marriage. Meanwhile, confidence grew, even if psalm-singing felt initially like barking at print, so obscure did some seem linguistically. Gradually, though, I began to sense in them strands of vivid, sometimes haunting poetry enhanced by evocative chants which, like some hymn tunes, were to become part of me.

"Head tones, lad," said the choirmaster one Friday. Handing

an open hymnal to a senior boy, he stabbed at a line of print: "Show our probationer what we mean".

"Preeze Him for his greece and feevour" floated down the nave. Thus came my introduction to choirspeak.

The Macks. Dennis, 16, and head chorister, sang exquisite treble solos. Ronald, 12, didn't suffer newcomers gladly but middle Mack - Clifford, 14 - was sympathetic when, one Friday in early summer 1944, I grieved for the loss down a drain of a favourite marble: "Cheer up, Gibby. Listen. Gotta bagful at home. Drop it through your door on my paper round". This he did next morning.

That Sunday morning I awoke in the coal cellar, there by no means as a punishment but as shelter from flying bombs. In the opposite bunk was the elderly lodger from the top flat. "Your mum's gone to get the papers," she said. Her words were followed by the chilling wail of an air-raid siren. Mum. Was she on her way to or from the newsagent's? Now came an eerie pause. Without knowing why, I began counting. I got as far as nine. Our mid-terrace Victorian house seemed to rise and fall. Silence. Suddenly, footsteps: up in the hall; down the steep, creaking cellar stairs.

"Halfway back across the (railway) bridge. Doodlebug. Overhead, almost. Engine suddenly cut out. Don't know how I got home. Feet left the ground."

The all-clear. Upstairs, Mum picked her way across the glass-strewn scullery towards the gas-stove, removing a shard from the hob before putting the kettle on. Over a cup of tea she told us that her urgent need was to see where the bomb had landed. I peered at the kitchen clock. Choir in an hour ...

A row of shops, with flats above, had been obliterated on a corner about three hundred yards from us.

"The Macks live near there," I said. "Will they be all right?" In response, my mother looked away. Breaking a long silence, she said, softly, "No choir today".

Back at St. John's, after a hastily-arranged month with relatives in Somerset, I heard the vicar say a commemorative prayer for three brothers.





Celebrating 75 years as a chorister!

After living, working and singing in many places in the UK (including Leamington Spa and Exeter) and abroad, most notably at St. Simon the Apostle, Toronto, Canada and Harare Cathedral, Zimbabwe, John came to St. Botolph's about 10 years ago, when he brought his young son, Christopher, to join the choir's treble line.

Chris rose to be head chorister and is now at college studying a music course.

John, who has had a love of church music since his early days in Putney, is one of two regular tenors in the choir at present.



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Karakalpakstan Kapers



Tashkent (pictured through a window).

The high speed train.

Karakalpakstan? More of that later!

If your conception of Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan, is of a dusty old fashioned city, still suffering from the Soviet occupation, think again. The city suffered a mighty earthquake in 1966 and has been totally rebuilt since then, the vast majority in the last 10 years.

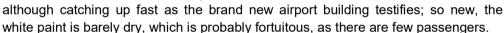
Think wide boulevards and tree lined avenues, lawns and green open spaces, dotted with sparkling fountains under a clear blue sky, bathed in warm, sometimes hot, sunshine. Complemented with huge

government buildings, shining in their pristine whiteness. Tashkent is also the proud possessor of an expanding underground system, one of only two in Central Asia. Think Moscow tube system, large chandeliers and ceramic tiles in abundance, and

built to resist earthquakes of a magnitude nine on the Richter scale.

One must remember this was a severely oppressed country until two years ago, when the new President took over, and an indication of this is that one is now allowed to take photographs of the Metro system, forbidden until just a few months ago!!

Less than two hours away by aeroplane is the northern city of Nukus in the autonomous region of Karakalpakstan, formerly in the USSR. A complete contrast to Tashkent,



The city is isolated and remote, surrounded by semi-arid desert. Developed by the Soviets as a perfect location for their Red Army Chemical Research Institute, where



'Honoured guests' at a wedding in Nukus!

they developed the infamous Novichok agent. Today, it is better known for the Savitsky Art Museum, the second largest collection of Russian and Uzbek avantgarde art in the world, although it would appear not particularly popular with the local citizens; when we went on a Sunday afternoon, there were far more staff than visitors. The Museum is situated in a vast square with the obligatory fountain, a popular spot for wedding photographs. If

one gets too close to the photographer, as we did, one gets invited to be part of the family photograph as honoured foreign guests!

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South of Nukus is Mizdakhan Necropolis, a popular place of pilgrimage, as legend has it that Adam's grave is located here. A mausoleum has been erected over the imaginary grave which has special religious meaning. Each year a brick falls from the building and when the last brick falls, it is said, the end of the world will begin, so the pilgrims put back the bricks, believing God will hear their prayers and save them.



Mizdakhan Necropolis

Leaving Nukus and travelling south by road, across the desert, we divert from the main highway and make for Toprak-Kala fortress. The ancient capital of Khorezm (1st to 6th Century AD), it is a large complex, containing living accommodation, and Zoroastrianism Temples and the Governor's Palace.

These people worshipped fire and used triangular shapes in many of their buildings.

The fortress is in a considerable state of disrepair, being constructed of mud bricks, time and weather has taken its toil. The increasing salinity of the soil and the feet of visitors are also having a deleterious effect on these ancient monuments. The continuous growing of cotton which has drained and destroyed the Aral Sea has contributed to the degrading of the soil.



Part of the Toprak-Kala fortress.

Leaving Toprak-Kala we continued across the flat featureless semi-arid desert to

Khiva, founded by Shem, son of Noah. Our hotel is situated just outside the intact walls of the inner town, "Itchan Kala", separated by a broad and rarely used road, which runs around the old town, and it has four gates, one for each compass point.

As darkness falls, and it is jolly dark, apart from the thousands of stars twinkling in the balmy night sky, we enter the inner town by the south gate. This quarter of the city is the only part yet to be refurbished to make it tourist friendly. The narrow streets are unlit and unpaved as medieval Khiva



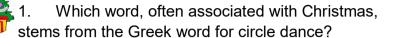
View over Itchan Kala.

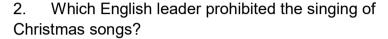
would have been. Shafts of dim light come from windows and small shops. The smell of cooking is in the air, and locals in Arab dress flit in and out of the shadows. It is one of those "Arabian Nights" moments, to be savoured and remembered. By this time next year, the refurbishment will be completed and the Arabian Nights gone forever.

(To be continued in our February issue)

Charles James







- 3. In which country is St. Nick called Sinterklaas?
- 4. Apparently, while poking at the fire, London sweet shop owner, Tom Smith, got the inspiration to make what?
- 5. "So this is Christmas" are the first words of which John Lennon song?
- 6. What are the names of the Three Wise Men or the Three Kings (in western folklore)?
- 7. Which 'Christmas' word means "turning of the sun"?
- 8. Superstition dictates that when making mince pies for Christmas, one should always stir in which direction?
- 9. Thousands of what marched on London from Norfolk just prior to Christmas each year in Victorian times?

10. What do George C. Scott, Alistair Sim, Daffy

Duck, Patrick Stewart, Michael Caine, Fred Flintstone and Jim Carrey all have in common?

Try out this quick quiz with your friends and family this Christmas - then check your answers on the page after the ice rink advert.





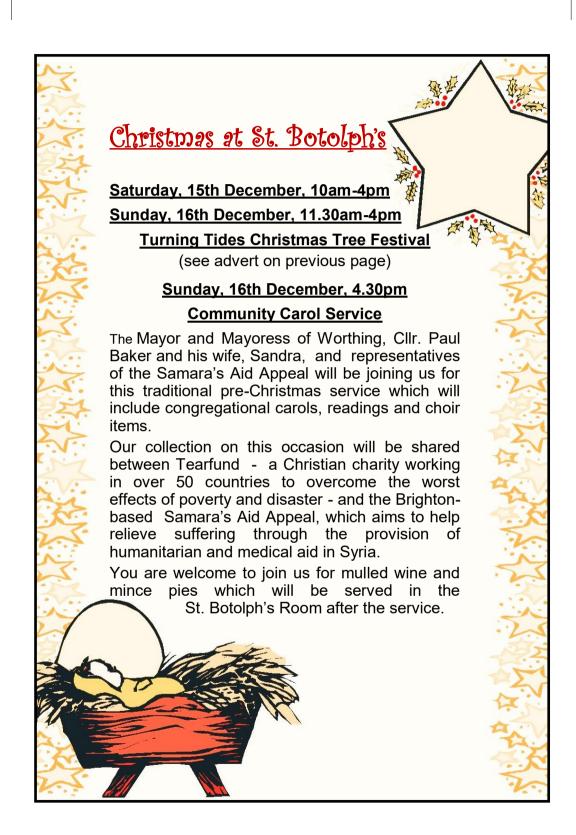


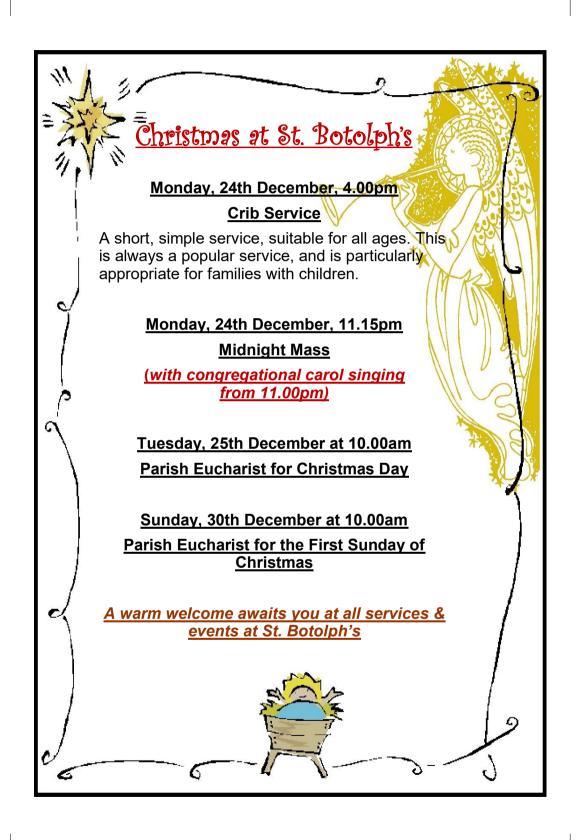




Merry Christmas:













Friends of St. Botolph's Church, Heene

Raising the profile of our church in Worthing, raising funds, and having fun!

What events would you like to see here in 2019?

When our Friends group (FOSBCH) started up in April 2016 we were doing all we could to keep our church going, despite the fact that we had no priest, and were determined to raise funds so that essential building repairs could be carried out.

Now that the main works have been completed and our priest-in-charge, Peter Kane, has been in post since late July, our focus has shifted a little and we are very keen that our beautiful building and the facilities it offers can become even more of a focal point for community activities than it already is.

To this end, we would very much like to hear from you! Are there any particular events you would like us to offer in the coming year? What would encourage you to come to a social event based at St. Botolph's? Would you be willing to help with organising an event for us?

Obviously members of our church congregation get involved, but we are not in any way an exclusive group and events organised by FOSBCH are open to all. We want to include as many people from the local community as possible. You will find that we are a very friendly group and would love to see you at any of our events.

During the past year we have hosted quiz evenings, Scrabble afternoons, our regular Friday Coffee mornings, a church open day, concerts by Community Spirit Choir & Worthing Recorder Group and the Inspired Instrumentalists 'orchestra', children's art mornings, Summer & Winter Fayres. Are these things you have enjoyed? Shall we do more of the same or would you like something different?

We are hoping in 2019 to encourage young classical musicians to come here to give concerts/recitals and there are other musical events also in the pipeline, including "coffee concert" organ recitals; there has been a suggestion that a Silent Auction might be a good idea, and a craft fair has also been mentioned, plus afternoon talks on a range of subjects - would these be popular?

If you have any thoughts or suggestions, please contact Jackie, the FOSBCH secretary, on 01903 202036 or by email: jackie.didymus@virginmedia.com

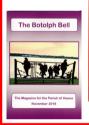
Christmas Quiz answers

Here are the answers to the quiz earlier in this magazine: 1.. Carol (choranlein); 2. Oliver Cromwell; 3. Holland; 4. Christmas crackers; 5. Happy Xmas (War is Over); 6. Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar; 7. Yuletide (Yule means wheel in the old Norse language.) 8. Clockwise; 9. Turkeys and geese. (The turkeys wore little leather boots and the geese had their feet tarred); 10. They have all played the role of Ebenezer Scrooge in film or on television.

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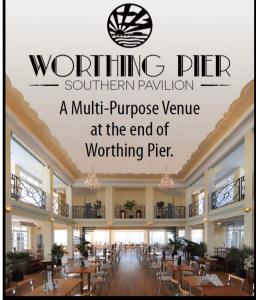


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Figuring it out!

If I gave you these figures, would you be able to identify them? 5,7,9,7,5. No? Doesn't ring a bell? But I can almost guarantee that, if you've ever been in to St. Botolph's Church, you've looked at this at least once.



The front of the organ case, above the choir stalls, showing the 7, 9, 7 arrangement of the pipes.

Still nothing? Well, it's the number of pipes in the organ case: five each side, at 90 degrees to the arrangement of 7,9,7 at the front; 33 pipes. That's quite a lot, isn't it?

Well, actually no, it's not. Behind those 33 there are another 1,137, ranging in size from about that of a pencil to 18 feet tall and a foot square! Of those at the front, only 20 actually make a noise ("speak"); the rest are to match those that do speak.

Early days of St. Botolph's Church organ

Although the church opened in 1873, it wasn't finished until 1879, and the first organ wasn't installed until 1881 - a harmonium (probably an American organ) initially serving. Dr. Abdey, the first organist and choir master, would have been influential in the choice of organ-builder and Whiteley, a firm in Chester, built the first instrument. It would have had mechanical (tracker) action linking the keys to the valves (pallets) under the pipes. I can't find another organ by Whiteley this far south, and can only assume that Dr. Abdey had played and admired one of their other organs at some time. The

first Rector of the new church might also have had a say.

We look back at the Victorian era as a time of certainty, of 'values', but what we forget is how dirty it was. There were boot-scrapers by every front door, and very necessary they were. In Belsize Road there were livery stables, now flats. The Rectory had its own stables. Apart from the train, horse-power was the only means of travelling faster than walking and, of course, there were deposits ... I imagine the gardens were spectacular! And there were not only horse deposits. Gas lighting and candles were the only light sources after dark, and coal fires left sooty deposits on all buildings and on the furnishings indoors. Thus it was that, after only 12 years, the organ needed attention and the London firm of J.W. Walker was engaged.

The National Pipe Organ Register (NPOR) website tells us that the organ was "cleaned and overhauled; bellows and blowing arrangements entirely renewed and enlarged to allow the organ to be blown by one man for practice purposes; new





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In 1903-1905 the church was enlarged because of problems accommodating the growing congregation. The present choir vestry was built, the south aisle was demolished and doubled in width, and the south transept quadrupled in size. Thus, after this dusty work, in 1909 the organ was again worked on by Walker's, this time "renovated and enlarged" according the plaque on the current organ console (the bit with the keys).

Again, the NPOR has the details: "cleaned and overhauled £85 0s 0d; Echo Gamba replaced the Keraulophon and a Voix Celeste added, £37 5s 0d; Pedal Trombone revoiced, £12 0s 0d; double-acting composition pedal for Swell, £9 0s 0d; wind pressure to Pedal increased, £6 0s 0d"

The church choir vestry.

Walker's sent two men down from London to do the work.

All the pipes were removed from the organ, cleaned, stored in the Rectory stable, the mechanism cleaned and the pipes then returned. At this time the organ had 34 sets

of pipes (stops), three keyboards (manuals) and pedals, and the organ bellows were blown by two men for services.

A peep inside the organ loft!



In 1931, the problem of finding two men prepared to come and do the hard physical work of pumping the bellows (wind reservoirs) three or four times on a Sunday was finally tackled. It was with great reluctance that the Parochial Church Council was persuaded to spend money and install a power supply and electric blower (the latter costing £114) and soundproofed box (for a further £13) This outlay coincided with the conversion of the enlarged south transept into a Lady Chapel, which meant that the organ once again needed cleaning and overhauling in 1932 (at a cost of £154.)

Philip Bailey

(The second part of Philip's article - detailing the more recent history of the organ at St. Botolph's will appear in an edition of the Botolph Bell in the New Year.)

The views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editorial team.





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Who's Buried in Heene Cemetery?

Philip (1863-1943) and Ellen (1856-1928) Burtenshaw

HEENE St. Botolph, Row 2/11; Large ledger stone cast aside.

BURTENSHAW

In loving memory of ELLEN the beloved wife of PHILIP BURTENSHAW, died 28th August 1928, aged 69 years. Also of PHILIP BURTENSHAW, died 18th April 1943, aged 80 years.

(Footstone: E.B. 1928, P.B. 1943)

Ellen was the daughter of George and Mary Haylor, a local family. In the 1861 census, they were in High Street, West Tarring. Father George, born in West Tarring, was a bricklayer's labourer. Mother Mary was born in Clapham as was Ellen, the third of five children. (The census shows her age as five, so it is possible that she took a year or so off when she got married, as Philip was younger than she was!) There is a registration for the birth of Ellen Haylor in Worthing in 1856.

In 1871 Ellen, aged 18, was a general servant in the family of William Fuller, coach builder, in Chapel Road, Worthing.

She had moved to Adur Lodge, Old Shoreham in 1881, again as a housemaid. This time she was in the household of Sarah Jane Ormerod, the widow of a clergyman.

Philip was born in Shoreham to Jonathan and Louisa Burtenshaw. Jonathan had died by 1871, as Philip was living with his widowed mother Louisa (who was a nurse), and his two brothers, in West Street, Shoreham.

Apparently Burtenshaw was a very common Sussex name in the 19th century. In 1823 a Sarah Burtenshaw was a stationer and had a library in



Montague Street, Worthing and, in 1840, one Thomas Burtenshaw was a stationer in Marine Place.

By 1881, Philip - now shown as a tailor's apprentice - had moved to Lancaster Street, Lewes, to the home of his widowed uncle, also Philip Burtenshaw, who was a warden in the Infirmary of H.M. Naval Prison (in North Street).

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19 Eriswell Road.
Pictured in 2018.

Louisa was acting as housekeeper for her brother-inlaw.

Philip Burtenshaw and Ellen Haylor were married here in Heene, at St. Botolph's Church, on 26th October 1889. They were to have no children. In 1891 they were living at 36a Cobden Road. Philip was by now a tailor.

By 1901 they had moved to Caburn, 19 Eriswell Road, and had widow Florence Blair and her daughter (also Florence!) as lodgers. They were still there in 1911, by which time they had been joined by a widowed sister-in-law, Emily Burford.

When Ellen died in 1928, the couple were living at 20 Heene Road.

Philip died in 1943 in the Talawa Nursing Home in Homefield Road, although his home address - as it was in 1939 - was Home Cottage, Stone Lane.

Liz Lane

m

b

d

Our ringer



Prior to our Remembrance Sunday service on November 11th, the St. Botolph's ringing team rang our bells half-muffled, but at 12.30pm they joined in a nationwide session of open ringing to celebrate the ending of World War I. The national aim was to recruit 1,400 new ringers, in memory of the 1,400 who lost their lives in the war. More than 50 Sussex ringers died, but there are now 98 new recruits in the county - including Jane and Margaret (pictured front right).

What's on at St. Botolph's

Monday	10.00 am - 11.00 am 10.00 am - 11.00 am 1.20 pm - 2.35 pm 5.45 pm - 6.45 pm	Gentle Exercise Class Home Ed. English Home Ed. Drama Yoga
Tuesday	10.45 am - 11.45 am	Mum & Baby Yoga
Wednesday	10.00 am - 11.45 am 2.00 pm - 3.00 pm 7.00 pm - 8.00 pm 8.00 pm - 9.00 pm 8.00 pm - 9.00 pm 7.30 pm - 9.00 pm	U3A Inspired Instrumentalists Dance & Guitar Tai Chi Kick Boxing Oriental Dance Bell Ringers' practice
<u>Thursday</u>	3.00 pm - 4.00 pm 7.30 pm - 9.00 pm	Oriental Dance Spring Into Soul Community Choir
<u>Friday</u>	10.30 am - 12 noon 12.00 pm - 1.00 pm 7.00 pm - 8.00 pm 7.30 pm - 9.15pm	Coffee morning U3A Beginners'/Improvers' Recorder Group Chinese Straight Sword (Monthly) Church Choir Practice
<u>Saturday</u>	3.00 pm - 4.00 pm	Oriental Fan <i>(Monthly)</i>

All events are weekly unless otherwise stated and contact details are shown on the opposite page.

Please note that some of our groups take a short break at Christmas time, restarting early in January.

• There will be no Friday Coffee morning on Friday, 28th December.

St. Botolph's Church, Lansdowne Road, Worthing BN11 4LY [entrance on Manor Road for most mid-week events]

www.stbotolphsheene2015.com



@botolphworthing

Who to contact

Priest-in-Charge	Revd Peter Kane	peterkane@cantab.net
Churchwarden	Rik Clay	01903 693587 rv.clay@ntlworld.com
Choir	Martin Didymus (choir librarian)	01903 202036 martin.didymus@virginmedia.com
Bell ringers	Liz Lane, Tower Captain	01903 501422 liz.13lane@gmail.com
Botolph Bell Magazine	Jackie Didymus	01903 202036 jackie.didymus@virginmedia.com
Botolph Bell Distribution	Rik Clay	01903 693587 rv.clay@ntlworld.com
Botolph Bell Advertising	Nick Le Mare	01903 241673 nidi-lemare@virginmedia.com
Friday Coffee	Sue Wadey	01903 506855
Parish Lunch Bookings	Christine Roberts	01903 527176
Prayer meeting	Cleo Roberts	01903 823811
U3A Inspired Instrumentalists	Tony Tournoff	01903 208588 fairwaysmusic@btinternet.com
Tai Chi/Kick Boxing/ Oriental Dancing/Gentle Exercise/Chinese Straight Sword	Shafi	07432 597647 shaf@whitecranemartialarts.co.uk
Spring into Soul Community Choir	Mike, Carol & Vanessa	01903 533402 or 07906 831291 info@springintosoul.co.uk
U3A Beginners'/Improvers Recorder Group	Jackie Didymus	01903 202036 jackie.didymus@virginmedia.com
Yoga	Anja	annyoga8@gmail.com
Church room bookings	Diane Le Mare	01903 241673 stbsrooms@virginmedia.com

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