



St. Patrick's Church

Broad Green/Cowley Drive Woodingdean BN2 6TB

# St. Patrick's Newsletter



Our Lady of Lourdes

Whiteway Lane Rottingdean

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*MASS* is streamed live: 09.30 Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri; *church open* for Adoration/Private Prayer from 08.55 Mon, from 08.30 Tues, Thurs, from 9.30-10.30 Fri; Funeral Mass 11.-00 for Ann Tonge RIP;

**Vigil Mass Saturday 18.30 ; Sunday Mass: 10.30**

**St Patrick's – Mass on Sunday 18th July 9.00 am – 16th Sunday in Ordinary Time**

Welcome to the thirty-fourth “apart but together” e-newsletter (18th July 2021)

*“Because where two or three have come together in my name, I am there among them.” Matt 18*

## On Taking a Rest

Barbara Bond

*“You must come away to some lonely place all by yourselves and rest for a while”* Mark 6

The other day I had ‘one of those days’, it was the last of a number of busy and demanding shifts and I ended up feeling too exhausted to even get myself together to go home!

I eventually fell in through the door; I was so late the meal had been started without me, and then there was the suggestion, “Let’s go and watch the sunset, the tide is out...”

What unfolded then was a miracle. We spent several hours watching a flock of curlew, poking in the mud and making their characteristic conversation whilst above us the sun and clouds put on a show, that in its everchanging light reminds you that you only need to look up, to re-fill your soul with awe and wonder.



*Curlew Sunset, Tidemills*

***All nature owns with one accord  
The great and universal Lord;  
The sun proclaims him through the day,  
The moon when day light drops away;  
The very darkness smiles to wear  
The stars that show us God is there;  
On moonlight seas soft gleams the sky,  
And “God is with us” waves reply.***

*John Clare*

I couldn't help reflecting that Jesus is very clear about balance – the need for a bit of stillness amid the demands of caring for one another. Maybe days like that one are a small reminder that they are only sustainable, if you find your lonely place too.

*The newsletter appears fortnightly. For the next issue, please send contributions by 30th July to Barbara Bond: [bond\\_barbara@ymail.com](mailto:bond_barbara@ymail.com)*

I enjoyed reading the most interesting piece by Frances Low on the story of St Anne's Home, Brighton, more especially since it takes up a story which I set out in my forthcoming (probably August) book *Brighton at War, 1939-1945*, publisher Pen & Sword, Barnsley. My account reads as follows:

The enemy left Brighton in relative peace until 12 October 1942, but when the attack came it cruelly claimed nine lives. Thirty-three people were seriously injured and another sixty-seven sustained slight injuries. Over 251 houses were damaged.

It was shortly before 12.30pm that four Focke-Wulf 190A4s flew in from across the Channel at a height of about 150 feet, each carrying a 500kg bomb. Although the air raid sirens sounded the alarm at 12.27 pm, the bombs had already started to fall, from a height of approximately 200 feet, with machine gun and



Focke-Wulf 190A-3 "Würger" (Shrike) — Wikipedia

cannon fire raking the busy town centre area.

The first bomb [...] caused a tragic death in the nearby area. St Anne's Home for Invalid and Crippled Children, at 49 Buckingham Place, opposite All Saints Church, was overseen by a Catholic order of nuns founded in 1872, the Poor Servants of the Mother of God.

There were forty-one children accommodated in the home at that time, evacuees from Streatham whose children's home had been hit during the raids on London.

Twenty-one of them were playing in the garden of the Brighton home when the bomb struck, instantly killing two-year-old Anthony Leadbeater, described as 'a lovely little boy' by seventeen-year-old



St Anne's Home for Invalid and Crippled Children, 12 October 1942 (*Brighton and Sussex at War*)

Maureen Cunningham, who was in the garden looking after the children. In fact, several of the women who looked after the children suffered serious injuries.

Many of the other youngsters were injured, five seriously, including Vivian Mayling and Marcia Hoyzer, as were those inside (two needed hospital treatment). Unaffected children were rapidly transferred to a local convent. Another nineteen in the neighbourhood were also hurt.

The building itself was considerably damaged. Inside, debris, broken glass and ruined furniture was everywhere, although a statue of the Virgin Mary stood undamaged in one of the dormitories.

### Local historian Peter Groves has provided interesting information concerning the subsequent history of the Home:

Following the war, in 1948 the children's home moved to Lansdowne Road [...] Many years were to pass before a most unlikely 'Good Samaritan' purchased the property. It was in 1994 that eccentric Brighton WBO boxer, Chris Eubank, purchased St Anne's House, which he called Buckingham Palace. He knocked down the interior whilst keeping the grade II listed façade intact, and built 69 flats. The building was leased to the charity Sanctuary Housing Association with the lowest rents in the country. While he was widely applauded for his philanthropic action in 1994, some years later he was harshly criticised when he sold the building to a property investment company.

*"It is for you we face death all day long, and are counted as sheep for the slaughter. Awake, O Lord, why do you sleep? Arise, do not reject us for ever! Why do you hide your face from us, and forget our oppression and misery?" Ps 44*

Earlier this week, Parliament voted to maintain the cut in the aid budget. Whilst I try very hard to avoid social media, it is clear from responses that I have seen that there is a belief in some quarters that giving aid is supporting corrupt governments overseas. At this point I could comment about one nearer home...

It has never been more important to try and live up to the LIVE SIMPLY values championed by CAFOD – trying to **live simply, in solidarity with people in poverty, and sustainably with creation.**

I was struck by the response to the appalling racism levelled at the young footballers. Such an amazing wave of positivity, mobilising the best in people.

And I think that is the critical point – it was ordinary people who felt moved to point out that racism is not OK. The politicians generally didn't respond in a very heartfelt and human manner.

So maybe when we are thinking that our individual choices and responses can't change anything, being just a drop in the ocean, it's things like this that can keep us going.

— Prayer for Our World —

Creator God, who made our beautiful world,  
appointed us as its guardians  
and gifted us with everything we need,  
forgive us for the times we cause it harm;  
for the times our way of life affects our  
neighbours.

Inspire us to care for the environment;  
to help rebuild lives and communities;  
to share in the griefs and anxieties,  
joys and hopes of all your people,  
so that all your creation may flourish. Amen.



“It is beyond despicable that the government is hiding behind fiscal formulas to abandon the world's most vulnerable. Its economic rationale for its aid cuts is fatuous. The 0.7 per cent commitment is already tied to economic growth, declining, or rising with it. The cuts in aid, whilst increasing defence spending just underlines how cynical this is. The truth is this is a political decision, which is at the expense of the world's most vulnerable and marginalised communities affected by Covid and climate change. Today's vote was an opportunity to show that 'Global Britain is better than this, yet it is clear this Government is not.”

*Christine Allen, CAFOD Director*



There is a beautiful image from the Tao Te Ching: “The softest thing in the world rides roughshod over the strongest” — the way that water will erode rock by its persistence.



“Lord, listen to my prayer: turn your ear to my appeal. You are faithful, you are just; give answer... Lord, make haste and answer; for my spirit fails within me. Do not hide your face, lest I become like those in the grave.”

Psalm 143

**Fund Raising and outside Coffee Morning at St Patrick's 24<sup>th</sup>-25<sup>th</sup> July**

St Patrick’s are hosting a **coffee morning in the grounds** of the church on Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> July: 10-12.30.

*Café Église* or some such name – St Patrick wasn’t well known for his café culture.

Details of coffee morning and sale items in a few days time by email.

Will serve drinks and cake selection and people can take their seats at small tables. We request strict adherence to measures to protect us all from virus. Those serving will be vaccinated X 2. The grounds are spacious, so even the vulnerable can find a safe spot.

St Patrick’s will also have **sale tables** with some summer produce, plants, elderflower cordial, jams, and baking of all types on the weekend of 24<sup>th</sup> July 10am until 13.00 and Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> 10am until 11am.

There is a small selection of toys and miscellaneous. **We need many helpers and cooks.** Contact Bernadette berskin@hotmail.com or Irene icgreen@ntlworld.com

**Items for Sale**

Now or on 24th July at St Patrick’s —

Offers for:

- Black piano stool
- Vintage typewriter in case
- Children’s toys including small toy cars and trucks, Subbuteo (table soccer).

For more info or photos contact Irene icgreen@ntlworld.com

**National Garden Scheme**  
**Open Gardens** for specific dates  
 Woodingdean Peacehaven Seaford  
<https://ngs.org.uk/gardens-open-this-coming-week/>

**Work on the Farm**

Bernadette Skinner

Our farmer Ben Carr needed help with clearing ragwort from the field next to the Woodingdean wood on Warren Road. We had black sacks for collecting and filled builders sacks. Gloves and trousers tucked into socks against ticks.

Ted and I did 3 mornings with a few other Ovingdeanites. There was an evening session which involved a tippie of gin and Janet and her husband, who live opposite the field, joined in too on days we couldn’t.

We were hoping for more volunteers as it was posted on Facebook and Nextdoor but we still managed to fill a good many builders’ sacks for Ben to take away and burn. He was working with us too.

The field is now cut for hay. As it still has ragwort in it he can’t sell it for a good price. Certainly quite hard work but so nice to be on the side of a hill with a beautiful view, working amongst a huge variety of wildflowers and hearing so many bird calls.



*Lost amongst the ragwort!*

*“The Lord builds up Jerusalem, and brings back Israel’s exiles, he heals the broken-hearted, he binds up all their wounds. He fixes the number of the stars; he calls each one by its name.” Ps 147*

## Date not Data!!

UK has highest rate of new COVID cases per 100,000 people, not just in Europe but in the world. What has overtaken all considerations of data not date? Go figure! – as they say.

Covid new cases 50,000 per day, just over half of those are unvaccinated, but a very high percentage is of people who are vaccinated (one or both jabs). Numbers are doubling approximately every two weeks and this is likely to continue. The maths suggest that by the middle of August with this doubling rate we should expect about 1 million new cases per week and about 1,000 deaths per week.

Long Covid is the big future economic and health risk. There is the same chance for young and middle aged of having long COVID and this is unrelated to the severity of disease.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?utm_medium=email&utm_source=zoe_covid_study&utm_campaign=16_july_2021&mc_cid=289c4edede&mc_eid=e537fb037e&v=gwUSC6rid4A&feature=youtu.be)

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Delta variant binds more readily to its receptor protein and also fuses with cell membrane. In practice this means you will get infected if you are near a Covid positive person for shorter time. Compared to previous virus you can now be further away from an infected person and get infected, these facts suggest restrictions not abandoning all responsibility.

The discussion among St Patrick's people shows that everyone is in favour of continuing with all the COVID protection measures after 19th July, although we know legally we cannot insist.

## Knowledge is Dangerous

– at least in the US for public health officials, many of whom have had to resign their posts due to threats from the unenlightened.

Sadly there are attacks in the UK on medical experts – e.g. on Chris Whitty in a park.

In the US, a Tennessee doctor, Dr Michelle Fiscus (a top immunisation official) was educating the public about the coronavirus vaccine. She and 27 health officials in 13 states have been forced to leave their positions.

“Along the way, we have been disparaged, demeaned, accused and sometimes vilified by a public who chooses not to believe in science,” Fiscus wrote.

Rick Rojas reported that when public health officials leave, taking years of institutional memory with them, it might be difficult to find people to replace them.

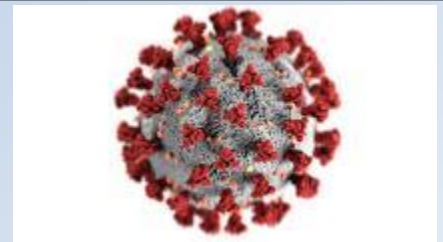
“It weakens the ability of the government to respond to a pandemic,” he said. “These people were the experts and now they’re increasingly not there anymore.”

## And Lack of Knowledge is Dangerous

We have had family visitors for two weeks, end of June early July, Scottish school holidays. My 17 year old granddaughter has just completed exams in Physics, Maths, Chemistry, English, French and Modern Studies. She is knowledgeable about sport, and follows Twitter. She wanted to know why people with no knowledge of medicine, science or economics had the strongest views on coronavirus on social media.

Sadly, although it has been said ‘do not underestimate human stupidity’, there are also people who are unable or unwilling to research the problems.

I was remembering Steve Jobs, the Californian business magnate who founded Apple Inc among others. At the age of 56 he died having contracted cancer 6 months earlier. He refused cancer treatment saying he could cure it holistically. Arrogant. Good on computers and marketing, he wasn't an expert in everything.



*“See my affliction and save me, for I remember your law. Uphold my cause and defend me; by your promise give me life. Salvation is far from the wicked, who are heedless of your commands.” Ps 119, XX (Resh)*

When I was at school many years ago everybody dressed in their best clothes to go to church. It was expected – and now we wear what we want.

However I learned that not all traditions have eased, when I toured Egypt on holiday (by chance on the first day of the Iraq war in 2003).

There were very few tourists about which was wonderful for us, but the street vendors were a constant irritation on the streets. We were almost forced to stop as they draped material over us, as we passed by, and tried desperately to haggle over cheap ornaments.

To visit a mosque, we had to run the gauntlet of salesmen outside, and a length of green shiny material was thrown over my shoulder. I turned and glared at the young woman who did it, but our



Egyptian guide then told me to take it as I was being advised to cover up before entering the mosque!

My short sleeved, scoop neck T-shirt had me marked out as the only woman in our party indecently dressed. So I had to put on the full length shiny green sack, tied at the neck, with slits for the arms, to view the mosque interior.

Suitably humbled, yet horribly conspicuous, I seemed to attract a lot of attention from young Egyptians inside. Fortunately I couldn't understand a word they said.

So, if there is a moral to this story it is this... Obey local customs in the Middle East if possible – or you may become a laughing stock, or worse...



al-Azhar Mosque, Cairo – Wikipedia



### *The Thrushes Nest*

Within a thick & spreading hawthorn bush  
That overhung a molehill large & round,  
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush  
Sing hymns to sunrise – while I drank the sound  
With joy; & often, an intruding guest,  
I watched her secret toils from day to day,  
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,  
& modelled it within with wood & clay,  
& bye & bye, like heathbells gilt with dew,  
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers!  
Ink-spotted-over shells of greeny-blue;  
& there I witnessed in the sunny hours  
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp & fly,  
Glad as that sunshine & the laughing sky.  
– John Clare, 1832



*Tidemills, evening light, black-headed gulls*

*“In the morning let me know your love, for I put my trust in you. Make me know the way I should walk: to you I lift up my soul. Rescue me, Lord, from my enemies; I have fled to you for refuge.” Psalm 143*

Contemplation — with Sound

*Peace to you who were far off, and peace to those who were near – Ephesians 2: 17*

I write from the front garden this time, where the three little lavender bushes we put in a few years ago have turned into a giant spreading cushion of flowers, gleefully leaning into the driveway and across the so-called lawn – which is more an oasis in the middle of eruptions of



roses, rosemary, holly, forsythia, hornbeam, a small *Malus* ‘profusion’, some green and white euonymus, and a tall plant known only as “Nigel”, for reasons no longer understood.



As I sit here in the morning light, I begin to notice the world of sounds, all around me. The herring gulls are wheeling and screeching over Southover, not far away. A resident thrush is saying “Chur-weet” three times, very loud; then he says another phrase very loud three times; and then another, different phrase. He is the Master of Three, although being quite young, his phrases are hardly sophisticated as yet.

A collared dove sweeps down in a tight circle, with a curious mewling scream; his (seated) song is usually a depressing “You-nigh-ted”, very slow; Attenborough describes it as a very depressed football supporter. In more posh areas, he seems to utter “Mar-sell-Proust” – so I’m told. High up, a buzzard circles with its thin keening whistle. Sparrows bundle into the hornbeam hedge with piercing chirrups.

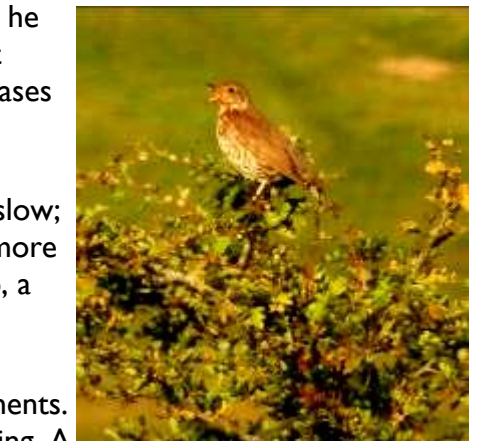


It is the season of house improvements.

There are vans pulling up and turning. A digger is ripping out yet another of the small front gardens to make a car park; there is a huge crash as the spoil is dumped into an empty skip. A pneumatic drill is cracking into concrete. A workman pushes a wheelbarrow with metallic clanking of contents. The dual carriageway vibrates in a quiet but incessant yelling of engines; when the wind is south-west it will be much louder. A car revs up a steep side road, and the short Brighton to Ashford train rumbles over the bridge by our back garden. Two doors up, major renovations

produce dull thuds that come through the fabric of the house, as ours is at the end of a terrace of four.

Above, on a steep slope, the line of tall ash and sycamore trees on Love Lane is producing gusty sighs in the breeze. Actually, now that I pay attention to the sound, it is not a “sigh” at all; if I were an Eskimo I could think up dozens of words for that noise. It rises and falls with the gusts. There is rustling. There is a swooshing which has many levels: slippery whispers, rolling surf, hollow heaving, pattering and twisting, a bowl-like echoing space, and a looming, gathering build-up as the wind surges. I must pay more attention in future.



*“Love virtue, you who are judges on earth, let honesty prompt your thinking about the Lord, seek him in simplicity of heart; since he is to be found by those who do not put him to the test, he shows himself to those who do not distrust him.” Wisdom 1: 1-2*