

One Hundred Years of Memories



Church of the
Good Shepherd
Brighton

First published in 2022

By Newman Thomson

On behalf of Church of the Good Shepherd, Brighton.

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Foreword

‘You must make me an altar of earth on which to sacrifice your burnt offerings and communion sacrifices ...’ says Exodus: 20. 24. I believe, that is an instinctive desire of every person.

One hundred years ago, a godly and yet human inspiration, in a particular area of Preston, gave birth to this temple of God. It has been a community beacon, a house of God, a church, not just of material stones but of living persons too.

‘Even the stones speak’ and put together, the church of the Good Shepherd through these 100 years, have continued to herald the Good News to all. The material building itself must have spoken to those passed by. And those who entered in, must have experienced the divine presence.

Thousands and thousands of people have been blessed here at various moments of their life; and through many God’s ministers, holiness and wholeness has been administered. It is a temple of God. ‘You, God, are awesome in your sanctuary ...’ Psalm 68:35

In this Centenary Book, parishioners have recalled, in very human terms, past events of their life, and will be a light to those to come. As God’s people, journeying together, we do this with immense joy as we celebrate our centenary.

My thanks to the whole Centenary Committee and especially to Sarah Thomas who, with her passion and dedication, has edited and put together all our words in this Centenary Book. I hope, together with the church building that tells the glory of God, these pages too will continue to recount God’s wonders to the future generations.

Father Felix Mascarenhas, Vicar.

Introduction

As we approached the centenary of our church we started to think about what the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Brighton, meant to different people; for a hundred years many have worshipped faithfully and regularly in the building, others view the church from many vantage points in the city. However, many people have their own individual memories and connections with the church, so we decided to tell the stories of some of the 'sheep' of the Good Shepherd, showing that the church is much more than a building. Some of these are personal recollections, which it has been a privilege to read; some are researched by others. We found them all fascinating and hope you will too.

Some people chose a year and wrote their stories. We wanted to include recollections from as many people as possible and so some years have more than one story. Other stories we found by reading old church magazines, or via other connections. Where we have included stories on behalf of our predecessors we have tried to give a glimpse of the variety of people involved with the Good Shepherd in its earlier days. Clearly the recollections here reflect only a small proportion of all those who have been involved with the Good Shepherd in the last century and we hope they will remind others of their own memories.

The constant in all these stories is the building, but the comings and goings of those connected to the parish, recorded here, bring the building to life. The historical context of some of the stories gives a wider cultural appreciation too: for example the formal address afforded in obituaries together with much personal detail, often about the manner of death, as well as who attended the funeral service. Such descriptions are quite moving and in some ways enable us to come to know the characters described.

Whilst we have focused on the people of the church, we hope readers will forgive us for including some of the more general story of the building to give a wider flavour of its history. There are very few who will remember the foundation stone being laid in what was a relatively recent era, so we hope this book gives a window through which to observe our church's journey through the past hundred years.

The Vicars of the Church of the Good Shepherd



The Reverend William J. R. Allen
1922-1947



The Reverend R. Jonathan Hills
1948-1959



The Reverend Cecil F. Chisholm
1959-1971



The Right Reverend Timothy J. Bavin
1971-1973



The Very Reverend Richard M. S. Eyre
1973-1975



The Reverend Canon Geoffrey G. White
1976-1993



The Reverend Dr Paul M. Collins
1994-1996



The Very Reverend Jonathan D. F. Greener
1996-2003



The Reverend Canon Nicholas L. Jepson-Biddle
2004-2005



The Reverend Dr Felix P. A. Mascarenhas
2006-

1922 From the beginning



Mrs Alice Mary Moor

The Church of the Good Shepherd as we know it today was built thanks to the generosity of Alice Mary Moor so it is fitting to begin our story with Mrs Moor, the widow of the Reverend Prebendary Gerald Moor, who had come to the parish of Preston, in North Brighton, in 1905. This was a large parish, including farmland south and west of Dyke Road.

In 1911 the Reverend W. J. R. Allen came to the parish as 'Assistant Missioner' and given responsibility for developing the Dyke Road area. It became clear that there was a need for some services to take place near Dyke Road. Mrs Moor rented a room in Maldon Road for Mothers' Union meetings, and in 1912 Father Allen began regular services there. A good number of people attended the Mothers' Union even then, as this photograph from around 1920 shows.



Mothers' Union c1920

As the population grew Mrs Moor purchased a site in Dyke Road between Matlock Road and Tivoli Crescent on which was built a church of corrugated iron, known as the 'tin church'.



The Tin Church

Prebendary Moor had a vision for a permanent building to form the centre of a new parish, but sadly he died on 31st May 1916. His widow was determined to see his vision delivered and the present site was acquired and the foundation stone laid in October 1920. The architect was Edward Warren and the builders a local firm, Packham, Sons & Palmer.

The Bishop of Chichester, the Right Reverend Winfrid Burrows, consecrated the first stage of the building (the four bays of the nave) on 31st May 1922 (the anniversary of Prebendary Moor's death).

As the magazine at the time says:

Will the new Church really be ready for consecration on May 31st, was the question many were asking with some misgivings during the first fortnight in May. The answer has been given. It is sometimes said of the British workman that he will 'go slow' and nothing can hurry him. Our experience of the men employed in this instance gives a flat denial to such a generalisation. One and all worked with a will, and the miracle happened. We desire to thank them very much indeed for all the work they have done. At 7 pm on the day all was ready. At 8 pm the Church was packed, and a large number were waiting outside to witness the arrival of the procession of Clergy and Choir, arriving from the old Church. Fortunately, the weather was perfect. There was no wind, and it was warm. At the South West door a petition was read and delivered to the Bishop praying him to consecrate and set apart forever the new Church given as a free will offering by Alice Mary Moor to the glory of God and in memory of her husband. This petition was signed by the Vicar of Preston, the Churchwardens of Preston, the Priest in Charge and Churchwardens of the Good Shepherd. After the reading of the petition the Bishop said, 'I am ready to proceed to the consecration,' and immediately the Choir and Clergy began a circuit outside the Church, reciting Psalms 68, 84, and 132, returning again to the South West door, which was locked. Then the Bishop knocked three times with his staff, saying 'Lift up

your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in.' When the reply from within had been given, and the Bishop had made answer, the door was thrown open, and the impressive Consecration service proceeded with quiet dignity and most impressive ceremonial. It must have been a stubborn heart that was not uplifted by it too. We refuse to think that anybody present was not moved by what they saw and heard, prayers they said, the hymns they sang so lustily, and the Bishop's sermon so wonderfully delivered. Thus ended a historical day, but the Consecration was not yet complete, for there was to follow next morning at 7.30 the first Holy Eucharist. A goodly number came together for this, and so the Church of the Good Shepherd, Preston, Brighton, was duly consecrated and established, and a new life had begun.

When Mrs Moor acquired the site in Dyke Road she bought sufficient land for the church and vicarage. Later she bought the adjoining site for a church hall. She was present in July 1936 when the new hall was opened. Sadly, in October of that year she died.

Alice Moor was remembered with fondness by those who knew her. Mrs Moor was described after her death by Bishop Bell (Bishop of Chichester from 1929) as a straightforward, shrewd person and a vivacious, warm-hearted friend, who was extraordinarily loyal, unselfish and considerate. She gave generously to charities, including the Red Cross, of which she was Deputy President of Brighton & Hove Division. She was described as a short lady with an enormous personality. In later years she would be seen around Brighton in her car bellowing instructions to her chauffeur, Hibbert, through a speaking tube.

At her memorial service the Bishop of Chichester said:

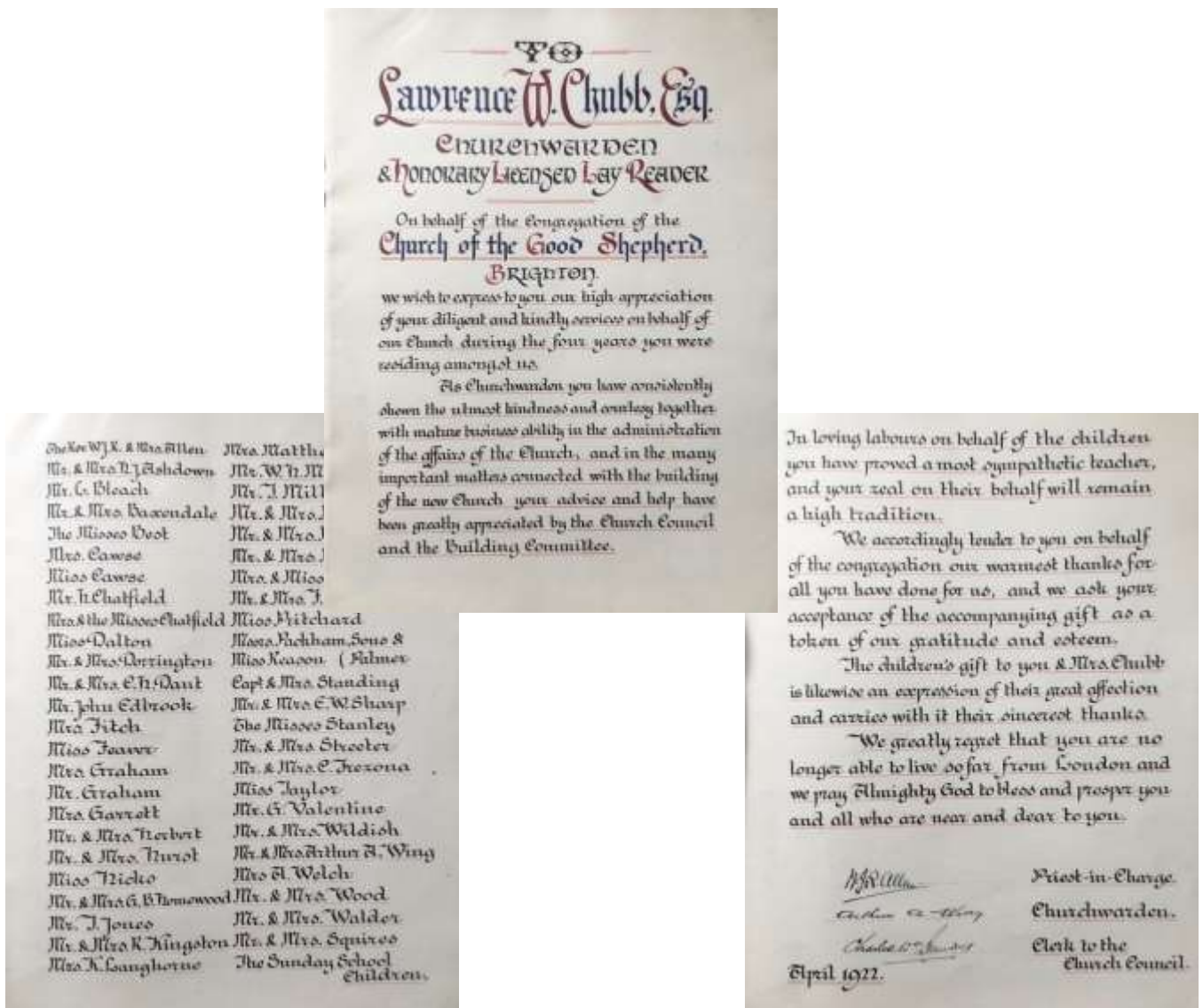
She was, besides, a generous supporter of the Church in all sorts of ways. Many a tired, hard-working parish priest has had help and encouragement from her for his holiday, or a liberal and cheering patronage at his sale of work or fete — and not priests alone but workers of all kinds. As someone said, 'Mrs Moor was a great little lady'.

A trusted warden

Arthur Wing has shared memories of his grandfather, including his obituary.

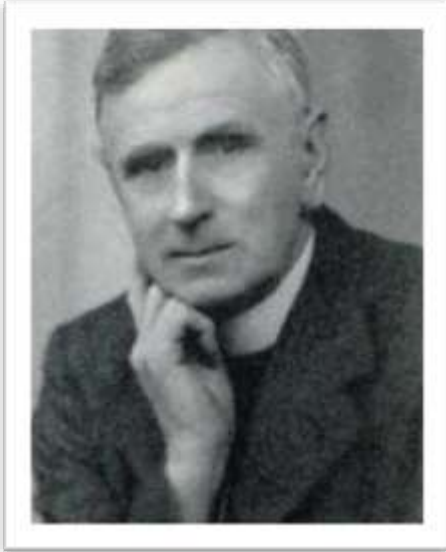
Sir Lawrence Chubb was born in Australia in 1873, and came to England in 1887. He came to know Octavia Hill, the social reformer, in London, and subsequently became the first secretary of the National Trust. He was a keen Rambler and in 1905 founded the Ramblers Association. He was a churchwarden in 1922 and would have overseen many of the preparations for the opening of the newly built church. The Chubbs had moved down to Brighton towards the end of the war and rented the house next to the Tin Church in Dyke Road. He had to move closer to London and on his departure he was given this beautiful copper plate record of his time at the Good Shepherd (whilst it was the Tin Church). It is reproduced here as a lasting record of some of the parishioners who were there right at the beginning, many of whom are mentioned later in this book.

He was knighted in 1930, for his many services to the English countryside. He died in 1948.



1923 A man with a mission

Father Allen was key to the Church of the Good Shepherd, from its inception at the tin church, through to 1947 when he retired, when the church reached its silver jubilee. His grandson, the Reverend Zachary Allen, remembers him below.



Father William Allen

When any particular year was mentioned, my father, Michael, would often ask, 'Who was over here?'. This may have been a habit inherited from his father, Rev W. J. R. Allen, a keen cricket fan. Known in the family as 'Pop', WJRA, the youngest of 11, was born (1878) and raised in Northampton. Having completed his studies at Lichfield Theological College, he served curacies on Tyneside and in Liverpool before being appointed to St John's, Preston in Brighton. On 10th June 1908, the Chester Courant carried a report of a match between Neston 2nd XI v Sefton 2nd XI. Batting at No.3 for Sefton, Rev WJRA scored 10, before taking two Neston wickets in a 45-run victory! The West Indian cricket team were 'over here' in 1923 but because the weather early in the Tour was disappointing and there were no representative matches,

public interest was limited. In 1923, 'Pop' would have been following the fortunes of Sussex, for whom Maurice Tate was taking lots of wickets. 'Pop's' knowledge of and interest in cricket was acknowledged when, in 1927, he was invited to be Club President of Preston Nomads Cricket Club.

Wilfrid Westall (1900 – 1982), who eventually became Bishop of Crediton, was Curate at the Church of the Good Shepherd, prior to his being appointed Vicar of St Wilfrid's Church, Brighton in 1930. Keenly interested in railways, he is credited with coining the nickname of 'God's Wonderful Railway' for the Great Western Railway. To Michael and particularly his elder brother Stanley, Westall was someone to be admired, having volunteered his services as an engine driver during the General Strike of 1926. The Allen family travelled by train to take holidays in Filey and Scarborough amongst other places. The interest in railways, first fostered within the Good Shepherd Vicarage, continues amongst Pop's grandchildren and great grandchildren. 'Pop' enjoyed fishing trips by train to Scotland, whilst, nearer home, he fished at Wiston and played golf at a local golf club. We still had his set of clubs in the 1960s!

Stanley and Michael, took a keen interest in politics, keeping themselves well informed about world events and matters of local interest – something which was almost certainly fostered and encouraged within the Vicarage household. 'Pop' died in 1950 (before I was born) and I was only six when 'Nana' died. From Stanley's and Michael's recollections of life at the Good Shepherd Vicarage, I believe there must have been both a richness and a warmth to life in the household within which they were nurtured, as reflected perhaps in an inscription to a devotional book given by 'Pop' to 'Nana', on 26th November 1915. It reads, 'To my darling ... from her loving Billy.'

1924 A family through the years

The Wing family have been members of the Good Shepherd congregation since 1912. My grandparents, Arthur and Marion Wing, went to live in Highcroft Villas when they were married in September 1912 and first attended the church later that month. Then during the First World War, my mother's family, who had been living in a vulnerable part of London, moved to live in Dyke Road. My mother's father, Lawrence Chubb, had been a Lay Reader and Sunday School Superintendent at Holy Trinity Church in Southwark and the family began attending the church, with my mother's father running the Sunday School.



Stanley and Peggy Allen

By the time the present church was built in 1922, Arthur Wing and Lawrence Chubb were the two churchwardens. Soon after, my mother's family went back to London although they continued to be regular visitors to Sussex. Not surprisingly, the Wings were also good friends of the vicar's family and in 1941, my aunt, Peggy Wing, married the vicar's son, Stanley Allen, who was later to be my godfather.

My parents, Tom and Joyce Wing, were married at Holy Trinity Church in Beckenham in 1949. They then came to live in the parish, and I was baptised at the church by Jonathan Hills. By this time, both my grandmothers had been widowed and were living in flats in The Droveway. They were regular worshippers, together with my great aunt, Agnes Bending, who also lived in The Droveway. My father's mother was an active member of the Mothers' Union.



Tom and Joyce Wing 1949

One of my earliest memories of the church was helping my mother dusting the chairs – the front rows on the north side of the nave. Some years later, either my father or I would regularly hoist the flag on the flagpole on the tower – climbing through the belfry was quite a noisy job when the bells were being rung! I belonged to the Church Scout Group,



Marion Wing
Mothers' Union 1928

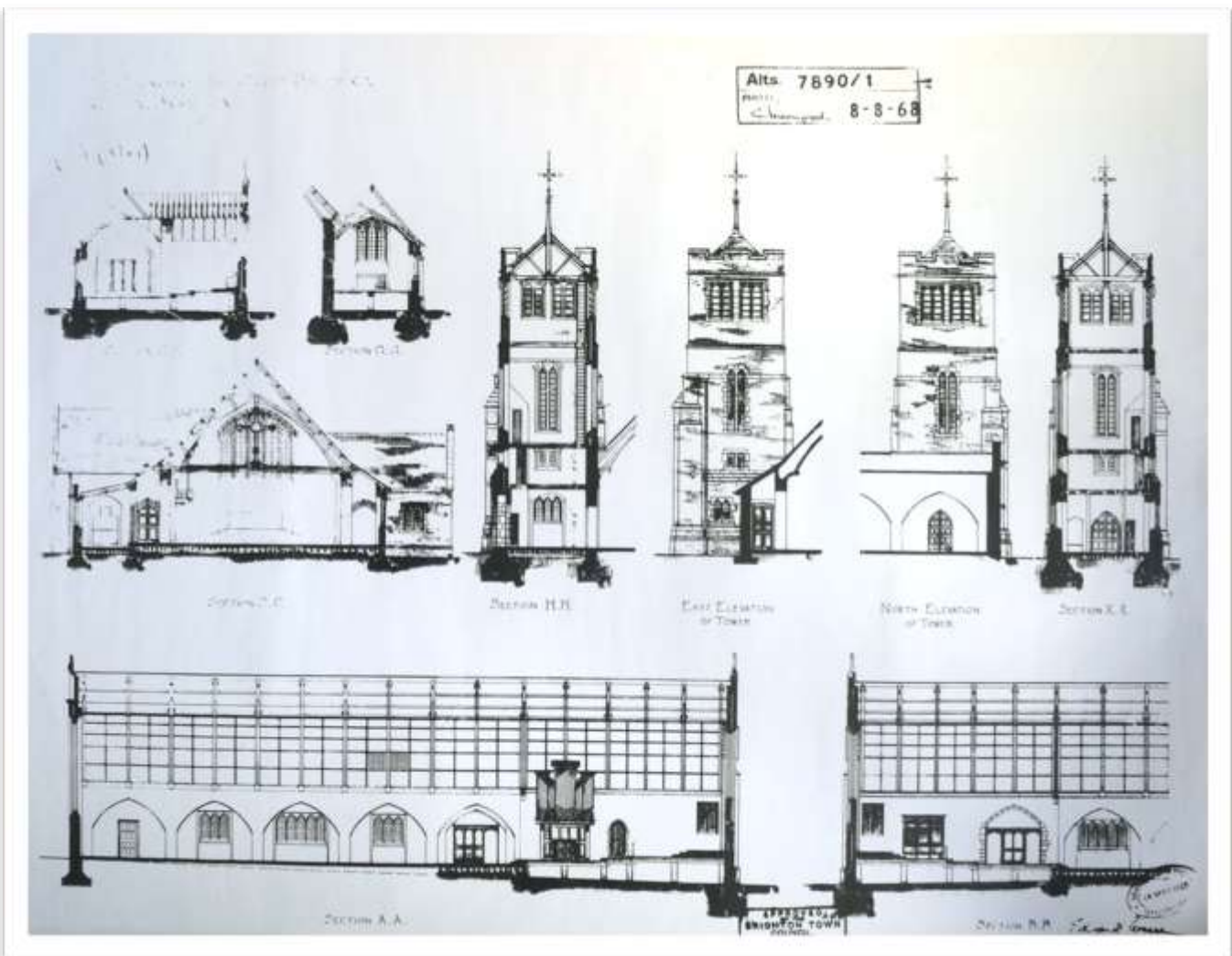
the 39th Brighton, being a Cub, a Scout and a Senior Scout. I was also a member of the Church's successful Youth Club – I particularly remember outings to concerts at the Dome during the annual Brighton Festival; we got to see bands including the Who, Cream and the Jimi Hendrix Experience!

My father was a Sidesman and Churchwarden, often using his professional expertise in relation to the church buildings while my mother was a leading light in the Women's Fellowship. In recent years, I have attended the 8 o'clock service with my wife, Jenny, and in 2009, we were very proud parents when our daughter, Katherine, was married in the church.

1925 The man with the vision

In May 1925 Mrs Moor accepted the contract tendered by Messrs Packham, Sons & Palmer for the completion of the east end of the Church. This would mean the addition of one more bay to the Nave, together with the Chancel, Lady Chapel, Vestries and Organ chamber. It was also planned to add a small chapel on the North Aisle, to be called 'The Chapel of Remembrance', and was intended to place the parish war memorial either inside, or in conjunction with, this little chapel.

It was also agreed the church would have an addition of a tower. This was to be built in the south-west corner of the Church, and would be about 60 feet high. Work commenced in August of 1925, being completed in 1927. The architect's designs were described in the magazine as '*very pleasing*' and it was felt that '*the outside appearance of the church would be considerably enhanced*'. Photos of these plans are below, and the church we know today is instantly recognisable.



The architect of the church was Edward Prioleau Warren (1856-1937), commissioned by Mrs Moor. He was born in Bristol and educated at Clifton College. He joined the Art Workers Guild in 1892 and

was Master in 1913. He practised extensively in Oxford. During the First World War he was seconded to the Serbian Army, and designed the War Cemetery at Basra. He built and altered a number of churches in addition to the Good Shepherd, and is known principally for domestic buildings in an understated revival of English late 17th Century styles. His main works were lodgings for Oxford colleges and minor country houses, including his own house, Breach House, Halfpenny Lane, Cholsey, built in 1906 (*source: Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects December 1937*).

Nearly a century later the tower is prominent from distant views across the city and it seems hard to imagine the church without it.

1926 A new curate

In 1926 the Reverend Wilfrid Westall joined the Good Shepherd as Assistant Curate. He had studied theology at St Chad's College, Durham, been ordained in Birmingham Cathedral in 1925, and was a Curate in Birmingham before moving south. While he was at the Good Shepherd he married Ruth Evans and they had four children. In 1930 he was appointed Vicar of St Wilfrid's, Brighton. After moving to Hawnby and Shaldon as Vicar he was appointed Archdeacon of Exeter in 1951. In 1954 he was consecrated as Bishop of Crediton. For many years he was also a panellist on Radio 4 *Any Questions* and had a keen interest in railways. As mentioned earlier, he was said to refer to the Great Western Railway as 'God's Wonderful Railway'. Bishop Westall Road in Exeter is named after him. He died in 1982.

1927 Preston Nomads Cricket Club

We are grateful to Chris Bidwell, President of Preston Nomads, for writing the following piece:

Preston Nomads Cricket Club, usually known simply as 'Nomads', was formed in 1927. The first official meeting was held at the home of Spen Cama in Maldon Road on 2nd March, at which it was agreed that 'the name of the Club shall be Preston Nomads Cricket Club and it shall be attached to the Church of the Good Shepherd'. Those present included the Reverend W. A. E. Westall, the Curate of the Church, and he was elected to the Committee. The meeting was adjourned, but then resumed on 22nd March in the study at the Vicarage, with the Vicar, the Reverend W. J. R. Allen, becoming President of the Club and the Reverend W. A. E. Westall becoming a Vice President. The Minutes of that meeting record that the Vicar offered to publish in the Church Magazine a request for an umpire and a scorer and also to print the results of the matches.

The Club had 23 fixtures that year, all away matches, as the Club had no ground, and the Club's statistics record that the Reverend Westall scored 15 runs in six innings at an average of 2.5 and the Reverend Allen played one match, scoring no runs! Runs were evidently hard to come by and the scores in all the games were very low.

In 1938 the Club decided to run a Sunday XI. The Reverend Allen, who was still the President, and who remained so until he retired in 1941, raised no objection, and the Club's records reveal that he played a few times for the Club on Saturdays and the Reverend Westall was quite a regular playing member when duties allowed.

The Club's connections with the Church probably diminished after the Second World War, when the Club found its home at the ground at Clappers Lane, Fulking, which Spen Cama had purchased in 1937. After Spen died in 2001, a Memorial Service was held at the Church in his honour. The Club then revived the connection by inviting the newly arrived Vicar, Father Felix Mascarenhas, to bless the Club's new pavilion at the opening ceremony at Fulking on 18th June 2006, an invitation which he kindly accepted, and he has, on a number of occasions since then, attended the Club's Annual Dinner and said Grace.



A Preston Nomads match in action.

Completion of the building

The final phase of the building was completed in 1927. Mrs Moor provided eight stained glass windows. The chancel and other additions were dedicated by the Bishop of Chichester at a service on 23rd June 1927 and was reported in much detail in the *Sussex Daily News* the following day. Part of the report is reproduced below:

The service was attended by over 500 people and was of an impressive character.

The church is a memorial to the Reverend Gerald Moor, who, as Vicar of Preston, did a great work in clearing off the debt of his own parish church, founding the parishes of St Matthias and St Alban and appointing the Reverend W.J.R Allen to develop the work in the Dyke Road district.

Mrs Gerald Moor was in last night's congregation which overflowed into the Lady Chapel. Workmen who had been engaged in building the church occupied places behind the choir stalls.

Two processions marked the opening of the service. One was from the western end of the church, consisted of the male choir and about 15 clergy, preceded by a Crossbearer. The other, which came from the vestry, just outside the Chapel of Remembrance, was the more impressive. It consisted of the churchwardens, Messrs E. A. Wilson and M. C. Perry, the Vicar, the Reverend W. J. R. Allen and his Curate, the Reverend W. A. E. Westall, the Vicar of Brighton, The Reverend F. C. N. Hicks, DD., the Archdeacon of Lewes, the Venerable H.M. Horder, Dean Hannah, the Chancellor of the Diocese, Mr Kenneth M. Macmorran, MA., LLB. and the Registrar, Mr G. Ashley Tyacke, both bewigged with the Apparitor, the Bishop, in glowing cope and mitre of green and gold and the Bishop's Chaplain, the Reverend Percy Leonard, Vicar of Chidham and late Curate at the Church of the Good Shepherd.

The latter procession visited all the new parts of the church in turn for the dedication of the additions after Mr Wilson had formally presented a petition to the Bishop. Immediately after the dedication of the bells a peal was rung by a band of St Peter's and they returned to their task at the close of the service until the whole neighbourhood rang out with the glad music of the bells.

At the order of the Bishop, who had seated himself in his chair, the Sentence of Consecration was read out by the Chancellor and the Bishop signed, afterwards declaring:

'Good People, I have now signed the Sentence of Consecration of this Chancel, and I now declare it to be dedicated henceforth to the glory of God, under the title of the Good Shepherd, and in memory of Gerald Moor, Priest, and I direct that the document be enrolled and preserved in the muniments of the Registry of this Diocese.'

1928 Development of music

Thanks are due to Derek Froud, our current Director of Music, for telling the story of how the musical tradition at the Good Shepherd developed.

Norman Richards (1876-1951), the first organist at the Church of the Good Shepherd, must have been a patient man. He was appointed 'to take charge of the organ' from 1st January 1927.

Richards appears to have been a well-known organist in Brighton in the early 20th century. A 1912 directory mentions him as the organist of St James's Church in St James's Street, and another directory lists him as one of Douglas Reeve's predecessors at the Dome. Both of these instruments were large — three manuals and 40 speaking stops at St James's, and four manuals and 44 speaking stops at the Dome.

Early in 1926, the churchwardens of the Good Shepherd had contracted the Durham-based firm of Harrison & Harrison to build a two-manual, 16-stop instrument, with the hope that the new organ would be ready by Christmas that year. Unfortunately, they underestimated both the time and money needed for the project. By early 1928 the first stage of the installation of the organ was complete, and the instrument, albeit with only six stops, was dedicated in February of that year. Richards had to wait another 10 years before the remaining 10 stops were added.

1929 Mowden and the Good Shepherd



Mowden School (nowadays known as Lancing Preparatory School) has had long associations with the Good Shepherd, with the children regularly processing across the road for services and some of our clergy processing in the opposite direction to give lessons!

In 1929 the boys of Mowden School gave the church a new lectern, designed by Mr Edward Warren, architect of the church. The new lectern was made of oak to match the choir stalls. To accompany the new lectern a Mr Bentley donated a new bible.

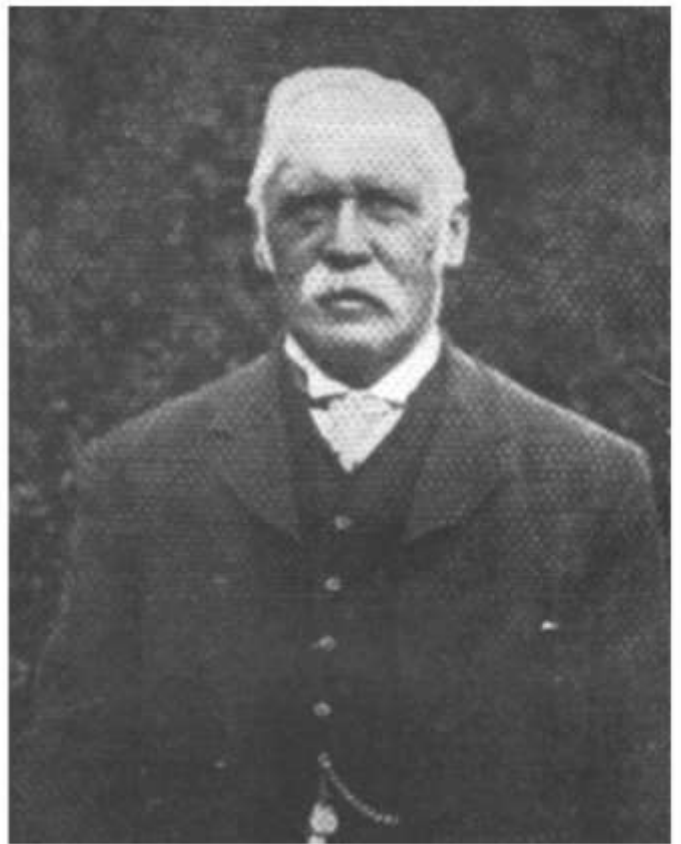


1930 Building a church

Mr. Sidney George Palmer, who died in 1930, led the building firm Packham, Sons and Palmer, which was responsible for building the church. As someone who had been part of the congregation since its beginnings in the 'Tin Church', Mr Palmer then oversaw the building of the church, and his legacy stands strong for us today. This excerpt from his obituary is reproduced from the magazine and gives a glimpse of the esteem in which he was held:

The death of Mr Palmer has come as a shock to us all, for he was in his garden on Saturday afternoon last, apparently as well as usual, and all last week was attending business. On Sunday he was not able to come to church as he felt unwell. On Monday he was removed to a nursing home and underwent a severe operation. Having passed a fair night the doctors were hopeful, but the end came very suddenly about midday on Tuesday. His passing means a great deal for us, and as we pen these notes we can hardly believe it has happened. When calling upon me last week Mr Palmer seemed wonderfully fit, and although naturally anxious about Mrs Palmer, who has been so unwell since December, he was in splendid form. I should like to say something first about Mr Palmer as one of our fellow worshippers. From the first Sunday that the little iron church was opened Mr Palmer has been a regular worshipper with us, and we were all so accustomed to see him in his familiar place that we shall miss his form terribly. Mr Palmer was a man who liked to think things out deeply for himself, but when convinced of the truth he was as firm as a rock. He took the deepest interest in all that pertained to the welfare of our church services. At the council meetings, Mr Palmer, when joining in a discussion, would usually bring some useful contribution to the matter under consideration and expound his view carefully and deliberately. On a great many occasions his point of view has helped the council to come to a wise decision.

But of course, it is in connection with the building of the church and the vicarage that we were brought into very close relations with Mr Palmer. Of his unfailing care, courtesy, and assistance it is almost superfluous to speak. Messrs Packham, Sons and Palmer have built three or four churches in Brighton and the neighbourhood, and Mr Palmer has taken an active part in all cases



but none more than in our church. He was a man who loved work for its own sake, and was not satisfied unless it was good work. For our part we shall look back on those anxious days when the building was going on, with nothing but gratitude that Mr Palmer was the good master over all things.

At his funeral the church was full, with a congregation of friends in our neighbourhood, and members of the various building trade societies with which Mr Palmer was intimately associated, and the whole staff and workmen of Messrs Packham, Sons and Palmer came to bid farewell to their good leader and master who was ever thoughtful of their welfare. One of them remarked they mourned a 'father'.

We are grateful to Geoff Caldwell, who contacted us from Scotland, with details of his great grandfather's brother, Mr Palmer.

1931 Remembering a young parishioner

The church magazine notes the death of a younger member of the congregation: John Charles Leonard Dallimore, who died on 11th October 1931, aged 36.

Mr Dallimore died at home at 6, Norfolk Terrace. His funeral service was preceded by Vespers of the Dead the previous evening. At the Eucharist his near relatives were present, as well as a considerable number of the congregation. The burial service in the church was largely attended, and there was a full choir, with Mr Norman Richards at the organ. He was buried at Brighton Borough Cemetery.

On the following Sunday pulpit references were made by the clergy to the fine work and sustained interest that Mr Dallimore had shown in the church and various organisations. He was Secretary to the Parochial Church Council, representative to the Brighton Council, a regular and devout server and, above all, took a most loving interest in work connected with our children. In fact this was the work dearest to his heart, for he never spared himself in it, even when he ought to have rested.

He left a wife and daughter and his parents. His father wrote a letter to the Vicar, expressing 'deep appreciation of the beautiful service rendered on the occasion of the funeral of his son', and also 'for the cross of flowers from the congregation, and the wreath from the children'.

1932 A Thirties wedding

Christine James uncovers a family connection to the Good Shepherd:

Alice Winter lived in Scarborough Road in the parish of the Church of the Good Shepherd. She worked as a lady's companion. William Davis was a bus driver with Southdown Motor Services.

They married at the Good Shepherd on 16th November 1932 and soon afterwards moved to Petworth as William's new bus route was in that area of Sussex. They lived there for the rest of their married life and William was presented with a silver tea set for his long service to Southdown Motor Services.

They had two children, Valerie and John. Valerie trained to be a nurse and in August 1959 married a police constable, Keith Christmas, at Petworth Parish Church. Keith was my mother's first cousin and I am godmother to their youngest son, Peter. It was when Valerie came to a service at the Good Shepherd some years ago that she commented that her parents had been married there!

In the 1980s Valerie and Keith moved with Alice (now a widow) and their three boys, to Devon, where we spent many happy times with them. Alice passed away several years ago and sadly Valerie and Keith both passed away in the spring of 2020.



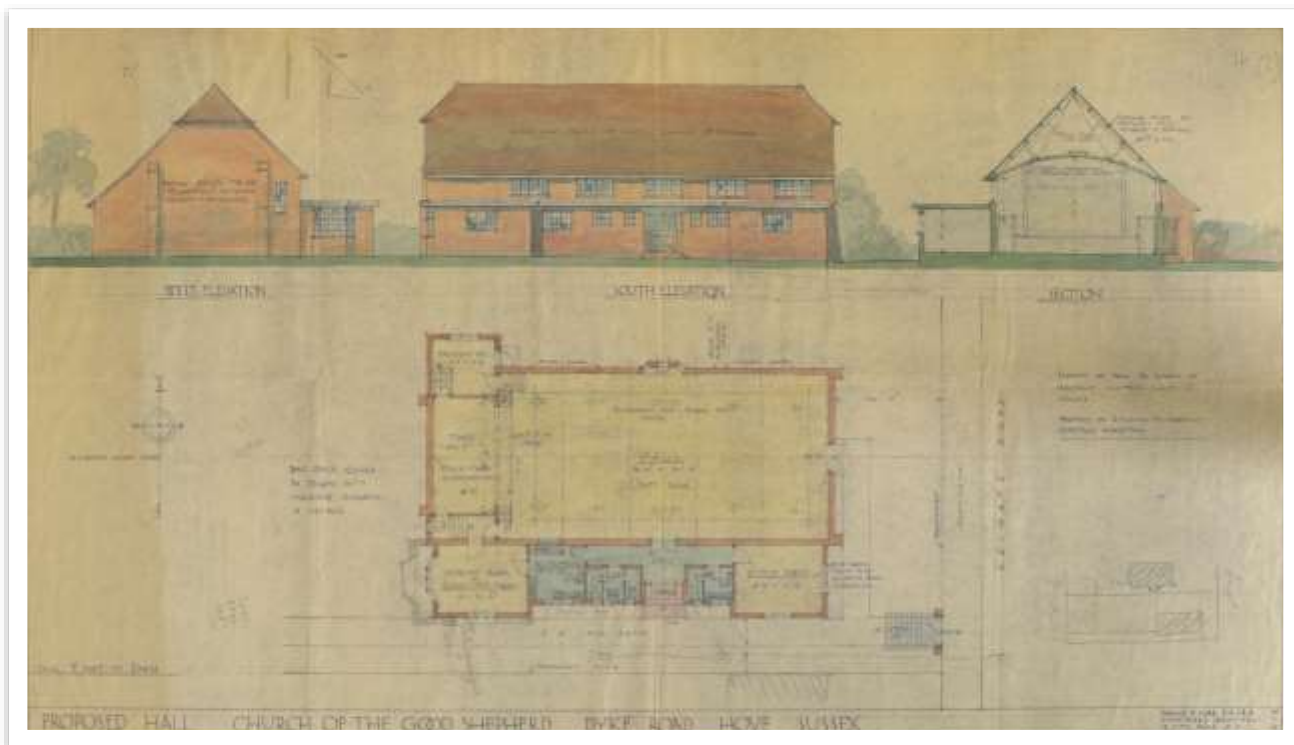
William Davis and Alice Winter

1933 A change of curates and developing a Church Hall

In 1933 the Curate, the Reverend W.R.L Palmer left, when he was appointed as Rector of Crawley near Winchester. He described his new church in the magazine as *'having been a sort of refuge for Cathedral staff from the bustling mediaeval life of the city.'* He said he couldn't *'lightly leave'* and would miss the friendship and kindness of those at the Good Shepherd.

The new Assistant Priest was the Reverend Tudor Jeffreys, whose father had been a priest for 42 years and whose brother was a Canon of Bristol Cathedral. For five years Mr Jeffreys had been a Naval Chaplain, seeing a good deal of submarine service, but he had also had parochial experience, as the Vicar of Southbroom in Wiltshire, and was particularly interested in work among the young.

Also in 1933 Mrs Moor committed to give £2,000 towards the building of a hall, provided the rest of the money required could be collected from parishioners and friends of the Church. A fundraising appeal was begun to encourage parishioners to see what a boon a good parish hall would be to this neighbourhood, as there was no well-equipped building that could be used for various social and other purposes, meetings, etc. It is interesting to reflect nearly a hundred years later how that vision has been lived out. The appeal was successful and the church hall is used today for a variety of activities: church social events, community classes (e.g. keep fit, dancing classes,) childcare facilities, children's parties. Many of the parish exercise their right to vote at the hall.



Original Proposed Plans of the Church Hall

1934 Childhood memories

Percy Upton shared his memories with us in 1997 when we celebrated the 75th anniversary of the church and they are reproduced and summarised here:

This church played an important part in my life between 1932 and 1941. I attended both the morning and the afternoon Sunday Schools and was also a member of the Cubs (and later, the Scouts) and the Choir, attending the Sung Eucharist and Evensong every Sunday. Originally the Sunday School, Cubs etc met in the Tin Church, located at 290 Dyke Road, until the Church Hall was built in 1936.

I attended the Sunday School from 1932 to 1936. During the last two years Catechism classes were substituted for afternoon Sunday School. I also attended instruction prior to my Confirmation in June 1938.

My earliest memories of the Sunday School are of the nativity plays. One year my brother and I were two of the Wise Men. I carried the 'gold', which was a sardine tin covered in gold paint, with a length of gold-coloured chain attached.

In the Cubs the Akela was Miss Hilda Chatfield, who had a florist's shop in Preston Street, Brighton. We had paper chases, using butter beans, because they did not blow away and could be re-used. These took place off Dyke Road and Dyke Road Avenue, down Onslow Road, Mallory Road, Tongdean Avenue and Tongdean Road.

The Church Organist and Choirmaster was Mr Norman Richards. There was a full complement of boy sopranos- I was one of them until my voice broke. I particularly remember our renditions of Stainer's Crucifixion and Bach's 'St Matthew Passion.' From the choir I was able to observe Mrs Alice Mary Moor who always occupied the same pew on the left hand side of the aisle as you faced the altar. Another pleasurable duty of the choir was to tour the leading Brighton hotels on Christmas Eve, singing carols on behalf of St Dunstan's Home for Blind Ex-Servicemen at Ovingdean. We were accompanied by a 'St Dunstaner' who carried his lantern around among the diners, guided by one of us, collecting their generous donations. We started at the Royal Crescent Hotel at King's Cliff, progressing to the Royal Albion in Old Steine, the Hotel Blenheim in Marlborough Place and the Metropole in Kings Road before finishing up at the '66' Hotel in Montpelier Road. It was quite an adventure for us as we were transported by car between the various hotels and after we had performed we were invited into the kitchens for refreshments.

The highlight of my connection with the church was my confirmation by the Bishop of Chichester in June 1938. A total of 19 of us were confirmed, including two of my choir friends, Peter Greenaway from Compton Road and Roy Cruttenden from Reigate Road. Roy later represented Great Britain in the Melbourne Olympics. Others also confirmed included John Ticehurst and his sister Audrey, from Elrington Road, Joan Greenaway, Noel Jones and Peggy Wing.

1935 A comedic curate

In 1935 a new assistant priest, the Reverend Joseph Wilfred Reeves, arrived at the Good Shepherd. He had been ordained priest in 1934 and joined in activities at the Good Shepherd readily. The magazine reports that the Moor Club (see 1937) described him as a '*gifted comedian*' in one of their productions.

In September 1939 Reverend Reeves was called up as chaplain to the forces. A letter from him in the magazine notes, *As my entrance with the Army was very hurried it was quite impossible to see you all individually but I would like to thank you all, from the Churchwardens to the smallest choir boy, for your friendship and encouragement during the three years (nearly four) that I was your Assistant Priest.*

Sadly in November 1939 his wife, Edith Mary Reeves, died suddenly. The magazine at the time described her as having a cheerful and winning personality, with a will to do things and see them through. She was a keen member of the Brighton Musical Society and assisted the church choir on special occasions. The Reverend Reeves was able to return from France the day before her funeral.

He kept in touch with the parish during the war and visited in 1940 when he was safely back from Dunkirk. He later reported that he had formed a regimental band of about 30 men and the band had played in a service in a country church attended by about 200 men. He reported that he went round each detachment site, taking short services with 5-10 men at each service.

In 1941 he wrote reporting he was based somewhere in East Anglia and that he was to remarry. The bride elect was his cousin Miss Kathleen Creath. He continued to keep in touch and was able to attend and preach at the evening service for the festival celebrating the 21st anniversary of the church in 1943.

After the war the Reverend Reeves served as Vicar of St Andrew's Ferring until 1973, when he retired and was also Rural Dean of Worthing for some of that time. He was a Canon of Chichester Cathedral from 1963.

He died in 1994.

1936 'The Whirlwind'

While we recall some of those who were involved with the church in its early years there were others born at that time who were an influence in the church many years later. Julia Alcock pays tribute to her mum, born in 1936.

Elizabeth Alcock was born in 1936, which is the reason we were honoured to be able to dedicate this year to our dear Mum. She was also known as 'Liz' by many of her friends in the congregation and clergy alike. Elizabeth and Michael Alcock moved to 50 Woodruff Avenue in 1970, and for as long as we can remember, the Good Shepherd was Mum's church and a very important part of Mum's daily life for many decades. Mum was always doing good deeds without shouting them from the rooftops in her own humble way and had such a special gift of always being genuinely interested in others. She would always make time for others by listening and helping and was nicknamed 'The Whirlwind' by one of her friends as she had so much verve and vitality. There will be many behind the scenes acts of kindness that we don't know about as she would always help people without seeking praise or public adoration. As well as being a member of the Good Shepherd congregation for many years, Mum also ran the Tea Club for a decade and would arrange monthly social outings for members. She was also a Churchwarden and Treasurer of the Mothers' Union. She also studied the Bishop's Certificate with her friend Sheila Swift as well as enjoying numerous social events at the church over many years. This is one of the reasons we chose this photo for the book as it reminded us of the 'Hymns and Pimms' evenings she enjoyed in the vicarage garden in the summer. Elizabeth was such a special person — so kind, thoughtful with a generosity of spirit and we were extremely lucky to call her Mum.

Thanks be to God for her wonderful life.



1937 A man with many talents????



The magazine reports the death of Captain Charles William Standing:

Captain Standing was actively connected with the Good Shepherd for more than 20 years. He was at one time a churchwarden, and worked hard on the committees connected with the building of the church, and the vicarage, and was in charge of the accounts dealing with these important developments of the newly formed parish. Nothing was too much trouble for him. Accountancy was his profession and the manner in which the accounts were kept (his handwriting being so beautifully clear and legible) was a joy to behold. However, he loved best of all to join the

services in church, for he was a regular and devout worshipper. As head of our band of servers his attention to the duties involved never flagged, and he was always careful to see that things were done reverently and in order. He was also an officer in the Chichester Church Lads' Brigade (CLB) and at the time Reverend Godfrey Wells, Vicar of Kirdford, Billingshurst wrote 'He was the ideal CLB Officer. A strict disciplinarian, a joyous companion to all ranks and above all, a great Christian. He realised that in the CLB the Church has an organisation which helps lads during those difficult years between 14 and 18 and he gave himself up to serving them through the CLB.' We shall miss him tremendously, for he was an example to us all, yet his work goes on, for none of us who served with him can ever forget how he gave himself to us. The best way we can perpetuate his memory, and surely bringing him joy in the larger service to which he has been called, is to keep the high standard which he set when he was with us here.

The Hall opens and the Moor Club is founded

The appeal for the church hall was successful and in 1936 Mrs Moor had laid the foundation stone and building begun. Once the hall was opened, the Moor Club (named in honour of Mrs Moor) was created in 1937, meeting regularly in the hall. This was initially a flourishing badminton club but was extended to include dramatic and musical sections, and a social club to cover a range of other activities. The drama club performed sketches at the socials, plays during the year and a Passion Play during Holy Week.



1938 Completion of the Organ

One of the most distinctive features within the Church of the Good Shepherd is the organ and the organ case on the north side of the chancel. It is listed as a Grade II instrument by the British Institute of Organ Studies, and described by them as 'a good instrument by Arthur Harrison, 1927, completed in 1938, in a fine contemporary case'.

The organ was completed by Harrison & Harrison, thanks to a bequest from the church's original founder and benefactor, Alice Mary Moor, who had died in 1936. Mrs Moor's Will had also made provision for the organ case.

The organ is a small romantic instrument, which remains unaltered from its original specification. Full details of its 16 stops and playing aids are as follows:

Department and Stop list				
Pedal – 30 keys				
Open Wood	16	Sub bass	16	
Flute	8			
Great -- 58 keys				
Bourdon	16	Large Open Diapason	8	
Small Open Diapason	8	Claribel Flute	8	
Octave	4	Mixture	II	12.15
Swell – 58 keys				
Violin Diapason	8	Lieblich Gedact	8	
Echo Gamba	8	Voix Celeste	8	
Gemshorn	4	Contra Oboe	16	
Trumpet	8			
Couplers				
Swell to Pedal	Swell to Great	Swell octave	Swell unison off	Great to Pedal
Accessories				
2 thumb pistons to each manual		Full piston to each manual		
Oboe piston on Swell		2, 1 toe pedals		

The opening recital was given by Ernest Bullock (1890-1979), at that time organist of Westminster Abbey. Because of illness Norman Richards did not play the completed instrument until the late summer of 1938, and Bullock's recital raised 40 guineas for Richards' benefit.



The organ case was finally finished in 1939. It was designed by Randoll Blacking (1889-1958), who from 1932 was Architectural Consultant to Salisbury Cathedral. Earlier in his career, he had been Consulting Architect to Chichester Cathedral. He had overseen the 1925 restoration of St Andrew's Church in Waterloo Street, Hove, and had designed the reredos at St Peter's and fittings for St Thomas' in Davigdor Road.

The organ builders Harrison & Harrison are still in business and have an excellent reputation. Even in the 21st century they have rebuilt and continue to maintain many of the instruments in the major cathedrals of the UK. A report from Harrisons in 2005 describes the Good Shepherd organ as 'a masterpiece', continuing

'This is a splendid instrument in every way: excellently constructed and musically distinguished. It is ideally suited to the church ... virtually a cathedral organ of 16 stops.'

No-one would dispute that the 'design and robust construction of the instrument have proved their worth', and the organ has given dependable service over more than 90 years. However, its impressive sound owes much to the uninterrupted 'wagon' vault of the church building. Also, Harrisons were (perhaps unconsciously) influenced by early twentieth century fashion in the tonal design of the instrument. Put simply, to 21st century ears, its sound is somewhat thick or 'bottom heavy'; and some unsatisfactory compromises had to be made in 1927 because of the lack of funds and/or physical space.

Mr Rankin

The death was noted in the magazine of Mr W.R.T. Rankin who was described as '*a devoted churchman*.' He and his wife were regular worshippers at the Good Shepherd. Mr Rankin was 'an instructed churchman', and deeply interested in the welfare of the Church, not only in this country but also throughout the world. He played the viola in the church passion play shortly before his death, at the young age of 56.

1939 The start of the Second World War

The accounts in the magazines of early 1939 suggested a 'normal year' with social activities and continued development in the church. Later that year the mood changed with the outbreak of the Second World War.

A Dramatic Production

In March 1939 the Moor Club put on a production of 'A Damsel in Distress.' The review from the Church magazine is reproduced in full here to give recognition to all those who were involved at the time.

This well known play was presented by the Moor Club in the Church Hall on Thursday and Friday, the 2nd and 3rd February. It is described by its authors, Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse as a 'comedy of youth, love and adventure' but it is really an old-fashioned farcical comedy. We found it difficult to follow all the ramifications of the plot, but the play abounds in humorous lines and comical situations and it was thoroughly appreciated by those who patronised the performances.

The play was produced by Eileen Richards, who is to be congratulated on a very smooth performance — we only heard the prompter's voice once during the whole evening. Those behind the scenes are to be congratulated on the speed with which the changes were made. Outstanding performances were given by Mowbray Chandler as Keggs, Ivy Towner as Albertina, John Childs as Reggie, and Tom Wing as the young poet. We all know what a gifted comedian the Club has in Wilfred Reeves, but in the role of George Bevan he had few opportunities of displaying his talents in that direction. We liked him best when he was disguised as a waiter at the Ball in Totleigh Castle. Others who did well are Joan Rothwell as the young American actress, Dorothy Bate, Jill Clements, Marjorie Skill, Sylvia Chandler, David Rowland, and Roy Eyte. Small parts were taken by Paddy Drake and Nancy Bateman, Kenneth Neal, William Hutchinson, John Neville Cox, Spenta Cama and Paul Barron.

Memories of a clergy child

In 1996 the Reverend Michael Allen, son of Father Allen, wrote about his wartime memories at the Vicarage, which are reproduced here.

In August 1939 my parents and I were on holiday at Bexhill. My brother was in the Territorial Army but appeared at some point, straight from the mud at Beaulieu camp. My father decided that, in view of the near certainty of war, the holiday should be curtailed. We got back to Brighton a few days before war broke out.

Back at the Good Shepherd there was much activity. The church and the church hall were now in use as a dispersal centre for some of the thousands of evacuees from London and elsewhere, who were flooding into the town in buses, coaches and trains. Primitive toilet facilities (buckets!) were set up at the Vicarage side of the hall. There was a lot of litter, fag ends and banana skins etc were to be seen

in the usually immaculate church — much to the disgust of Percy Graham, the verger; also the caretaker of the hall, ex-policeman Eldridge, who was an alarming looking character with an enormous moustache and whom we remembered being on 'point duty' regularly down by the Pavilion before he retired.

The church stoke-hole area was now sandbagged and in use as an Air Raid Warden's post. The head Warden was a chap called Sam Foster, with whom I and my school friends got on rather well, because when they were not playing cards, Sam was always prepared to mend broken toys and models for us, being a bit of a handyman. They did a lot of smoking down in their hole and often the smell of Woodbines would percolate through to the vestry, causing my father and his assistants some disgust!

On the Sunday morning war was declared (11am) there was the usual service at the church and during it the air raid sirens were first used 'in anger,' a false alarm as it turned out— an innocent British reconnaissance plane. The siren loudspeaker, I think, was attached to the top of a shop on the corner of Reigate Road so we got a full blast every time there was a threatened raid.

In the Vicarage there was much activity, including my mother preparing 'blackout' material for all the windows. I suppose there must have been some in the church too, because I think afternoon and evening services continued during the first part of the war at least. Later on, the small front room of the Vicarage was 'shored up' to make it blast proof- though whether it would have saved life in a big raid is open to question. From late 1939 I used to sleep there.

To the best of my knowledge (especially in the so-called 'Phoney War' period up to the summer of 1940) the church life continued reasonably normally. The regular services were held, including the special morning ones for the Mowden schoolboys, though the school later evacuated, and the premises were taken over by the Navy. From then on the congregation often included naval personnel including at least one man whom I think my father encouraged to be ordained after the war.

At some point the Diocesan Bishop George Bell decided he would like to live more in the centre of the Diocese (maybe petrol rationing was one factor) and asked my father to try and find him a house in our parish. He came to live in the Droveaway and often used to take the 8am Holy Communion service. I remember that at the time of the evacuation from Dunkirk there was a confirmation service at the church. Not only was there much gloom about the war but they started digging up the old tram lines in Dyke Road; the noise of the pneumatic drills and the dust and general disturbance was awful.

From 1940 to 1941 onwards there were regular disturbed days and nights - first the Battle of Britain, then the raids on London. For a teenager and his pals these were very exciting times, especially when we were awake half the night and allowed (in the school holidays) to sleep late into the day.

The church Scouts and Guides continued to meet and have parade services. I can't recall any other youth groups but there may have been some. I think some groups went carol-singing at Christmas and, on one occasion, I and my sister-in-law made a party of two and went carolling up and down the black night of Dyke Road.

Before the war, the Good Shepherd was fortunate to have a lot of young men involved, especially as altar servers. When they came home on leave during the war, they would often 'serve' in their service uniforms. Others were in the congregation. When I went to Brighton college and joined the Air Training Corps I felt very grown up wearing my uniform to serve.

Sadly, several of these younger men died in the war, and reports of their death saddened the parish as a whole and my father took it very much to heart.

There was one regular member of the congregation who had built up a flourishing business in Coventry. The place was flattened in the big Coventry raid. The man turned up at the early service next morning and said to my father, 'I've lost everything but not my faith.'

Life was not without its slightly comic side. One weekday morning, after a particularly noisy night in the air, my father, on impulse, decided it would be a good idea to take his portable wireless into church and let the people hear the reassuring chimes of Big Ben before the seven o'clock news. He plugged it into a socket went to the altar and waited -nothing happened. The verger was dispatched to investigate and found smoke pouring forth from the set. The set was AC, the church DC.

My father, in some ways, was a mixture of strictness and leniency. My friends and I were all mad keen on cricket and played endless games in the Vicarage back garden. One wet day I asked if we could possibly transfer the 'Test Match' to the church hall. Surprisingly he said 'yes if you're careful and don't break any windows.' So my friend (and later Best Man) and I played cricket regularly in the hall and, mercifully, no damage occurred. Our only problem was the evident disapproval of the caretaker, the aforementioned Mr Eldridge.

When we were not playing cricket we went spent hours in the Vicarage 'hut' (in the garden) poring over aircraft-recognition books, lapping up everything about ships, planes, war and enemy agents etc. One day we wrote some 'spy letters' and posted them through the letterbox at the back of the Church Hall, hoping Mr Eldridge would find and read them. He did, but we were alarmed to say the least, when we heard he'd taken them to Brighton Town Hall. We were obliged to confess and got even further into Mr E's black books.

During the war I learned to play hymns on the church organ and got a regular 'gig' accompanying the hymns at the Sunday-afternoon children's service. I never became a competent organist but when my brother came home on leave, we sometimes smuggled into the church the scores of 'South of the

Border' and other hits of the day for me to play. If anyone came into church, I had to try and make it sound like a Bach Chorale.

For a youngster growing up at that time, despite all the horrors of war, I'm ashamed to say they were very happy days, with lots of cherished memories.

New Reredos

Also in 1939 the new reredos in the Lady Chapel was finished. This comprised a carved framework with pinnacles, cresting, etc., wholly decorated in gold and colours, enclosing three painted panels of the following subjects: On the north side, the Presentation; in the centre, the Crucifixion; and on the south side, the Visitation. These panels had been painted by Mr H. R. Mileham of Hove, a former Churchwarden of the church, and with full artistry the subjects had been interpreted in soft, warm tones. Between the panels are shields of the Blessed Virgin, the Blessed Sacrament, the Annunciation and the Sacred Monogram.



1940 The war takes its toll

The magazine reports the deaths of two members of the church family.

The late Dr A. Neville Cox, MD. MRCP

Dr Cox was well known in Brighton, for he was tuberculosis officer for the borough, and physician to the Brighton Sanatorium, and his death at an early age was much regretted. Although he experienced severe asthma throughout his life, he had won first-class medical degrees and was very efficient in his duties. The magazine quotes the Guy's Hospital Gazette, which spoke of him as a distinguished son and noted:

His never failing sense of humour and the enjoyment he had in a particularly happy married life enabled him to maintain an optimistic outlook, in spite of much ill health, which was the admiration of his friends. His philosophy of life was simple, and his habit to make the best of everything, with the result that he created happiness, both for himself and those around him.

Flight Lieutenant Philip Anthony Neville Cox, RAF

In August of that year Philip Anthony Neville Cox was reported 'Missing, believed killed'. The eldest son of the late Dr Neville Cox and Mrs Cox, Philip was educated at the Grammar School, and on leaving school joined the Royal Air Force and was entirely devoted to his profession.

The Battle of Britain Archive gives more details, as follows:

Philip Anthony Neville Cox, of Brighton, Sussex was born in Patcham near Brighton on 21st July 1915 and went to Brighton Hove & Sussex Grammar School. He joined the RAF as an Aircraft Apprentice at No. 1 School of Technical Training, Halton in September 1932. He passed out in August 1935 as a Fitter.



He won a place at RAF College Cranwell, and started there in September 1935 as a Flight Cadet. He was awarded the RM Groves Memorial Prize in 1937.

After graduating in late July 1937, Cox was posted to 43 Squadron at Tangmere. On 17th January 1939 he went to 11 Group Pool, St Athan as an instructor and was made Officer-in-Charge 'C' Flight on 28th August.

He was later attached to the Air Fighting Development Unit, Northolt, for instruction on air tactics. In May 1940 Cox was at 6 Operational Training Unit, leaving there for Hendon on 6th June for onward posting to France where he joined 501 Squadron as a Flight Commander. The squadron was withdrawn on the 18th from Dinard and operated on the 19th from Jersey, covering the BEF evacuation from Cherbourg. It reassembled at Croydon on the 21st. Cox claimed a Me109 and destroyed and shared in the destruction of another on 20th July.

In combat over Dover Harbour on the 27th Cox was shot down in Hurricane P3808 by Fw Fernsebner of III/JG52 and reported 'Missing'. At the time Cox was thought to have been a victim of the Dover anti-aircraft guns. He was 25. His name appears on the Runnymede Memorial, panel 5, as shown below.



Another member of the Cox family, Robert Cox, died later in the war. (See 1944)

1941 Mixed Fortunes

1941 brought with it some happy occasions and some sad ones, affecting different members of the Good Shepherd congregation.

The Reverend Canon Robert Eke



The portrait photo (left) was taken in Brighton of Robert Eke, as he left Varndean School to study at King's College London in 1939. Robert was 18 years of age and he already had a vocation to the Priesthood. Robert and his widowed mother, Margaret, attended the Good Shepherd and were present when the hall was opened in 1936. Robert was a server. In 1941 Robert was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Carlisle, on St Thomas's Day. He became a Curate at St Aidan's, Carlisle and the vicar at the time said *'we shall follow his career with much interest'*, as indeed we did, as Father Robert returned to assist at the Good Shepherd in his retirement. He stayed at Carlisle until 1943 and then went as Curate to St Clement, Bournemouth until 1946. He took a further curacy in Wimbledon before serving as Vicar at Christ Church, Clapham from 1954 to 1962. He then served for 10 years in St Kitts & Nevis before becoming Vicar of St Lawrence, Alton in 1972. He was Bishop's Ecumenical Officer in Winchester diocese from 1972 to 1989 and an Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral and also Rural Dean of Alton. In retirement he was also made

an Honorary Canon of St John's, Antigua. When he retired in 1989 he returned, with Jean, to the Good Shepherd where he remained until his death in 2004. The Mabeys and several other members of the then congregation welcomed him back, remembering him from the Thirties. Jean comments: *'He was anxious to become a Parish Priest; he never had any desire to be promoted. But he did have the privilege of becoming an Honorary Canon of two Cathedrals'*.

A church wedding

Also in 1941 the marriage took place of Stanley Allen and Peggy Wing. Stanley was the eldest son of the Vicar. The bride and bridegroom were friends from childhood. Owing to military duties, and leave, the wedding date was somewhat hastily arranged but a large number of friends attended the ceremony, conducted by the Reverend Wilfrid Westall, previously assistant priest in the parish. At a reception given by Mr and Mrs Arthur Wing in the Church Hall the toast of the day was given by Sir Lawrence Chubb, formerly a co-churchwarden with Mr Wing (see 1922 and 1924).

Ellen Elizabeth Palmer

Sadly, in February 1941, Ellen Elizabeth Palmer died. The magazine reports: *She had been a faithful member of our congregation from the time of the Tin Church. Her husband was the late Mr S. G. Palmer (see 1930). Involved with such activities as the Ladies Working Party, the Sale of Work and the Mothers' Union, Mrs Palmer exerted her interest and influence with undaunted energy despite her frail physical condition and in more ways than one can describe here she set an example which those who knew her best can never forget. Perhaps one of the most touching things was the remarkable care and love she gave to the two little girl evacuees who stayed at her house for some months in 1940. She left two daughters, Mrs Cooper and Miss May Palmer.*

George Victor Snell

In July of 1941 it was recorded that George Victor Snell, the younger son of the late Mr A. P. Snell, of Mowden School, had been killed in action while in command of a bomber crew. It was his 14th operational flight, the last five of which he was the captain of the crew.

Victor Snell was the first child to be christened in the little iron church in 1913. He was educated at Rottingdean, Winchester and Jesus College, Cambridge. He had been a keen Sea Scout and worked for a time in the office of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect.

As the war progressed more of the younger male members of the congregation left for a range of active service, as is recorded in a magazine from that year:

Nearly all the younger men of the choir and servers have gone for training and active service. Lately Mr Spenta Cama has joined the Air Force as well as Mr Edward Martin. Mr Paul Howard, our scoutmaster has gone into the Navy. Mr Cama must be stationed not far away for we notice he sometimes appears in the cricket matches on the county ground. Mr Martin has been a senior ARP Warden and no doubt will do useful work in this new sphere. Mr Bert Bridle, our Honorary Secretary to the PCC and senior server, has gone into the RAF pay department.

1942 New assistant priest

After training for the Ministry at St Augustine's College, Canterbury, John Edward Dieterlé was ordained in Pretoria to serve mainly with the Rand Native Mission. For a number of years he was a member of the Community of the Resurrection. On coming to England he acted for a time as Commissioner for the Diocese of Pretoria. After his marriage to Miss Dutton-Briant he came to live in Dyke Road Avenue, and associated himself with the Church of the Good Shepherd, taking the place of Father Wisdom, who had become a Chaplain in the RAF.

During his curacy, (1942-44), he showed himself to be an able preacher, fearless in stating his views, and a welcome visitor in his daily rounds from house to house. These visits were readily recalled with feelings of gratitude when his lamented death was announced in the church. He shared his wife's interest in the work of the Saint Richard Housing Society. Many regrets were felt when the Bishop offered him the living of Burpham, but his friends at the Good Shepherd realised that his undoubted gifts fitted him for the charge of a parish. From Burpham he moved to Fittleworth, where unfortunately his health broke down, and he died at his home as a result of a stroke.

A new window



Also in 1942 Mr H. R. Mileham, FRSA., gave a stained glass window in memory of the late Mrs Mileham and his daughter, Faith. Harry Robert Mileham (1873-1957) was born in Beckenham in Kent. His artistic talent was recognised while he was a schoolboy at Dulwich College and he went to study at the Royal Academy Schools before going to Italy. Around 1916 Mileham moved with his family to Hove. His wife's brother, Colonel Cecil Somers Clarke, was Vestry Clerk of Brighton. Mileham became a leading member of the Brighton Arts Club. In the 1930s the family moved to a house in Dyke Road and became active members of the Good Shepherd. He lived in Hove until his death, painting oils and watercolours in a late Pre-Raphaelite style. As well as work for churches, he produced portraits and historical works and illustrated books. He designed stained glass from 1908, mostly for the local firm of Cox & Barnard though he made his own on occasion.

Source: <https://sussexparishchurches.org/architectsandartistsm/> and research by Gloria Cruttenden (1997)

1943 Ladies in hats!

The first church magazine of 1943 alludes to the recent Archbishop's decision that ladies did not need to wear hats in church! The Vicar commented that he felt this decision was *'a wise one, although at the same time we hope the fair sex won't take undue advantage of the concession. They should do their hair in becoming fashion if they decide to come to church hatless. When St Paul stated that the women should cover their heads he could have no idea of the strange contraptions that some modern hats present.'*

Ruby, Pearl and Beryl May

Three of the most memorable ladies of the church (often in hats!) moved to Brighton during the war and lived around the corner from the church. Their association with the church remained until Ruby died in 2013 at the age of 99. Their nephew Chris and niece Jane tell their stories:

Eric May, the father of Jane Pitts and Christopher May – we are now both in our 80s – was the eldest (born in 1907) of five children. These included three girls, named after precious stones, Ruby, Pearl and Beryl, born respectively in 1913, 1915 and 1920. There was also a brother David, born in 1917. The family originally lived in South London but moved out early in the Second World War to Brighton, just off Dyke Road, the garden of their house effectively backing on to the side of the Good Shepherd churchyard. None of the sisters ever married; Ruby and Beryl worked in insurance offices (Ruby at a very senior level) and Pearl was a district nurse.

Our family were originally members of the Catholic Apostolic Church (CAC), which was formed in this country by a group of Christians (from the Church of England and some other denominations) looking for Our Lord's second coming. The formation of the CAC took place in the 1830s at the time of the Oxford Movement and the new Church spread to a number of other countries throughout the world until the end of the century. There was at one time a CAC church in Brighton. The CAC gradually diminished during the 20th century and today only exists in a very limited form. As their churches closed, CAC members in this country were encouraged to transfer to the Church of England, and accordingly the May family began to go to the Church of the Good Shepherd, and were very happy there.

Christianity was a large part of the May family life in Brighton, and Beryl in particular devoted a large part of her time acting as Sacristan, and our father (Eric – or 'Jack', as he was known within the family) used to joke that she practically lived in the church. She had been in the ATS in the war years. She was a keen gardener and after retiring from working in insurance started from scratch determinedly to learn the piano via lessons and piano exams. Pearl, through the ATS, was posted to India after the war for a year (the best part of her life, she said) and on her return became a District Nurse - an excellent choice for one of such a friendly and caring disposition. Ruby, by the time she retired, and before she started lecturing at the City of London College, was the highest-qualified

woman in insurance in the country. As she had always worked in the City of London she became a churchwarden at the City church, St Mary Woolnoth. She joined what is now the BBC Symphony Chorus in her 20s and sang with that choir for many years.

We (Jane and Christopher) always looked forward to our trips down to Brighton with our parents, from our home near Leatherhead in Surrey, via a complicated train journey involving two changes of train, ending up at Preston Park – followed by the trudge up the very steep hill to Kingston House, The Drove. Music featured strongly in our family, and indeed at Kingston House – our grandmother played the violin, our father the violin and viola, also the piano and organ, and Ruby, Pearl and Beryl sang, both in Church and in other choirs. Our visits sometimes involved going to the Church of the Good Shepherd – which we remember as a very light and airy building.

See below for a very characteristic photo of Maude, our grandmother surrounded by her three daughters. We can't date the picture, though the absence of our grandfather suggests it was sometime after his death in 1961.



April Meikle

April Meikle recalls her early days at the Good Shepherd:

My mother, Marion Ainsworth, worshipped at the Good Shepherd in the 1940s and thus my brother and I began our church days there. I was confirmed in 1943. The classes were held in the side chapel facing the altar on the right. I recall there were about a dozen of us and we were later confirmed by the Bishop of Lewes. I worshipped there until 1952 when I was married there on 12th July to Hugh Meikle. Shortly after we emigrated to Southern Rhodesia to a farming life. I lived there until 2005 when I returned to live in England due to political problems and unrest. I was able to return to worship at the Good Shepherd.

1944 An efficient manager

Susan Anstey remembers her mother, a key figure in the church, including many years as Church Hall Manager:

The year 1944 was an important one in the life of Evelyn as on 2nd December that year she was married to Ian Maclean. They were together until Ian's death in August 2011, a total of 67 years.

Evelyn was born on 25th July 1924, the second daughter of Ethel and Fred Hunt, in Hertfordshire. The family then moved to Harrow where she attended the Sacred Heart Convent School. In Evelyn's mid-teens she met Ian at the church youth club and through their shared love of tennis. She worked at the Crown Agents for the Colonies in Millbank, whilst Ian studied at the London School of Economics. Ian was then called up for officer training at Catterick Camp, and subsequently posted to India. Before he went, Evelyn and Ian got married and had a forty-eight hour honeymoon.

Ian returned in December 1945 and finished his degree, and their only child Susan was born in September 1946. They lived with Evelyn's parents for a time and then moved to Brighton when Ian got a job at Brighton, Hove & Sussex Grammar School (now BHASVIC). Ian stayed at the Grammar School throughout his working life, becoming Deputy Headmaster. They moved into School House in 1965 which was the boarding house of the Grammar School with around 50 boys. Evelyn took over the day to day running of the boarding house.

The Church of the Good Shepherd played a significant role in both their lives, Susan was married there and their first grandchild, Claire, was christened there as well.

Evelyn became synonymous with the life of the church hall, which she managed like clockwork, and established relationships with people who used the hall regularly, enabling the hall to be a huge benefit to the wider community.

Souls of the Parish

The 1944 magazines note several members of the parish who sadly died at this time:

Miss Wilkinson was perhaps best known as an indefatigable district visitor and collector for the Provident club in the pre-war days. The dreadful experience of the bombing in Scarborough Road, where she used to live, told upon her health to such an extent that she was in hospital for more than two years. To the last she would enquire about this one and that one, showing a lively interest in the doings of the Good Shepherd.

Miss Hannah Hicks who lived with Miss E Taylor for more than forty years was described by the magazine as 'a woman of many parts'. She possessed a keen and discerning mind and was accomplished in many ways. The magazine notes 'It is impossible to describe the many little things she did so well for our church.'

Perhaps inevitably the 1944 magazines record more church members who had been killed in action.

In May it was noted that Bill McVitie, aged 19, had died of wounds in Italy, and in October the death of Robert Arthur Nevill Cox was recorded. Bob, as he was known, was educated at the Grammar School and on leaving joined HMS Worcester to be trained for the Merchant service. When the war came he joined the Royal Navy Reserves and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Also Sergeant Tom Woodhams, the former Scoutmaster, was killed in Italy. Tom was a carpenter and conscientious in all that he undertook. He served in the war in France in 1940 and managed to get away from Bordeaux when France fell. Later he married (at Falmer) and then was sent to Italy and fell in battle only a month or so after landing.

1945 We will remember them

The year 1945 marked the end of the Second World War and this chapter of the Good Shepherd's history is dedicated to the Fallen. The war memorial lists the names of all those fallen in both World Wars and we remember them each year on Remembrance Sunday in a fitting tribute. A recent tradition has been for a trio from the choir to sing Blatchly's 'For the Fallen' which is a poignant setting of those famous words by Laurence Binyon.



The Vicar's letter at the beginning of 1945 suggests the end of the war on the horizon and excerpts from this are included below:

My dear People,

First of all I must wish you a truly happy New Year and may it bring Victory and Peace to our troubled world. 1944 was a wonderful year in world history and great events took place which have brought the end of the war much nearer than we dared to think this time last year. At the same time we must confess that the events in Belgium during the last weeks in December and the Greek tragedy made us

feel sad. However, we must learn to count our blessings and in war things cannot always go as smoothly as we might wish and it really isn't fair to those in command or to our men if people get nervy when setbacks occur. Mr Churchill has time and again warned the Nation that there are hard tasks ahead which could only be overcome by the courage and determination and final perseverance of us all.

Excerpts from a later magazine details the Vicar's views of the events of May:

The month of May, 1945, will long be remembered and here we briefly note the great events which took place on Monday the 7th, the unconditional surrender of Germany, the end of the European war. The 8th and 9th were holidays and there was world rejoicing of all freedom loving nations. The spirit of joy tempered with the knowledge that there is still the war against Japan. On the 23rd, the great Coalition Government ended and a General Election is to take place in July.

After the surrender of Germany news of the terrible horrors of the concentration camps in Germany revealed such shameful things that shocked the conscience of mankind. Stern justice will be dealt to those responsible for such terrible happenings. It is well to remind ourselves that such would have been the fate of millions of ourselves but for the courage and determination and self-sacrifice of our Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen and men of the Merchant Service.



Rebuilding the community

During the war the hall had been used for some months by the evacuation authorities, as a depot for emergency Air Raid Precautions (ARP) and a Rest Centre (fortunately used only once or twice on that score) and also for Air Raid Wardens' meetings and instruction classes in first aid, etc. Perhaps most unexpectedly the hall was let to the Admiralty and used from time to time by hundreds of the sailors in training at the King Alfred. In August 1945 the Moor Club, which had been formed just before the war, was able to reform. In the years before the outbreak of war the club had been instrumental in making the Church Hall a centre for the community life of the parish. The aim was to revive it to help to set up a true Community Centre for the men and women returning from the Forces, for the young people leaving school, and for the older members who have learned to work together for the community as Wardens, Fire Guards and Home Guards. Among the activities suggested were general social evenings, musical evenings, lectures, etc. A number of special sections would be provided for discussion groups on religious and social problems, for playreading and poetry reading, for musical and art appreciation; also keep fit classes; dancing; young wives club and any other suitable activity for which there should be demand. It was noted that by the end of 1945 there were 150 members of the Moor Club.

Remembering former parishioners

More deaths of parishioners were noted in 1945. The deaths of Mr and Mrs Wildish were noted at the beginning of 1945. Mr Robert Wildish of Tivoli Crescent had died after a long illness the previous month and his widow died just after Christmas. Mr Robert Wildish had been interested in our parish work and worship from its early days. He was at one time a sidesman. Mrs Wildish was described as *'one of the best helpers for more than 20 years'* and an article in the magazine recalls *'many a Sale of Work when she worked so splendidly for her stall and yielded fine results.'* But it was her *'cheerful and unperturbed and kindly disposition that was the secret of it'*, according to the magazine. To her daughters' children she was a most kindly grandmother.

News of the death in action in Italy of Lance Corporal Ken Mason was received in January 1945 with much sorrow. He was a delightful young man, full of courage and good fun, and proud of his work in the Royal Canadian Engineers. He was determined to seek ordination after the war. He had a heart of gold and the magazine notes: *'it was a joy to us when he found us (being billeted in the parish) and offered his services as server and chorister. Many a little job he did for the church with a smile and without fuss.'*

Mr Alfred Kenilworth died in August 1945. Both he and Mrs Kenilworth had been regular worshippers and communicants at the Good Shepherd for many years and their devotion and generous enthusiasm for the church were described as *'conspicuous but void of fuss or ostentation.'* In all sorts of ways Mr Kenilworth was said to shed a light of kindly influence and when he took over the post of Honorary Treasurer, it was not only the financial affairs that engaged his constant care, but he was a

man who got those little things done that make all the difference to the smooth running of a church and its organisation.

A new curate

A new Curate arrived in 1945: the Reverend James Russell Brown. He was ordained priest in 1944 and had been a Curate at St Jude & St Matthias in Bristol before moving south. He left the Good Shepherd in 1947 to serve as Curate of St Peter, Portishead until 1949. After a stint in America he returned to the UK to be Curate of St Lawrence, Abbots Langley. In 1956 he moved to Canada where he worked as an academic until retiring in 1985. He died in 2001.

Boyhood memories

Christopher Snell, one-time headteacher at Mowden (now Lancing Preparatory School), recalls his first memories of the Good Shepherd from 1945:

I was only four years old when Mowden came back to Hove, having been evacuated during the war to Market Harborough. At this time the Reverend Allen was the Vicar but the first Vicar I can clearly remember was Reverend Jonathan Hills. Mowden was an all boys boarding school in those days and they walked across the Dyke Road to Matins every Sunday morning during term time. We all sat in the pews on the left hand side with the smallest boys in the front rows and a member of staff at the end, the family sitting behind. The school must have been attending services at the church since its inauguration and gave the lectern in 1929.

1946 A dedicated caretaker

In early 1946 the Church hall caretaker, Mr R.W. Eldridge, resigned due to ill health, and the magazine notes his dedication to his role:

It is not too much to say that his was a labour of love for he looked after things with remarkable devotion. None of us can forget his care as night watchman during the air raids, nor his vigilance to see that his stewardship of the 'Rest centre' and the various goods in his charge, was faithfully carried out. In addition to those duties Mr Eldridge, has stoked the church furnace with the economy the coke shortage demanded. People sometimes forget those behind the scenes who do so much for our comfort.

Mr Abalone

The magazine also records the death of Mr Leslie Abalone LDS. RCS (Eng). Mr Abalone sustained severe burns in an accident while attending to his car. He was a regular worshipper and a valued member of the Parochial Church Council. In the war, Mr Abalone was one of the chief ARP. wardens for the Hove side of the parish. He was highly esteemed in his work as a dentist and served as Chairman of the Marylebone Dental Association War Committee.

1947 Father Allen leaves

In the church's silver jubilee year Father Allen retired. Although his life is described elsewhere in this book, it seems fitting to record his announcement to the congregation in the magazine, and the record of his leaving event. This was a momentous event in the life of the parish, and gives an indication of the esteem in which he was held.

My Dear Friends,

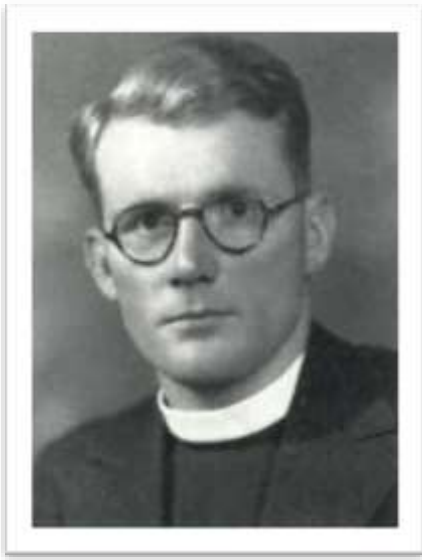
I feel I ought to say now that, with the knowledge and consent of the Bishop of Chichester, the time must soon come when I should give place to a younger man as Vicar of the Good Shepherd. When I came to Preston in 1911 and was given charge of this Dyke Road district by Prebendary Moor, I little thought I should be here so long. In those days the Hove portion of this parish was in the country and very few houses stood west of Dyke Road. The rapid development of the district after the 1914-18 War was met, as you know, by the building of our fine Parish Church by Mrs Moor, in memory of her husband, and I was appointed the first vicar in 1922. I need not enlarge upon all that has happened since then but I feel convinced that the many problems soon confronting the parish need the leadership of a younger Vicar. As you all know it is a difficult time to find a new home, so I shall indeed value your prayers for a right judgement in all things.

Yours affectionately,

W. J. R. Allen, Vicar.

At a social gathering held in the Church Hall on 27th November, the Church members and friends said farewell to its Vicar after thirty-five years of devoted ministry in the Parish. The presentation, which was made by Mr M. C. Perry, Churchwarden, took the form of a cheque for £320 (worth £13,341 today) and an inscribed album containing the names of the donors. Mrs Allen was handed a bouquet by Miss Jean Kenilworth, a member of the Sunday School, and the Church Treasurer handed to the Vicar a portfolio containing a large number of letters which he had received in response to the Churchwardens' Testimonial Fund Appeal. These letters spoke of the esteem in which the Vicar was held by the writers. Several speakers, including the ladies, paid tribute to the faithful ministry of the Reverend W. J. R. Allen. The Vicar in his reply said that he had not deserved the kind things that had been said of him and thanked the donors for their generosity. He then gave a brief outline of the Church's history, recalling how the Church of the Good Shepherd came into being through the generosity of Prebendary Gerald Moor and afterwards of Mrs Moor. He was obviously overcome when he spoke of his regrets in leaving what he termed *his baby which he had nursed from birth*. He said that he came to his people as a penitent knowing as he did his shortcomings. He implored us to look to the future with hope, and to rally round our new vicar. After refreshments had been served and songs rendered by Misses Vernon and Price, with Miss Loader at the piano, the evening concluded with a vote of thanks by Father Kirkby to all those that had helped.

1948 The Second Vicar arrives



Father Jonathan Hills

The Reverend R. J. Hills was appointed Vicar and was collated to the benefice by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese and inducted by the Archdeacon of Lewes on 16th January. The Reverend Hills was married and had three daughters, Sarah, Frances and Mary and a baby son named Jonathan. He was the son of the Reverend R and Mrs Hills and was born in Newfoundland in 1912 and lived as a small boy in the Bahamas (Diocese of Nassau). On coming to England his home was for twelve years in the East End of London, where his father worked, before moving to the Fens. He was educated at St John's School, Leatherhead and Selwyn College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in Classics and Theology. He was trained for the sacred ministry at Cuddesdon Theological College, Oxford and ordained Deacon in 1937 by Dr Winnington-Ingram and Priest in

1938, to serve as Assistant Curate of All Saints', Hampton-on-Thames. In the spring of 1939 he was appointed Chaplain and Lecturer at Cuddesdon College, but on the outbreak of war was sent to take charge of the parish of Forest Row where he became Vicar in 1944.

The Reverend Hills wrote a letter to the congregation introducing himself, reproduced below.

Dear friends,

From November 20th when at the Bishop's bidding my wife and I first visited the Church of the Good Shepherd, we have received the most cordial friendship from everybody we have met. We very much look forward to coming to live and work among you and to worship in your fine Church.

On entering we both felt at once that we wanted to come. Here obviously was a place 'where prayer was wont to be made', 'where the Divine Liturgy of the Church's Worship could be worthily rendered to the glory of God.'

Its dignified proportions and appointments suggest His majesty and Holiness. The spacious and unimpeded Sanctuary, Choir and Nave, speak eloquently of the unity of the diverse orders in His Church. The great Rood of Calvary on its curved beam spanning the Transept seems 'to bind all our lives together,' to use Chesterton's phrase. It reminds us that true unity one with another is only attainable in living the life of Grace, worship, and sacrifice, in the Body of which Christ our Saviour is the Head.

He is our Peace. May I as your prospective Pastor, under the Good Shepherd Himself, suggest this as your inspiration and purpose for A.D. 1948.

The Father-Founder of the Parish, the Reverend W. J. R. Allen, was very gracious to us. Mr Perry and

Mr Walker, the two Churchwardens, and Mr Court, the treasurer, welcomed us most kindly and we are grateful for the help they have given in every respect. My wife and I wish to express our appreciation of the very generous grant made by the PCC from Church Funds towards the decoration of the Vicarage. Our four small children will be as delighted with their new home as we are.

It is indeed a happy coincidence that I should come to you from Forest Row, where Prebendary Moor lived as a child. His sister was for many years Superintendent of the Sunday Schools. The Forest Row PCC is entrusted with the Moor Family Graves. I ask the help of your prayers that I may have God's strength to further the purpose for which your Church was built in memory of Prebendary Moor.

May God bless us all.

1949 Memories of a five year old

David Stevens recalls attending church as a young boy.

It would, in many ways, be surprising if my personal recollections were of any interest! I was, after all, only five years old.

It was, however, the year in which I first started attending the Church of the Good Shepherd, being brought by my parents with my sister. The family had moved into Mallory Road from Woodland Avenue. The Vicar was the Reverend Jonathan Hills who had come to the Church the previous year and left in 1959 and who retired many years later as Vicar of Iffley, Oxford.

We used to walk to Church and I do have a memory of the pupils of Mowden School, then all boarding, crossing Dyke Road in a crocodile to and from Church. No such thing then as a pedestrian crossing, but what driver would risk the wrath of Mr Snell (Christopher's father) by not stopping?

As children, my sister and I learnt to be 'seen but not heard' in the congregation that seemed, even then, to be on the elderly side. The High Altar was in use, with no loud-speaking equipment, and the officiant facing east but every word was heard.

I do not remember if there were refreshments in the Hall after the services ... I rather think not as food rationing was still in force.

1950 Remembering Father Allen

In 1950 Father Allen died. After his death in 1950 the Bishop of Chichester wrote an appreciation, stressing the important role Father Allen played in developing the church, which is reproduced below:

Few Priests in Sussex have give such devoted and continuous service to the Church in one place as Father Allen, now at rest. Lichfield taught him as a student. Newcastle and Liverpool both contributed to his training as a young priest. But it was Chichester, and the Church of the Good Shepherd, Preston that by far the largest and richest portion of his ministry was spent; and it was to this diocese and to this parish that the main fruits of his life's vocation and his principal loyalties were given. It is therefore as 'Father Allen of the Good Shepherd' that his memory honoured amongst us for many years to come. Fortunate indeed is the parish which has both such generous benefactors as Prebendary and Mrs Gerald Moor, to whom the Church in Preston owes so much, and so selfless and disciplined, so loving and courteous a priest as Father Allen — first priest-in-charge and first Vicar, caring for the souls of his people for 35 years.

In the opening years of a new parish the energetic spirit and evangelistic zeal of the laity are of outstanding importance; and the laity of The Good Shepherd have made an immense contribution to the development of the Church life in this part of the diocese. But there is a particular influence which springs from the character and spirit and example of the first Vicar. Indeed what the first Vicar gives, with the laity's help, may be of decisive importance in the whole shaping of the new parish's life, in evangelisation, in teaching and in worship. It was here that Father Allen's sincerity, reverence and humanity were of such value: and the fact that he remained Vicar for a long period after the parish had been formed, and the Church completed, meant that the spirit which directed the beginnings had time and space to grow and endure.

For two years during the war, living in The Droveway, I had the good fortune to be one of Father Allen's parishioners. I had the privilege of taking a frequent part of the services of the Church, as well as having the use of the Church and the hall from time to time for gathering of Army chaplains and others. I thus got to know Father Allen rather specially well; and also had the opportunity for appreciating the strength of the bonds which united Vicar and people, and for rejoicing in the atmosphere of the church building, its beauty, its peace and its happiness. Not only is the Good Shepherd one of the most beautiful of the churches built in the diocese of Chichester during the last half-century, but it is also a church in which the reverence and order of the worship impress one in a singular way. The joy as well as the calm, the life as well as the dignity, of the worship are uplifting and refreshing: and the pattern is a pattern in the making of which Father Allen as the leader of the congregation's worship has played a decisive part.

I have written specially about Father Allen as a pioneer in the making of the Church of the Good Shepherd, for which many spiritual qualities were required. And with all these spiritual qualities, he

was a man of warm human feeling, a loyal and happy friend, a generous colleague, and a kind neighbour, always ready to help and to offer his sympathy. It is with thankfulness for his example and ministry, and full of confidence in the fruits of his service here, that we praise God for his work at the Good Shepherd and extend our deep sympathy to Mrs Allen and the Family.

14th August 1950. George Cicestr



View of Lady Chapel

In view of the unique position of Father Allen in the history of the parish, it was decided that the ashes of his cremated body should be interred beneath the floor of the Chapel of Remembrance, with a suitably incised slab over. A memorial appeal in his memory raised money and was used to buy the light oak pews in the Lady Chapel. (Apparently it was one of the late Vicar's regrets that he was unable to get fixed built-in seating in the Lady Chapel before his retirement).

As Father Allen was such an important part of the early life of the parish, it seems appropriate to reproduce here, an article from the magazine simply entitled 'An appreciation by a parishioner', which gives us a contemporary account.

William Joseph Rowlatt Allen, Priest

Born 23rd May 1878, at Northampton. Trained at Lichfield Theological College 1903-5. Ordained Deacon 1905 and Priest 1906 at Newcastle Cathedral. Curate of Seghill, Northumberland 1905-6; St Peter, Wallsend, 1906-8; St Agnes, Toxteth Park, Liverpool 1908-11; St John's Preston, 1911-22; First Vicar of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Preston, Brighton 1922-47. Died at his home, 23 Welbeck Avenue, Hove, 5th July 1950.

A young priest from the North of England, acting as assistant missionary in the National Mission of 1910, so impressed the late Prebendary Gerald Moor, then Vicar of Preston, that he asked him to join the staff of clergy at St John's. Thus began the real life work of the Reverend W.J.R. Allen who remained in the parish until his resignation in his seventieth year in November 1947. Few priests can have witnessed such development during a devoted ministry in one district. From the beginning, he received special charge of the Dyke Road area, isolated from the main parish by the railway line, and rapidly changing from farmland to a built up residential district.

Services began in a room rented in a house in Maldon Road until, at his suggestion, Prebendary and

Mrs Moor erected the 'tin church' on a vacant building plot in Dyke Road. More important for the life of the parish, Father Allen formed those close personal friendships which came to mean so much to the Church of the Good Shepherd. Among those who have passed to their rest were such workers and benefactors as Mrs Gerald Moor, The Misses Stanley and Messrs Chubb, Palmer, Standing and Wing. Of those still living it is appropriate to mention four, Miss Emily Taylor, Messrs Cooper and Perry and Miss M.E.G. Brewer, better known to the present generation as Mrs Allen. In her quiet way Mrs Allen did more than perhaps even she realises for the church. Those who were privileged to know the home life of the vicarage came to appreciate more and more, as the years passed, the comfort and strength which the late vicar derived, especially during times of worry and ill-health, from the atmosphere of restfulness and security with which she surrounded him. To her, and her two sons, our greatest sympathy goes out in their irreparable loss.

During the 1914-1918 war, Father Allen threw himself wholeheartedly into the extra work involved by the fact that the Grammar School became the Second Eastern General Hospital. In particular he did much to look after the spiritual needs of the nurses.

Following the death of Prebendary Moor in 1916. the conventional district of the Good Shepherd was cut off from the Preston parish and Father Allen became Priest-in-charge. Then followed the strenuous years of church building and endowment necessary to form a parish. This involved lengthy negotiations and much committee work, which he did not shirk, though it was in some ways uncongenial to him. In it he found able support from the many friends he had now collected around him. Mrs Gerald Moor decided that she would complete the great task which she and her husband had undertaken: of building sufficient churches to supply the needs of the rapidly developing suburb of Preston. The Church of the Good Shepherd was to serve as a memorial to her late husband and she undertook the whole expense of building and furnishing it and assigning sufficient money to secure, with the grants of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, an adequate endowment for the living. By 1922 sufficient progress had been made for the district to become a parish. Then with the help of generous gifts of the Misses Stanley, a vicarage was added and finally Mrs Gerald Moor built, and Mr Lintott gave a sum for the partial endowment of, the Church Hall. All this meant many meetings and interviews and put a great strain on the Vicar at a time when he also had to undergo a serious operation.

An active cricketer of considerable ability in his younger days he continued to play for the Chichester clergy and was an enthusiastic founder, first president and, for a time, a playing member of the Preston Nomads, a club formed from the parish. Two of the original members, still closely associated with the church and club, are its secretary, Bert Bridle, and its captain Spenta Cama. Father Allen was a good golfer, at one time captain of the East Brighton Club, and an enthusiastic fisherman. The many friendships he thus formed attracted men from various walks of life to the

service of the Church he loved so well, and added to the strength of the parish life.

Throughout those arduous inter-war years he strove hard in the fervent hope that he would eventually hand on to his successor a parish well-equipped and endowed with a regular income to maintain its services, and a proper staff to carry out the pastoral work of the parish and among the boys of the schools who worshipped in the church. Often his enthusiasm troubled the Lay Officers and the Parochial Church Council who wondered where the necessary money would come from. He pushed ahead of them confident that the money would come and, moreover, he usually got it. In this and other ways he showed his great determination in the face of difficulties when he felt he was right. This naturally, from time to time, brought clashes with those of similar determination with whom he worked; but his personality was such that he retained the friendship of those from whom he differed. He had the knack of attracting a great variety of people to help him forward the work of Christ in the parish. He loved to see the younger generation grow up to take a share in the work and delighted in the fact that there was a growing number of people of whom he could say: 'I baptised you, prepared you for confirmation, married you and have baptised your children.' Always keen on the missionary work of the church he acted for a number of years as local secretary for the SPG. (Society for the Propagation of the Gospel).

He was always sharply critical of himself and his work for the church, and frequently lamented his inability to carry out tasks which he felt were desirable, but were beyond his powers and strength to do. He set a very high ideal and tried to supplement his own work by appointing assistant priests whose gifts supplemented his own and always bore in mind that it was the duty and privilege of the clergy to serve all in the parish of the Good Shepherd, whatever their views. On his retirement in 1947 the farewell offerings and tributes, I think, brought home to him in a way he had never realised beforehand, the appreciation of the parishioners and friends of the years of devoted service to his Master and to the flock committed to his charge.

He had carried on during the war years, in spite of his often expressed wish to make room for a younger man, in the hope that he would see normal parish life start again before he handed over his beloved church and congregation to a successor. With the help of an old Lichfield colleague he was enabled to do this.

Relieved of the day to day cares of a parish, he soon began to help at St Philip's, Aldrington and neighbouring churches, and seemed full of his old energy until the autumn of 1949 when his health began to decline.

His last years were gladdened not only by the tender care of his wife, but by the knowledge of the happiness of his elder son, Stanley, married to a daughter of his old friend and warden, and of his younger son's success at Cambridge in his preparation for the ministry of the church which his father had served so long and faithfully.

1951 A curate leaves

In September 1951 the Reverend Michael Hewlett left. He had been at the Good Shepherd since he was made Deacon in 1948. He was appointed Curate at St John the Baptist in Crawley where he stayed till 1956. He then moved to be Vicar of St John's in Malden serving there until 1969. He then became Curate at St Mary's, Woolfardisworthy in Exeter before becoming Team Vicar of Cheriton Fitzpaine in 1972. In 1976 he became Vicar of Creedy North, also in Exeter. He retired in 1986 and died in 2000. During his life he wrote 70 hymns, of which 25 were published, including 'Praise the Spirit in Creation'.

(<https://music.churchofscotland.org.uk/hymn/588-praise-the-spirit-in-creation>)

Interestingly the magazine reports that his leaving presents were a bicycle (cost £21) and a Rolex Oyster watch (cost £27). The cost of these 70 years later would surely make them prohibitive as gifts!

1952 Our own centenarian



Felicity (Fizzy) Felton (who shares her birth year with the Good Shepherd) remembers her early connections at the Good Shepherd:

Our family moved to Tongdean Avenue in 1952, although back in the 1920s my late husband Bill used to attend services at the Good Shepherd when a pupil at Mowden Preparatory School. He would have been 10 in the 1928 school year. He remembered how Mrs Snell, the wife of the Headmaster Bernard Snell, used to count the boys' jumps under the cold shower they had to take every morning to ensure they were properly clean.

The year 1952, while an exciting time for us moving to a new home, a new job for Bill as the Managing Director of Ronuk Polishes, and new schools for the children, was the year of a widespread influenza epidemic, which fortunately did not affect

our family. As I write this we are doing our best to avoid the Covid-19 pandemic.

Back then, we quickly became involved with the Church, and a few years later, Jane, one of my daughters joined the Sunday School (and also taught there at one point.) I would take my turn at coffee mornings and joined the Grub Club church lunches, which were held in various places such as Hangleton Manor, which I remember in particular.

We owe a lot to the church, making many friends and enjoying the singing and the welcoming friendly atmosphere. I still attend services when I can.

The parish magazines of 1952 include the obituary of two faithful parishioners:

Mr Arnold Court

Mr Arnold Court, after training in the Dental School of Birmingham University, soon came to begin the School Dental Service in East Sussex. He talked of the early days of that service, when he cycled from school to school, sometimes in company with the recently appointed Inspector of Schools, later Director of Education, Colonel Baines. He remained with that work until two years ago when he retired through ill-health.

In the years before the outbreak of war in 1939, he had become a close friend of the late Vicar, with whom he often followed their favourite recreation of fishing. This friendship lead him to take an ever-increasing share in the work of the Church of the Good Shepherd, firstly with the Free Will Offering; then as assistant to the Treasurer, the late Mr Kenilworth, whom he eventually succeeded in that office. While Mr Bridle was away on war service in the RAF he added to his duties that of acting Secretary to the Parochial Church Council.

During the vacancy in the Living, following the resignation of the Reverend W.J.R. Allen, he undertook on behalf of the Wardens, Messrs Perry and Walker, most of the onerous duties of Sequestrator. In this capacity he had many tasks to perform in connection with the preparations for the Induction of the present Vicar. When Mr Perry resigned after his more than twenty years as Vicar's Warden, the Reverend R. J. Hills nominated Mr Court to that post. Meanwhile Mr Court had represented the Parish on the Diocesan Council for a number of years. He continued in office for two years until his doctor strongly advised him to give up at the time his health forced him to retire from his professional work.

Those working closely with him began, during those two years, to realise how much he let even small things worry him. He often complained that he failed to sleep after attending a meeting at which some of the inevitable difficulties connected with parish life had led to some discussion. His friends hoped and expected that a good rest would enable him to regain his health.

In the difficult years from 1939 to 1950 he performed many tasks for the church with unflagging zeal, and was ever ready to give his time, not only to the church as a body, but also to individual members who needed help. Many members of the congregation were present on that bleak Christmas Eve when his mortal remains were laid to rest in Hove Cemetery.

Miss Emily Taylor

The death of Miss Emily Taylor was recorded in the June magazine. Miss Taylor had lived in Maldon Road for 45 years until 1949 when she moved into a nursing home, but still maintained a keen interest in the church. She was one of the pioneers with Father Allen when he started services and meetings in Maldon Road in 1911 before the corrugated-iron church was erected. Her devotion, shrewd common-sense, capacity for making friends and arousing the interest of others, were a unique contribution to the building up of the parish. Her Working Party went on steadily for over

thirty years and not only raised a great deal of money but also got people together in a happy family. That she was for many years in charge of Altar Flowers and Parish Secretary for the Missions to Seamen were but two instances of her widespread activities, parochial and missionary. She was a member of the PCC from the start. Her niece wrote when she died: *I was much touched by the fact that, though my aunt had had to leave the parish three years ago, she was far from forgotten. I do know that the Church and all it stood for were the centrepiece of her life, and her joy was to worship there, and to help in every way she could in all its work.*

The West Window



In August 1952 a design for the West Window was approved. This was for a central figure of St Richard of Chichester (the 700th anniversary of whose death was being celebrated the following year) supported by circular medallions illustrating episodes of his life, the whole delicately interlaced with a fig tree, the culture of whose fruit St Richard is said to have encouraged. There would be a good deal of clear glass, with great care in the choice of colours, so that the maximum amount of light would shine through the window. The window was designed by

Mr Charles Knight, a fine and sensitive artist, and from a well known Brighton family associated with St Bartholomew's church. The makers of the glass were also a local firm and had connections with this church.

To those of us 'latecomers' to the church it seems almost inconceivable this window was not there from the beginning, as it seems so integral to the fabric of the church, visible to all passers-by. The design proved successful as the sun streams through the window on many an occasion, bathing the congregation in light.

1953 Memories of a choir boy

David Taylor recalls his choral days: *memories which are now becoming increasingly vague, so prone to inaccuracies.*

At the time I lived with my parents and grandparents at the top of Highcroft Villas, so even though I was christened at St Luke's, Prestonville, the Church of the Good Shepherd was the church I attended. I would be lying if I denied I was somewhat reluctant to attend church services as a member of the congregation, as I found them boring. However, I did quite enjoy singing in the choir as a soprano. The choirmaster and organist at the time was a Mr Parry and the enduring memory I have was getting paid in cigarette cards for singing. About once a month Mr Parry would arrive at choir practice with a brown attaché case full of the said cigarette cards and we would each be issued our share. We would then spend some time playing a game of flicking them against the wall trying to cover our opponents' cards which seemed fun at the time.

I was also in the Scout troupe, the 39th Brighton, based in the church hall. The Reverend Hills was the Scoutmaster at that time. I remember in 1953 we were involved in setting up the Scout Camp site at Parkwood near Poynings, where we helped to clear parts of the site ready for camping. I also remember the Scout troop performing a Mummers' Play in the church hall in which I played the part of Sir Percy but I can't recall the plot. I know – I've lost the plot!



David Taylor in the 1950s

Arthur Wing has also shared some photos of the congregation, choir and servers in church in 1953.





1954 Sunday School stamps

Geoffrey Theobald remembers attending the Good Shepherd Sunday School at the age of 10 in 1954:

Although I was baptised at the Old Church Preston, where my parents were married, I attended the Church of Good Shepherd Sunday School. This was the nearest church to my home in Valley Drive, where I was born. I do not remember much about what was taught at the Sunday School, or by whom but I do recollect queueing up at the end of the church service near the font with all the other children to collect the colourful religious stamp which I would carefully stick in the album provided. There was a different stamp for each Sunday and so they certainly encouraged us children to attend church as we did not want to leave a gap in the album by failing to be present.

Reverend Pugh

Also in 1954 the Reverend Raymond Ashton Pugh arrived as Curate. Ordained Deacon in 1954 and Priest in 1955, he was Curate at the Good Shepherd until 1957, when he became Curate of St Peter's, Brighton. From 1960 he served as Vicar of St Peter's, St Leonards-on-Sea (which in 1964 became the parish of St Peter and Paul) until 1981; in that year he became Vicar of Pevensey (St Nicolas and St Wilfrid) where he remained until his death in 1987.

1955 A Lenten Wedding

Mandy Miles recalls her parents' links with the Good Shepherd.

My mum came from Whitehawk and my dad from Preston Park. As their wedding took place during Lent they were unable to marry at St Cuthman's Church in Whitehawk. My dad, Michael William Cattle, was born in October 1932 in Preston Village, and later moved with his parents and brother to Kingsley Road, where my Grandparents lived until they passed away in the late 1980s and early 1990s. My Mum, Mary Sylvia Rose Ford, was born in August 1934 and lived in Whitehawk Road, Whitehawk with her parents and six brothers and two sisters. This house was demolished when Whitehawk was being regenerated in the 1980s.

After they married, they moved into Kingsley Road with my grandparents before renting their first flat in Cromwell Road, Hove. My dad then built their first house in a self-build scheme in Jevington Drive in Brighton. When I was two we moved to Peacehaven where they lived in the same bungalow for over 50 years. Unfortunately due to their declining health they moved into a care home. The bungalow has now been sold to a new young family to continue as a family home. Sadly, Michael passed away in August 2020.



Reverend Kirkby

Reverend Edmund Keith Kirkby died in 1955, after giving 25 years of valued assistance at the Good Shepherd. He died on 21st December, exactly 50 years after his ordination as a Deacon in Chichester Cathedral. His first curacy was at All Saints', Brighton. He trained at Lichfield Theological College where he began a lifelong friendship with Father Allen. He served at Holy Redeemer, Clerkenwell; Christ Church and All Saints', Streatham; Clewer and Dedworth; All Saints', Isleworth, and St Peter's, Walworth. In 1931 he returned to Brighton to live with his mother and gave much valued assistance at the Good Shepherd (and All Saints' and All Souls'). He trained many servers (fostering several vocations to the priesthood) and he was known for his encyclopaedic knowledge of railways. He was very generous and presented the church with a silver ciborium and a set of green silk weekday vestments.

1956 A church electrician

Mr Frank Maximilian Ashton Lyte died in 1956, aged 56, and his obituary appeared in the magazine. He was an electrician and had helped with the electrical equipment for all the church drama productions since 1950. Increasingly he had become the church and hall electrician. He gave endless time and skilled care in providing the stage with equipment up to the standard of the professional theatre, inventing and constructing much ingenious apparatus himself. In 1955 he renewed the wiring in church. He was noted for his quiet composure and common sense. He came to be confirmed through the church fellowship drama section and became a 'very useful member of the PCC', according to the magazine.

Church social life

The magazines of 1956 give an indication of the range of social activities associated with the church at that time. There was a church family outing, with 104 parents and children piled onto two double decker buses, making the journey to Clymping, which is described as a 'great improvement on Shoreham Beach, with plenty of sand and a rather wild game of cricket!' The magazine also notes there were 432 buns eaten!

Still on the theme of cricket, regular games were played (described as test matches!) between the Good Shepherd choir and the choir of St Peter's, Preston. The first match was won by the Good Shepherd by one run but in the second game St Peter's scored 56 before bowling the Good Shepherd choir out for 13. There was to be a decider later in the year but we have no record of that!

The St Christopher window



In 1956 a window was given in memory of John Baldwin, who had died in 1954 at the age of 25. John Baldwin, Ena Baldwin's second son, was born on 14th October 1929 and was educated at Claremont preparatory school and at Bradfield College, Berkshire. He worked at Barclays Bank in Brighton and later as a dental surgery assistant in the RAF. He was a keen and gifted sportsman, particularly in tennis and badminton and actively participated in church clubs and activities. When just 25 he became ill with leukaemia and, after only three weeks, died in Brighton General Hospital in 1954.

The window was inserted at the east end of the south aisle and depicts St Christopher carrying the Holy Child across the troubled water. The artist was Mr Charles Knight who had been responsible for the St Richard window too. It was dedicated on John Baldwin's birthday by the Venerable J.H.L. Morrell, Archdeacon of Lewes.

1957 Mothers' Union

Mothers' Union is a worldwide Christian organisation founded in 1876 by Mary Sumner. Her husband, George, was a vicar in Winchester diocese and when her first grandchild was born she was reminded how difficult she had found the burden of motherhood and was inspired to form a meeting of mothers in the parish to offer mutual support. In 1897, during her Diamond Jubilee, Queen Victoria became patron of Mothers' Union, giving it an unprecedented stamp of approval. Branches were then set up throughout the British Empire.

Today there are over four million members in over 80 countries. Then, as now, its mission and values are: the importance of marriage, supporting families and nurturing faith, working with people of all faiths and none. Originally only mothers could belong but now membership is open to all, male or female, married or single, with children or without. Working as ambassadors for Christ the goal is to see all people enjoy loving, respectful and flourishing relationships.

The branch of Mothers' Union at the Good Shepherd was formed in 1917 so has already celebrated its centenary! The branch still continues today with just 20 members.

Overleaf is a copy from the membership book of 1957 when the 40th anniversary was being celebrated.

RECORD OF SPEAKERS

Date	Speaker	Remarks
July		No Meeting
August		No Meeting
Sept 13 th	Quarterly Service in Church. Followed by Bring+ Buy Sale	Address - The Vicar. £2-13-6 for Branch Funds.
Oct 11 th	Service in Church. Enrolment of Mrs Allen.	Address - Rev R. Pugh :- St Luke.
Nov: 8 th	No meeting - Hall engaged.	
Dec: 13 th	Quiet Afternoon in Church	Bishop How.
Jan: 10 th 1957	Party	
Feb 16 th	Mrs Parfitt	Life in Trinidad.
March 14 th	Rev: Kyike	Quarterly Service in Church.
April 11 th	Mrs How.	Visit to America with Bishop How - for the 400 th Anniversary of the P. Boo
May 9 th	Mrs Cobbold - Presiding M. of House Dean	The Hands of Jesus.
June 4 th	Entertained 26 members of the Malden Branch of the M.V. to tea & afterwards	we had Evensong in Church.
June 20 th	Outing to the Isle of Wight.	
July 2 nd	Bring+ Buy Sale £3-7-7 also.	The Vicar - Proposed Mission in 1958
August	No meeting	
Sept 12 th	Father Raymond Pugh	Service in Church. (Quarterly)
Oct 10 th	Mrs Guy Darghes	Sussex Industries.
Nov: 14 th	Miss Pether	Work of the M.V. in India Pakistan &
Dec: 12 th	Quiet Hour in Church (Fellowship)	
January 1958	Tea Party.	

Excerpt from the 1957 MU membership book

1958 The Good Shepherd Youth Club

Marian Hughes recalls a happy consequence of attending the Youth Club:

My special memory of the Good Shepherd Church happened in 1958, when I was told by my younger sister that the church had an excellent youth club. At that time my local church was St Luke's, Prestonville, where I sang in the choir, and their youth club met in the Vicarage after church on a Sunday evening. On arrival at the Good Shepherd youth club with my sister I found a great number of happy fun teenagers dancing to music from a record player on the stage playing the latest pop records. I regret I cannot remember the person who ran the youth club at that time. It was here that I met my future husband, Brian Janes, and we eventually married after he had completed National Service in the RAF in 1962. Sadly, he died 16 months later. I then moved away for 60 years and on my return to Hove have found connection with the Good Shepherd Church once again and have been made so welcome.

Gazing to the sea

Also in 1958 the statue of the Good Shepherd was finally inserted into the niche that had been prepared on the west wall when the church was built. Mrs Moor had apparently instructed that a statue of the Good Shepherd should look westwards over the grazing sheep to the sea. However, it took until 1958 for this to be installed, by which time the grazing sheep had been replaced by houses! It was designed by Joseph Cribb to a design by Charles Knight.



1959 A New Era

A new vicar arrived in 1959. John and Veronica Holden share their memories of Cecil Chisholm:



Father Cecil Chisholm

The Reverend Cecil Chisholm was ordained in 1931 at Dorchester Missionary College. He worked first at All Saints', Boyne Hill, Maidenhead then came to All Saints', Hove (Hove Parish Church) where he was Curate from 1935 to 1941. Between 1941 and 1948 he was Rector at St Peter's, West Blatchington. After that he was at Ardingly until 1951, when he became Vicar at St Andrew's Portslade where he stayed for eight years.

On 10th July 1959 he became Vicar at the Good Shepherd until his unexpected death in office in May 1971. A large congregation travelled by Brighton, Hove and District bus from St Andrew's Church to attend his induction. The bus driver was Mr Henry Holden.

Father Chisholm quickly became known for his involvement in the Scouting movement and for developing other youth activities. He was chaplain of the Guild of Servants of the Sanctuary for many years.

Services at that time were at 8am, 9.45am, 11.10am and 6.30pm Evensong and Father Chisholm introduced coffee at the church after 11.10 service, which was served in the vicarage, where there was always a welcome. Cecil's wife Dorothy was a Justice of the Peace, and they had two adopted daughters, Jane and Clare.

Reverend Phelps

In 1959 there was also a new Curate, the Reverend Ian Ronald Phelps. After training at Chichester Theological college, the Reverend Phelps joined the Good Shepherd and stayed until 1961 when he became Curate at Sullington, and then served as Curate at St Mary, Storrington until 1964. Thereafter he served as Rector of Newtimber with Pyecombe till 1968 when he became Vicar of St Luke's, Brighton, and Team Vicar of Brighton in 1974. In 1976 he became Vicar of Peacehaven (Ascension), where he remained until he retired in 1994.

1960 Increasing our church family

Marguerite Harland remembers joining the Good Shepherd.

Having been part of the Good Shepherd congregation for over 60 years I suppose I am one of the oldest members! We moved into Inwood Crescent from a flat so we could have a garden to supply us with vegetables. Caroline, our eldest child, was two years old and we decided it would be good for her to have a companion and were delighted to expect a baby in May. Things do not always go to plan and in March three tiny unexpected babies arrived to everyone's surprise. Panic amongst the staff, much phoning for more staff, cots, equipment etc but the staff were all wonderful. They were the first triplets to be born there for many years. Their very first outing was to the Good Shepherd for their baptism which included some of the doctors and nurses from the hospital as Godparents. Their lives were based around the church for many years and the wonderful vicar, Father Chisholm, was a great help. All five children sang in the choir, joined Brownies, then Guides, and Ian was in the Scouts.



The Harland Triplets with Father Chisholm

1961 A committed volunteer

Wendy Gibbs shares memories of her mother, Catherine Brown:

Our dear mother, Catherine Rosemary Brown (née Saxon) was born in 1927 at home in Chester. She met our father Austin Brown in 1951, whilst working as a Theatre Sister at the Orthopaedic Hospital in Oswestry. They married in 1952 and moved to Hove in 1956 when Austin was appointed as a Consultant Orthopaedic Surgeon to the Brighton, Lewes and Mid-Sussex Groups of Hospitals. He worked there until his retirement from the NHS in 1985. They first lived in Tongdean Road in Hove and then moved to Lloyd Road in 1961, where they created a wonderful family home, raised their four children and spent the rest of their lives. Catherine joined the congregation at the Good Shepherd during this time. When our youngest brother Simon died suddenly in 1985, they bore tragedy with dignity. Catherine's faith meant a great deal to her and stood her in good stead throughout her life. She drew a lot of comfort from the Church and still being able to attend church services whenever she could towards the end of her life was very special to her. Our father died at home in 2000 and Catherine died there, at home as she had wished, in May 2019, aged 91. Lloyd Road and Hove will always remain in our hearts. Catherine was a committed volunteer. She volunteered at the Citizens Advice Bureau in Hove for 25 years and for the Martlets Hospice until she was 85 and obliged to stop by insurance requirements. She was an accomplished calligrapher, a church recorder for NADFAS (now The Arts Society) and helped to clean the silver at the Brighton Pavilion for many years. For 20 years she read for the Talking Newspaper each month, which she loved, her last recording being the month before she died. She will be remembered for being strong yet gentle, kind, funny and wise.



The St Margaret window



This window, designed by Charles Knight, was given in 1961 in memory of Ena Baldwin by her daughter Daphne and her second son, David. (Both were married in the 1960s by the Reverend Cecil Chisholm.)

In February 1934 Ena had been the Mezzo-soprano soloist in the last concert in the 'old' Dome, which was arranged and conducted by her husband, Harry Chaplin-Baldwin. Extracts from the 'Messe Solemnelle' by Gounod were performed, and recorded by the BBC, as one of their first outside broadcasts.

Harry died in December 1937 after only 14 years of marriage, leaving three children for Ena to bring up throughout the war years. Ena died on 20th July 1961, the feast day of St Margaret of Antioch.

1962 Curate's memories

The Reverend David Cooke joined the Good Shepherd as Curate in 1962. We are grateful to him and his son, Tim Boissaud-Cooke, for sharing their memories.

David was an army officer based in Brighton in the former Preston barracks on the Lewes Road. He came to know James Lloyd Morrell, Archdeacon of Lewes (later Bishop of Lewes), who encouraged him to study at Lincoln Theological College. Following his ordination he served his curacy at the Good Shepherd and he had his sword forged into a shepherd's crook by Sean Black, who was a blacksmith at Pyecombe.

David's second son, Jeremy, was born at 7.30am on a Sunday morning in September 1963 and David notes having to go to take the 8am mass after the birth!

Tim recalls attending Stanford Junior School and every morning being given 3d for his bus fare. After school he would walk home and most days would call in at the Booth Museum just down from the Good Shepherd. He still visits it on the rare occasions that he comes down to Brighton but notes it has changed a great deal since the early 1960s!

Part of David's ministry was outreach to young people. At the time, the seafront was often occupied by mods and rockers at weekends. Tim recalls 'On Saturday mornings, my father and I would visit the various coffee bars, especially the Malacca coffee shop in the Lanes, and I think there used to be a Wimpy cafe just down the road from station. I think I developed my love of 'frothy' coffee there.'

David has fond memories of folk he came across in Brighton, who some readers may remember:.

Reg and Doris Elphick were outstandingly supportive and generous to the Cooke family. David recalls his wife, Cynthia, and children Tim and Imogen going to tea. They were offered fish paste sandwiches which were actually salmon pâté from Fortnum and Mason!

Doctor Herzl Sless lived on the corner of Dyke Road and Matlock Road. As well as being a splendid GP of the old school, and a brilliant obstetrician, he was Honorary Doctor to Brighton & Hove Albion FC. He was one of the leading figures of the Jewish community. Passing the house, late afternoon of Erev Shabbat (Friday), especially in autumn and winter, David remembers the bay windowed dining room which revealed the most gloriously laid-out meal-table.

Ruby, Pearl and Beryl May (see 1943) were stalwarts of the church, ensuring that everything was prepared perfectly for every service.

'Doc' Wilson and family were a constant joy. Doc, David remembers, was History Master at Brighton College. David says, with his incisive mind, Doc kept him very on point and theologically sound. He was a well-known archaeologist and much involved, along with Barry Cunliffe, in the excavation of Fishbourne Palace.

Mrs Donniethorne was Head of the Sunday School. It was not long before David's wife, Cynthia (a trained teacher) was roped in. An absolute bustle of energy and enthusiasm, Miss Donniethorne always made it a point to wear something glitzy as it gained the attention of the class. Cynthia was later to use this ploy when she became a teacher in Aylesbury Young Offender Institution.

Mary Wallace was also invaluable to the Cookes. As David says: *One minute she was not there and the next, we did not know how we had been without her. She had been a ward sister at the County Hospital and, though retired, still pervaded that sense of calm, no nonsense, capable authority to be found in mothers superior and, time was, in hospital sisters and matrons.*

Three days a week, more if she thought necessary, Mary took over the children, making their beds, taut sheets and hospital corners, doing their laundry, and the general ironing. She was full of quick, nervous energy. There was no question that she was a nanny or housemaid, more a maiden aunt who had once been a nun, and this is how the children came to regard her. We were all very fond of Mary.

David left the Good Shepherd in 1965 to become Curate of St John the Baptist, Clayton with Keymer, where he served until 1970. He was appointed Rector of Stone with Hartwell with Bishopstone (which in 1977 became Stone with Dinton and Hartwell) where he stayed till his retirement in 2007. He was presented with the Maundy Money in 2019, at Windsor Castle where he met Martin Cruttenden, and reacquainted himself with the Good Shepherd from afar.

1963 A sad goodbye

In August 1963 the church said goodbye to Mr and Mrs Heasman, who were planning to retire to the West Country. Mr Heasman had been Churchwarden and Honorary Treasurer, as well as holding many other offices, and they had attended the church for 25 years. Very sadly Horace Richard Heasman died later that month. He was 59.

1964 Remembering souls of the parish

The magazines for this year record the deaths of several faithful parishioners, many of whom had been in the congregation since the early years.

Miss Mabel Mary Beach died aged 83. She had worshipped at the church for 30 years. She was a magazine distributor and the honorary secretary for the Church of England Children's Society and had been a key part of the life and work of the parish.

Herbert John Vigar, the vergar and caretaker also died this year. He was 65. The magazine notes that Mr Vigar was always friendly and courteous and nothing was too much trouble for him.

Miss Fanny Peacock had been a regular communicant for over thirty years and a member of the Mothers' Union.

Youth Fellowship

The youth fellowship was very active during this year with regular dances in the hall, attended by over 90 young people. They had visits to local places, for example, the Fire Brigade Headquarters, the Ambulance Headquarters, Miles Engineering at Shoreham Airport, to see local papers printed by Southern Publishing and talks, notably one on 'coffee bars', a relatively new phenomenon.

1965 Homecoming

Geoffrey and Eileen Miller both came from the Brighton area. They met at a dance in the Regency Ballroom, which was built on top of the Regent Cinema on the corner near the Clock Tower, where Boots now stands.

They were married on 3rd November 1951 at St Leonard's, Aldrington (next to what is now Church House) the church that Eileen and her family attended at the time. But in search of an affordable house for first time buyers (a fine three bedroomed semi-detached in a leafy crescent) they soon moved to Whetstone in North London where their children, Michael and Elizabeth, were both born.

Geoff, who had played the organ from a young age, took the organist and choirmaster role at St Michael's, New Southgate, where Michael became a choirboy. Sadly this church has now been pulled down and has been replaced by a block of flats.

Holidays at that time were always to Brighton, where Geoff's parents lived and Shoreham, for Eileen's parents; in 1965 they decided to move back south to be near them, settling in Westdene, so that Michael would be in the catchment area of the then Brighton, Hove & Sussex Grammar School.

Although the Ascension, Westdene was just across the road, Eileen discovered that Cecil Chisholm, the priest who married them in Aldrington, was by now the vicar of the nearby Church of the Good Shepherd, and so to go there seemed like 'coming home'. Especially as there was a good choir under the direction of the then organist Bernard Taylor.

Geoff was soon appointed as deputy organist as well as PCC Secretary. Eileen and Elizabeth joined the choir, and Michael was a server. The whole family made many close lifelong friends at the church, especially fellow choristers.

Then, on 7th May 1971, Geoff received an unexpected phone call from Cecil Chisholm's wife, Dorothy. Sadly Father Chisholm had had a stroke and passed away and as the Secretary and a close friend Geoff was asked to let the PCC and others know.

There was another request too. At that time the organ was being refurbished and all the pipes had been taken out and were lying in assorted piles in the sanctuary and chancel. Dorothy said that it would have been Cecil's request that the organ played at his funeral, some ten days later.

Fortunately, the organ restorers were persuaded to work quite a few late nights to get the job done and all the pipes back *in situ*; the organ was indeed played for the funeral service!

Soon after that, Geoff moved to become organist of St George's, Kemp Town, although the rest of the family remained at the Good Shepherd. Geoff's work then transferred to Chichester and Geoff and Eileen moved to Barnham and Geoff took on the organist and choirmaster role at St Mary's, Yapton.

However they kept in touch with many friends from the Good Shepherd over the years until they

passed away in 1994 and 1995, both aged 70.

Michael is still at the Good Shepherd. (see 1968)

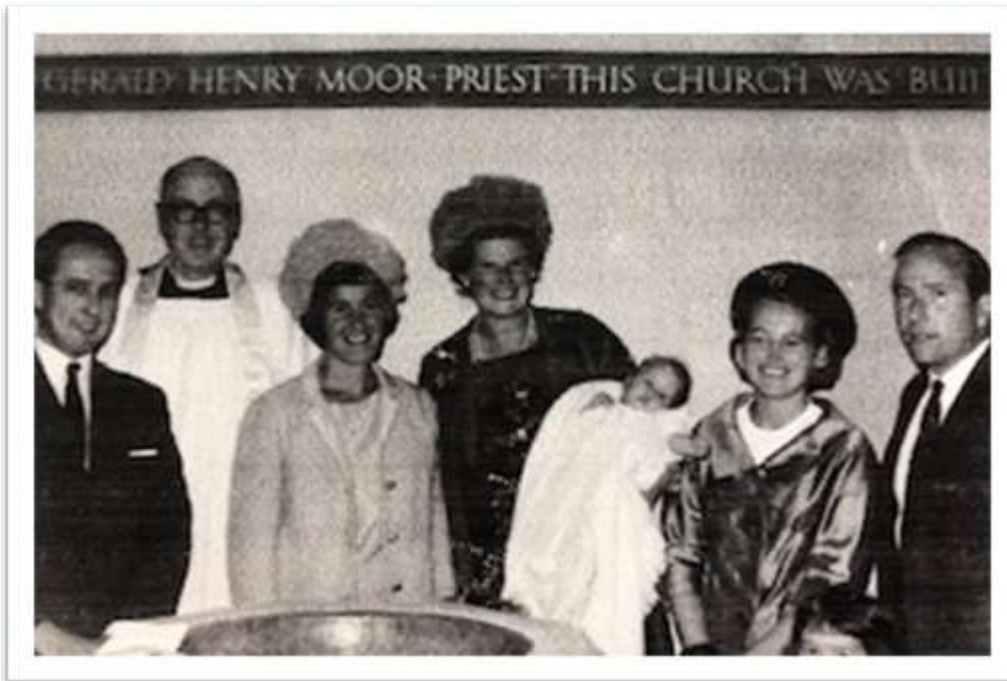


Eileen and Elizabeth Miller with organist Bernard Taylor and members of the choir in the 1960s.

1966 Living with the bells

The picture here shows the baptism of Amanda Vokins, middle daughter of Trevor and Christine, on 17th September 1966 at the Church of the Good Shepherd, with her parents, Godparents, and the Reverend Cecil Chisholm officiating.

Christine says she obviously felt the church was very important, having lived nearly her whole life within earshot of the church bells, both as a child and continuing this tradition for most of her 60 years of marriage to Trevor, with the exception of the first four years when they lived in Brighton—not very far away!



Baptism of Amanda Vokins

One historical note from 1966 is the unusually poor result at the Summer fete, unfortunately timed for the 30th July, thus clashing with the World Cup Final. These days the Good Shepherd tends to hold the Fun day in June, perhaps a lesson learned from this occasion!

1967 Joining the Good Shepherd

Judy Snell recalls significant life events which started her association with the Good Shepherd.

Our banns of marriage were read at the Church of the Good Shepherd sometime early in 1967, and I joined the congregation, with Mowden School, for Matins at the beginning of the summer term of that year. The Vicar was dear Cecil Chisholm who christened both of our boys. Sadly, he died the day before Sarah's Christening, and Glyn Grant, who was the Curate at the time, very kindly returned from holiday to perform the service. Elizabeth was also christened in the church, but by Chris's uncle who was a monk in Australia and over here on holiday. Some 55 years on much has changed, both aesthetically and liturgically, but the feeling of worship, friendliness, community and care remains the same.

1968 My church family

Michael Miller reflects on some influential moments during over 50 years at the Good Shepherd:

I've always liked to have something to do in Church! I was born in Barnet, North London and attended our local church (aptly named St Michael's) from age zero until I was 11, singing in the choir as soon as I was able, under the musical direction of my father, Geoff, who was the organist.

We moved down to the Brighton area in 1965 and for a short time attended St Mary de Haura, New Shoreham. At first I was in the choir there too, but when my voice broke quite early I had to leave the treble section and for one week sat in the congregation with my mother, Eileen.

At that point I announced that I wasn't going to church any more, as I no longer had anything to do; my mother's wise response was to fix me up to be trained as a server, which I remember took some weeks of instruction.

This is the background to my family coming to the Good Shepherd soon afterwards when we moved to Westdene; as well as the handy connection with Fr Chisholm having been the priest that married my parents some time earlier. There was also the opportunity for Geoff, Eileen and my sister Liz to sing in the choir and for me to join the serving team.

I'd made many friends in my previous churches, but the Good Shepherd was to be very influential on my future life, as it still is today. Bill Clifford was in charge, in a very gentle way, and John Holden, Andrew Stirling (who sadly was one of the first people to die from AIDS, at a time when this was very much a stigma) and Chris Swift (with whom I was at school and who later became a priest) are three servers amongst others who were there when I first started.

At that time we often had three Eucharists on a Sunday morning 8am, 9.45am— (Family Eucharist alternating with Matins) and 11.10am – and then there was an extra 7am service for good measure at Christmas and Easter – so there were always plenty of duties for servers.

One slightly shameful incident that I recall in those early years was when Fr Chisholm unexpectedly asked to see me one evening, and, in the midst of having his supper, shared a concern that one of the congregation had apparently spotted me in a local pub! I didn't quite have the heart to tell him that was where I was heading after I'd seen him to meet a friend (and I'm not going to share here how old I was then ...).

As time went by my sister moved away to college, my father moved to another church to play the organ and then, with Eileen, to Barnham as he changed jobs. Although I lived at various different locations in Brighton, I always remained very much part of the Good Shepherd with my 'church family'.

Sometime after Fr White came, he used his well-known powers of persuasion, with the customary gin and tonic, to get me to take on the role of Churchwarden, even though I was still in my twenties and

with a very demanding job at the time. I remember him saying: 'But I don't want you to do anything, Michael; I just want you to get other people to do things!' Today's Churchwardens take note.

It was during that period that I first moved to Ovingdean; and having said that I'd carry on for my term as warden before thinking about a move of church, somehow the move has never quite happened, even though I do love going to St Wulfran's from time to time with my wife Mary when I'm able.

In December 2002, whilst I was having what I thought would be a fairly normal breakfast discussion between the 8am and 10.15am services, Fr Jonathan announced that he'd be taking a break the week after Christmas (not unexpected) and so he'd put me down to preach (a bit of a shock to the system!) I couldn't get the word 'No' out of my mouth, and therefore so it was! I had lots of help from Anna Hansford, our then Reader, who was happy to tell me how good my draft was – for two sermons!

I was surprised at the time by the positive comments I had from so many members of the congregation – and I remain surprised on each occasion ever since. This then led to my calling to Ministry which for some time had been nagging me to fall into place; and I was accepted for Reader training in June 2003.

I think that I must be the only Reader to have started training during an interregnum (as Fr Jonathan had by then moved to Wakefield) and also to have completed it during another (as sadly Fr Nicholas had by then also left us). But Neil Milmine, then Rural Dean was very supportive, and I was very much welcomed on placement at All Saints' and the Ascension during that time.

But back to the Good Shepherd. Since I first came to the church, we've had seven vicars and even more curates and retired assistant priests; we have been very fortunate in the care and ministry that they have all given us. Every one of them has been different from the last and every one of them has brought a new depth of vision to help us to explore where God is leading us in this place.



Four vicars supporting Michael at his licensing

Welcoming a new curate

Reverend Glyn Grant was Curate at the Good Shepherd from 1968 to 1976. After training at Wells Theological College, Glyn had been a Curate at St Luke's, Cannock until 1957, after which he spent a period of time in Rhodesia. On his return to the UK he became a Curate in Paignton before coming to the Good Shepherd. When he left the Good Shepherd in 1976 he served as Curate of St Andrew, Moulsecoomb until 1980 and then as Priest-in-Charge at Wartling until 1983; this was followed by a curacy at St Leonard's, Seaford, which continued until 1987. Glyn was Sub-chaplain of Lewes Prison from 1986 to 1992, when he retired. He died in 2013.

1969 From Evensong to a wedding

Veronica Holden recalls the day she and John were married.

John joined the church when Father Chisholm moved to the Good Shepherd.

John and I met in Brighton in 1966. In 1967 John invited me to the Good Shepherd for Evensong. We became engaged on 15th July 1967 and started planning our special day, which would be Easter Saturday 1969.

Our wedding service was at 2.30pm. The church was beautifully decorated; every space was covered in flowers. The church was full of family and friends.

I was led into church with my father by the choir, Father Chisholm and my three bridesmaids who I had known from when they were babies - the grandmother of Maria, our youngest bridesmaid, went to school with my mother. A Harland sister was in the choir and Roger Holden was best man. We had chosen 'Lead us Heavenly Father, Lead us', Psalm 67; 'God be merciful unto us and bless us', and 'Love divine, all loves excelling' as our music.

We signed the register in the choir vestry on a large table. We had our honeymoon in Bournemouth, lived in Brighton until 1970 and then in Hove until 2008, when we moved to Seaford. We still attend the Good Shepherd. John is a server and belongs to the Guild of Servants of the Sanctuary, of which he is a Councillor for the whole of the East Sussex area. When we are not at the Good Shepherd we are travelling to other churches in East Sussex, which is part of John's councillor job. Veronica is one of four sacristans at the Good Shepherd so, after many years here, we feel we definitely belong at the Good Shepherd.



1970 Treasured memories

Dick who has, for many years, been treasurer at the Good Shepherd and a stalwart of the church choir, recalls his memories from 1970.

Why 1970? Answer: - that was the year Pat and I were married at the Church of the Good Shepherd and Cecil Chisholm (the then Vicar) officiated. Neither Pat nor I lived in Hove then, but her parents did, and once the decision was made to hold the reception at their house in Bishops Road the rest



followed. Cecil Chisholm married Pat's sister some four months before her (also at the Good Shepherd) and he married Pat's parents — Roy and Audrey Whitlock at St Peters, West Blatchington in 1947. Pat, although born in Shoreham, lived (until she started work) her entire life in Hove; though she did enter 'foreign territory' once when living in a house at Wayland Avenue in Brighton! Her

grandfather (Herbert Whitlock) owned and ran a School of Hairdressing in Brighton for a number of years and her father Roy, although expected to enter the family business, decided that he would rather be an estate agent and established his own business — Whitlock & Heaps at 65 Sackville Road.

The 24th October was a very British day weather-wise — dull, grey and overcast. It was also a Saturday when Brighton -and Hove Albion were playing at home, and my 'new' father-in-law, a lifelong supporter of the Albion, only just forgave me for choosing a Saturday when there was a home game! He supported the club through good and bad times for over 60 years until old age made the journey to Withdean impossible.

Pat and I lived in London, Brighton and Chester before finally settling in Hove and the rest, as they say, is history.



1971 A wide ranging ministry



Father Timothy Bavin

The Reverend Timothy Bavin was appointed Vicar in 1971. He had worked in South Africa till 1969 and then became Curate at the Holy Cross and St Saviour church in Uckfield. He was only Vicar for two years before returning to Johannesburg as Dean/Provost and Archdeacon in 1973, and becoming Bishop of Johannesburg in 1974. In 1985 he returned to the UK as Bishop of Portsmouth till 1995 and in 1996 he joined the Order of St Benedict at Alton Abbey.

Michael Miller recalls his memories of Tim below:

How delighted we felt when we heard that our next Vicar following Cecil Chisholm's untimely death was to be a youthful young man from South Africa. Well, youthful might be a bit of an exaggeration

as he was 36 when he joined us, but there was certainly still some 'swooning in the aisles' from some of the more elderly ladies in the congregation!

Tim had not had the traditional upbringing for a Church of England priest; his father was in the army and he had served for a time in Aden in the same regiment, sandwiching his university education in Classics. He then felt a call both to the priesthood and also to work in South Africa during the difficult time of apartheid. Following training at Cuddesdon and ordination he became a Curate at Pretoria Cathedral and then Chaplain to a local boys' school.

He returned to England in 1969, serving another curacy at Uckfield before arriving at the Good Shepherd in 1971. He was a real live wire and had a special ability (he still does) to remember not only everyone's name that he ever met but also the names of all their relatives!

One of his gifts to the Good Shepherd was to impart his not inconsiderable musical talents, including as an organist, and to help us develop our musical tradition. He was later appointed as an honorary Fellow of the Royal School of Church Music.

Sadly his time with us was only to last a couple of years as, perhaps not unsurprisingly, he was called once again to serve in South Africa during a period of great change, first as Rector and Dean of Johannesburg Cathedral and Archdeacon of the Diocese, and latterly as Diocesan Bishop.

From Johannesburg, Bishop Tim moved back to England to become Bishop of Portsmouth, and in due course retired and was accepted in the Benedictine Community of Alton Abbey, where a subsequent retired Assistant Priest, Canon Robert Eke, also ministered for some time.

Through these two connections some of us have been privileged to make many visits to the Abbey for retreats and quiet days and to visit Tim from time to time. Dom Timothy has been Oblate Master for

the community, an Honorary Assistant Bishop in both Portsmouth and Winchester Dioceses and for many years was also Head Gardener at the Abbey!

On his retirement Bishop Tim made a gift to the Good Shepherd of a Cope and Mitre, which we have been privileged to be able to use on suitable occasions and which will be on display during our Centenary Exhibition.

1972 Choral memories

Beverley McArdle (née Willcock) recalls her days in the Good Shepherd choir:

In 1972 all my family were fully involved at the Good Shepherd Church. My Dad, Norman, was Churchwarden at around this time and during his time as churchwarden he had the joy of two interregnums. I remember he had many meetings and got on well with Reg Elphick, his fellow churchwarden.

My mother Sylvia, brother David and I all sang in the choir. Mr Taylor was the choir master/organist and my brother recalls finding him a bit frightening. Although we were young we attended junior choir practice Tuesday evening and senior choir practice Friday evening. If we got out of practice early on a Tuesday we used to run to get chips from the chip shop before our bus came. We sang at church twice on a Sunday but at Evensong we were allowed to choose an edifying book from a selection in the vestry to read during the sermon. I recall being very proud when I completed my probationary period and was allowed to wear a surplice and choir medal instead of just a cassock. I think the choir pay I received was about 25p per quarter!

I recall on one occasion the Mayor of Brighton attended and there were refreshments in the hall after. As the junior choir tended to resemble a hoard of locusts we had our own food table with the sign 'Reserved for the junior choir'. We struck on the idea of putting the sign on the front of the mayor's car. To our delight he drove off with it on the front! We did tell our dad that evening and he told the vicar but there were no repercussions.

Although I was young I remember the names of many of the adults in the choir, Mr Upson, Mr Mabey, Misses Pearl and Beryl May, and Miss Baker. No one dared to mess about if they were sitting in front of Miss Baker. My friend Elizabeth Miller (Michael's sister) was in the choir too. One Saturday we sang at a wedding and had to catch the bus home. Unfortunately, we caught the wrong bus and nearly ended up going to Devil's Dyke. When we realised the driver let us off the bus, but we had to walk the rest of the way home.

1973 A new vicar



Father Richard Eyre

In 1973 Reverend Richard Eyre became Vicar at the Good Shepherd. When he left the Good Shepherd, he became Archdeacon of Chichester and then Dean of Exeter. His obituary in *The Times* reproduced below, with permission, gives a flavour of his life:

When the Church of England was facing some deep reorganisation and confronted by diminishing congregations and clergy numbers, it became fashionable to appoint those who had been experienced archdeacons as cathedral deans. It was thought that they had the administrative and organisational skills to revive cathedral life and so it proved to be the case and today English cathedrals are a success story.

Richard Montague Stephens Eyre was one of these clergy, though his main skills lay in his deep humanist and pastoral care.

He was educated at Charterhouse, Surrey, and studied classics at Oriel College, Oxford. He trained for ordination at St Stephen's House, Oxford, under the principalship of the formidable Arthur Couratin. He was ordained to St Mark's, Portsea, which was a well-known training parish, in 1956. After three years there his teaching and pastoral skills led to his appointment to the staff of Chichester Theological College — where the Principal was the learned but eccentric Cheslyn Jones — as tutor and chaplain. There he became familiar with cathedral life, then going through a transformation under that great promoter of the arts, Dean Hussey.

After two years at Chichester, Eyre refined his educational skills by being chaplain and teaching classics at Eastbourne College, East Sussex. He was then appointed Vicar of Arundel, which gave him entry into the upper echelons of the Sussex gentry. He stayed for eight years and then moved to the much more socially varied parish of the Good Shepherd, Brighton. While there he was also appointed Director of Ordinands for the Diocese, a function he continued when he was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester and Canon Treasurer of Chichester Cathedral in 1975.

In 1981 he was appointed Dean of Exeter and remained there for 14 years. It can be seen that all his earlier experience led him to be a wise and pastoral dean. He was a member of the General Synod from 1985 to 1995 in which he was a popular and amusing speaker and much appreciated by his fellow deans. An Anglo-Catholic, he became a supporter of the ordination of women priests. At Exeter, he contributed much to the worshipping and administrative life of the cathedral. He oversaw the Royal Maundy service in 1983. As the congregation grew, he moved the main Sunday service into the nave and encouraged the arts in many ways. He established a music trust and in the 1990s a girls' choir was introduced. He had close links with Exeter University. He was widely respected around the county. He played a major part in the formation and development of the Society of Mary and Martha,

a community offering care and support to people under stress. He was known as a wise counsellor and spiritual director and had a strong sense of humour, which he used to much effect. He contributed many insightful clerical obituaries to various newspapers. A keen musician, he also enjoyed playing golf.

He stayed in Devon in retirement and travelled a lot. He spent two years in France as priest in charge of St Andrew's, Pau. In 1990 he published the book Faith in God?. In 1963 he married Anne Mary Bentley, the daughter of Canon G. B. Bentley of St George's, Windsor. They had two daughters. His wife and children survive him.

The Very Reverend Richard Eyre, Dean of Exeter, 1981-95, was born on 16th May 1929. He died on 12th December 2012, aged 83.

1974 An ancient yet modern church

Angela O'Donovan remembers 1974:

My first child, Emma, was born in 1974. Emma went to Sunday school at the Church of the Good Shepherd, along with her brother, Peter. She also joined the Brownies with Mrs Kapp as Brown Owl and Mrs Meeking as Kingfisher.

We were living in Windsor at the time of her birth, but my husband was offered a partnership in a dental practice in Brighton. So down we came, buying a house in the Dyke Road area. I remember going to various churches ...mainly out of interest... (I am very interested in the Norman churches in the area) and visited the Church of the Good Shepherd, as it was our nearest church. The incumbent was Rev Richard Eyre.

The first thing that struck me was the light, and the white airiness of the church. A cross between the ancient and the modern.

I am on the rota for arranging flowers at the Good Shepherd, also on the coffee rota, the church cleaning rota and a member of the Mothers' Union.

An interesting fact about 1974 is that the service time of the main Sunday service was changed to 10.15 as the first buses did not arrive at the church till after 10. In 2022 the first bus arrives at the 'Good Shepherd' bus stop long before 10am but the service time remains at 10.15!

1975 Church babies

1975 marks just over halfway through our centenary record. Our fifth vicar left in 1975 and there would be five more before our first century was out.

We struggled to find an individual to share a memory for 1975, but it made us think more broadly and note the importance that many people from the whole parish attribute to the Good Shepherd, perhaps through being married, saying goodbye to a loved one, or attending a baptism of their children. With this in mind we have reviewed the baptisms that took place at the Good Shepherd in 1975 as a snapshot of the 'halfway point'.

There were 19 children baptised in 1975; eight girls and 11 boys.

The girls' first names were Carla, Claire, Helen, Kerry, Nicola, Oriel, Sara, and Suzanna. The boys were Anthony, Barry, Craig, David, Hans, Karl, Marcus, Magnus, Paul, Peter and Stuart. Many of these reflect the popular names at the time. Claire had been the second most-popular baby girl's name in the UK in 1974, closely followed by Nicola. Paul was the most popular boy's name in 1974, with David the third most-popular. Looking back at 1924 the only names from the above that appeared in the top 100 were Helen at 62 and Paul at 88. Fast forward to 2020 and David is the only name from the above that appears at number 60 (*ONS. Top 100 baby names*).

So we didn't find one person for 1975— we found 19!

1976 Musings from a former Vicar



Father White

In 1976 we welcomed a new vicar, the Reverend Geoffrey White. Born in 1928, he was ordained priest in 1954 and was initially Curate at Holy Trinity, Bradford-on-Avon. He moved from there in 1956 to be Curate of St John the Divine, Kennington until 1961, when he was appointed Vicar of St Wilfrid's, Leeds, and then in 1963 he became Hospital Chaplain at King's College, London. In 1966 he moved to be Vicar of St Richard's, Aldwick for ten years before joining the Good Shepherd, where he stayed until his retirement in 1993. He was also made a Canon of Chichester Cathedral in 1990. After retirement he was an Honorary Curate at St Dunstan and All Saints', Stepney until 2010.

Here Father Geoffrey remembers his time in Brighton:

It's difficult to know what people at the Good Shepherd would find interesting from my time there; after all it's now nearly 30 years since I left!

After ten enjoyable years at Aldwick, I was asked by Bishop Eric to move to the Good Shepherd; this was at the time a thriving parish on the south coast but after two parish priests leaving for good reason in quick succession it clearly needed some stability and long-term planning.

I was pleased to be able to develop quite a few successful community and social events, one of which was an annual Guy Fawkes bonfire with fireworks and food. However, this was not without risk; perhaps in retrospect in the first year I might have been a little bit carefree in the amount of encouragement I gave to the bonfire to light well! The result was a minor explosion which, whilst not doing any long-term damage, did cause one or two of the stained-glass window segments in the Lady Chapel to blow out. To this day I'm not quite sure why the Churchwardens and PCC were not more cross with my foolhardiness!

During my time there I ensured that there was a regular pattern of weekday Eucharists most days, which a small but faithful congregation attended. This often included our Labrador, Tosca, who would sit quietly during the service in the front row. But then when everyone came up to the Altar Rails to receive communion, Tosca would dutifully follow along too. I used to give him a pat on the head and say a little blessing and he would then turn around and go back to his place!

On a more serious note I was very pleased that I was able to satisfactorily achieve a major reordering of the church and the installation of the Nave Altar and westward facing High Altar. It was particularly good to get the new aumbry installed in the High Altar sanctuary and for the Blessed

Sacrament to become central in the church; Bishop Eric was very complimentary about this change.

It was a shame that to achieve the new arrangement we had to take down the Blacking English Altar Riddle posts; but I was pleased to be able to retain the very well-designed angels. As well as the two that fit very well either side of the Aumbry, the other two were originally repositioned either side of the then Nave Altar. I was surprised to learn that apparently some choir members couldn't see where they were and kept bumping into them! But of course, everything changes, and they look fine above the sedilia in the High Altar Sanctuary where they are now.

To look to the future the only major plan that I wasn't able to bring to fruition was a modern redevelopment of the vicarage and church hall. It would be so much more convenient if the hall could be attached to the church and I remember that we also had plans for a medical centre and other community facilities around the church site. Who knows, perhaps similar ideas could be reconsidered in the next century?

1977 A wonderful atmosphere of friendliness

Janet and Peter Clapshaw recall their memories of the Good Shepherd:

One of the first things we noticed the first time we attended a service at the Good Shepherd was a wonderful atmosphere of friendliness. As we walked through the porch we were greeted by a smiling usher, given a service sheet and invited to sit anywhere of our choosing. We enjoyed the service, which was taken by Father White.

As we were leaving Father White was at the door and invited us to go to the church hall for a coffee and to meet some of the congregation. This was the first time we met Father White and he soon became a regular visitor to our house and we remember a kind and loyal man.



Also in 1977 the death was noted of Mrs Cooper (daughter of George Palmer the builder — see 1930.) Mrs Cooper had given the brass offertory plate in her father's memory and also the wooden seats in the chancel in memory of her husband and sister.

1978 A reluctant Brownie?

Tessa Pacey recalls her introduction to the Brownies and their links with the Good Shepherd:



I never wanted to be a Brownie and I wasn't even sure what one was. This was 1978 and I was six years old. It was a Sunday morning and we were at 'coffee' following the church service. My mother was in conversation with Dorothy Hilton, a church member who was involved in running the Brownies on a Monday night. My Mother asked her if there was a different pack I could go to as I did swimming on a Monday night (when the 10th Preston Park met). The answer was. yes there is the Tuesday pack, the 5th Preston Park, but the Brown Owl was about to retire due to ill health. At that point my mother said 'well I used to be a Tawny Owl,'.

I still had no idea what she was talking about.

The following Tuesday we went along to Brownies (I was still too young to join at that point but couldn't be left on my own.) My mother became the Brown Owl and Marie Hearn, the mother of another Brownie, Tawny Owl. I soon learned that they were the leaders for a group of girls 7-11 year olds that were members of the Girl Guides, who met weekly to play games, learn new skills and have fun. There were badges and adventures to be had and at the heart, a promise.

Several weeks later I was standing in front of Claris Woodward, the previous Brown Owl. I was making my promise and it was her final meeting as official leader. We followed the ceremony with a surprise party in the Green Room.

I soon learned that my mother was a very good Brown Owl. She took the pack on many adventures, including day trips to Butlins at Bognor, The Tower of London and The Bluebell railway, where I famously fell over in the coalyard and got covered in coal dust much to Brown Owl's embarrassment. There were also church parades at that time on the first Sunday of each month. We would be joined by the Monday Brownies, who were led by Janet Kapp, and the Guides.

As with all things I soon became too old for Brownies and 'flew up' to the Good Shepherd Guides which met on a Thursday evening, I remember very well camp days in the Captain's garden where we would pitch tents, light fires and have cook outs; they were really happy times. I also vividly remember trips after church parade to Barcombe Mills, where we rowed boats along the river and hiked. As a older Guide, I was able to earn a Service Flash by helping at Brownies. I, of course, jumped at the chance and soon found myself running Brownie games and supporting individual Brownies where necessary. As time went on I progressed to become a young leader and later an adult leader, a Snowy Owl. During this time I also helped with the Guides, gaining experience for my leadership qualification, or warrant as it was known then. The leader, Betty, was a very practical and craft orientated and I remember making floral table decorations for the food tables at the church bazaar;

one year the Guides and Brownies even did the catering for that event. Back at Brownies, we were busy with putting on a play, a tradition that the two Brownie units had followed for many years. More recently we had performed 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs', 'The Wind in the Willows', and 'The Wizard of Oz'. My mother was of course an excellent actor and director. There were also pack holidays in Lewes, Crowborough and Eastbourne. Soon, however, it was time for me to take on the mantle of Leadership. I was just 22 and the prospect of running the unit was quite an undertaking. Luckily I was blessed with some lovely Brownies and we grew together; my first outing as leader was a trip to Chessington and that was followed by trips to London and Portsmouth where the Mary Rose proved to be a firm favourite. In 1993 the Brownies were joined by cubs and scouts to plant trees in the church grounds in memory of Lord and Lady Baden Powell our founder. It was also around that time that I was privileged to receive an invitation to attend the Thinking Day service at Westminster Abbey, a truly inspirational service, I was lucky enough to sit near the daughter of the founder and to see her energy and enthusiasm was inspiring. Guiding is an all inclusive organisation which is not without its challenges. After three deaf girls joined the unit, I found myself learning British Sign Language and later teaching the girls how to sign as part of their deaf awareness badge. We now sign the songs during 'Brownie Ring' and 'Brownie Bells'. Over the years as a unit we have taken part in many events to raise money for charities. We have carried out bring and buy sales and fashion shows, we have taken part in many of the church fetes and bazaars and have done sponsored skips and silences, and collected money for premature babies, Action Asthma, and many other charities - more recently the Australian bush fire disaster. The girls were kind enough to help support me when I was lucky enough to get a place on a trip to the Girlguiding world centre Sangam in India in 2007. A group of adults and senior section Guides went from Sussex East to run a camp for disadvantaged children in Pune. It was definitely an unforgettable experience; the children turned out to be the children of migrant workers and we delighted them by taking them swimming and to the cinema as well as running craft and activity and dance sessions. I will always remember their faces. I learned so much about myself during that trip and also came back with many ideas to share with the girls.

We planted yellow roses in Hove Park to help celebrate our centenary in 2010 and took part in events at The Brighton Centre where we learned Bollywood dancing, and at Blackland Farm Guiding Activity Centre where I found myself holding a tarantula! Well out of my comfort zone and definitely only possible if I'm in guiding uniform. The centenary finale event was held at the Racecourse and we joined guiding members through the country renewing our promise at 20.10pm on the 20th of the 10th 2010. We then enjoyed spectacular fireworks.

In 2019 we celebrated our unit's 50th birthday (although the unit has been meeting at, and associated with, the Good Shepherd since the 1920's, our registration and name was changed in the late 60's). We had a wonderful weekend at PGL doing outdoor activities including abseiling, archery, tunnels and.

giant swing. In the September of that year we had an amazing party in the hall with a bouncy castle and the girls had an animal experience with snakes, lizards and spiders. Later that year we also invited a parliament of real owls to visit and each girl was able to hold and learn about them.

The lockdowns followed shortly after and Brownies went on zoom; this wasn't easy for leaders and Brownies alike but thankfully we were able to carry on and cooking became a popular activity (especially for the leaders who didn't have any cleaning up to do afterwards.)

Our links with the church have continued to be strong. We have decorated windows for harvest and remembrance and also taken part in the Christmas tree festivals and Fayres; recently we have paraded twice a year on Remembrance Sunday and Brownie Sunday, which the girls particularly enjoy, reading and carrying candles. Our promise renewal has also become a fixture. It is always lovely to see so many members of the congregation renew their promise alongside the girls and I. This year two girls actually made their promise for the first time during the service.

This last week we were proud to hold our First Gold Award, this is the highest achievement that a Brownie can achieve, and we celebrated with a pizza and ice cream party.

As I look back on my time in guiding I realise just how much the girls inspire and encourage me to live by the guiding law and promise. That decision my mother made all those years ago on my behalf definitely changed my life for the better.

1979 A lifetime of music begins

Aidan Cruttenden recalls his musical beginnings at the Good Shepherd:

I can't remember the exact year I first went to the Good Shepherd, if I'm honest. 1979 must have been about right, though. What I can remember with absolute certainty though was the day — Maundy Thursday. My first service, then, was the liturgy for that least normal of days of the church year, complete with bells for the Gloria, stripping of the altar and watch in the Lady Chapel. This was ritual and theatre of an order I had never experienced before. There was music throughout the service — in fact it was the service to a large extent — and it was this which pointed me towards the life in church music I subsequently led. The Samuel Wesley chant for Psalm 22 will always stay with me from that evening. The Romantic music, coupled with the highly dramatic words, made me realise that this was something I valued greatly. Nothing up to then had quite crystallised this so vividly for me. We needed quite a lot of the psalm at that time: the high altar still had all of its original fittings and the process of detaching various curtains and other pieces of flammable material by diminishing candlelight was fairly involved.

It was at the Good Shepherd that I experienced singing and then playing a wide range of choral music,

often quite ambitious for a parish choir, and in hindsight I realise I was very lucky to have done so. There were classical masses by Mozart and Haydn, and standard English church composers like Howells and (Samuel Sebastian) Wesley. I would certainly never have experienced 'Ascribe Unto the Lord' or 'Here is the Little Door' anywhere else while I was a teenager. When I then went to university and after that to various cathedrals to sing I found I knew far more of the pieces we then sang than I was expecting, not having previously sung in a cathedral choir like some of my colleagues. For this I definitely owe the Good Shepherd thanks for the adventurous choices of repertoire much more than anywhere else.

The other thing I realised quite quickly was that there was a shape to the church year. The exciting Holy Week services were, it turned out, just one part of this. Every Good Friday Geoffrey Upson was Pilate and Winston Mabey was Christ, while Fr Geoffrey was the evangelist. Every year too, at Easter, Geoffrey (Upson) had to cope with the hideously awkward tenor solo at the end of the 'Kleine Orgelmesse' - it alone makes me glad now to be an alto. There was a Harvest service and Harvest Supper, a choir dinner and parish retreat days. We went to places like Steyning Round Hill for the parish ramble on Easter Monday. Christmas brought the carol service and coping with the organ only having two manuals for the Berlioz 'Shepherds' Farewell' - getting the oboe stop on for the interlude and then off again was a panicked moment for my 15 year old self.

I came to appreciate the organ, and its Harrison guarantee of quality, more later, but it was always satisfying to play in a way the rather underpowered instrument at school wasn't. It could fill the building for the 'Word of the Father' line in 'O Come, all ye Faithful' quite easily, I found, as long as you weren't frightened of the big pedal diapason stop. As I played more I became more confident myself. The really big event in terms of numbers was the Crib Service, which I suspect contravened current fire regulations in terms of the hundreds who filled the church. This was the era of the big Christmas film and I remember inserting the main theme from 'Gone With the Wind' into the Christmas improvisation in a year a Google search has now told me was 1981. I thought this very daring at the time, which does perhaps indicate that I was not a risk taker by nature.

The Good Shepherd gave me a framework to live by. At that time my parents had not yet come to the church regularly and I was discovering this largely for myself. Though I am no risk taker it was the safe place where I began to do more things independently and started to manage my own life. For this, for the musical education I gained, and for enduring friendships with people like Hilary Morfitt, I will always be grateful.

1980 A singer from the 80s!

Hilary Morfitt recalls how she started singing at the Good Shepherd:



In April 1980 my school friend Lucy informed me that her younger sister Jane had taken it upon herself to join the junior choir at the Church of the Good Shepherd. This was a surprise, as Jane (my sister's age – then ten) had not seemed particularly interested in singing and was a very quiet and reserved girl, as a rule. Lucy didn't want to be outdone and wanted to see what the fuss was all about – would I come too?

Rehearsals for junior choir were on a Tuesday evening and I agreed to go along with her to keep her company. At that time, aged 12, I already had a few social engagements in my life (well, OK mainly piano lessons, guides and homework) and wasn't sure a church or a choir was for me, although I knew I liked singing and could hold a

tune, as I had done some singing at school. But I always like a challenge and neither of us wanted to be outdone by a younger sister.

I don't remember much about that initial rehearsal, except that there were scales to sing – rising in semitonal modulations and some people were asked to sing them on their own (scary, yet enthralling). There were boys – who seemed quite cool to me, having attended a single-sex school since age 4. There was an enthusiastic choirmaster who ran a tight ship and, although there was some chatting and joking, an expectation of commitment to the music was expected. I remember being hooked within about 20 minutes, and my decision to come back again was cemented after an enjoyably boisterous game of British Bulldog at the front of church after the practice.

And with that pivotal moment began a 41-year relationship with The Church of the Good Shepherd, only ending in 2021 with my move to Rye. Actually - when I say ending, I hate goodbyes, so will be maintaining a part-time relationship with the choir, as long as I am allowed.

There is so much I could write about my life in the junior choir and beyond, but it would probably become a rambling book and might be a little self-indulgent. It gave me opportunities I may never have otherwise encountered. Malcolm Kemp, the then choirmaster, instilled in me a love of singing, and listening to church music but also a new confidence. I gained a sense of self-worth and belief that I had lost somewhat through my parents' divorce. Being in the choir was the main formative experience of my childhood and teen years and led to all my future musical choices. It was fun and all-consuming. Friends from choir were also my social life and we attended the youth club on a Friday evening after mixed choir practice with the adults.

A couple of years ago I found some old diaries and was amused and quite impressed that for a span of

about 3 years between the ages of 12 – 15, I documented the music we had sung at every service, the points I had received for my behaviour and singing (out of 7 for each service and you didn't want to let your team down as points meant prizes), and whether I had been given a solo to sing. We were given a rich diet of fabulous music to sing and experience – far beyond many church choir experiences, I would imagine.

Many of my dearest and oldest friends ('less of the old, thank you Hilary!' I can hear Dick say to me....) originate from my early years at the Good Shepherd, particularly Aidan Cruttenden, who has been a great friend to me during all this time, and we keep in touch over the years and miles. It was so great during lockdown to work with the virtual choir, and have former choristers and members of the church sing with us as one.

There are lots of things that I don't remember (41 years is a long time ago!) but writing this has made me smile and has also made me a bit sad that these experiences are probably very rare now for young people in 2022.

I'm glad I made the decision to go to that first choir practice.

1980 was a good year...!

Canon Basil Fletcher-Jones

In 1980 Canon Basil Fletcher-Jones retired to Brighton after a long ministry in the Walton area of Liverpool. He lived in the Curate's house and helped out at the Good Shepherd until his death in 1984. He was immensely popular, as was his dog, Sam, later owned by another parishioner, Christine Bailey.

Canon Fletcher-Jones was born in 1913, made deacon in 1940 and priest in 1941. He served his curacy at Lymington from 1940 to 1946 and was Rector of St Mary, Walton on the Hill from 1962 to 1980, and a Canon of Liverpool Cathedral from 1970.

1981 A band of new singers arrives

Julie and Harold Lay remember arriving at the Good Shepherd:

We (Julie, Harold, Alison, Christopher and Phillippa) had moved to a house in Compton Road in early 1979 but continued attending a church in Hove which had been Julie's childhood church. A new incumbent wanted a new 'regime' and we found ourselves asking why we continued attending somewhere which only upset us. We thought hard and prayed about this situation and decided we should check out our parish church. Several reasons came forward but the main one was the fact that we would see people in the week and not only in church on Sunday.

We all (five) turned up at the Good Shepherd one Sunday and were welcomed by so many of the congregation and, of course, Father White, as he was known then. I was also very pleased to see Father Jack Lee assisting at the service, who I had known several years earlier at St Luke's, Queens Park. The liturgy was almost 'alien'. Julie and I had come from a low church background, but in a few weeks all felt normal. I remember Father White coming to speak to us and saying someone had said that 'we could sing' and that we should therefore be in the choir. He asked the organist to talk to us and soon after, we were all in. We are not too sure what the existing members thought about a gang of five joining, because nobody told us. The repertoire was a revelation. (Julie and I had been singing in church choirs for thirty odd years and thought we knew most church music!) The singing of parts of a Mozart, Haydn or Schubert Mass during the Eucharist was a very different experience, and a difficult one at times. The other huge change was choir practices. Friday evening and before the morning and evening services. That was hard until it became the norm.

Sometime later that year or the next, Alison came home from school saying that singers were wanted for a new Brighton Bach Choir which would meet in the Good Shepherd Church; should we join? We did, and our musical experience was broadened once more. One doesn't realise at the time what a wonderful gift is being handed out.

Overall, what a great decision we had been guided to take, which also educated our faith in many ways in the years that followed.

A lifetime of service????

Martin Cruttenden recalls a lifetime of service to the Good Shepherd and looks to the future:



I was really fortunate to have been taken to my then parish church, St Anne's in Kemp Town, initially to the Sunday School and then to the choir. For the latter a friend earned 2 shillings- for introducing me as a new member, and a rich life of church music and much more was established. Having a good voice helped – a feature I can happily still claim – and a lifelong membership of Parish Councils, Brighton Deanery and Chichester Diocesan Synods, and being elected to associated diocesan committees have enabled me to maintain well-

informed standards of active involvement for longer than most.

I have throughout my years here also been active in helping my wife Gloria with her fine work for the Good Shepherd, which is reported elsewhere in this book. To my delight such lifelong involvement led to my nomination in 2019 by Bishop Martin to receive Maundy Money from Her Majesty the Queen in St George's Chapel, Windsor. It was a great honour on a beautiful, memorable day.

It has been a privilege to have played an active part in Good Shepherd life for over 40 years under five very different Vicars and four very different Directors of Music. As a member of a well-established choir and a thriving congregation, great and lasting friendships were made which continue to this day. I have been deeply grateful in recent years to all my friends here; they have shown unstinting generosity and kindness, especially during several weeks in hospital and in nursing homes.

The Good Shepherd is happily an inclusive community and has at all times offered an open door to people of varied doctrinal preference, to those from other Christian persuasions, and also to worshippers from all parts of the world. Our congregation has always fostered constructive and lively intellectual debate and our present clergy have brought a great and varied experience to their ministry here – seizing opportunities to lead and participate fully in the online worship during 2020/21 when we were unable to have the church open.

Where developments will see the Good Shepherd by the conclusion of the second part of our centenary in 2027 – 100 years since the Chancel will have been completed – should provide much food for thought. It is good that we have so sound a century of leading Christian worship on which to build.

1982 Our church family???

Kristine remembers her first involvement with the Good Shepherd:

We first became involved with the Good Shepherd when Father Geoffrey White came to interview us with regard to adoption. I was told that it was highly unlikely that I would get pregnant. After several meetings we were accepted for adoption. We were offered a baby, but unfortunately it fell through as the mother had disappeared with the baby. So we were back on the waiting list. After lots of prayers they were answered and I discovered that I was pregnant with my daughter who I call my miracle baby. We then started to go to the Good Shepherd. We have now been a regular part of the church family for the last 37 years and have had several roles as server, sacristan and lay ministers of Holy Communion.

1983 A warm welcome

Christine James recalls the welcome she and John received in 1983:



In the summer of 1983 John and I joined the congregation at the Good Shepherd. We found a warm welcome and the first social event which we attended was the Harvest Supper where over 150 people were seated in the church hall for a delicious supper, followed by entertainment. Little did I know it then that in the years to come I would be part of the social committee and involved in helping to arrange many more Harvest Suppers!

At first we didn't want to get too involved in the life of the parish and were happy to worship in the congregation. We often didn't stay for coffee so it took a while to get to know people. However, before very long we were drawn in and over the years have served the church in various ways and made many good friends. When John retired in 1999 our then Vicar, Jonathan, obviously felt that he would have too much time on his hands and persuaded him to become Churchwarden. John held this post for eight years during which we had two interregna which brought some quite challenging times. He also devoted much time to mowing the church grass and helping with numerous maintenance jobs but as a sidesman he excelled at making sure everyone was given a warm welcome when arriving at church.

I came a poor second, serving as Churchwarden for only three years; but being a sacristan, singing in the choir and keeping our branch of Mothers' Union going have well made up for that. In 2020 I was also appointed Parish Office Administrator, so there is no peace for the wicked!

However, the overwhelming connection with the Good Shepherd, over the years, has been the liturgy and the privilege of being able to worship God in such a beautiful building, not just on Sundays but on

special occasions and at weekday services when maybe only 'two or three are gathered together'. The strong musical tradition has also played an important part and long may we be fortunate enough to have an excellent musician to play the organ and run the choir.

So for 38 years the Good Shepherd has been a huge part of my life and until March 2019 and his untimely death, that of John. Since then I have found much comfort, love, support and prayers from many wonderful friends at church who have helped me through some difficult times.

As I write this I am recovering from a knee replacement and once again am receiving that same level of care from so many.

Thanks be to God for our benefactors and all those who have worshipped at and left their mark on our church over the past hundred years. They have made it what it is today and we owe it to them to continue the work which they began.

1984 Church hall memories???

Rachel Kershaw has many happy memories of activities in the Church Hall:

My memories of the Good Shepherd when I was 11 (and still called Rachel Nissen) are memories of the Church Hall. On a plot of its own with a garden at the back, the Church Hall was the centre of my church life; Brownies, Sunday School in the Green Room (up the stairs to a room at the back for us older ones – I felt very special), Friday Night Youth club, dressing up for the Nativity Service. The hall was also the place of Barn Dances and jumble sales, preparations for church parade and for listening to the grown-ups' chat after church on a Sunday morning.

The following scenes are woven into my childhood memories:

My starring role was as the woodcutter in a Brownie production of 'Little Red Riding Hood' - I remember the dusty weight of the heavy stage curtains and waxy texture of the warm stage floorboards. Jumping over the toadstool which was kept in the cavern beneath the stage – a rite of passage for this Pixie Sixer (who was just a little bit scared of the older girls welcoming her into Guides). The kitchen at the side which went from orange squash, teas in green cups, and malted milks on a Sunday morning to Wham Bars, fingers of fudge and Panda Pops at the Friday night tuck shop. My promotion from chorus angel to Angel Gabriel (or perhaps this was the year I was nearly Mary – being a tall and sturdy girl, I was naturally offered the supporting role of Joseph). The hall on Christmas Eve just before the nativity service for me defines the excitement of Christmas as a child; the bustle of carrier bags full of tinsel for angels and tea towels for shepherds; the knowledge that this was the beginning of my happiest time of the year. A time of family, carols, candles and love.

1985 An important singing performance

Sally Walker, a member of our choir, recalls an important singing performance:

This was the year that my twin sister Jane got married at the Church of the Good Shepherd on Saturday 7th September. She married Anthony Whittome, who she had met at the Dental Christian Union at the University of Birmingham. I was a bridesmaid and, during the signing of the register, I sang 'How Changed The Vision' by Handel accompanied on the organ by Aidan (Cruttenden), who also memorably performed Widor's 'Toccata' as the bride and groom left the church.



1986 Neighbours become good friends

Daisy Walpole fondly remembers her neighbours:



Many years ago we moved to Brighton with some children and a cat. We knew no-one, but the house was new and the people next door were very friendly.

Sheila and Geoffrey Upson had been there for a couple of years and were keen to talk about their church and their vicar. They invited us to join but we wanted to see a few churches and were not Anglicans. Our Nonconformist background was part of our life.

Geoffrey was church treasurer and Sheila was keen on Mothers' Union and told me of women's meetings. They were both choristers and sang for 30 years in the choir before deciding to retire. The last time they sang with the choir was on 20th April 1997.

Geoffrey worked hard to make his garden good for afternoon teas and gentle croquet. It was very attractive and they gathered us in. What could be a better way of loving a neighbour? Lovely flowers, good cakes, given to all 'events' by Sheila and Geoff. We were blessed by being so near — just next door.

1987 An encouraging server???

Bill Clifford was a server at the Good Shepherd for many years; the magazine recorded in 1983 his 60th anniversary of being a server. Michael Miller appreciates the influence of Bill Clifford below:

I was trained as a server aged 11 at St Mary's, Shoreham and remained very much attached to that church and reticent to change after our family moved to Westdene, travelling there by bus.

But, after a few months, I agreed to move to the Good Shepherd, but only if I could continue as a server! It was thus that I first encountered Bill Clifford; he was very gentle and welcoming and was anxious to include me in the serving team as much as possible. Even though, after a short time at Shoreham, I thought I 'knew everything' he guided me towards understanding much more about what a server's role really means, encouraging me to learn more about the reasons for the different parts of the liturgy and ceremonies.

I started as an acolyte at the then 11.10am Parish Eucharist and also sometimes helped at the 9.45am Family Communion. But then Bill encouraged me to start coming to the 8am (and occasionally on Festivals at 7am!) and to learn to take full responsibility for the serving, including preparation and clearing up afterwards.

It was then that, as it was difficult to get back home between services, Bill sometimes invited me to join him and his wife Dorothy in their home for breakfast. Sadly though she became unwell and so I wasn't able to continue going there for long; but even in that short time I became aware of Bill's strong caring nature as he looked after Dorothy for some while.

As we got to know each other better, he confided in me that his preference was for the 'way things had been' under the previous Vicar, when the ceremonies and serving was somewhat more elaborate. But he was quite content to carry on with Fr Chisholm's wishes and fit in with the changes that he introduced.

That philosophy has always rested strongly with me; seven Vicars later I can still hear Bill's wise words as he espoused the positive strengths that each new priest brings to the Parish. Although some people will be resistant to change, different ideas are always needed to bring new people into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Perhaps this should be our guiding light as we move into the next 100 years! Thank you Bill.

1988 A compassionate carer???

Michael Miller preached at Joan Mabey's funeral, where he remembered the contribution Joan and Winston had made to the Good Shepherd. A few extracts from this and from tributes to Winston and Joan from their children and grandchildren are recorded below:

My first memory of Joan and Winston is when we came as a family to the Good Shepherd a good few years ago, shortly after I was out of short trousers. Winston was then in the choir and I remember

that Joan and he were very welcoming, encouraging and supportive to us all. In all that they did they were strengthened and supported by their unswerving and deep Christian faith.

Winston was a tower of strength in the choir, regular as clockwork, as his height was matched by his deep bass voice, always accurate. In community life he was very active and after his retirement he spent many hours voluntarily sorting, cataloguing and archiving the treasures and documents stored at Brighton Library.

Joan spent most of her life caring for others – during the late 1960s and early 1970s, she would go to her uncle's house and cook for him twice a week. When he broke his arm, she took him in and cared for him at home.

She also cared for Winston's mother, Elsie, who lived next door, although she wasn't always appreciated! She would cook her meals every day and later on took on the role of her carer, as she later did with Winston as well. But although she spent most of her life caring for others, she did not like to be looked after herself!

She was genuinely interested in others – she was always well aware of what was happening in everyone's lives. For example, she knew all of Winston's carers' names and knew about them outside their work for him.

When you called on her, she was always far more interested in what you had been doing than telling you about herself. She was a very warm and excellent mother, though she never hesitated to call a spade a spade!

Joan always wanted to be surrounded by people of different ages. She stopped going on Saga holidays because she felt there were too many old people on them! She often referred to some of the elderly ladies she would help through the church, although she was usually far older than them!

Joan lived out Christ's commands in her faithful and regular worship as part of our community at the Good Shepherd which was so important to her. In latter years, when Winston found it difficult to get out, she was very keen that these links should be preserved and that they should both receive the Holy Sacrament Sunday by Sunday and week by week. It was a privilege for those of us who took them to Church or shared a Home Communion service with them in Millers Road.

Joan set us an example in showing us her vocation. Not just as a faithful member of the church at prayer, worship and in church activities, such as typing the magazine or hosting a prayer group, but in the heart of the pattern of her everyday life.

Joan constantly showed the power of her faith through her everyday actions. Her caring for everyone that she met and that she came across, her genuine interest in the lives and families of those who visited her and looked after her, her thoughts always for the needs of others.

When Joan died she was truly ready to meet her Lord. Perhaps this might be summed up in a conversation with one of her friends. 'I'm no longer fit enough to help other people', she said, 'I can't do any more, and I'm ready to go'.

What an amazing outlook to have on life; for Joan her faith and her vocation of being alongside, available and open to others was what she lived for.

And what an example to those who follow her as members of the Church of the Good Shepherd as we look forward to the next 100 years!

1989 Called to the Crib Service

Valerie and Brian Short share their memories:

It was late afternoon on Sunday 24th December 1989. The bells were ringing from the Church of the Good Shepherd, Brighton. Together with our nine-year old son and his grandparents, we decided to go along to the Crib Service that day.

We entered the church, which was heaving with people – young and old. We were impressed with the reflections of light from the windows and the gentle lighting and beautiful decorations within the church.

The service consisted of memorable and well-known carols, accompanied by moving organ music. But we shall always remember a group of young children in their costumes parading down the aisle who then re-enacted the Nativity. We were mesmerised by their very convincing well-acted performance.



(We have recently learned that Joseph was played by the son of a stalwart of the Church – Christine James.)

When the service was over and we joined the queue to go home, we all felt incredibly uplifted and cheerful. Christmas had begun and this was the best possible way to start the festivities. The service made such a massive impression on us that, ever since, whenever we have been at home for Christmas, we have always attended the Crib Service at the Church of the Good Shepherd.

1990 Here I am, Lord

Sarah Thomas recalls joining the Good Shepherd in 1990:

I had moved to Brighton recently and had been looking for a church to call home and had tried a few. It wasn't easy to walk into a new church. On Good Friday in 1990 I found the Good Shepherd and joined the children's service! I started attending services on Sundays when I could, and found a liturgy I recognised and with which I was comfortable. As a singer it was good to sing hymns I recognised and also new ones; one that became a favourite was 'Here I am, Lord.'

I later discovered that a cousin had been Curate in the early 1960s(see 1962) and that my Godfather, the Reverend Brian Griffiths, had attended the Good Shepherd during the war, while training at the King Alfred.

In 1992 our first child, Anna, was born and she was welcomed warmly as I had been. There was a lovely couple who sometimes held her and played with her so I could participate in the service. That couple, John and Christine (see 1983), became lifelong friends. We also made other friends at church. The church community included people from a range of backgrounds, united by faith, and it was really interesting to gain glimpses of worlds of which I had no experience. Father Paul Collins arrived, and with him Pauline and their daughter Helena, who became friends with Anna — I am not sure everyone in church enjoyed their playful shrieks as they ran round church during the service.

Patrick was born in 1996 and Father Jonathan Greener arrived at church the same year. Within a week of his arrival Jonathan had asked me to establish a crèche and also, somehow, Martin became the unofficial IT adviser to the church; Jonathan was brilliant at spotting talent and using it! I have had many roles at church since, including magazine editor, PCC Secretary and Churchwarden. I also made older friends with those I drove to church, notably Rose Bishop and Ruby and Pearl May, sadly no longer with us.

For many years I have co-directed the Crib Service, the most chaotic service of the year. This regularly has nearly 500 attendees and I have often been stopped in Brighton to be asked about it. For many it is the official start of Christmas for their families and they attend for many years, long after their children have become adults.

Once our children left home I was able to become a regular, rather than occasional, singer with the choir, which I love and it is a privilege to sing at funerals and weddings of our church community, as well as to sing every Sunday. In 2019 we thought we would attempt a 'Come and Sing' rendition of Handel's 'Messiah' and were really pleased that 80 people came and sang. I am reliably informed by Derek, our organist, that this is the largest group of singers we have had.....so far.

The Good Shepherd has now been my 'home' for more than 30 years and has provided me with much spiritual support, friendship and love in that time. I am so glad I walked in on that Good Friday.

A 'High Society' wedding

Alison Forbes (née Lay) recalls a very special occasion:

As a long-time member of the Good Shepherd, my fondest memories are beautiful music and singing in the choir with my whole family. After completing nurse training at Bart's, London, returning to my home parish church to be married, felt exactly right!

Many guests described our day as the Good Shepherd's 'Royal Wedding', so I thought it might be fun to write the story in the style of a Society Wedding newspaper report.

Alison Louise Lay, daughter of Harold and Julia Lay and Peter David Russell Forbes, son of David and Janet Forbes, were married on 9th June 1990 at 11.30am.

The ceremony with Nuptial Mass was held at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Brighton, Sussex with Reverend Canon Geoffrey G. White officiating.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was attended by Susan Jarvis as maid of honour, with her sister Phillippa Lay, cousin Helen O'Carroll and friend Sian Jones as bridesmaids, wearing jade green satin.

The best man was Peter Davis, friend of the groom. Christopher Lay, Michael O'Carroll, Paul Herrod and Julian Beech served as ushers.

Music for the Bridal Entry was Solomon, Act 3: Sinfonia 'Arrival of the Queen of Sheba', by Handel, played magnificently by the Organist and Choirmaster.

During the signing of the Registers, Christopher White - violin, excelled himself, accompanied by John Walker.

Music for the Mass was 'Little Organ Mass' – Haydn, sung by twenty members of the church's own choir, with Phillippa Lay as soprano soloist.

The bride and groom left the church to 'Wedding March' by Mendelssohn.

The reception afterwards took place in the Metropole Hotel, Kings Road, the bride's childhood home, where she had often pictured her wedding photos at the foot of the grand staircase. The 120 guests were transported from the church by double-decker bus.

The bride's bouquet, both bold and beautiful, had become playfully known as 'an herbaceous border' by the end of the day. As such, it was not safe or wise to throw into any crowd, so was gifted to the bride's paternal Grandmother, Kathleen Lay.

The bride and groom left the following day to honeymoon in Rome, Florence and Venice.



1991 Playing a new instrument

Brian Smith recalls his first associations with the Good Shepherd:

At the beginning of 1991 I had been organist at the Good Shepherd for just a few months. My experience had mostly been in the United Reformed Church, where music was important but geared more to congregational singing. Now I was thrown in at the deep end, being introduced to Mass settings by Mozart and Haydn. A delight!

My predecessor had worked hard building up the choir so I inherited a wonderful group of around 23 singers. There were sufficient numbers to fill both sides of the choir stalls and there was also the luxury of an assistant organist, Bill Payne. At that time the choir had some children and their practice preceded the full choir practice on a Friday. The organ was (and still is) a joy to play, being a fine example of the builder Harrison & Harrison. It was a very enjoyable period for me getting to know new friends, a new instrument and new music.

A wonderful nativity

Tessa Pacey recalls 1991 with the helpful aid of the diaries of her father, Robin Clark:

I have been a member of the Good Shepherd for 50 years. My parents, Maureen and Robin Clark, joined the church in 1968 and, in due course, my brother and I joined them. Looking back over that time, the year that sticks in my mind in terms of our family and the church community is 1991. The year my husband George and I were married, but before we consider that momentous occasion, let's just explain a bit about how the church community rallied round in the weeks before, providing both practical and spiritual support.

Those of you who knew my father well would not be surprised that, along with countless photographs, he also meticulously kept a diary, which has been a great help in writing this.

My mother was a member of the Mothers' Union and one of the first events of the year was their annual party held at Doris Elphick's house. My mother hadn't been too well that morning but was determined to go. She was enjoying the party but decided to leave early, telling Doris that she felt unwell and nauseous. Another member, Anne, a nurse, was concerned and phoned the GP surgery. As a result, a cardiac ambulance was called. My father recalls that he was informed by Kay Dewick and the Vicar, Geoffrey White, came to collect him in his Mercedes. After extensive tests by the ambulance crew and later at the hospital, it was concluded that my mother had had her second heart attack. The timing couldn't have been more awkward, just two weeks before my wedding, with many preparations still to be done. This was complicated further by the fact that I was also unwell, suffering from chickenpox. My father writes that on the following Sunday, Maureen was prayed for during the intercessions and that, at coffee after the service, many people came up and asked after her. My mother was hospitalised for a week and during this time I remember many members of the

congregation offering help and support. These included Betty Guilder and Jo Mann. Betty, it turns out, was an expert seamstress and, after mum was discharged from hospital, arrived at our house with a sewing machine and, with support from my mother and I, proceeded to finish off one bridesmaid dress and put the finishing touches to the other three. Meanwhile Jo busied herself with the headdresses. I remember it was such a lovely morning.

It was genuinely a busy time for our family - my brother celebrating his 21st birthday- closely followed by our wedding.

My father recollects that he went to the church hall early in the morning to set up but that other members of the congregation including Betty were there to help and he was able to return home considerably earlier than he thought. The congregation were very much involved in many aspects of the wedding including servers, flower arrangers, choir and bell ringers, with the latter not taking a fee as I had been a regular ringer in the church.

It was a cold January day and, as you can imagine, everything didn't go according to plan, with a last-minute change of best man just 20 minutes before the wedding! The wedding ceremony itself was conducted by Father White and was followed by full communion. Not only were family and friends present but also three Brownie packs and a Guide company who also provided a guard of honour when we left the church. Most of the photos were taken inside the church, with the sanctuary as the backdrop. I'm told this was a first in Good Shepherd history but some of you may know different. The festivities continued in the hall before George and I left for a honeymoon in Paris.

Parish life continued and in April the Mothers' Union visited Mary Sumner House and Westminster Abbey whilst the Women's Fellowship listened to a talk with slides given by my father, 'The African experience on safari in Tanzania and Kenya'. My father reports that 'he had quite a respectable audience including Jim Sharp and Tom Wing and, apart from a slight mishap when a slide jammed, the talk went very well.'

Good Shepherd Sunday was celebrated on 14th April, the preacher being Bishop Edward Knapp-Fisher.

In April Father White wrote: 'I am very anxious to put on record our gratitude and indebtedness to Mr Geoffrey Upson. Geoffrey has been in office as Churchwarden and Treasurer since before I came to the Good Shepherd. For most of my time he has been Treasurer and we all recognise what tremendous and faithful service he has given to the church. During recent months he has been in the process of handing over to Mr Eric Gill who will be fully in office after the annual meeting.' Geoffrey Upson had just turned 80.

May saw a 'teddies fun afternoon' and a discussion about the ordination of women priests, while June saw a parish outing to Portsmouth, including a visit to the Cathedral, a trip round the Dockyard and a

visit to a convent. According to my father this was a nostalgic visit for the vicar's wife, as the nuns were housed in her childhood home. The usual harvest supper took place on 5th October and the legendary bazaar on Friday 15th and Saturday 16th November. My father recalls that George won a doll in the raffle. By then I was eight months pregnant and getting ready to welcome our baby. Charlotte was born on 21st December and, having left hospital on Christmas Eve, her first trip to the Good Shepherd was the Crib service and, as my father put it, was to play the leading part, the baby Jesus, with Dominique Coleman as Mary and Sally and Eric Gill's grandson as Joseph. They all played their parts well; my father wrote that some of the congregation hadn't realised it was a real baby and when Charlotte woke up and waved her arms there was an audible gasp. I think in that moment as a new mum, I felt closer than ever to the nativity and the wonder of Christmas.



1992 Our choir girl of the year

The year 1992 was a memorable one for Phillippa Green *née* Lay and also the Low family, whose recollections are shared here:

The Good Shepherd has always held a special place in my heart. Music is at the centre of every single one of my memories, from joining the church choir in 1982, at the age of 7, to getting married there in 2001. Some of my fondest memories are the Christmas services and the full Mozart, Haydn and Schubert masses that the choir, filled with many of my family members, sang with passion under the baton of Malcolm Kemp. I've picked 1992, because when I think back, the image that pops into my head is the one that the Evening Argus published together with the headline 'A Hymn Date for Her!'. I had worked my way through all the RSCM chorister medals, had my first taste of 'management' as Head Chorister and, aged 16, it was suggested that I should enter the BBC Choir Girl of the Year competition. To my delight I reached the final, which was to be held at the Golders Green Hippodrome in September 1992, and in August of that year I was to have a moment of local fame when the Argus covered the story and took my picture in my second home, the choir stalls at the Good Shepherd. I am so very grateful for the people I met and for the music that we made at the Good Shepherd over those 10 years and beyond. My passion for singing was discovered there and the confidence to share it with others and turn it into a profession was nurtured there.



Janet and Graham Low

Early in the second year of Graham's training for ordination at Cuddesdon it became clear that the Oxford Diocese was not going to be able to find parishes for the number of Oxford-sponsored ordinands at the college, and there would be a particular difficulty for those older students with spouses and families, of which we were one. The Principal had a chat with Graham one day in September asking him if he had considered a post by the sea! It transpired that Father Geoffrey, who was on the council of the college, had spoken to the Principal indicating that he was looking for a Curate for the summer of 1992. The available house was big enough to cope with a family of four and we were invited to go and visit the parish. The children (then 14 and 9) were extremely enthusiastic about the prospect of living at the seaside and we all liked the look and feel of the church, parish and house at first sight. On that visit we had brought some sandwiches for lunch and we drove up to the top of Devil's Dyke to eat them while looking at the spectacular view. Lots of people passed us walking their dogs and Graham uttered the famous and long-remembered phrase 'This would be a good place to have a dog' – his fate was sealed from that moment and our move to Brighton received the stamp of family approval. Fortunately Father Geoffrey and the parish also approved, so we began 1992 with plans for the move, including checking out the local schools. Come the early summer Graham was very much pre-occupied with the fast-approaching ordination and rather a lot of essays, but we still very much enjoyed our last few months in the depths of the Oxford countryside and made several trips to Brighton to familiarise ourselves with the completely new area.

Ordination followed in late June at Chichester, where we were greatly supported by family and friends, and also a large group from the Good Shepherd, which turned out to be just the beginning of a wonderful relationship with the team, families and all the people. Graham then went to live in Reigate Road on his own while Rachel and Matt finished the summer term at their Oxford schools. We heard from Graham of the amazing hospitality he received while living alone and the many friends he had already made in and around the parish. When we arrived we were also met with a great welcome but of course the first thing on the family 'to-do' list was to acquire the promised dog, so we contacted the RSPCA down at Patcham and went on a visit to see if any of their rescue dogs liked the look of us. As many of you will remember, Sweep moved in almost immediately and ruled the household from then on. We made many friends among dog-walkers in the parish, but also with complete strangers in Hove recreation ground and Hove Park where I soon became one of a group of five mothers who dropped their child(ren) off at school at 8.30 each morning and arrived in the park five minutes later with a total of six dogs, including two from among the Good Shepherd congregation.

Inevitably the fact that we had some musical experience among us soon became known in the parish and Rachel, Matt and I all joined the choir, which we very much enjoyed and where we immediately felt part of the group and made many friends. Brian Smith was very welcoming and also allowed me to play the organ from time to time which was a great pleasure as the instrument was considerably more interesting to play than previous ones I had been used to.

We also discovered what we had already suspected, that the people of the Good Shepherd were extremely good at partying and were happy to use any and every occasion as an opportunity for a celebration, whether coffee after church, or a parish lunch/supper, or an afternoon tea party. Expertly led by Pat Archdale-Smith and Christine James among others I joined in happily with cooking and serving. We also joined in the parish outings and many other events, some a mix of church celebrations and parties, and some purely social. Rachel and Matthew went off to their new schools in September where they found new friends and things to do: Rachel became involved in Newman School's many musical activities and Matt began his long-standing (still going!) devotion to the Seagulls — he is particularly proud of the fact that he was at both the last game at the Goldstone and the first at the Amex!

At the celebration of Father Geoffrey's 60th anniversary of ordination, held in Stepney, it was a great delight to meet up (initially on a bus!) with so many old friends from the Good Shepherd and it proved to us something we already suspected, that the friends we made there 30 years ago would remain friends for life!

Reverend Graham Low was Curate at the Good Shepherd from 1992 and ordained Priest in 1993 while he was here. In 1996 he was made Team Vicar of St Margaret, Ifield, moving to become Team Vicar of Horsham in 1999 and serving there until 2008 when he retired to live in Oxfordshire.

1993 Privileged

Reverend Tony Lodge visited the Good Shepherd on many occasions and in the last few years became a regular worshipper during periods when he stayed with his daughter's family. His memories of baptising two of his grandchildren at the Good Shepherd are captured in this poem he wrote.

Privileged

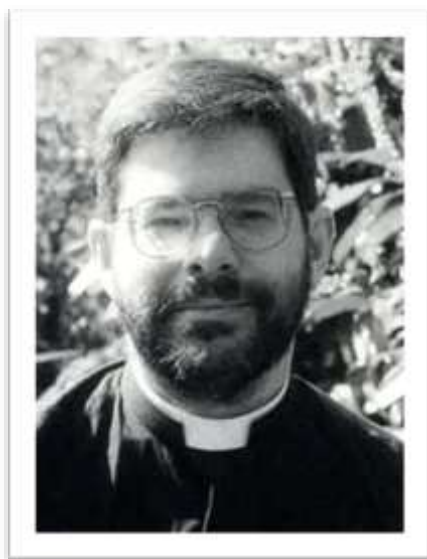
*A priest is rarely privileged
More than when he is asked
To baptise a grandchild
Of his own — but this
It happened to this happy me
In nineteen ninety then add
The three — as I did so in your lovely church
On that day etched
Within my memory
Everlastingly.*



Privileged again

*I could scarcely believe
What happened to me
But I was invited once again
To baptise a grandson
This time three years
Before a new century:
I was privileged again —
These things I will everlastingly
Associate with your lovely church
I cannot but feel
Particularly blessed
Not once but twice
In ways that rarely come to me.*

1994 Joining a new community



Father Paul Collins

The Reverend Dr Paul Collins arrived as vicar in 1994, with his wife Pauline and daughter, Helena. (Sophie joined the family while they were at the Good Shepherd, in April 1995). Paul was ordained Deacon in 1979 and Priest in 1980, after which he became Assistant Curate at Holy Trinity, Meir (1979 to 1982) and then Assistant Curate at Christ Church, Fenton (1982 to 1983.) He then became Team Vicar at All Saints', Leek (1983 to 1987) before moving to the Theological College, Chichester to become Director of Studies.

Paul left the Good Shepherd in 1996 to serve as tutor at The Queen's College Birmingham until 2001. He was parish priest at St Francis, Bournville until 2002 from where he returned to become Reader in Theology, University of Chichester and Honorary Assistant Priest

St Paul's Chichester from 2002 to 2011. He then became parish priest on the Holy Island of Lindisfarne in 2011, staying until his retirement in 2017.

Here Paul recalls his first year:

On Thursday 10th March 1994 I was collated to the benefice of the Church of the Good Shepherd by Bishop Eric Kemp. This was within a month of Easter. I began as Vicar literally in the middle of Lent: my first Sunday was Mothering Sunday. I remember enjoying that day; it was a happy beginning to an enjoyable period in my life and that of our family.

Of course, becoming vicar of a parish can take some time. I remember a meeting before the end of 1993 in the old Church House in Brunswick Square with Bishop Eric and the churchwardens, Ian Hill and Harold Lay. It was a good meeting; Bishop Eric did his usual trick of apparently falling asleep. The result was the collation in March 1994.

In between concluding my work at the Theological College in Chichester and the collation, Pauline, Helena and I had a lovely family holiday in southern Spain: visiting some of the treasures of Andalusia; and celebrating Helena's first birthday.

Even before the collation there had been gatherings at Janet and Graham Low's house to consider preparations for Holy Week and Easter and those continued apace once I was in post. One of the main things that I cherish from those early days was the commitment to worship and prayer shown by the congregation and its leaders. Having lived in a praying community at the College I wondered what it might be like afterwards. But awaiting me at the Good Shepherd was a thriving community of prayer and fellowship on Sundays. It was also a great blessing to share the Daily Office, Morning and Evening with Graham Low and others. The Daily Mass was another source of blessing and sustenance. The example and commitment of Beryl and Ruby May to the daily celebration of the

Eucharist remains a source of inspiration to me.

As the year drew to its close, we celebrated Christmas. There was the hectic wonder of the Crib Service. At Midnight Mass I looked out from the pulpit and was astonished to find so many people who found their Christmas spiritual home at the Good Shepherd. On Christmas morning the Sunday worshipping community was there in force, celebrating the Saviour's birth. So many cherished memories.



Ringling the church bell, Collation 10th March 1994.

1995 Ballet or Brownies

Pauline Grimstone recalls her initial contact with the church and how she became PCC Secretary:

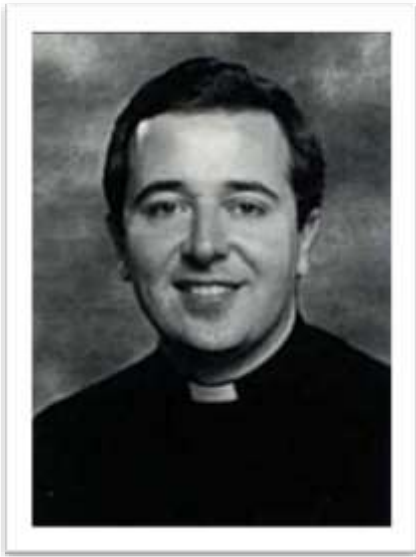
My first recollections of the Good Shepherd were in the 1950s when I joined the Brownies, which met in the church hall on Monday evening, I think, at 6pm. However, my ballet class in Millers Road finished at 6pm so I would inevitably always be 10 minutes late. My mother explained this and it was agreed that it was fine for me to join late. In reality, my lateness was frowned upon and my life in the Brownies lasted about two weeks! Not an auspicious start to life at the Good Shepherd. I never became a ballerina either but I did appear on several TV adverts and the Benny Hill Show.

Moving swiftly on, I eventually joined the church congregation, helped with the Sunday School and Youth Group and sang in the choir. Then in 1995, encouraged by the then vicar, Paul Collins, I was asked to consider becoming PCC and Standing Committee secretary. I was amazed as I had little knowledge of secretarial work and at that time had no computer skills. I would also be following in the footsteps of several former illustrious secretaries! Incredibly I gained PCC approval and embarked on a huge learning curve. A computer was installed in my home and I was given many hours' tuition by the aforementioned vicar. It turned out to be a very positive time in my life and I grew into the life of the church and felt called to become a lay minister of Holy Communion.

I'm thankful that I persevered and am still part of the family at the Good Shepherd today.



1996 A new vicar



Father Jonathan Greener

In 1996 a new vicar arrived; the Reverend Jonathan Greener. Jonathan was ordained priest in 1992 and had been Curate at Holy Trinity with St Matthew, Southwark from 1991 to 1994. He had then been Chaplain to the Bishop of Truro before being appointed to the Good Shepherd, arriving just before Christmas. In 2003 he was appointed Archdeacon of Pontefract and then Dean of Wakefield in 2007. He moved south in 2017 to become Dean of Exeter, following in the footsteps of a previous vicar, the Reverend Richard Eyre, 36 years earlier.

Beryl Sheppard

Beryl was a well-known and very active member of the congregation for many years. Living across the road from the church, she was a familiar figure crossing the road on her way to and from services or other activities at church. The following is adapted from the eulogy given by the Very Reverend Jonathan Greener at Beryl's funeral in 2010.

Beryl was born in 1924 in Southampton, the oldest of three children. Her sister, Pat, tells me that even when she was young, Beryl had bags of energy. They shared a bedroom and, at six in the morning, Beryl would be up singing. Her father's work moved the family from Southampton to Canterbury, and Beryl went to Commercial College. But the war had started and Canterbury was badly bombed, including Beverley Road where they lived. It was time to move on, and the family settled in Reading. Beryl wasn't called up because her mother was ill, but she was a part-time fire warden, and started work at the Norwich Union. Then she moved to the RAF, working for the Adjutant, one Arthur Sheppard. He was a solicitor. When the war was over, Beryl moved with him and trained as a legal executive. Arthur was organist at Greyfriars in Reading, and that was the church where Beryl found a home. Arthur came from a very old-fashioned family, and their courtship was immensely long; but Beryl remained patient and devoted, and finally they were able to enjoy nine very happy years of marriage.

The house was too big for Beryl on her own, so she moved to Brighton to be closer to Pat. Number 1 The Drove way was perfect - small enough to live in, big enough to be hospitable and of course just 50 yards from the Good Shepherd. You can imagine I've given thanks many times that the house she found didn't happen to be opposite All Saints' Church down the road in Hove. If we're thinking about

Beryl's faith, Greyfriars was important to her. So of course was this church.

Beryl's faith was deep-rooted, and very practical. We have been reminded of how much time she spent in church. Quite a lot of that time was in services. But the rest was helping to run the place. We all remember her at the jumble sales and the book sale, and at the Christmas Fair, and down in the park selling bric-a-brac and glass. When Father Geoffrey was vicar, she worked as his secretary; and something of that remained for me, because she would often trot off across the road with a great bag of filing to be sorted. But of course she especially loved her work in the sacristy, preparing for services, where she wanted everything to be just right. But she was never stuffy, and always enjoyed trying something new, even there. As many of you know, I've long loved Romania. And it was one of the first places we went with Beryl, so some of the more exotic practices in the Good Shepherd sacristy were picked up from a church in Ploiesti.

One of their most sensible habits comes from their all-night Easter services, when they wrap candles in a cloth, and decorate them with flowers — to prevent the wax falling on the priest's vestments. Beryl used to spend hours getting the candles looking just right.

Beryl loved welcoming visitors. She was proud of the fact that during both the parish missions, she was able to host the visiting bishop: Richard Holloway and then Roy Williamson. She bought ten white folding chairs so the Mothers' Union could meet in greater comfort than in the Church Hall. If ever we had visitors from overseas, she was always the first to volunteer a meal, either at home or somewhere in town. And it continued of course when she moved to her flat, with her regular coffee parties.

Many of us will have felt Beryl's generosity in so many ways. Pat tells me she was very generous from the outset. When Beryl started work, every week she'd come home with a book for her little sister; Rupert, or the Famous Five, or whatever was new. This cotta I'm wearing was a present from Beryl. If we ever needed something for church, we knew where we could turn. Yes, hugely practical; very generous; but along with that went the cheerful chatter, the encouraging phone call (I can't imagine how much her phone bill must have been), or the gentle visit, to someone who was poorly or lonely or under the weather. The great thing about Beryl and love is that it happened without her trying. It's just the way she was.



1997 From pram to performance



In 1997 the Good Shepherd started a 'Pram service' for parents and toddlers on a Monday afternoon. There were never many attendees but Sarah and Maisy Ruffels were regulars. It was a short service and ended with drinks served by Beryl Sheppard and Marguerite Harland, who became very fond of Maisy. Sarah, Clive and Maisy started attending when Maisy was born, as she was the answer to their prayers, and Sarah and Clive were subsequently confirmed at the church. In 2001 Lillie and Matthew were born, and were baptised at the Good Shepherd the following year.



Sarah put her marvellous organisational skills to use annually by organising the costumes at the crib service. We still use the labelled boxes Sarah prepared for shepherds, angels etc, and Sarah used to spend ages repairing and ironing and sorting the costumes, not to mention dressing excited performers on the day, including, often, Clive as a shepherd, and the children in various roles.

Sarah had so much energy and threw herself into whatever task she was doing. What many people didn't know was, despite her energy, she was living with Cystic Fibrosis (CF). Although she was of the generation that lived longer with CF than others had, Sarah sadly passed away in 2013.



Her funeral was held at the Good Shepherd and the church was packed for a lovely service that celebrated Sarah's life, where Clive, Maisy, Lillie and Matthew all spoke eloquently.

1998 Paschal Candles

Martin Cruttenden recalls many of the artistic gifts that Gloria brought to the Good Shepherd.

Gloria, who died on Good Friday 2015 at the age of 80, left much of beauty and inspiration to the Good Shepherd. She had worshipped there for more than 30 years and played a leading part in many of our outward-looking activities, particularly from the time of the Reverend Jonathan Greener's arrival as Vicar.

Her most significant legacy has been the 12 wonderfully painted Paschal Candles, each a metre high and all differently themed. They are now in their own display cabinet and one of them is annually re-dated and used from Easter Sunday, providing a fitting, symbolic and practical reminder of what is central to the worship of the church.

Gloria, a very gifted art and craft teacher at the Brighton Art College (now an integral part of the University of Brighton,) where she had earlier qualified. She was also responsible for designing the widely used Good Shepherd logo, for the colour scheme used for the church chairs and for the material behind the high altar, and for designing a fine iron memorial flower stand in memory of a departed parishioner.

She was, for nearly 20 years, in charge of the Good Shepherd's often very large flower displays. In this she was helped by a team of very creative assistants. Of particular relevance at this time was her leading a large team of volunteers in designing, assembling and mounting a historical display in every part of the church for our 75th-anniversary exhibition. It is incredible to think that this is now 25 years ago. The material which was displayed at that time harbours many memories for those who are happily still with us.

God has been kind to Gloria's memory, appropriately recalled by using the words of St Richard of Chichester on one of the 12 candles, and beginning 'Thanks be to Thee, our Lord Jesus Christ, For all the benefits Thou has given us ...'



The Paschal Candles



After the service to bless the candles.

1999 The Emmaus course

Anna and Martin Hansford were dedicated members of our congregation for many years before moving to Devon. Anna was our Reader and Martin, at one time a Churchwarden, just two of the activities in which they were involved. Anna recalls particularly the introduction of the Emmaus course:

I remember 1999 not only as the year I became a pensioner — allegedly with more time on my hands — but also as the year Jonathan Greener launched the ‘Emmaus’ series of courses at the Good Shepherd.

He was anxious to build upon the way parish missions had attracted many to the active hub of Christian life – i.e. not just ‘coming to church’, but actually ‘becoming the church’. The clergy-led ‘Alpha’ course was already popular elsewhere, but after careful research Jonathan favoured the less didactic approach of the ‘Emmaus’ version for us.

Its standpoint was that the Christian life is a journey to God, best achieved in the company of others. The title referred to Luke’s story of how the disheartened disciples on the road to Emmaus came to a clearer understanding of God’s way through conversation with the (unrecognised) risen Jesus. Emmaus was already becoming popular in neighbouring parishes, but it needed the involvement of a lot of people to be effective. Jonathan therefore organised ‘taster’ sessions in 1999, and found they won wide support within the congregation.

The material was carefully prepared by a small team of experienced clergy from varied traditions within the Church of England, and it provided detailed notes to guide the lay group leaders. The introductory course had 10 weekly sessions on ‘What Christians believe’, so we had several groups of six to eight people meeting at different times and homes as suited them. The weekly handouts explored a path through key aspects of Christian faith to prompt informal and confidential discussion in the group, with any comments and questions welcome, thus allowing each participant to reflect on the significance for them. Participants could stay silent and just listen if they wished, yet after a while many of the silent ones made most helpful contributions.

Because all were at different stages on our shared journey to God, all were able to learn something valuable from the experience of others. No-one had all the answers, so the community spirit among the group became ever deeper. As the Emmaus team provided follow-on courses to take us deeper in the Christian life, our groups went on meeting for years. Jonathan even found the lay-led basic course valuable when preparing adult candidates for confirmation.

The Stations Of The Cross

The restrained intensity of Mark Cazalet’s Stations of the Cross, which were acquired from the artist’s London studio with church members’ donations, in 1999, have provided a greatly welcome aid to quiet religious reflection throughout the past two decades – as had been prayerfully hoped.

Their devotional impact may vary - yet prove a lasting reminder of their central story.

Mark Cazalet was born in London in 1964, and studied at Chelsea School of Art, Falmouth School of Art and L'Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, Paris. His work, much with religious themes, has been widely exhibited in major Galleries and Cathedrals. In a fine monograph, the Artist explains his works as 'stemming from a desire to explore the possibilities of making God's presence visible,' and for many of us he has done so.



A selection of the Stations of the Cross paintings.

2000 Heralding a new millennium

The Very Reverend Jonathan Greener, currently Dean of Exeter, recalls the many events that took place at the Good Shepherd in the first year of the new millennium, during his time as Vicar:

I can still vividly picture Martin Cruttenden dressed as Thomas Cranmer, in my Canterbury cap, bedecked in one of Gloria's fabulous costumes. It was part of our historic pageant to celebrate the new millennium. In fact we marked the arrival of 2000 with some style. On the Sunday, a double-decker bus transported us from church to Donatello's for a New Year's party. We'll never forget Neil Jenkins' post-lunch rendition of 'Nessun Dorma'.

One fruit of the year was our parish mission, led by Bishop Roy Williamson and his team. Truly memorable talks on prayer by Fr Oswin. Equally memorable fish and chips on the pier — our visiting nuns showed no mercy when they took to the dodgems. Didn't we also put on Songs of Praise, hosted by the indomitable Roger Royle, as another opportunity to invite people to come and discover their parish church?



In 1999, Penny Jenkins achieved the extraordinary feat of getting me through my Grade 4 singing exam. So when, for the new millennium, she offered to produce a show in church, and her first choice for the role let her down, she cast me as Joseph. Hardly a success musically, but I still treasure my technicolour dreamcoat - another of Gloria's amazing creations.

The year 2000 also gave rise to a parish pilgrimage to Oberammergau. Our trip started in Italy, staying in Bassano del Grappa, where we couldn't resist sampling the local brandy. We managed visits to St Anthony in Padua, and Nabucco in Verona, and the exquisite Palladian Villa La Rotonda in Vicenza. And Beryl Sheppard was thrilled to take a trip in a Venetian gondola. I remember with some shame that I fell asleep during the rain-drenched Passion Play: the trouble was I already knew the story rather too well.

Another celebration was our parish outing to the Millennium Dome. Not quite as exciting as we'd hoped, but we had a lovely supper afterwards chez Father Geoffrey and Janet White. And this established the tradition for other outings in subsequent years: I remember Buckingham Palace, and the waterfront in Portsmouth, though my dodgy back meant I missed out on Hampton Court.

There was so much happening that festive year, the images become something of a blur. But alongside all these highlights, there was the underpinning rhythm of daily prayer, Daisy's food collections, choir practice, the grass to mow, the flowers to arrange, the Junior Church to plan, etc, etc, along with the relentless round of meetings of which the Good Shepherd was always so fond. Deep gratitude for being such a warm and enthusiastic community, with so many memories still to draw on all these years later.

A youthful approach



In 2000 the PCC appointed Ruth Abraham as our youth worker and she brought boundless energy and enthusiasm to Brighton, along with John, who she soon married, when she became Ruth Hulse. Ruth created activities and services for our young people. When Ruth and John left in 2003 they travelled the world and then several years later in 2013 Ruth was ordained and became Curate in the West Hereford Team Ministry. In 2016 she became Team Vicar in the same parish and in 2020 was appointed Rural Dean, 20 years after arriving at the Good Shepherd! In 2021 she was appointed Team Rector of West Hereford Team Ministry. We enjoyed watching Ruth's pastoral ministry, documented in the BBC programme *A Vicar's Life*.

2001 The bells peal again

Pat Hunter recalls the restarting of the bells:

On 4th March 2001 a new band rang the eight bells at the Good Shepherd for the first time for a Sunday service. There were nine of us – seven completely new to the ringing world and two from the previous band including Louise, the daughter of Alan Brown, the former Tower Captain who had sadly passed away since the band last rang in March 1999.

A visiting band from St Mary's, Felpham, ringing at the Good Shepherd towards the end of May 2000, prompted a conversation between their Tower Captain, Gary Crockford, and the Reverend Jonathan Greener. Gary worked in Brighton and he was persuaded to teach a new band of ringers 'on his way home' one evening a week.

Father Jonathan circulated a letter asking if anyone wanted to learn to ring the bells and, on 12th September 2000, the first practice was held with David and Dorothy French, Françoise Towler, Nigel McMillan and children Charlotte and Andrew, James Gill, Thomas Setterfield — and me under the guidance of Gary and several other helpers who either lived or worked in Brighton.

After regular weekly practices for nearly six months, the new band were finally prepared for their first 'public performance'. Under the leadership of David French, who had been nominated as acting Tower Captain, all the new ringers were ready – except Andrew, who had broken his arm a short while before, - plus Perry Smith and Louise. Marion Huang, who rings at St Nicholas and St Peter's in Brighton, had been an enthusiastic supporter from the start, often arriving early on practice evenings if one of us needed some extra coaching. She was in hospital following a hip-replacement operation and we rang her so that she could share in our big moment. Then we were off – certainly not perfect, but the bells at the Good Shepherd were ringing again.

Another month later we held our inaugural meeting, confirming David as Tower Captain and

allocating jobs from Steeplekeeper to cleaners to everyone else.

David Southern, another ringer from the previous band, joined on Easter Sunday and Jane Wherity - who had taken a break from ringing in West Sussex after moving to Brighton - also became a regular. (Twenty years on just David, Jane and I remain as Good Shepherd ringers.)

There were several 'firsts' that year:

11th November – Remembrance Sunday – the first time we rang with half-muffled bells.

23rd December – our first wedding when we rang to celebrate with Phillippa (née Lay) and Ben.

24th December – ringing for Midnight Mass for the first time.

25th December – our first Christmas Day.

1st January 2002 – ringing to welcome in the New Year.

Throw in a couple of peals by bands from Somerset and Sussex and a visiting band from Suffolk, and this is the story of the Good Shepherd bells in 2001.



Members of the congregation chimed the bells to herald the start of the London Olympics in 2012

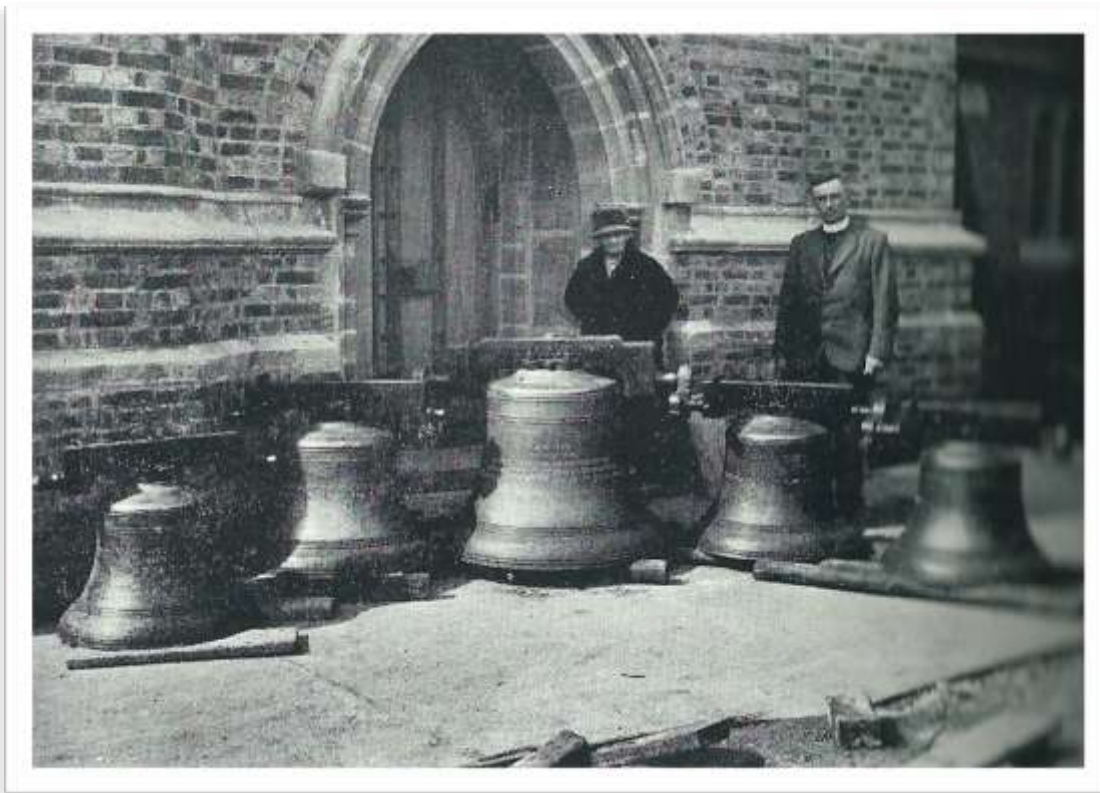


The Good Shepherd ringers in 2015

Each of the bells has it's own inscription, as described below.

Bell	Weight	Inscription
Treble, F	4cwt 2qrs 24lbs	<i>Prosperity to this Church and Parish</i>
2nd, E	4cwt 3qrs 16lbs	<i>Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men</i>
3rd, D	5cwt 2qrs 22lbs	<i>May God bless all whom we do call</i>
4th, C	5cwt 3qrs 10lbs	<i>The rich and poor meet together God is the Father of them all</i>
5th, B	7cwt 0qrs 25lbs	Awake my soul and with the sun, thy daily stage of duty run.
6th, A	8cwt 3qrs 4lbs	For the honour of God and the use of this Church these bells were raised
7th, G	11cwt 0qrs 24lbs	AD 1927 George V.R. Winfred, Bishop of Chichester; Julius Hannah, Dean of Chichester; William J. R. Allen, first Vicar of this Parish
Tenor, F	13cwt 2qrs 16lbs	The Reverend Gerald H. Moor Prebendary of Colworth in Chichester Cathedral Vicar of Preston, 1905 - 1916 Alice M. Moor, his wife

Above the inscription on the tenor bell is a relief of the Good Shepherd with a lamb.



Mrs Moor and Father Allen inspect the bells

2002 A singing life

Janet shares her special memories of her association with the church:

I moved to Hove in 2001, after accepting a new job in the area, and started looking around for a church to join. Although the Good Shepherd wasn't my nearest church, I was drawn by the strong eucharistic tradition and the friendly welcome over coffee after the service! I soon became a member of the church choir, and this has given me many enjoyable and memorable experiences. Having never sung in a church choir before, it took a while to figure out Anglican chant for the Psalms! However, it has been lovely to feel part of the choir community and have a role in enabling the musical life of the church, particularly for the major festivals.

Another special memory was in 2015 when I celebrated my 50th birthday by organising a concert in the church and a party in the hall afterwards. Many church members were either involved in preparations or came to the event, and it was a very happy occasion.



Janet in front of the choir stalls



Janet celebrating her 50th birthday

Reverend Stephen Date



The Reverend Stephen Date joined in 2002 as a non-stipendiary minister and was with us for five years, including a secondment to Moulsecoomb, Bevendean and Coldean. He was an invaluable support during two interregnums. Thereafter, Stephen served as Curate of the plurality of Holy Cross, Uckfield from 2008 until 2012 and was then Priest-in-Charge at Holy Cross, Woodingdean from 2013 to 2014. In 2014 he became Priest-in-Charge at St James the Less, Lancing with Coombes, serving there until 2020 when he retired due to ill health.

2003 A memorable day

Grant Sherwood remembers 2003:

Our son was born in July 2003. If you don't remember the summer of 2003, it was the sunny one. The only days of test cricket affected by the weather in 2003 were the day Louis was born and the one before (and I can remember the whole match very clearly – Graeme Smith scored a double century – which is weird because I really should have been concentrating on other things). Anyway, by the time Louis had been born, the weather had settled into its boringly, oppressively, 'if-the-sun's-up-it's-hot' phase, a phase that continued for most of the rest of the summer. As a result, Louis was in nappies and nothing else for the majority of his first two months on earth, so that the automatic thought that he resembled Winston Churchill, as all babies do, was massively reduced (unless of course your mental image of Churchill is bare-chested and in swimming trunks). We had, naturally, laid in baby clothes – by the time he was ready to wear them, he'd outgrown them.

When Alice was born in 1997, we had only just moved to Hove and still had very close ties to the village where I grew up and to its church – Sylvie and I had been married there in 1996 as well – and so Alice's christening was at the Church of St Margaret of Antioch, Harpsden, Oxfordshire at the Easter Eve service. By the time Louis was born, we were well and truly settled in Hove and at the Good Shepherd and so I wanted him baptised there – but I also wanted him baptised at Easter, which meant that he was eight months old (and not a petite eight-monther either) by the time his christening rolled around. He did fit into the family Christening robe, but very much in the same way as a sausage fits its casing, and I remember watching him being juggled over the font with some trepidation. It was a busy weekend for us. Since we'd also decided to move house we needed to smarten up the box-room/spare bedroom, which entailed my scraping off the woodchip wallpaper so that Sylvie could repaint it – sure enough, I got a piece right in the eye and so went through the entire service with one eye bloodshot, swollen and weeping. I think we managed to keep the Christening robe on him for a few photos, but he was then changed into leisure-wear, beginning a trend which has lasted down to the present day.



2004 A new vicar



Father Nicholas Biddle

There was a new vicar in 2004, the Reverend Nicholas Biddle. Nicholas was ordained and was Curate at St Andrew's Bedford until 2001. He then became chaplain to the Bishop of Chichester until 2004 when he became Vicar of the Good Shepherd. From 2007 to 2010 he was Team Vicar at Putney and also Priest Vicar of Westminster Abbey from 2008. He then became Canon Residentiary and Precentor of Portsmouth Cathedral in 2010 and moved to a similar role at Wells Cathedral in 2013.



Father Nicholas and Bishop John

2005 A busy parish life???

Bridget Westerman shares her memories:

The Church of the Good Shepherd has a busy parish life, with an active congregation. Worship is in a modern tradition and aims to meet the worship and spiritual needs of people from a wide range of traditions.

I was introduced to the church by Cedric Westerman, who was to become my husband in the early 1980s. He had been involved with the church for many years. The then Vicar was Father Geoffrey White. Cedric Westerman was on the Fabric Committee for many years. In 2005 the congregational seating needed improving. The style and a blue fabric, with complementary shades, were chosen, with artistic guidance from Gloria Cruttenden, and we enjoy the same seating in 2022.

The church has a successful festival in the summer, usually in June, where many activities take place outside, in the gardens and in the Church Hall.



2006 A new vicar



Father Felix Mascarenhas

Father Felix Mascarenhas was appointed Vicar in 2006. Felix was ordained in the Roman Catholic Church in 1982, in Goa, and spent many years in Italy. He joined the Church of England in 2002 when he became Curate of St Paul's, Chichester and St Peter's, Westhampnett. Here he shares his recollections:

Sometime in early 2006 the then diocesan Bishop, Rt Revd. John Hind said to me: 'Go, incognito, and have a look around the parish of the Good Shepherd in Brighton.' My missionary enthusiasm, mingled with blind obedience stirred me up to drive so fast from Chichester that, midway, I got a speeding ticket. That was the last one I had; at least until now! On my return, the gut feeling was 'Who wouldn't love the Good Shepherd in Brighton?'

This idyllic parish has been the longest station of my life's journey. From the vicarage one has the view of the Downs and the sea; and from the church tower, almost an astronaut's glimpse of planet earth. Credit to those who chose the spot and built a church full of light to offer God's light to all!

With a congregation composed of wise, intelligent and church-loving people, the sailing has been pretty smooth. This would not have been so without the constant support of all parishioners. I must also extol the work of my eminent predecessors who successfully imbued the Good Shepherd with a heavenly liturgy, embellished with music and joy. The co-location of the vicarage, between the church and the hall, catches the eye of all who pass by. Above all, I found the COGS' overall working and modus operandi so well set that I simply loved it.

At its 100th anniversary, one can imagine how much the Good Shepherd has meant to people around. It certainly began with concepts of faith and theology of those times, but I can confirm the church continues to evolve in these fast-changing times so that it can be all to all. With a churchmanship often described as 'middle of the road', it was also a challenge to be a vicar for all these years. As my mind flashes backwards, I can gladly say that Susan and I have lived a very satisfied life here. It was not, and is never, easy for any vicar to make a personal mark on the parish. For me, one of the reasons for this was certainly that I was coming with baggage from a different culture and not of one particular type. Again, perhaps my mode of expressing my theology was not always the right one. I did (and still do) struggle to impress and bring about my own deeper and universal vision of faith in the midst of a quintessentially English set-up.

From 2006 to 2022 is not a short time. In obedience to the bishop I came, I saw and loved it. However, instead of having the courage to say 'Veni, vidi, vici,' I have to say 'Veni, vidi, victus sum' ('I came, I saw and was won over') by the grace of the Good Shepherd himself and his people for which we shall be ever grateful. 'We are unworthy servants; we have only done what was our duty.' (Luke 17.10).

2007 The joy of the Good Shepherd???

Marian Goldsmith discusses the joy of becoming more involved in the life of the Good Shepherd community:

Living in the parish, Philip and I came to the Church of the Good Shepherd in 2007. Although we had visited on previous occasions, we were introduced to Father Felix, and soon became members and regular attenders at the 8 o'clock Eucharist. I remember how much we were made to feel welcome by the church family.

Seasonal gardening beckoned, as did a variety of events and festivals over the years. Selling tickets at the entrance to the annual fair, helping on a stall at the Christmas Fayre, decorating the '8 o'clockers' Christmas tree in church, curry lunches and social evenings are just some of the memories. The Good Shepherd is a calm and peaceful sanctuary in today's world and I know my life would be poorer without it.

2008 Time for God

Meriel Vincent outlines a new project for the Good Shepherd which started in 2008:

In January 2008 rewiring of the church building was to be undertaken for 12 weeks. There would be a need for the congregation to be split into two groups to meet consecutively in the hall, as space prevented everyone being there together. This provided an opportunity to try out an All Age Service in addition to the Parish Eucharist. Research was undertaken by Michael Miller, Pauline Grimstone, Hilary Morfitt and Meriel Vincent, to find a way of constructing a service that would provide spiritual nourishment for all ages. And so was born Time for God, meeting before the Parish Eucharist, led by members both younger and older, using the Roots teaching material based on the Lectionary. At the end of the 12 weeks, there was a general consensus that Time for God should continue in place of Junior Church. The services lasted 40 minutes, ending in time for a dash (usually) to join the rest of the congregation in church for the Ministry of the Sacrament. Many families and older members will remember these Time for God years as a constructive part of their spiritual journey.



A Ruby Wedding

The Hill family (Liz, Ian, Simon and Charlotte) recall their many happy years as members of the Good Shepherd:

One very special occasion was in September 2008 when two of our grandsons, Oliver and Sebastian, were baptised as small babies by Father Felix during the Eucharist Service. It was also our Ruby Wedding and we had a huge number of family and friends at the service and for a party afterwards.

We were all mo1ved by the warm loving feeling in the church, supported by Father Felix. It was a fantastic day, one we will treasure.



Sebastian and Oliver with their father Simon

2009 Pastoral Care group

Margy Weir has special memories of leading pastoral support:

The year 2009 was a special one for me because in November I was asked by Father Felix to take over the Pastoral Care group. Judy Snell had been in charge for five or six years and felt that she would like to hand it over. Felix, Michael and I discussed how to develop this ministry of care. We needed to have a team of volunteers so I drew up a list of people who I thought might be interested and in February 2010 we met for the first time. Fourteen members of the congregation attended including, among others, Joyce Studd, Liz Alcock, Janet Annis and Liz Hill. From the very start our main purpose was to make sure that no-one in our church would feel neglected if they could no longer attend services because of poor health or other issues. We tried to identify such people and designated a team member who would take responsibility for keeping in touch with the more vulnerable of our congregation by visiting, by telephoning and writing get well and bereavement cards. We took our first steps forward but over the years gradually the team became smaller. There are now seven members who meet three or four times a year, in the vicarage, working closely with Felix, Mathew and Michael.

As time went on we began to explore other ways of extending pastoral care within our church setting. Helen Rawlings suggested a prayer ministry where we would meet, on a rota basis, in the Holy Redeemer chapel after the 10.15 service and be available for anyone who wanted to talk in confidence or pray about any troubling issues. Helen also suggested a prayer board at the back of church where anyone could write out a prayer request and pin it to the board.

During this time we further developed another prayer initiative called the Prayer Chain. Anyone having an urgent need of prayer support for themselves, their families or friends could contact me or the clergy with their request and by email this would be passed to a small group of people who had agreed to pray for that person and their request. This Prayer Chain has continued to the present day and has proved to be of great benefit and comfort. God has answered many of our requests for which we are so thankful.

Prayer and pastoral care go hand in hand. It is essential that all of us in the church continue to look to God as to reach out to others in need, by sharing his love with all those who are part of our church family. By keeping our focus on serving others in Jesus' name we can help to extend God's Kingdom through loving others as he has commanded us to do.

In these last ten years it has been a great privilege to be involved in this work but in recent days, because of failing eyesight, I have had to relinquish my role as Pastoral Care coordinator, something I had enjoyed tremendously. However, I am very thankful that Bridget Westerman has taken on the role from me. Much more needs to be done to develop this work and she will do a fine job of bringing fresh impetus to the group.

2010 Celebration and support

Pauline Nissen recalls the support of the Good Shepherd congregation and clergy over 40 years but especially during 2010:

We have been attending the Good Shepherd for over 40 years and during this time one year stands out in particular: 2010. This year consisted of the best of times and the worst of times. The worst aspects were my husband's serious cancer diagnosis (successfully operated on) followed by the death of his father a few months later. The best times were the marriage proposal to our younger daughter in August followed by their wedding at the church in November. However, I must admit that, with the wedding taking place barely a week following our return from the parish holiday to Goa, the three months leading up to the event were fairly frantic. The wedding was tinged with sadness as the groom's mother had died at a relatively young age not long before, but Father Felix helped to make the occasion particularly special. More than ever 2010 showed us how much the support of both clergy and congregation means during the important moments in our lives.



Growing up at the Good Shepherd

Anna Thomas reminisces about growing up at the Good Shepherd:

I have been a member of the Good Shepherd for longer than I can remember. I took part in everything – I was a server, a bellringer, in the junior choir, youth club, holiday clubs, Sunday School and the Brownies. I have probably played every single part in the Crib Service, and am somehow still in it most years! I definitely grew up in the church.

The friends I had at church were special. Church was where I made friends of all ages. Various members of the church babysat for me, and then I babysat for the younger children when I was in my teens. I wouldn't always sit with my mum, but with other members of the congregation. They would always welcome me – letting me stand on the chairs to see the front and explaining what the long words in the hymns meant.

When I was a teenager we created Time for God which was an all-age service that happened weekly. I learnt so much from Time for God – how to speak in front of people, how to bring creativity into worship and it gave me opportunities for leadership and to take responsibility. Some of my favourite memories are of Time for God planning meetings – sitting around a kitchen table, belting out new worship songs we'd discovered.

I picked 2010 because this is the year I became an adult. The Good Shepherd was woven throughout my childhood. I've moved around a lot since then, and found a new church each time. I love going 'church shopping' to find a place that's right for me. What I am looking for is the 'Good Shepherd Spirit' – the sense of community, love, friendship and (most importantly) excellent hymns.

2011 A journey to the Good Shepherd



In 2011 the Reverend Christyan James came to the Good Shepherd as Honorary Curate, having previously been Curate at St Martin's, Maidstone. He left the Good Shepherd in 2014 and is currently Honorary Curate at St Andrew's, Alfriston.

Lyn Murdoch

Lyn remembers her first experience of the Good Shepherd and shares some of her journey that led her to become one of the 'regulars':

I had first experienced the community spirit of the Good Shepherd when, in the early 1970s, I was invited to a ceremony in the church hall. My niece was a member of the church Guide company and received her Duke of Edinburgh award. That was a very happy occasion.

My introduction to the church itself was in 1994 at the wedding of Alan Cole, the son of close friends.

Alan, who with his brother Simon, had been a server in his younger days, was marrying Vicky, whom he had met at confirmation classes.

As we awaited the bride's arrival I was struck by the interior beauty of the Good Shepherd— beauty in its simplicity, different from other churches I had known.

After the service Alan and his bride emerged from the church under a guard of honour of his fellow naval officers with raised ceremonial swords forming an archway, before photos against the lovely background of church and garden and reception in the church hall.

Lyn's story:

I was born in Brighton (Kemp Town) and bred in Hove (long before it was 'actually'), and blessed with a very happy childhood. My father was a doctor (they weren't known as GPs in those days) and patients would come to the house for morning and evening surgeries. My parents continued their own upbringing as committed Christians, discreetly helping those in need.

During the Great War (as it was always called) my mother had trained as a physiotherapist and worked in military hospitals around the UK. My father, then a regular in the Royal Army Medical Corps, served on the Western Front and, yes, at Passchendaele; so both had seen its horrors first-hand.

By the mid-1930s we had acquired a radio (wireless!) though newspapers were our main source of world news. The terror of Russia's Bolshevik revolution gave way to the fear of Nazi Germany, and the dawning probability of war. The summer of '39 saw groups training in First Aid, then the distribution of gas masks. After the 'phoney war' of the 1939/40 winter, spring brought a completely changed atmosphere and invasion was considered imminent. Many had left the South Coast for more remote parts of the country and houses were taken over as army billets. Roads leading down to the seafront were closed to civilians though the few who had remained in their homes there were granted entry passes. My father volunteered for active service but was rejected on grounds of age and ordered to prepare his surgery as a First Aid Post.

Looking back I can now understand the decision of my parents to send me as a war guest to very close friends in British Columbia, Canada. I spent three happy years on Vancouver Island as part of their caring family, but when old enough, I began thinking about returning and joining one of the women's services and I wished to apply for the Women's Royal Naval Service (WRNS). I was granted a passage on a troopship, and arrived at Liverpool in July 1943. How emotional it was to see my mother, in her WVS uniform, waiting for me at Victoria Station!

What a different picture Brighton and Hove presented: gone were the British soldiers of 1940, replaced by overseas servicemen. These were mostly Canadians whose jeeps filled Hove's side streets, though the blue of the Australian and New Zealand Air Forces predominated in Brighton as the larger seafront hotels were requisitioned as their holding depots. As soon as I was old enough, I volunteered

for the WRNS and, whilst waiting to join, did WVS work, often going out with the mobile canteen to Land Girls working at a distance from their farms.

Christmas Day 1943 my mother and I spent at the YMCA canteen, serving Canadian troops – sensing that for some it would be their last. The anticipation of D-Day, for which they had been training for so long, hung heavily that Christmas and New Year. After WRNS training at Mill Hill I was drafted to Lancing College, which had been taken over as part of HMS King Alfred, the officers' training ship, and worked in the confidential Books Office: our Wrennery was the Headmaster's house in the grounds. The Free French were at Shoreham Airport and the nearby 'Red Lion' pub was a jovial place – then came the continuous roar of planes overhead in the early hours of D-Day, followed by utter quiet, emptiness and aching anxiety.

My next draft was overseas, to an unknown destination, and weeks later I found myself in Alexandria, in an office overlooking the harbour. The highlights of my time there were my leaves, when I visited Beirut, Damascus and Jerusalem, always in uniform and staying in the YMCA hostels for servicewomen. My most wonderful memory, one that will never fade, is of standing on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. After demob in 1946 I was eligible for a further-education grant so was able to train as a dietitian: that meant three years at London University followed by a postgraduate diploma course.

It was Christmas 1946 when I met Jimmy – dancing to records on a gramophone at the home of mutual friends – so very 'Jane Austen'. After war service in the Royal Engineers he became a medical student at the London Hospital (not the Royal London in those days) and we married whilst still students. During our early married years we had two very interesting spells overseas, in Trinidad and New Zealand, with several years between in Derby, and our three children, Jean, Marion and John arrived in the 1950s. In 1963 we returned to our Sussex roots and settled in Dyke Road – on the Brighton side! Jimmy joined a General Practice in Hove and I did voluntary work at the Citizens' Advice Bureau and as a magistrate. With Jimmy's retirement pending we moved to Onslow Road, Hove, and discovered the warmth and friendliness of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

2012 The Lovey Foundation



Yaa Asare recalls her first memories of the Good Shepherd and how the church helped her establish a charity in 2012.

I moved to this area of Brighton in 2007, and started attending the Church of the Good Shepherd in 2009, literally following the sound of the church bells one Sunday morning. I have chosen the year 2012 as this is the year that I felt a real connection to the church and appreciated the ongoing support of the church community. I sat next to Molly Newell when I first came to the church. Molly was a wonderful, kind and wise lady who made me feel welcome when I attended the church for the first time, and because of this I returned the following week. We slowly got to know each other and one day I invited her over for tea. Molly accepted my invitation and came for tea on several occasions, bringing warmth and laughter with her and we became good friends. I continued attending the church, slowly getting to know other people and gradually becoming part of the church community.

In 2011, I had the opportunity to go to Ghana to spend a year teaching at the University of Education, Winneba. While I was in Ghana, Molly and I wrote to each other and I still treasure the letters I received from her.

I was in Ghana between October 2011 and July 2012. In April 2012 I was approached by a young student who wanted my support in helping children in the Bawku district of Ghana to attend school. I emailed Michael Miller to tell him of this student's request, and asked him whether the church might be able to get involved. Michael encouraged me to be open to investigating further, so I took the long coach journey from Accra to Bawku. Accompanied by Thomas, the student, I met the children, who were working as child labourers rather than attending school, and their families. I noted their poverty, their inability to afford the basic provisions to attend school and the children's urgency to gain an education. Michael suggested that the church might be able to offer some help, and it was this connection that eventually became the Lovey Foundation, set up to provide concerted support to child labourers in Bawku so they could go to school.

I returned to the UK and to church in July 2012, and the friendship between myself and Molly continued until her death in 2014. Michael Miller and Patricia Jackson helped to develop the Lovey Foundation and the church congregation responded with interest and generosity to the events that we organised to raise the money to support the children to attend schools. The Lovey Foundation now has an Executive Committee and the support of the congregation has continued.

Since 2012 over 100 children in Ghana have been supported to attend school; the culture of a community that used to accept children as labourers seems to have shifted and children in Bawku are

now, thanks to the Lovey Foundation, encouraged to attend school.

Thanks to Molly's initial welcome, Michael's vision and the congregation's generosity, the Church of the Good Shepherd has made a real difference to the life opportunities of children in a small district in Ghana. I am eternally grateful for this kindness.

2013 Family celebrations

Many of our current congregation have selected their year based on significant events for their families. Here Carol Theobald recalls about a significant weekend for her family in 2013:

On 7th July two of our grandchildren were christened in a double christening at the Good Shepherd. Elizabeth Grace and Wilfred John Geoffrey were both born in 2012, five months apart, to our daughters, Natasha and Tanya respectively.

It was a lovely christening and our dear late Peter Coleman was assisting our Vicar, Father Felix, who is always so good with young children.

Afterwards we had family and godparents for lunch in a marquee in our garden that had been used the day before for a big celebration for our Ruby Wedding anniversary.

It was a very memorable weekend.



2014 'Somebody in the RAF'

In 2014 John Langston died and the magazine included a tribute from Pat Hunter. Excerpts from this are reproduced below:

The tall elderly gentleman was a familiar figure at the Good Shepherd. He was always seated towards the back on the right side of the church — someone said he was 'something in the RAF'.

John Langston originally served as a Navigator with 630, 189 and 246 Squadrons. He volunteered for 617 Squadron (the 'Dambusters') becoming Flight Engineer and taking part in operations including viaduct bombing raids on Arnsberg and Bielefeld in 1945. He rose to the rank of Air Commodore and was awarded the CBE. He was President of the 617 Squadron Aircrew Association and was a key figure behind the fight to get a memorial for aircrews of RAF Bomber Command who embarked on missions during the Second World War. The Bomber Command Memorial, in Green Park, by Hyde Park Corner, was finally officially unveiled by HM Queen Elizabeth II on 28th June 2012.

John passed away on 11th August 2014 at the age of 90. Tributes were paid to him at his funeral by his friend and fellow member of the 617 Squadron Aircrew Association, Wing Commander John Bell MBE DFC, who also read a tribute from the Chairman, Group Captain D.G. Robertson, who was unable to be present. Many of the congregation in the church were wearing 617 Squadron ties and sporting medals. John Langston was certainly 'SOMEBODY in the RAF'.



2015 Confirmation??

Patricia Jackson shares her memories of the Good Shepherd:



In June 2015, as an adult, I was confirmed at the Church of the Good Shepherd. This event therefore made the year 2015 very significant for me.

Being confirmed in a church I have been attending for the past 12 years (after moving away from a previous church), is especially fulfilling, as it is here my faith developed and grew. The more I became involved with the church's duties and responsibilities alongside other members of the congregation, the more I felt a deepening awareness of what is essential for a Christian life.

Confirming my faith, as I did in 2015, for me, was an acceptance of joining others to fulfil God's desire for human beings and the planet.

Melvyn Walmsley

Melvyn Walmsley recalls some key moments from 2015:

The welcoming inclusiveness of the Good Shepherd's people and their outward-facing activities stood out for me in 2015. I'll never forget a 'Responding to Religious Diversity' evening study group visit to the local mosque (January), an inspiring evening Baptism and Confirmation service (June), late summer planning meetings to launch a new charity, Lovey Foundation (UK), a barn dance, Harvest Flower Festival, a visit to Chichester Cathedral (October) and a vibrant Christmas Fayre and Tree Festival.

2016 A special day

James and Emma Baxter recall their wedding:

The choice of year was an easy one for us, since in 2016 we were delighted to be able to hold our wedding in the church and hall. James has been a member of the congregation since he was a toddler (one of his earliest memories is baking bread in Sunday school) and Emma started attending the Good Shepherd in 2012 when we started dating. We both feel accepted as members of the congregation, the family, at the Church of the Good Shepherd, and we wanted to celebrate our wedding with our family; the choice of venue was one of the easiest wedding decisions to make!

For us, it is the people who make the church, and we cherish our church family. Having said that, we love the building too – the seclusion of the Lady Chapel offering space for quiet reflection, the beauty of the stained glass windows that provide inspiration and comfort, the crucifix providing inspiration and speaking to our hearts, the beautiful dark wood which makes you appreciate nature and the world around us. For Emma, it is the plain white walls and numerous curtains which are most special – because they make the space feel like a home to her.

The choice of a Holy Communion service was also an easy one for us, as a means of keeping Christ at the centre of the wedding and our prayer that this would inspire the marriage to come. It also meant we had the delight of the much-loved serving team taking part in the service, alongside the wonderful choir and Derek playing some of our favourite hymns. We will never forget the smiles shared with members of the serving team during the service, nor the joy of walking down the aisle as a married couple for the first time, with the choir leading us in ‘God is our strength and refuge’ with gusto. (We have to kick ourselves here because every photo we have shows us pulling faces as we are singing!) We hope that the joy and enthusiasm we felt in that moment, surrounded by the love of friends and family, continues from our first steps as husband and wife, throughout our life journey.

We were touched by how many of the congregation attended, supported us, and helped out on the day. We are very grateful to Father Felix for his support in advance, especially for the flexibility to allow us a few eccentricities, such as playing a Bond film theme as the entrance music. We are acutely aware that other churches may have been more reserved! It didn’t end there though; the flowers were organised by the Good Shepherd and looked stunning, and we had a host of volunteers helping serve and clear up in the church hall afterwards.

The Good Shepherd has been a loving and supportive church family, and continues to be so now, even though we are so far away and visit infrequently – it still feels as though we are coming home, and many of our church family stay in touch, for which we are truly grateful. The online services available to us are also a wonderful way we have been included, and we are truly blessed to have the support of the Church of the Good Shepherd in our marriage.

It is a day that clearly holds many, many happy memories for us, not least the love displayed by our

church family. In the hundred years since the church was established on its current site (and possibly for even longer in the 'tin hut' days) many couples will have been blessed to enjoy and share in this love at the Good Shepherd, and we pray that more will follow in the next hundred years.



2017 Trying out new things????

Helen Rawlings joined the Good Shepherd in 2013 as Deacon. In 2018 she moved to become Non-stipendiary Deacon, responsible for five parishes in Upper Ryedale, North Yorkshire. Helen shares some happy memories of her time below:

Where do I start?

I wondered what I should write about and someone suggested I touch on my 'legacy' or, in other words, things I started which have continued, such as the Christmas Tree Festival and the May Art Festival. I do hate blowing my own trumpet and the fact that these things still happen is testament to the fact that none of them happen in isolation, they are always a group effort. Or, to coin a phrase 'there is no I in team'.

Before coming to the Good Shepherd, I was at a tiny church, which didn't really go in for much bellringing or incense, but when I arrived at the Good Shepherd, I took to it like a duck to water; I loved it even though some of it engendered a steep learning curve. For example, I remember at one service a thurifer was standing nearby, gently swinging the incense burner, and I whispered to Michael, sitting next to me: 'Is he going to cense the Gospel?' (which I was about to read) and he whispered back 'No – you are!'

A big part of learning during my curacy was in preaching. Standing in front of all those people was definitely out of my comfort zone. For my first effort I was allowed to choose the passage and I chose 'Peter steps out of the boat' as I felt it was quite apt for my situation. After that I was restricted to the lectionary.

Easter was a chance to be a little creative, as the readings were always Resurrection accounts. On one occasion I used a variety of eggs, ornamental, chocolate and real, in order, with the children's help, to find which best represented the empty tomb. Will Morfitt broke a real egg over the hard hat on Father Felix's head. The egg was, of course, blown, but as everyone, even Father Felix, was expecting raw egg, there was a loud gasp.

I organised theatre trips and other outings, including one to the National Gallery, to follow the life of Christ in pictures, and a very special trip to see the 'poppies' at the Tower of London.

I was given a fairly free rein when it came to instigating new ideas and was allowed to make a few mistakes. Father Felix knew I'd learn more from making them myself than just telling me 'it won't work', and I won't dwell on those here.

The monthly reflective prayer services happened because I asked Father Felix if I could lead some non-Eucharistic services, as, to put it simply, I needed the practice. So the congregation at the Good Shepherd became my guinea pigs. These services came about in collaboration with the organist, Derek Froud. Derek and I collaborated on a number of services, including for Christmas, with great

success. Having said that, even with help and support from Derek and the choir, I will never be a singer! At times which required something sung by the Deacon, such as the dismissal at Easter, Father Felix would step in. Imagine everyone's surprise when for my final service, and with only Father Felix and Derek being in on the secret, I practised and practised and sang for myself many of the parts that Father Felix would normally have sung for me.

While I was at the Good Shepherd I worked with the Fishermen's Mission so was delighted to be able to introduce the idea of a 'Harvest of the Sea' to which I invited local fishermen to contribute fish to be sold after the service in aid of the mission. The whole church was decorated with nets and lobster pots, and smelt of fish. The boss of a local wholesaler, La Poissonnerie, came with huge ice boxes to keep the fish fresh and took charge of the sales. This was a very popular celebration and was repeated more than once, with guest preachers, either from the mission or a fishing background.

At another Harvest we held a flower festival. It took some persuading of church groups and hall users, but the church looked beautiful with so many different arrangements. Father Felix was in the middle of a sabbatical in Goa at the time but had come home briefly without telling anyone except the wardens. So when the lights were seen to be on in the church the subsequent investigation found the Vicar and his wife looking at the displays in their pyjamas!

During my training I had an attachment to St Luke's, Prestonville, with the Reverend Martin Poole, who won a Points of Light award for his Beach Hut Advent Calendar. My attachment coincided with this annual event, where a different beach hut on Hove seafront was decorated every evening for the first 24 days of December— a life-size Advent calendar. Naturally I took part, and when I arrived at the Good Shepherd, I carried on each year roping in the Time for God group and the Brownies to help. For everyone else it was one evening during Advent, but for Martin it was every night with a supply of mulled wine and mince pies.

I was quite keen to do an animal-blessing service and was determined that a church called 'the Good Shepherd' should have sheep. We finally managed to have lambs brought along from Lancing College, in a makeshift pen in front of the pulpit; the best bit was when they bleated at just the right moment during the song 'I am a sheep – baa – baa'.

As an artist I wanted to utilise the rear of the church to display my and others' work for the Brighton Festival. The space available allowed a group of us to showcase our work and brought a large number of visitors into the church building. Although making a vast profit wasn't really the aim, a small percentage of the sales were donated to the church. I am really pleased that this is carrying on and still try and visit to view when I can.

Finally the Christmas Tree Festival, my favourite event, is actually something for which I could blame Father Felix. I saw that there was a man selling trees outside the church and wondered aloud if a tree

festival might be a good idea? I had visited some held in other churches.



Father Felix told me to go ahead and, with much arm-twisting, of both church and local community groups, the festival was born. After many debates and experiments about whether to charge admission, it became free, with a large collection jar and small jars for people to vote for their favourite tree with coins. With entertainment from hand-bell ringers, choirs and soloists it concluded with a service of 'Carols amongst the Trees.' It seems a strange measure of success but that first year we ran out of service sheets! And I remember Father Felix hurriedly putting out extra chairs. Traditionally the church always supports three charities, one international, one national and one local. These charities were always invited to take part and given a free tree to decorate. The festival became so popular that often one or more of the charities that took part the year before would return, even when they had to pay for their tree.

I still get goosebumps from the memory of my last service of 'Carols amongst the Trees'. We started in darkness (except for the tree lights) with Hilary Morfitt explaining the origin of the carol 'Silent Night' and singing the first verse in German, accompanied by Father Felix on guitar. The lights came on and everyone joined in — in English. It was magical.

2018 Serendipity

Whilst Paul and Olive Cripps might see themselves as relative newcomers to the Good Shepherd their journey started some time ago, as Paul recalls here:

Although it was not until 2018 that we became 'regulars,' the family's first contact with the Church of the Good Shepherd was some 70 years prior to that, when, as Olive Moore, my mother attended the confirmation of one Jeffery Boswall, a friend who would later become well known as an ornithologist and presenter of wildlife programmes for the BBC. My own first visit to the church would be in April 1990, when I was invited to the wedding of Nicola Goyne, then a work colleague at NatWest Bank. At that time I, along with my parents, was a regular churchgoer (and, in my case, choir member) elsewhere in Brighton, so further visits to the Good Shepherd would generally be limited to Holy Week (when parishioners of nearby churches would regularly join together for evening Communion services), plus the occasional Choral Evensong on a Sunday.

But now back (or, rather, forward) to the spring of 2018 and another visit, this time with my mother to a Sunday-morning Eucharist, and this would prove pivotal. Saddened by the loss of a long-established musical tradition at our (then) regular place of worship, we both immediately felt at home at the Good Shepherd, and I, in particular, realised how many people I already knew. Everything felt 'right', and when a second visit a few weeks later elicited an invitation to join the choir it seemed that things were meant to be. Being here felt like a fresh start, but with a form of worship that was very familiar, and the warm welcome we have received means that the church is somewhere we feel truly happy. Participating in social events has also been great fun, and whilst many of these have had to be put on hold during the Coronavirus pandemic, I dare to hope, as I write this in January, that 2022 will be the year when life really does get back to normal. If so, it could not come at a more auspicious time for our church. Happy 100th birthday, Good Shepherd!

2019 Wedding bells

Sheryl Siegler remembers a special day:

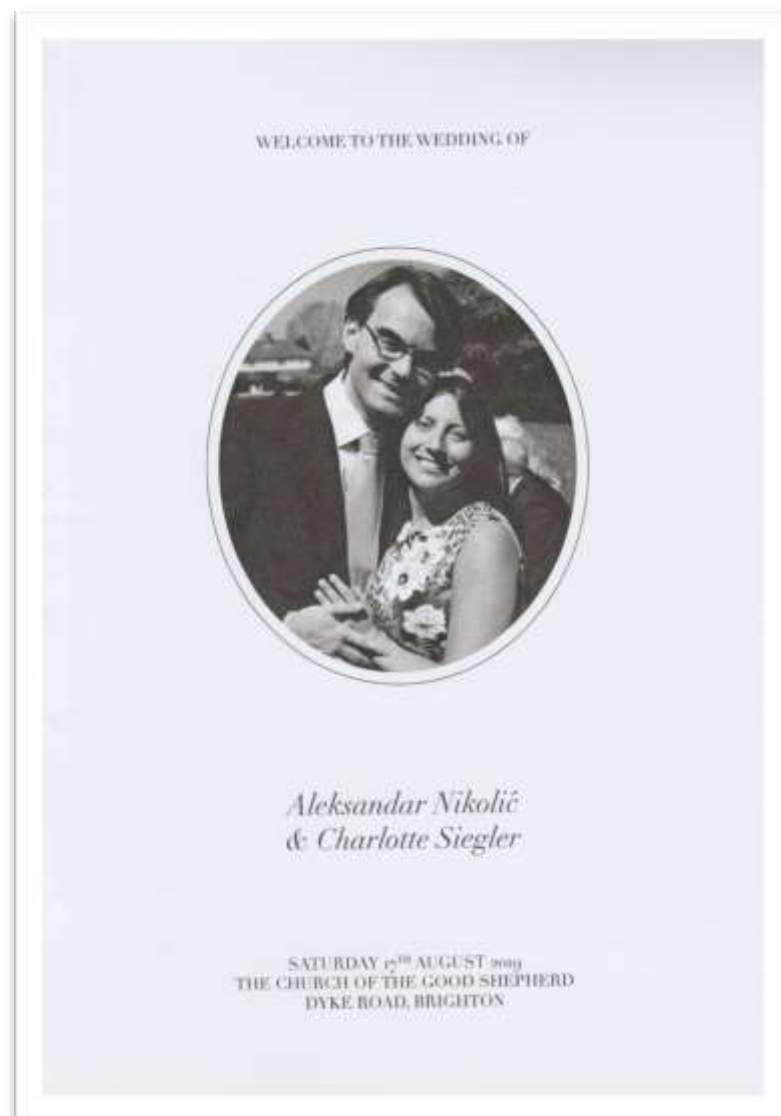
On Saturday 17th August 2019 our daughter Charlotte and son-in-law Aleksandar were married in our wonderful church, by Father Felix, in front of nearly 200 guests.

After a week of storms and torrential rain, it was a lovely dry day and the sun came out and shone on them.

It was a truly 'international' wedding, with guests flying in from Serbia (including Aleks's two grandmothers), Canada (including Aleks's godfather), the USA and France.

Charlotte chose 'Morning Has Broken' and Aleks chose 'Be Thou My Vision' as their hymns, with readings from the Song of Solomon and 1 Corinthians, and from Shakespeare and George Elliot.

After a joyous ceremony they left to the wonderful sound of the church bells pealing.



2020 A year with a difference



Reverend Mathew Philip

The Reverend Mathew Philip notes the changes that became necessary in 2020:

In the history of the church, 2020 proved to be different from any other year. The arrival of a worldwide pandemic led to the closure of all churches. I was licensed as Associate Vicar at the Church of the Good Shepherd on Saturday 22nd February 2020 by the Archdeacon of Brighton and Lewes, the Venerable Martin Lloyd Williams. My wife Susan and I had been attending the 8am service at the Good Shepherd for about five years and I had taken several services at the Good Shepherd before, but this was to be a new beginning for us, as I formally began my ministry at the Good Shepherd. There was a lot for me to learn and, not least, the names of all the members of the congregation. I expected that it would take a year or two! As I sat with Father Felix and Michael to plan the services towards the summer, I was aware that there were also a few traditions I needed to get to know.

On the previous Saturday, 15th February, the PCC met for the annual Away Day where we worked on the 'Vision for Growth 2020 – 2025' for the parish. This would set out our plan for the parish for the coming years. At the time, there were some

rumblings about the emergence of the coronavirus in China which was beginning to affect people outside the country and even in the West. By mid-March, the number of people affected in this country had increased to more than 1,500 and the number of deaths had passed 50. The Government took action and closed pubs, restaurants and other gathering places. This was followed by the announcement on 23rd March of a complete lockdown with only essential travel out of our homes allowed. Churches were closed for the first time in history, and at the Good Shepherd we had to think quickly about what we would do.

All the previous planning for the coming months had to be scrapped. The services for the imminent Holy Week could not happen. The initial two-week closure was then extended into the following month, and beyond, and a new rota was drawn up, replacing every service with an online version using Zoom.

We had virtually no experience of this live streaming package called Zoom. Many in the congregation were also unfamiliar with computer technology. Despite this we were able to produce services using Microsoft PowerPoint and deliver it using Zoom. This included recordings of music played on the

organ by Derek, sent to members of the choir, who individually recorded parts which were then compiled into one virtual choir by Hilary Morfitt. The music file was then inserted into the PowerPoint, as were other images and even videos. Members of the congregation soon mastered Zoom and were able to take part live during the service. We would begin by chatting together and after the service there was time for further chatting. I was also able to get to know more people than I would have done if we had been meeting in church each week. Zoom allowed the Thursday-morning prayer and an additional Monday-morning prayer session to be held each week. Church committees also 'met' on Zoom. Sadly, the many social events in the church grounds had to be cancelled and so there has been less opportunity to keep in touch with the wider community in the area.

The experience of the year raised questions about how church would be in the future. The use of technology in the future is probably now expected. There are concerns about how we draw more of the community into church and we are challenged to think about how church can be relevant in the 21st century especially post Covid-19. But, for the moment, it has been enormously encouraging that the church has been able to continue to function, to serve the community of the Good Shepherd as we worshipped together, proclaiming the name of Jesus Christ.



2021 Disco Pete

Peter Turner was a regular at the Good Shepherd, and also a minor celebrity in Brighton. His daughter Vanessa has given some background to his life:



Peter was born in Brighton and was in the RAF as a young man. In the 1960s he became an honorary uncle to Billy, a boy in an orphanage in Aberlour, Scotland. He enjoyed his visits there, and always loved Scotland. Back in 2007 he went with his daughter for a reunion with Billy's sister.

He worked as a carer at Chailey Heritage in the 1970s, cycling there from his home in Brighton. He then worked as a school caretaker at Stanford Infant School for many years, as well as being lollipop man at the top of Millers Road. He was also a youth-club worker during this time in Brighton, and a DJ for discos and parties before becoming a hospital-radio DJ in the early 1990s.

Peter wrote poetry and created artwork, often offering pieces for sale in the church silent auction. A lot of his artwork was sea-themed. Peter loved walking along the coast and through the countryside. He often wrote poems about his walks and filmed many of them. Peter won a poetry competition back in the 1990s. The

prize was some cassettes of him reading his poems, and the organisers published small poetry books of his poems, and gave him a plaque on which was inscribed one of his poems. This book has recently been republished.

Peter was a regular at Sunday services until ill health prevented it. He was a server and often did jobs 'behind the scenes' such as regularly cleaning the brass.

He had a love of dancing, being known locally as 'Disco Pete' and used to go to local festivals in his flame decorated suit, dancing with seemingly boundless energy. In 2016 a huge puppet version of him was made for the Brighton Festival Children's Parade, and when he died a life-size mural was painted on a wall in the city centre. He was definitely a local legend.

Peter moved to a nursing home when his health meant he needed more care. He died quietly in his sleep in February 2021.



An amazing administrator



Gerry was our parish administrator for over 25 years and had a wealth of knowledge of all the administrative machinations of the church. He was excellent at prompting everyone to produce information and service sheets in good time and the parish office was a hive of efficient activity, with Gerry (and Donald Baxter) ensuring everything was in order and ready for the different seasons of the church year. What many of us did not see were the people who popped up to the parish office, perhaps on the pretext of needing something printed. Gerry was quick to put the kettle on and offer a cup of a tea, a chat and a listening ear. With his sound advice (and sometimes wicked sense of humour) this may have been as vital a service as the thousands of service sheets Gerry produced. In latter

years Gerry's health meant he could make the journey to church less often and he very reluctantly relinquished his post in 2020. Sadly he died in October 2021. We are very grateful for everything he did and he is greatly missed.

2022 Multiple Felicitations!

Who will be the 'sheep' of the Good Shepherd going forward? As the previous pages have shown, people have come to the church for a wide variety of reasons, and from many places; some have connections through their families and some have no previous connection but quickly become part of the Good Shepherd community. The Thomson family have attended for many years and their printing company often provides support with publicity for events; indeed their expertise has been invaluable in printing this book. Our oldest member, Felicity Felton, was mentioned earlier in the book and it is therefore fitting that another Felicity should provide our conclusion. Felicity Thomson is the daughter of Ed Thomson and Charlotte Ross-McCall, and granddaughter of Marilyn and John Thomson who have attended the church for many years. Felicity (Thomson) would have been our 'baby Jesus' at the Crib Service in 2021, which unfortunately could not happen due to the coronavirus pandemic. We look forward to welcoming her to the Good Shepherd as the second century of the church begins.



Afterword

We hope you have enjoyed this glimpse of our history and the foundations on which our church today is built. It has been fascinating to learn about all the people and their links to the Good Shepherd, and we look forward to creating new stories as we move into our second century.

The accounts here are but the tip of the iceberg; researching this book has led to numerous conversations with a wide range of people who have connections with the Good Shepherd, for example, *'my husband was an altar boy'*, *'my grandfather was a warden'*, *'I bring my class to the carol service'*. It has been lovely, and somewhat humbling, to read all the stories and discover links we did not know, for example, former Olympians and founders of the Ramblers' Association, and to remember vicars and other priests who have gone on to 'greater things', but the stories of those who quietly provided dedicated service, or who have felt supported by the church, have meant as much, if not more.

If you have a memory of the church you would like to share we would be delighted to hear it; please use the contact form on our website (<https://www.goodshepherdbrighton.org.uk>) and we will include in the online version of the book as we update it.

Acknowledgements

This book would not have been possible without the help of many people. The Good Shepherd Centenary Committee (Father Felix Mascarenhas, Reverend Mathew Philip, Martin Cruttenden, Pauline Grimstone, Pat Hunter, Patricia Jackson, Christine James, Michael Miller, Sarah Thomas) value the support of all those who have helped, including the Reverend Sally Lodge, Paul Zara and, of course, all who have so willingly shared their memories and photographs, and those who have sponsored the production. It has been a privilege to read all the stories and we hope it will provoke many memories for others who read it. Thanks are also due to Martin Thomas and Melvyn Walmsley for taking photographs specifically for inclusion in the book, and to Paul Cripps for support with proofreading.

Much of the historical material is reproduced from church magazines, unless otherwise stated. Some of the factual information about the church is adapted from the 75th-anniversary booklet, produced in 1997 by Peter Rose. We are grateful to Peter for this, and to the late Gloria Cruttenden, whose exhibition material from the 75th anniversary has proved an invaluable source. Biographical information about the clergy was sourced from Crockfords Clerical Directory.

Every effort has been made to ensure factual accuracy. Please let the editor, Sarah Thomas, know of any inaccuracies, omissions or corrections in order that any necessary changes can be made to future editions.

