

The Tree!

Our return journey to Worthing first of all took us back to the Arundel by-pass. Heavy traffic forced us to a crawl and gave us the opportunity to enjoy the landscape across the fields to the impressive turrets of the castle. The opportunity seemed too good to miss and retrieving the camera from the back of the car, Sandra attempted to capture the view from the window of the slow moving vehicle. The third attempt provided the picture on the right. The first (right below) was perhaps taken from a little too far away but the second caused roars of laughter as the perfectly framed castle was obliterated by a tree as we cruised by. You must admit though that it's not a bad picture of a tree.

"I think that I shall never see, a poem"



The Castle across the meadow – Arundel from the by-pass



..... lovely as a tree!

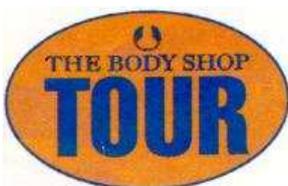
Where's the castle, Doc?



Green grass, blue sky, the white outline of a marquee and the picturesque outline of a castle – idyllic England on a summer's afternoon.

We continued on a meandering route from Arundel, following country roads and by-ways as we headed homewards. We are fond of purchasing local produce to take back as presents such as cheese, cider and apple and cider jelly from the West Country. So when we saw a sign pointing to a vineyard, we followed a gated road which led us to a bungalow at the end of a grassy track. The place seemed deserted apart from some hens that were scavenging among the vines. A small scribbled note in a window informed us "SOLD OUT _ MORE WINE LATER IN THE WEEK". It was unlikely that we would be passing this way again so if we wanted wine we would have to look elsewhere

Bognor last Sunday and that's saying more than enough – we left the Trading Post to enter Littlehampton itself.



Our route eventually led us to Littlehampton, not far from the Body Shop's Trading Post – somewhere we had promised ourselves we would visit and this seemed as good a time as any. We caught sight of Anita

Roddick and her husband patrolling their empire and then, laden with bath oils, perfumes and lotions, to say nothing of another cup of coffee - and we'll say nothing except it was reminiscent of

"We caught sight of Anita Roddick and her husband patrolling their empire".

We'd pack a lot into today – The Trundle, Chichester, the search for the vineyard and a visit to the Trading Post but we still had time before returning to Worthing to look up the Lifeboat Station in Littlehampton. I found the boat-house – there was no gift shop – but it was empty. The crew were out exercising in the river estuary and I could here them shouting out instructions to each other just beyond the sea wall. Unfortunately our search for RNLI Calendars was going to be fruitless this year.

THURSDAY – Our Last Full Day

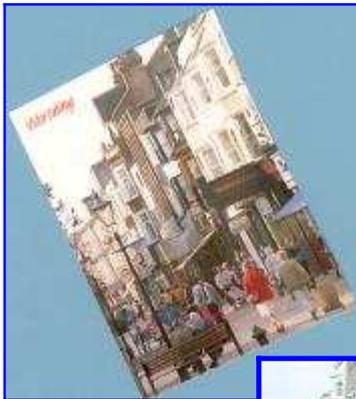
As we did not want to be riding round the countryside too much today due to our journey home the following day, we spent the morning wandering around the shops in Worthing looking for last minute presents for family and friends back home. We had to stop of course for the obligatory coffee at one of the many coffee houses dotted about the shopping centre. Most, if not all, had tables and chairs outside for their customers and as we sat we were amused by the antics of seagulls as they begged for scraps from the tables. The free visitor guide "Resort '98" states that "Worthing's sunny warm climate means that most days you can sip your cup

of cappuccino al-fresco at one of the town's many pavement cafes." and for once you can believe the publicity.

Another feature in central Worthing which we had noticed and commented on earlier in the week was the use of old fishing boats as containers for flower displays. These make a welcome sight and add a splash of colour to the pavements. I took the opportunity during our wanderings to photograph one of them.

There is another area of greenery in the middle of town bounded by the hairpin shaped Liverpool Terrace which is popular with picnickers and dog owners. If you can pick your way between the droppings of both it is quite an attractive area as the picture below right shows. It's a shame that as a nation we are not more litter conscious. Anyway after our morning sojourn, we travelled a short distance to one of the highlights of our holiday –Lancing College Chapel.

"We were amused by the antics of seagulls as they begged for scraps from the tables "



The obligatory coffee together with a begging gull.



A novel use for a disused fishing boat.



This small island of natural beauty right in the centre of Worthing was spoiled by litter.

A Gem Of A Building

We had arrived in Worthing the previous Friday afternoon and after unpacking, had strolled into the town centre before returning to our hotel for our evening meal. Still wanting to get our bearings and find our way around I had decided to take an evening drive along the coast. Heading off westwards towards the setting sun, we had travelled four or five miles along the coast road and then turned inland into the urban sprawl that makes up the outskirts of Worthing. Retracing our route back to the centre of the town we had continued along the coast in the opposite direction as far as Shoreham-On-Sea.

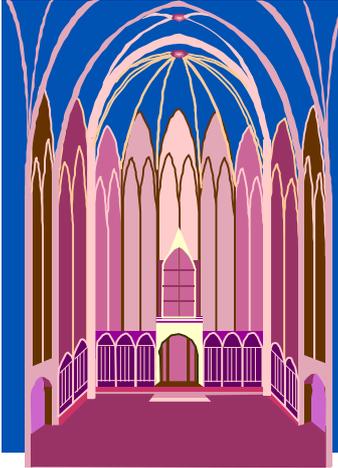
The Ordnance Survey Landranger Map I had of the area indicated a harbour at Shoreham but this turned out to be a commercial harbour with freight containers everywhere and not at all like the picturesque harbours we had become accustomed to on the North Devon and Somerset shoreline in previous years.



The Gothic features of the Chapel (right) in the grounds of Lancing College.

As the light began to fade, I had turned the car inland again to return to Worthing on the A27. As I did so, I had become aware of a floodlit building on the sea facing slope of the South Downs. "Stately home?", thought I, "Or maybe a private institution of some sort". "Was it open to the public?" and "Would we be able to visit it?" were questions that also crossed my mind. By now we had reached the A27 with the building was on our right. We had come to a stop at some traffic lights and I had noticed a signpost with the word "Lancing" pointing to the left. Suddenly everything had fallen into place as I remembered catching sight of a leaflet in the hotel reception advertising Lancing College Chapel.

Lancing, once a small village, has now been swallowed up by the spread of its bigger neighbour. Surely this impressive building on the hillside was something to do with



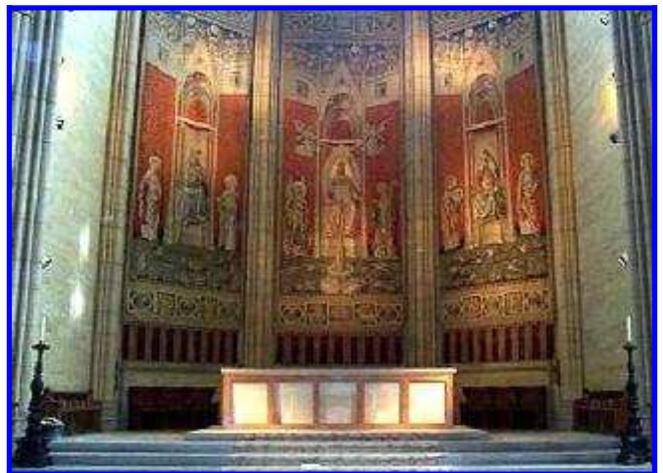
the College and was possibly the Chapel itself. We had determined there and then to investigate further before our holiday was over but decided, due to its close proximity, to leave it till later in the week. We did not venture to this impressive building until the day before our return home and what a gem it turned out to be. It was certainly one of the highlights of the week and a fitting climax to our holiday.

Founded by Nathaniel Woodard in 1848, Lancing College is a boarding and day school for 13-18 years old boys and also for sixth form girls. It is the foremost School of the Woodard Corporation, one of the largest groups of independent schools in the country, the nearest to our home being in Work-sop, Nottinghamshire. Work on the Chapel

did not commence until 1868 and building work is still not complete. We were greeted on arrival at the Chapel by an elderly gentleman who appeared at the door of the Verger's office. He was most apologetic as we would not be able to see the building at its best. Cleaning was in progress, all the chairs had been moved to the sides and wooden planks formed a ramp up to the raised altar.

Nevertheless, the splendour of the Chapel was still apparent. "Chapel" it may be but it is as grand as any cathedral. The nave soars to an impressive height of ninety feet, and the beautiful tapestry behind the altar puts (in my humble opinion) the renowned Graham Sutherland effort in Coventry Cathedral to shame.

"It was certainly one of the highlights of the week and a fitting climax to our holiday"



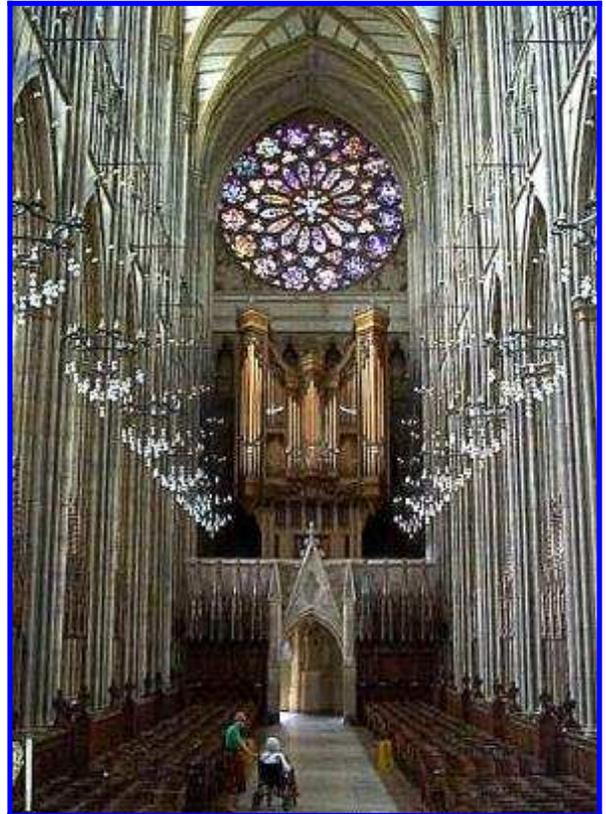
A richly coloured tapestry adorns the wall behind the altar.

Loving Craftsmanship

Our friendly Verger pointed out the Rose Window at 32 feet in diameter, one of the largest in the country. He also told us that when he first came to Lancing the whole of the west end was just corrugated iron. The Rose Window was not installed until 1978. He very kindly gave me a personal guided tour of the Crypt reminiscing about the war when all manner of things were stored there for safe-keeping. A German bomb had landed in an adjacent sports field narrowly missing the Chapel – someone was certainly watching over them then.



The fine craftsmanship that has gone into the building is evident in the detailed wood carving.

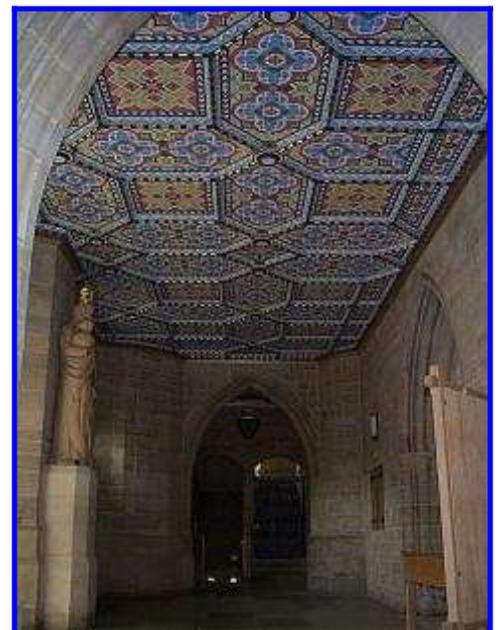


The magnificent soaring lines of the Chapel rise to over ninety feet and lead the eye to the splendid Rose Window installed in 1978

PRAYER OF THE FRIENDS OF LANCING CHAPEL

ALMIGHTY God,
 through the hands of our
 Founder and many benefactors
 You have given us this house of
 prayer
 as a symbol of your presence and
 your glory;
 bless the work of the Friends of
 Lancing Chapel,
 that guarding and enriching what
 we have inherited,
 we may do our part in making this
 building so reflect the beauty of
 holiness
 that many may be moved to give
 their lives in your service,
 and become living stones in your
 eternal temple;
 through Jesus Christ our Lord,
 who is alive and reigns with you
 and the Holy Spirit,
 One God, for ever and ever.

You may have gathered that I was quite enamoured by Lancing College Chapel. Although of recent construction, I would not call the building "modern". The new entrance incorporates a painted ceiling of medieval design and the Chapel itself was built of local sandstone in the Gothic style of the 13th Century. Already urgent stone restoration and repairs are needed. Inside however the love that has gone into the workmanship is obvious. Craftsmanship that I thought had long since been lost was evident in the wood carving on the screens and the whole place exudes a warmth and welcome. I believe the Chapel to be unique – though old in style it is new in construction. I could imagine myself back in the Middle Ages when many churches were constructed. This is what they would be like. Lancing College Chapel is a wonderful building – and all to the Glory Of God.



As soon as you enter the porch, you realise you are in for an architectural treat with just one look at the medieval design on the ceiling.

A WARM INVITATION

Before leaving the Chapel, there was still time to return to the nave to admire the splendour of the building and then to purchase some postcards (some of which are reproduced below) and a guide book.

Some more visitors arrived including a young couple in a sports car. It transpired that the young man was an ex student of the College and he had brought his girlfriend to show her the Chapel. As the verger and the man began reminiscing about college life, we took our leave but not before the verger bade us "A safe journey home" and invited us back when we would be welcome to join them at a service. We

"There was still time to return to the nave to admire the splendour"

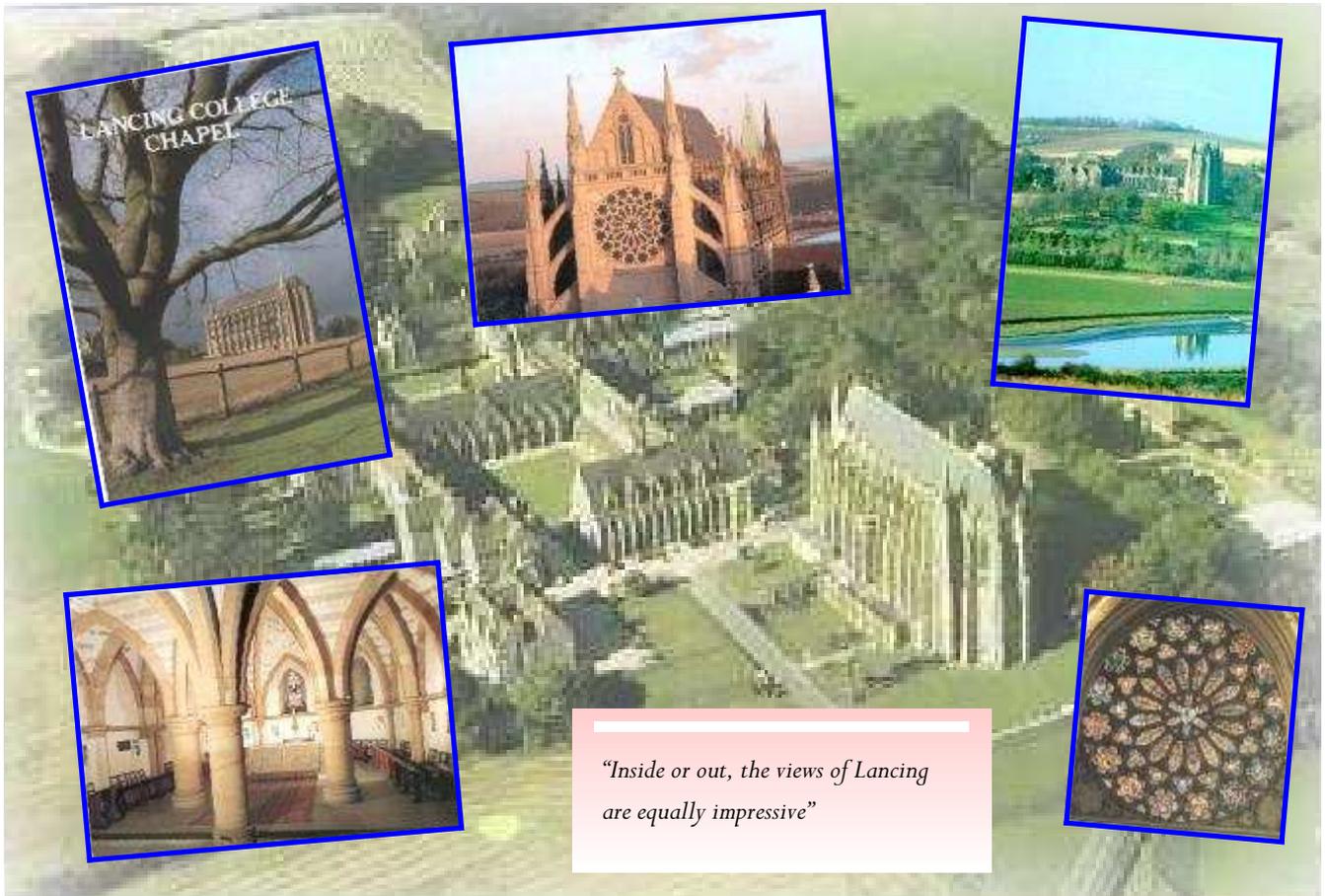
thanked him for his kindness and his welcome and then left him to extend the hand of Christian fellowship as even more visitors arrived.

Our return journey was short but slow as we encountered the beginning of the rush hour traffic. The immediate priority was to fill up with petrol in preparation for the trip home on Friday and then it was back to the hotel to pack and get ready for our evening meal.



Even with the chairs pushed to the sides to facilitate cleaning, the Chapel exudes a warm welcome.

PICTURES OF LANCING



"Inside or out, the views of Lancing are equally impressive"

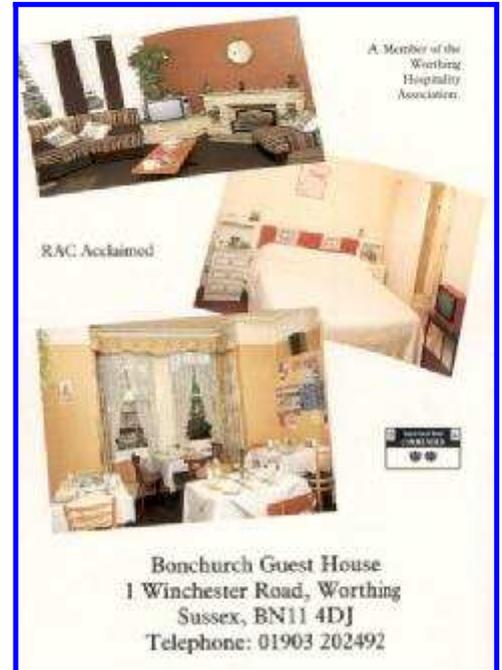
FRIDAY – OUR HOLIDAY HOME



The front cover of Mr and Mrs Carver's brochure for the Bonchurch Hotel.....

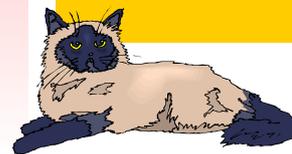
It would be wrong to end our holiday for 1998 without mention of our accommodation for the week and our hosts, Mr and Mrs Carver. They had shown us splendid hospitality, fed us well and had always been ready to offer advice on where to go and what sights to see. It is doubtful had it not been for Mr Carver's directions that we would have ventured to Goodwood and over The Trundle when we visited Chichester (or Chits-ter as he pronounced it). That would have been a shame since it had been one of the highlights of the holiday.

Mr Carver had also recommended the drive along the foot of the South Downs through the pretty villages which we followed on our



..... and the back showing the lounge, a bedroom and the dining room.

"They had shown us splendid hospitality, fed us well and had always been ready to offer advice"



return from Devil's Dyke as well as lots more local beauty spots, many of which

we were unable to visit in just one week's visit. If we ever decide to return to Worthing, there are plenty of places that will be well worth a visit.

Mrs Carver too, for her part, played her role in the background. We generally saw her at meal times preparing food in the kitchen for Mr Carver to serve, except on one occasion – his day off to play golf – when she had to prepare the food and serve it as well. The food was good, wholesome, and there was plenty of it. Our rooms were always clean and tidy although we were warned that if we left the window open, we would very likely receive a visit from one of the cats. We were stocked with a good supply of provisions for that late night coffee and biscuits or early morning cup of tea and you can't complain at that.

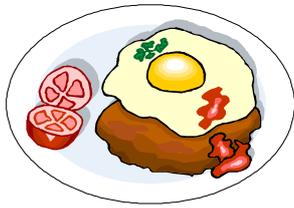


Together, Mr and Mrs Carver worked hard to make our holiday both enjoyable and memorable.



Not too dissimilar from the brochure, although the fence between the front lawn and the car park has disappeared, this photo of the hotel was taken early on the morning of our departure.

HOMeward BOUND

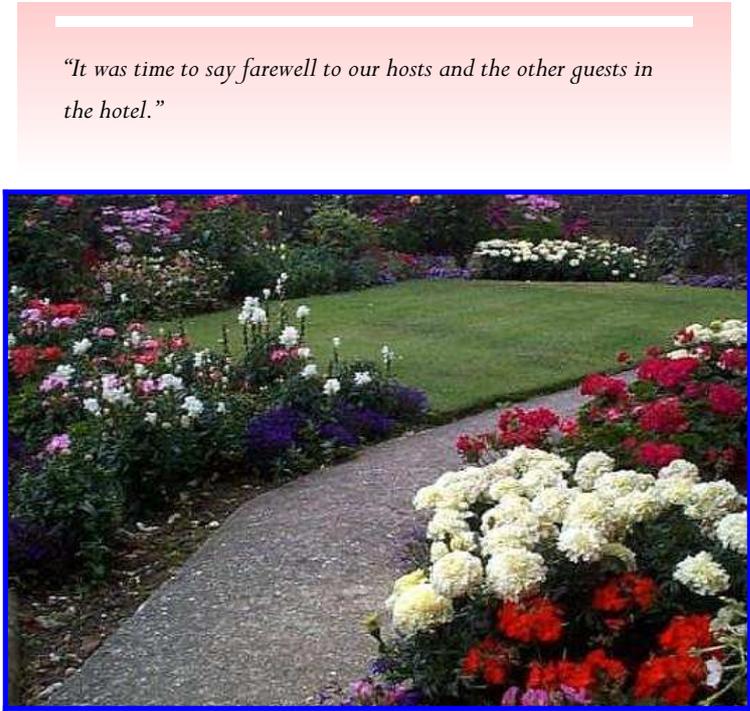


After loading the car with all our luggage and a hearty breakfast, it was time to say farewell to our hosts and the other guests in the hotel before winging our way on our

homeward journey towards the M25 and M1 back to Ilkeston. We left behind the well manicured front lawn and carefully tended and colourful flower beds of the



Bonchurch to return to our own garden obviously in need of some attention and careful weeding after our week's absence.



"It was time to say farewell to our hosts and the other guests in the hotel."

The carefully tended front garden of the Bonchurch Hotel

A WELCOMING SIGHT



The Bird Bath

A final look at the flowers in the garden of the hotel that had been our home for the last seven days and we left Worthing behind to set off for Derbyshire. Our homeward journey was relatively uneventful and we made good time up the motorways.

We had enjoyed our holiday but it was good to be back in the more familiar surroundings of our home town and to view the welcoming sight of our own garden.



The Gravel Path

Is this a weed?



BACK TO REALITY



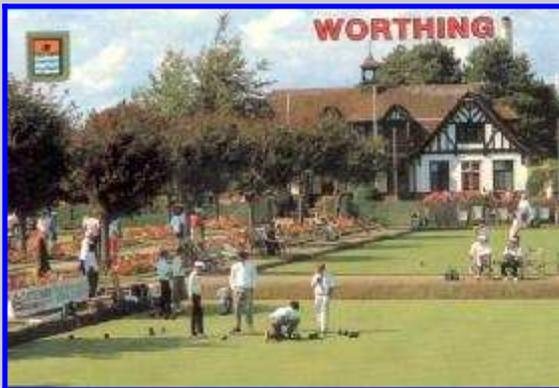
So that's it for another year. We'd planned it, booked it, looked forward to it, experienced it and enjoyed it. But it is behind us now and to paraphrase Lloyd Grosman, "Put those shades away, unpack that luggage – the holiday time is over." The brochure (left) just about

has it right when it says "Worthing – The Best Of Sussex Coast And Countryside". We'd done a lot in our week away but all those romantic dreams of dramatic sunsets and exciting explorations in unknown landscapes were soon forgotten as we returned to normality of daily life – there was still the laundry to do! Still, in the best traditions of all those holiday programmes on TV we'll finish with a view of the sun reflecting off the sea near Worthing Pier.



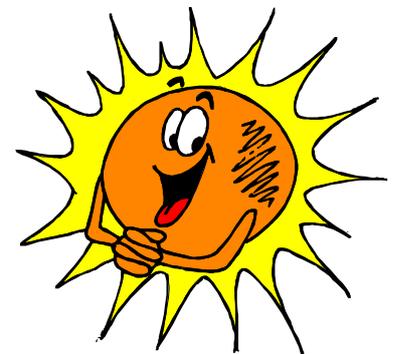
Like Morecambe goes with Wise and strawberries with cream, Worthing in August is synonymous with bowls. Host to the National Championships each year, we were in Worthing in 1998 when the competitions were in full swing. Although we did not actually attend the championships we did find time one afternoon to sit and watch some of the local talent in one of the many parks. But there is much more to Worthing and East Sussex than bowls as this journal sets out to prove.

Read and enjoy.



Some of Worthing's bowling greens in Beach House Park that have helped to make the town famous and host to the annual National Championships

Well, that's another job well done.



A WEEK IN WORTHING

A GN Publication
From
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