



Grapevine is published monthly by: **Cylch y Frenni Circle of Churches**



comprising the parishes of Clydau, Llanglydwen, Llanfyrnach, Llanwinio and Mynachlog-ddu

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Cylch y Frenni Circle of Churches Clydau, Llanglydwen, Llanfyrnach, Llanwinio and Mynachlog-ddu

Services for June 2023

4th June- Trinity Sunday (white)

PLACE	IIME	SERVICE				
Llanglydwen	9.30	Holy Eucharist	CC/JW			
Llanwinio	9.30	Boreol Weddi	PH			
Llanfyrnach	11.15	Holy Eucharist	CC/EB			
7 th June – Holy Eucharist Bro Preseli 10.30 (everyone welcome)						
11 th June – Barnabas, Apostle (red)						
Llanwinio	9.30	Holy Eucharist	CC/PH			
Clydey	11.15	Holy Eucharist	CC/EL			
Llanfyrnach	11.15	Morning Prayer	EB			
18 th Ju	ne – The Se	econd Sunday after Trinity	(green)			
Llanwinio	9.30	Boreol Weddi	PH			
Mynachlogddu	10.00	Holy Eucharist	CC			
25 th J	une – The 1	hird Sunday after Trinity (green)			
Llanwinio	9.30	Holy Eucharist	CC/PH			
Llafyrnach	11.15	Holy Eucharist	CC/EB			
Clydey	11.15	Morning Prayer	EL			

Editorial

PL ACE

enjoyed viewing the television coverage of the King's Coronation and I am thrilled the day was a resounding success. In my eyes, Charles has been a terrific servant to us all from a young age and it baffles me to hear otherwise. I

can remember him arriving into Whitland by car from Pembrokeshire one hot summer's day in 1969. He was touring Wales following his Investiture in Caernarfon. That day, Market Street was crowded as he stepped out of his gleaming car into the courtyard of the Memorial Hall, where he met local councillors and dignitaries. Then he jumped into a different vehicle bound for Carmarthenshire. If my memory serves me correctly, he was fed on freshly-caught fish from the Towy river at the historic Golden Grove Estate – having been cheered on his way by the entire school of Whitland Primary who waved their little Union Jack flags and sang God Bless the Prince of Wales. Yes, a memorable

King Charles will be relieved that the minor crowd disturbances promised for the recent London showpiece were washed away by the majesty and exuberance of the day. He can now continue his selfless service, just as his mother did magnificently until her days were no more. Service and responsibility are not, however, only for those of exulted status; we all know we have our parts to play. And, at a time when our lives are rocking and our personal boats capsizing on account of world events and often our failure to get along with one another – there is much reparation to be done. As long as we are granted health, I don't think this 'obligation' ever really ends. I have met many on my life travels, including preachers, who are adamant that belief in God alone is the way to Heaven. But, surely, they have overlooked an important message that resonates throughout the Bible. It is one eloquently described by James in the New Testament, which has hardly escaped the attention of King Charles: Faith and Deeds What good is it, my brothers, if a man claims to have faith but has no deeds? Can such faith save him? Suppose a brother or sister is without clothes and daily food. If one of you says to him, "Go, I wish you well; keep warm and well fed, but does nothing about his physical needs, what good is it? In the same way, faith by itself, if it is not accompanied by action, is dead. (James 2.14–17)

We all know that Charles has been particularly forgiving to his son, Prince Harry, Duke of Sussex, though hurt lately by his provocative words and actions. And, in so doing, does not Charles teach us that practising religious humility in falling silent and stopping ourselves from judging others — is the way to behave? How easy it is to set our tongues wagging and to cause future conflict, ill will or fallout. Yet, Charles chooses to adhere to the Biblical words of Mathew in Chapter 7.1, as difficult as they are to put into practice: 'Do not judge, or you

too will be judged. For in the same way you judge others, you will be judged – and with the measure you use, it will be measured to you.' There is a great deal to admire in the nature of our King, and, I daresay, this particular personal trait has been hard earned.

About a year ago, I saw our (then) Prince Charles at close quarters in Narberth. As a privileged member of Whitland Male Voice Choir, it was a joy to sing to him and to the vast crowd from the steps of JJ Morris, at the top of High Street. We were able to look down on a regal town scene, resplendent in colour, activity, anticipation and happiness as Charles entered shops, chatted and put smiles on the faces of people who will long remember and talk about the occasion. We often hear of a pub's 'happy hour, ' but here was a town's happy hour enriched by many joyful faces from the neighbourhood. As ever, Charles had a funny quip to offer everyone who crossed his path. Eventually ushered towards Whitland's choir, he spoke to Richard Lewis, our Chairman:

"How often do you practise?" he asked





The christening of Gwion
Thomas of Drysgolgoch at
Clydey on the 23rd of April,
which was also Carol's first
baptism at the church.





"Twice a week"

"Really - that's good."

"And do you ever perform [with other Welsh choirs] in London's ... [Royal Albert Hall]?"

"Yes, we do."

"Wonderful. I was listening to – now who was it – yes, I know, Treorchy [choir]. They were good, very good [smiling and pausing] ... but not as good as you."

Then, recognising that singing is thirsty work, Charles said, "I do hope you'll have a drink in each of the Narberth pubs when you're finished."

Finally, he turned to Hefina Jones, our musical director, and asked if there was one more song as he prepared to make his getaway.

"Oh yes," said Hefina, and I believe she mentioned its title.

"That's good," he smiled approvingly, before looking over his shoulder with one last playful comment: "I hope you know the words."

Fair play to Charles. He could not have been more radiant, humble or pleasant on a day when his mother's health was failing and terrific responsibilities lay upon his shoulders.

So, let us hope he has a long and happy reign, and that we, the nation's people, give him our full support – as we are encouraged to do by the Apostle Peter in his exposition of Faith and Deeds. Here are a few of his words as appearing in 1



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Peter 2.17:

"Live as servants of God; show proper respect to everyone; love the brotherhood of believers. Fear God – and honour the King."

Roger Penn

Llanglydwen

A date for your diary:

SUNDAY 16th JULY at 3.00 pm

HARVEST TEA and SONG from Whitland Male Choir

£10 by ticket from Beryl 01994 419258 and Jane 01994 419856

In aid of Llanglydwen Church Funds

at The Sheep Shed, Maesyfelin Farm, Llanglydwen

Llanwinio

Some photos from the Coffee Afternoon at the Bryn Hall Llangynin, organized by Sarah Howells, Hannah Evans and Menna Thomas to raise money for





MacMillan Cancer Support, combined with a plant sale for the Llangynin Gardening and Nature Group, the girls have raised in excess of £400.

Sarah Howells, Menna Thomas and Hannah Evans .wish to thank everyone that supported them at the coffee afternoon on May 8th at the Bryn Hall, Llangynin to raise money for MacMillan Cancer Support.

Barbara Howells

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Praise for our Editor

athie Dubben has been editing the Grapevine for over nine years, but few of us don't have the slightest idea of who she is or the amount of work needed to create and edit this booklet.

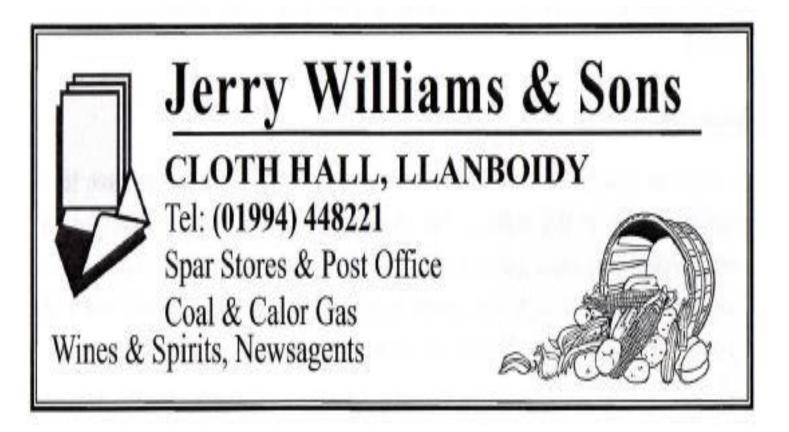
The Grapevine was taken over from St. Clears in 2015 by Jonathan Copus and was originally a team effort with several members of the Group playing different roles. Unfortunately the team has now



dwindled to two—Kathie and Richard Law (Treasurer) as everyone else involved has either moved away, or sadly passed away.

The content depends entirely on how many articles you send her and how many pictures and adverts are submitted. These are slotted into a template as they come in. Then the headache comes by spell-checking each item, fitting them in and around the pictures and making it easy to follow, interesting to read and deciding how much content goes on each page. This all takes time and of course there is a deadline to meet as copy has to be sent to the printer by the third week of the month. If your content submitted is late reaching Kathie this means





a reshuffle and can throw things all out of context. Then the headache starts all over again—moving text around, fitting it in without making it disjointed. Then the adverts must go in but where? Quarter page, half page or even a full page all must be considered and placed where they would best do justice to the advertiser. I believe that Kathie has designed many of the adverts herself. This can consume many hours, even several days. Kathie tells me she has discovered all sorts of tricks and techniques to make it all fit. She also writes some of the articles herself when content is thin.

I have it on good authority that on at least two occasions Kathie has worked all through the night to meet the deadline for the printer.

But what about the front page? Kathie needs to consider the time of year the church is celebrating or what other occasion should be marked, and this involves trawling through the internet to find a suitable picture to fit the occasion. This can take more than a couple of days and eventually is included in the publication.

When the brochure is printed it has to be collected from the printer in Narberth - step forward Kathie again - but it doesn't stop there. They are packed flatpack and every one needs be folded by hand, yes you guessed it, Kathie once more steps into the breach. They are parcelled up into numbers for each church and taken to the vicars in Crymych and Whitland by our dedicated editor. At one tine Kathie would spend a whole afternoon driving round the area dropping them off





Above and Right:

Coronation Afternoon Tea at
Bwlchygroes Community Hall on
Monday the 8th May – more usually
celebrated as V.E. Day – to celebrate
the coronation of King Charles III.

Below:

Barbecue gang at Bwlchygroes Stores







in all sorts of weird and wonderful places, but now Carol and Kingsley take theirs and distribute them to the churches under their care.

Kathie tells me that she actually enjoys doing all this because it keeps her hand in with Desk Top Publishing, and she gets great satisfaction when the monthly issue is printed, folded and ready for circulation, so please do keep sending in your items for printing, we very much want it to continue and I hope Kathie is not ready to give in just yet.

I personally would like to thank Kathie for all her hard work and dedication, and I feel sure there are many of you that will join me in saying thank you Kathie, what would we do without you?

Eunice Batchelor

Note from Editor

Thank you, Eunice, for your kind words. I really do enjoy doing it—most of the time!! But without contributions from all you dear readers, it would not exist at all. I believe it serves a purpose because many readers have limited access to the Internet and would therefore struggle to find out about local church services and events. So please, everyone, send in your contributions, however small, and keep us going for a bit longer.

Kathie Dubben

Clydey

St. Clydai Church BBQ Saturday 17th June 2.00 pm at the Church. Donation box in attendance



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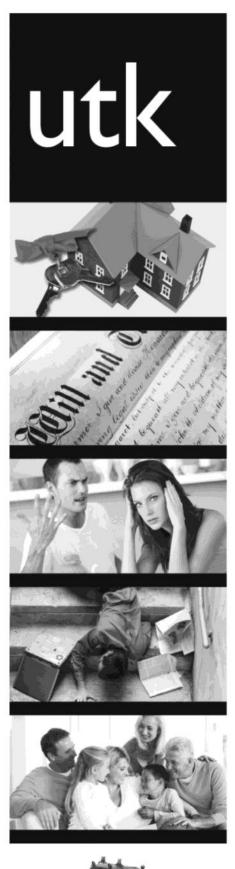
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unday 23rd April was St George's Day, so we celebrated by decorating the altar with red roses. More importantly, it was also the christening of Gwion Thomas of Drysgolgoch who brought a good crowd of admirers with him to see Carol's first baptism at the church. He was more interested in the party at Bwlchygroes Community Hall afterwards where that Peter Rabbit cake awaited him.

It was back to Bwlchygroes Community Hall on Monday the 8th May – more usually celebrated as V.E. Day – to celebrate the coronation of King Charles III with a coronation afternoon tea. It felt as though the community was underwhelmed by the coronation; some people favour a republic and others still feel the way Charles treated Diana indirectly led to her death.

Nevertheless, our country's monarch is also head of our church, so as Anglicans we thought to run the idea of an event up the flagpole to see who would salute it. And turn up to receive a souvenir coronation badge and share the picnic

style afternoon tea. Nearly fifty people did, raising nearly £100 in the raffle and stuffing the donation boxes. The Community Hall runs on donations rather than charging fees, as the committee did not want to make this community resource unaffordable for anyone.

The Empty Tomb

All four Gospels relate the account of Joseph of Arimathea begging Pontius Pilate for the body of Jesus — Matthew 27:57-60, Mark 15: 42-46, Luke 23: 50-53 and John 19:38-42, but without recording what was said between them, so we filched this apocryphal exchange from British Society for the Turin Shroud records: Pontius Pilate: "Joseph I really don't understand. You are one of the richest men in the region, and you've spent a small fortune on a new tomb for you and your family and you want to give it to this man Jesus?"

Joseph of Arimathea: "It's just for the weekend."



Burial practise in Biblical Judea for about a hundred and fifty years prior to the destruction of Jerusalem in AD70 was cave burials. The body is placed on a slab in the tomb; all holy rights performed and then the tomb would be sealed.

Some time later – next time the tomb was opened, the

skeletal remains would be moved into an ossuary — a stone box large enough to hold the long bones without them being cut. So we can understand Joseph's 'gift' of a tomb to the Jesus family, not as a gift and not exactly as a loan, but as a sharing. We thought that Joseph thought that he would eventually take his place in that tomb thus enjoying proximity to Jesus for eternity until the British Society for the Turin Shroud busted that myth.

Had it not been so, Jesus' body would have corrupted and eventually — next time the tomb was opened — his bones would have been consigned to an ossuary — a stone box big enough to hold all the bones without any of them being cut. Thousands of these have turned up in Israeli archaeology; some with their owners within and lots that have been emptied by time, looters and people recycling the limestone storage box.

What I first noticed about these artefacts was that while many have elaborate decorative carvings on them, where names have been added these have been

crudely scratched on. I supposed that the boxes were professionally carved and acquired by the family prior to being used — quite possibly before they knew whose bones would go in it. Then the business of placing the bones in it and adding the name would be a family ritual when they did not have a stonemason handy. Or a chisel.

The 1st Century one in this photo is inscribed in Aramaic: "James (Jacob), son of Joseph, brother of Jesus" on one side of the box and thus attracted scholarly attention when someone noticed. James was lynched in AD62.

Richard Law

Whitland, Cyffig, Llanboidy Llandysilio, Clunderwen The Reverend Kingsley G Taylor, BD MA 01994 240494 ktaylor559@aol.com Deacon Reverend Sharon Edge Assistant Priest Dr Canon Jeni Parsons Lay Worship Leader Mr. Nathan Jenkins eastlandsker.com

Services in June

Sunday 4 th	Trinity		
9.00 am	Holy Communion	St David	KT
10.30 am	Communion by extension	St Tysilio	SE
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Mary KT	
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Brynach	JP
Sunday 11 th	Barnabas Apostle		
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Mary	KT

11.00 am	Matins	St David	NJ
2.30 pm	Holy Communion	Cyffig	KT
Sunday 18 th	Trinity 2		
9.00 am	Holy Communion	St Tysilio	KT
11.00 am	Matins	St Mary KT	
11.00 am	Morning Prayer	St DavidNJ	
4.00 pm	Holy Communion	St Brynach	KT
Sunday 25 th	Trinity 3		
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Mary	KT
11.00 am	Matins	St David	NJ
2.30 pm	Evensong	Cyffig	KT

Trinity

t took a very long time for the Church to work out the Trinity. So don't worry if you can't work it out either, it is something we have to simply accept that this is how God reveals himself to us.

But I suspect most people don't really think a great deal about it anyway. For the church year it is the long period between Easter and harvest when there are no big events so we arrange various fund raising events which are also important social events. Since the lockdown we haven't done this so I would like to thank those who stayed behind after the service recently to discuss events. Some of the things to look forward to are a Pet Service, a Parish Picnic, a Harvest Supper and a Concert or two, and when I have had a chat with Mike Adams a fish and chip supper or curry evening.

For the LMA there is the Premier of Grand Tour the Movie on 16th June at 7.00 pm in St Mary's and an open air service in Whitland Abbey on 30th July at 11.00 am. And of course many of you will be having holidays, so enjoy the summer.

Kingsley

Sue Jones from Llanboidy writes:

<u>St Clears Walking Well Group organised walk through Llanboidy</u> in April which led us through lower Llanboidy and up Hafod Hill to look back on village and then following part of Llandsker trail down to the River Gronw and following it back to Llanboidy village.



We had several stops to learn about 'Powell Bach' - Walter Rice Powell MP, (1819 - 1889) - a Philanthropist, Sporting Great and Radical Hero.

He was Squire of Maesgwynne Estate, around 3,000 acres of farming and woodland, which allowed him to follow his passion of hunting and tenant farming.

He spent his life helping to improve the lives of the working classes - improving farming methods and encouraging sale of foodstuffs by building the Market Hall - which still has the wooden stall dividers intact.

It was here that we were treated to an excellent buffet provided by Ladies of the Hall committee after our walk. Later some of us were also able to see the School he built to enable the poor to be educated - Piccadilly Square, a cottage complex for his workers with a patch of land to each cottage for them to grow food. He also built the Maesgwynne Arms, a hostelry to accommodate his friends visiting the Racecourse he developed (racecourse no longer.)

We were also able to see the noted memorial statue of Grief sculpted by William Goscombe-John - commissioned by family of WRH Powell after his

death - this was previously on family vault in churchyard of St Brynachs Church but now removed inside the Church to avoid further weathering damage (key to Church Vestrey can be obtained from Rodney's Shop opposite Church).

Churchyard Strimming

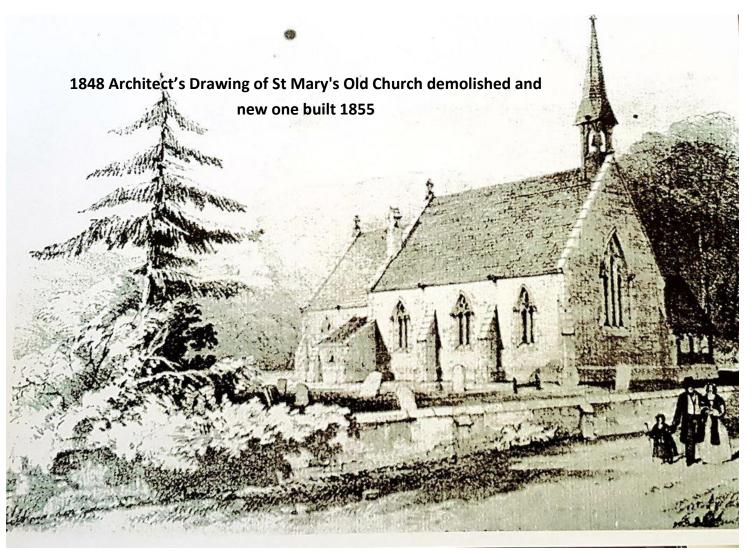
Many thanks to all who have set up standing orders to help to pay for this, however, there is still a shortfall and if you wish to contribute (perhaps in memory of a loved one buried there, or to help keep the Churchyard looking attractive) please contact our treasurer, Mr. Philip Morgan: **vetmorgan@hotmail.com** or phone 07413752016.

Sue Jones

Cyffig

The old saying, "ne'er cast a clout 'til May be out" is certainly worth adhering to this year. Even on the occasional Sunny days the wind is piercingly cold.

All the Spring flowers have been and nearly all gone in rapid succession, and here we are almost half way to Christmas again!



At our Vestry meeting after Evensong on April 23rd. Rev. Kingsley thanked us for our faithful support, as we thank him for his, we are very glad to see him in better health.

The Officers are as before apart from Peoples Warden, now Mr. Jeremy Bowen-Rees who has stepped into the vacant position left by Mr Philip James.

Thank you Philip for your hard work.

On Saturday June 10th a Coffee Morning at "Pen y Lan", Tavernspite Road, Whitland, 10 am-12 noon. Everyone welcome. We shall have a Cake and Produce stall, and a raffle.

On Friday 16th June, 7.00 pm at St. Mary's, Whitland, there will be a showing of the film "The Way of the Cross Grand Tour" in which Revd. Kingsley and Edward Howells make a pilgrimage around all the Churches, (15 of them), in the East Landsker L.M.A.

We are very glad that Mrs. Rachel Jones recovering from an emergency appendectomy, and wish her all the best. We are also wishing all the best to Darren Callan, husband of Ann neé Rees of Red Roses. Darren sustained an horrific injury whilst at work, he is now making slow progress in Cardiff.





We wish him well, and also in our thoughts are all members and friends who are not so well as they'd like to be.

Lynn Werrett



My Heart is Breaking

he tears flow. Our hearts break for so many reasons: loss, pain, fear, shame, despair and depression. I've felt all these things and more. I'm sure that you have too.

When my dear Virginia died, the tears flowed. A phrase came to my mind: "Come Holy Spirit, Come Holy Spirit!" I repeated this softly to myself over and over. The tears dried up. The agony of loss left me. Soon, I was going about the day with no more tears. Every time I felt the tears coming, I would repeat these words.

What had happened? The Comforter had come. Jesus had said that He would come in His Name (John 14:6). He had come from God the Father (John 15:26) and He had come to me after Jesus had ascended into heaven (John 16:7). He would be with me forever (John 14:16).

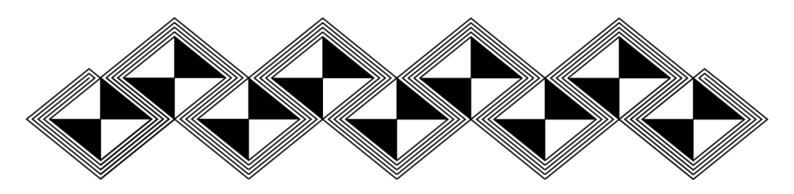
The Comforter is the Holy Spirit. The New Testament is written originally in

Greek and the Greek work for Comforter is *parakletos* (say par-ak'-lay-tos) meaning consoler, intercessor, advocate, comforter, a helper called to your side.

The price for this comfort has been paid for on the cross. Delivery from your tears is immediate and the quality of the comfort is perfect.

Next time those tears flow, say these words softly: "Come Holy Spirit, Come Holy Spirit..."

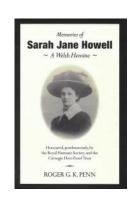
Gwyn Price Evans Whitland



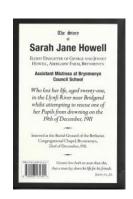


Whitland, St John Street, 1956

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Memories of Sarah Jane Howell a Welsh Heroine Chapter 4



Grandfather Evan Dies as a New Century Dawns

Spring had always been a favourite season for Sarah Jane's grandfather, Evan Morgan. It was a time for him to sit up and marvel as a blaze of rich green colours broke onto the farm meadows and as far as his eyes could see. Evan acknowledged the mystery of such a transformation, executed to perfection, yet way beyond the control of human hands. Soon the crops and harvest followed, courtesy of more bounteous gifts of nature, filling the pantry floor with food, and the storage sheds with hay and grain. Even in later years when Evan's heart complaint forced him to take life more casually, the arrival of the warmer, longer days gave him an injection of





Above: New chairs queuing up to get into Clydau Church Below: Ascension Day at Clydau Church



energy and great joy. But as Easter approached in 1898, Evan, then in his seventy-seventh year and generally weaker, saw the last of spring sunshine and he died a few days after Easter Sunday on April 14th.

Immediately, Abergarw fell under a big black cloud. Evan had been an everpresent on the farm all his life and, although he offered little help during his later years, he was a stable influence and his experience cast a protective net over the household. He was a much-loved family man who had lived his life quietly and without controversy – although, interestingly, he fell-foul of the law just one day before Sarah Jane was born. He never forgot that first week in January 1890, when Police Constable Vernon reported him because five of his pigs had wandered from the farm onto the public road, and he had to pay a fine of ten shillings in addition to costs. But now his days had ended, and his short obituary in The Glamorgan 22nd April Friday 1898 follows: Gazette read as on

It is with deep regret that that we announce the death of one of our oldest inhabitants, Mr Evan Morgan, Abergarw farm. The funeral took place last Monday at the village chapel, which was well attended.

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In an old newspaper cutting from family records dated two weeks later, it states that although Evan had been involved at Betharan Chapel since he was a child, it was only in later years that he had been 'received into the communion of the church.' The article added that Evan 'had the reputation of being a kind neighbour and was of a sociable disposition which, coupled with the fact that he had spent so many years in the same place, made him well known throughout the district.' He had, apparently, been noticed outside Abergarw farmhouse the day before he was called to rest, no doubt wearing his customary white ruff around his lower jaw, which gave his features a softer, angelic look. George missed Evan greatly, for he had been his wise councillor and good friend over the years and, besides his many kindnesses, he encouraged and supported George's good intentions, such as the building of a row of three terraced houses across the road from the farm. Each one had been finished well, delighting Evan, whilst representing all that was good about architecture of this age. But, now in a world without his father-in-law, George could reflect upon Evan's era, and how life along had moved since he was quietly boy. Times were 'darker' then and, besides the hardships of earlier mining, quarrying and long hours of labour, most progress came with a big struggle. However, Evan had taken delight in simple pleasures, like watching his family growing up in front of his eyes and supporting his good intentions for the farm, reaping the rewards of the seeds he had laboriously planted by hand. Understandably, he admired the honest traders of his age, and he enjoyed watching the blacksmiths and wheelwrights coating cartwheels with a hot rim of iron and seeing the metal contracting as it cooled. He had also caught the tail-end of oxen tilling the land, until replaced by the heavyduty Shire horses and the industrious Welsh cobs, whose bigger feet and greater agility, speed, and spontaneity later led the way. During Evan's retirement years, he enthralled many with his tales. He had seen houses sprouting up across Abergarw and Llangeinor, and the latest buildings were different from his younger days. He had also been fascinated by Bridgend's growth, admiring modern workmanship, such as the terrace at Park Street that spread so elegantly up the hill. Evan had first-hand knowledge of the floods of 1877, when the river Ogmore spilled into the town and the Wyndham Hotel was six-feet-under. He, like others, felt the shocking force of the rain and storms, sending inhabitants upstairs, as little boats sailed down the streets delivering food supplies and help.

Evan was born only a few years after Queen Victoria and they had seen similar things in early life, although from a different perspective. Poverty, sickness, malnutrition, and limited opportunities were obstacles to be overcome, whilst penny-farthing bicycles, Brougham's coaches and carriages, and wind-powered sailing boats were moving progress. The world was a different place: everybody knew their hamlets, villages and parishes, happily congregating for water at the village well and walking to the food markets and flannel fairs in the neighbourhood, but venturing little further besides.

Evan took stock of the advancements made during Queen Victoria's reign, not only in schooling, but with train locomotives, steam-powered shipping, and a new-age industrial platform. He noted the creativity and design of inspirational engineers of this era, especially Isambard Kingdom Brunel, whose work, such as Temple Meads Railway Station and Clifton Suspension Bridge, had taken engineering to new heights. Likewise, when crowds flocked to London to share the Queen's *Diamond Jubilee* in 1897, Evan was not far from the crowded scenes at Dunraven Place, where Bridgend's own celebrations of the Queen's remarkable sixty-year reign took place.

Although Evan was saddened to see his son Thomas emigrating, this departure strengthened his bond with Jenkin. They shared special moments throughout the years, knuckling-down together with will and determination to move Abergarw forward. From a young age Evan passed his knowledge and skills onto Jenkin, whose own enjoyment of country-life mirrored his

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father's interests. They also shared the same concerns, such as seeing the rivers of their valleys polluted and discoloured by coal wash and waste – a source of heated discussion at angling dinners and events – although they both understood the broader issues involved. It was not surprising that Jenkin inherited Evan's sharp eye and steady hand for a shot gun and, besides spelling an early end for many a rabbit and pheasant, this meant that he was occasionally called to duty in the neighbourhood when events got out of hand.

On one occasion, which happened to be his father, Evan's, last Christmas day in 1897, Jenkin was summoned to Brynmenyn village, where a wild boar attacked a pedestrian. Even in those days the bailiffs and authorities frowned heavily on stray animals, often sheep, pushing their way through hedges onto the highways, which usually resulted in them being rounded up in an enclosure known as 'a pound' at River Row, where the payment of a fine by owners secured their release. And there is no doubt that Evan shared with his son the funny side of this, otherwise, serious story about a disruptive and dangerous animal, which was described, light-heartedly, in

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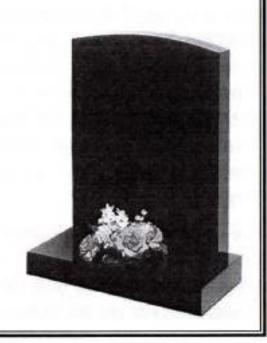
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an article in *The Glamorgan Gazette* of March 4th 1898 entitled a 'Boar's Christmas Outing in Brynmenyn.'

The story describes the attack on poor-old Henry Trott, a gardener who, having been bitten by the animal, could not work for a month. The incident occurred outside the Fox and Hounds where a local minister and his father came to the victim's rescue. Indeed, Thomas Williams, of Brynmenyn, the senior of the two, amused the jury with his excited version of events for he also felt the animal's teeth. He told his audience that he had the 'close shave of losing his [own] leg as the boar went for him,' adding in defence of Trott's sober nature 'there was no taste or smell of any drink [on him].' Overcoming the boar had been a struggle and at the end of the ordeal Mr Trott, battered, bewildered and beaten, 'complained of his leg being hurt.'

We can only imagine the scene at Abergarw farmhouse on this eventful Christmas day: Jennet cooking the joint, George tending the fires, Sarah Jane playing with her sisters, Evan snoozing in his chair — and Jenkin returning a hero, tipsy from the inevitable celebrations that crowned his conquest, but the same happy, hearty Jenkin, unhurried and relaxed, with his faithful farm dogs close at hand. Evan may have taken Sarah Jane aside, not so much to explain the deed her uncle had performed but to provide a gentle reminder of the unpredictable nature of animals, especially wild boars whose hunger is never to be underestimated. Evan was known to spoil his family with kindnesses and Sarah Jane was a recipient in this same way.

Of course, when the axe fell upon Jenkin to shoot the beast that day, his father could think of no one better to perform the task. Evan was understood to be in good health at this particular time, although his well-being suffered in the months that followed. But he had stayed long enough to see Brynmenyn facing a brighter future. Besides the nearby Iron and Gas works at Tondu and the coke ovens, the local coal trade continued to lead the way, and, with news about a new drift mine alongside the village brickworks, the employment scene was encouraging for the local men.

Already electricity was the talk of Bridgend town and, whilst its arrival in the outlying districts took years, it was on the scene and on most people's minds. The new County Intermediate School in Bridgend heralded a bright









Above:

St. Clears and
District Walking
Group's walk
around Llanboidy.

Left:

Trip to the Italian
POW camp at
Henllan Amgoed

new beginning with evening continuation schools, as they were called, providing cookery and other useful lessons for mature students at the end of school days. And Betharan Chapel, as ever, was a source of inspiration to the Howell family, where its new vestry, the place of Sarah Jane's Sunday school, was now being put to another use.

Cricket had arrived in the village, and this is where the club's committee usually met. Sometimes, it was to arrange refreshments and social functions for the team, but usually it was to arrange matches. Cricket was seizing the villagers' attention whilst bringing competitive sport, formality, and a sense of gentlemanly fellowship to the local sports field. Besides the usual intervillage rivalry, a local councillor or other leading dignitary occasionally raised a team to challenge the 'chosen eleven' of another well - known figure such as the local doctor. This was good fun for all, although it was meant to be kept within its boundaries, of course, as the following snippet from *The Glamorgan Gazette*, of September 16th 1898 suggests:

It is very painful to observe a group of young men spending their Sunday afternoon sitting about on the common conversing on matters respecting the cricket matches played on the previous day, instead of attending Sundayschool. Young men, take my advice and reform!

From the farmhouse windows at Abergarw, Sarah Jane and her sisters enjoyed watching Uncle Jenkin herding the cattle round the front of the house at the end of the day. They also accompanied him when feeding the animals, taking it in turns to hold the lantern during dark winter nights, something that Beatrice often referred to in later life. Meanwhile, Sarah Jane and Katie could not wait to get home from Bryncethin School, where they sometimes found their mother plucking chickens ready for the Saturday market. By now, Beatrice had become protective towards young

Margot, although she dropped her guard one day, when a gander caught hold of her little sister by the coat, as if to drag her away.

Incidents of this nature rolled the weeks and months towards the next century when better travel and communications would bring people closer together from distant lands. However, contrary to expectations, the country was entering into the grip of the Boer War, which saw men from the district enrolling at the local Drill Hall in Coity Street, Bridgend and enduring weeks of sailing before standing amidst warfare on the open veldts of South Africa. With them were hundreds of horses that might otherwise have been traded on the mountain-top location of St Mary Hill Fair overlooking Bridgend. Although these troubles were far away, The Glamorgan Gazette brought the day's action home with 'Letters from the Front' sent by serving soldiers to loved-ones back in Bridgend. Bullets, bayonets, and modern rifles made for bloody encounters in the deep trenches, with serious loss of lives. A lack of water, and the dreaded enteric sickness, made conditions even more difficult as horse-drawn ambulance carts worked around the clock taking soldiers away for treatment. One of the news bulletins described the ordeals facing the men, even during the days etween combat

After the first fight, we started at once on the march, day and night, mostly without anything to eat half our time. Every now and then a few of the weaker ones would drop out ...

Another letter found its way up the steep river valley to nearby Blaengarw from the vicinity of Kimberley, just a few days march from a heavily-mined

iamond reserve. The author wrote of the oppressive daytime heat and the cold of night before the men faced the Boers in prolonged battles, sometimes lasting up to fourteen hours. Here are more chilling thoughts from this young man who had been brought up only miles away from Brynmenyn and whose life was under threat:

War is an awful thing; no one would credit it, only those who are in the midst of it. If my life is spared, I shall be able to explain to you better when I see you. Our lives at present are in great danger, the same as working underground; but life at all times is not sure.

The Lord hath kept me so far and, if it is His will, he will bring me through the remainder. I daresay we may have several battles before you get this letter but, if you notice the papers, you will see whether I am killed or wounded.

At home in Abergarw, these words were felt with sadness, whilst in Betharan Chapel prayers went out to all concerned — as volunteers exercised on the homeland awaiting their own call to duty. As war savings contributed to soldier comforts, and parcels were despatched to the battle scenes, everyone hoped for an end to the fighting so that there would be a speedy return home for the men. Meanwhile, miles away, the chimes of Big Ben would soon be ringing amidst scenes of street chaos and festive celebrations. And, as a century disappeared in the excitement, washed down with local brews, it was time for a new tomorrow. It would bring unparalleled innovation and a wealth of wonderment — but, amidst hope and great expectations, there would be more tears of sadness along the way.

Roger Penn

To be continued ...



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