

Grapevine

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July 2023

Gorffennhaf





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



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

[www.frennichurches.org.uk](http://www.frennichurches.org.uk)

LMA Dean: The Revd. Kingsley Taylor, BD MA 01994 240494 ktaylor559@aol.com  
 Ministry Team Leader: The Revd. Carol Ann Court, Priest in Charge carolcourt21@gmail.com  
 Assistant Curate: The Revd. Sharon Edge 01437 532681 sharonedge@cinw.org.uk

## Focal Ministers

**Clydau:** Mrs Elizabeth Law 01239 698607 clydaufm@frennichurches.org.uk  
**Llanfyrnach:** Mrs Eunice Batchelor JP 01239 831556 llanfyrnachfm@frennichurches.org.uk  
**Llanwinio:** Philip Higginson 01994 48449 philhigginson5@btinternet.com  
**Llanglydwen:** Mrs Judy Webb 01239 698405 judy.webb@btinternet.com  
**Mynachlog-ddu:** mynachlogddufm@frennichurches.org.uk

## Pastoral Eucharistic Assistants

### The Focal Ministers

Mr David Carter 01239 831103 llanfyrnachwardens@frennichurches.org.uk

## PCC Secretaries

**Clydau:** Mrs Elizabeth Law 01239 698607 Elizabethlaw70@yahoo.co.uk  
**Llanfyrnach:** Mrs Hazel Jones 01239 831595 llanfyrnachsecretary@frennichurches.org.uk  
**Llanglydwen:** Philippa Scannell 01994 419243 philippa@flippingit.co.uk

**Llanwinio:** Mr. Philip Higginson 01994 484498 philhigginson5@btinternet.com  
**Mynachlog-ddu:** Mr Alex Velky 01994 419849 mynachlogddusec@frennichurches.org.uk

## Publicity Officer

Mrs Sharon Edge 01437 532 681 publicity@frennichurches.org.uk

**Grapevine copy deadline is 23:59 hrs on the 10<sup>th</sup> of the preceding month**

Editor: Ms Kathie Dubben, Myrtle Hill, Gellywen, SA33 6DS 01994 484404 kdubben@hotmail.com

**£135 per full page ad      £75 per half page ad      £45 per quarter page ad**

Treasurer: Mr. Richard Law 01239 698607 gvtreas@frennichurches.org.uk

Front cover: Carol Court pictured in red for  
St. Barnabas the Apostle at Clydai

# Cylch y Frenni Circle of Churches

## Clydau, Llanglydwen, Llanfyrnach, Llanwinio and Mynachlog-ddu

### Services for July 2023

#### 2nd July - The Fourth Sunday after Trinity (green)

PLACE	TIME	SERVICE	
Llanglydwen	9.30	Holy Eucharist	CC
Llanwinio	9.30	Boreol Weddi	PH
Llanfyrnach	11.15	Holy Eucharist	CC/EB

#### 5<sup>th</sup> July – Holy Eucharist Bro Preseli 10.30 (everyone welcome)

#### 9<sup>th</sup> July – The Fifth Sunday after Trinity (green)

Llanwinio	9.30	Holy Eucharist	CC/PH
Clydey	11.15	Holy Eucharist	CC/EL
Llanfyrnach	11.15	Morning Prayer	EB

#### 16<sup>th</sup> July – The Sixth Sunday after Trinity (green)

Llanwinio	9.30	Boreol Weddi	PH
Mynachlogddu	10.00	Holy Eucharist	CC

#### 23<sup>rd</sup> July – The Seventh Sunday after Trinity (green)

Llanwinio	9.30	Holy Eucharist	CC/PH
Llanfyrnach	11.15	Holy Eucharist	CC/EB
Clydey	11.15	Morning Prayer	EL

#### 30<sup>th</sup> July – The Eighth Sunday after Trinity

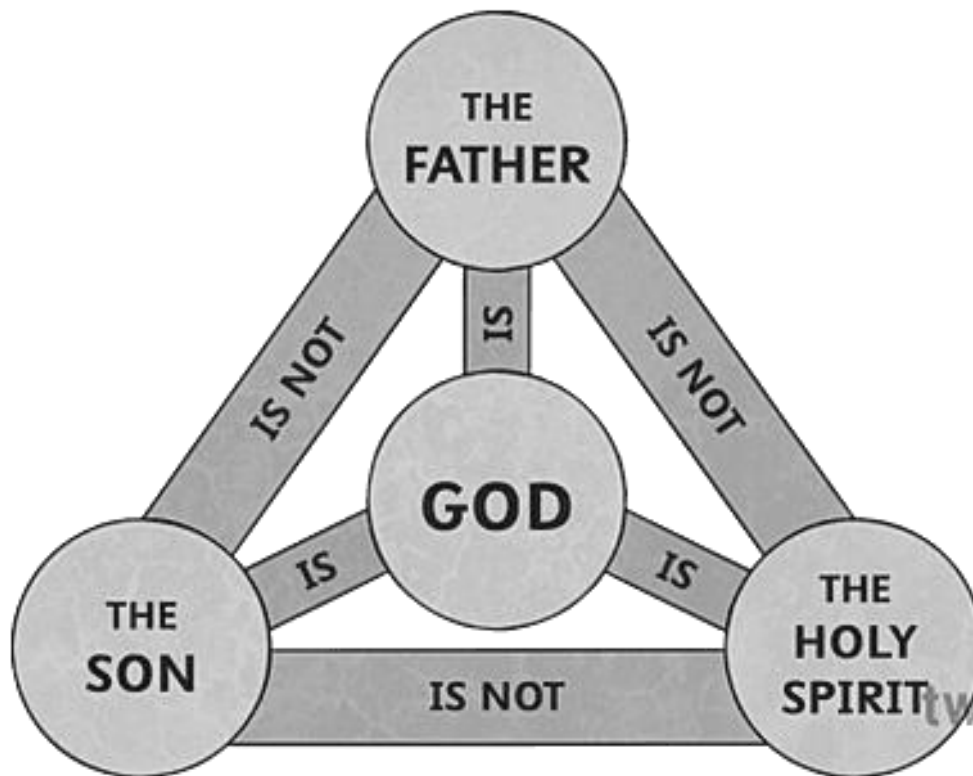
LMA joint service the old Abbey, Whitland at 11.00 am

## Editorial

**A**s I write this in mid June, we have experienced a very long spell of hot, dry weather. To some it will have been absolute heaven and to others, extremely uncomfortable. We are warned that impending rain could cause flash flooding as the ground is so dry and the water has nowhere to go. The 21<sup>st</sup> of June is the longest day and the Church calendar is in the long period of Trinity often called Ordinary Time.

What does Trinity mean for us? It's not an easy thing to explain. Some will never grasp the notion of God in three persons.

If we think we will ever fully understand The Trinity, we will make the mistake of thinking that we can fully understand God. He is infinite and beyond us. God was here before, He is here now and will be here afterwards. The Bible shows very clearly that there is only one God, and yet that there are three personal distinctions in His



complex nature, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit.

As Christians, we believe that God created us (Father), God lived among us (Son) and remains with us (Holy Spirit). In the way that water is still water whether it is liquid, ice or steam.

During this Ordinary Time, let us remember that we are loved by God and spread this love amongst our neighbours and communities as he commanded.

**Carol Court**

Llanglydwen

**A must 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**

The advertisement features a storefront for 'Pethau Olyv' with a sign that reads 'Gemwaith, Bagiau, Itemau Ffasiwn' and 'Jewellery, Handbags, Accessories'. The website 'www.pethauolyv.co.uk' is also visible. To the left is a logo with a woman carrying a shopping bag and the letters 'P' and 'O'. To the right is a circular photo of two smiling women. The bottom of the ad has the text 'Pethau Olyv, Sanclêr' in a stylized font.



***Ruth  
Cardiff***



Llanwinio

**Our Garden at Blaendwr, Cwmbach,  
Whitland, SA34 0DN,**

**will be open on Saturday July 8th  
from 2.00 pm to 5.00 pm**

***in aid of Llanwinio Church***

**Entry £5.00**

***Light refreshments will be available***

**Croeso i bawb All welcome**

*Barbara Howells*

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### Llanglydwen

#### Remembering Ruth Cardiff

**M**any of you will remember my dear mother, Ruth Cardiff, playing the organ on a Sundas at Llanglydwen Church, or practicing with the St. Cledwyn Singers.

Ruth was born in Horsham, Sussex in 1933 and was raised as a Baptist. As a girl, she loved sports, literature, and art. She trained and worked as an Elementary School teacher and loved her students, keeping photos of them throughout her life.

In 1964, Ruth moved from Horsham to Pentre Galar, near Crymych, with husband Joe, and toddler Julie. Helen was born soon after they arrived, followed by Brian and finally me over the next few years. After attending Mount Zion Baptist church for some years and then running a weekly Crymych Bible Class for local children at our home, she started attending Llanglydwen Church in the mid-1970's.

Not long after, there was a need for an organist at the church. Ruth wasn't entirely confident in her playing at the time and we kids would sometimes giggle as she played a wrong note or faltered for a moment. But as her help was needed, she took on the role in the spirit of service. Ruth continued to faithfully play that organ for forty years, bringing joy to many people (and perhaps angels too!).

She was a full-time mum until we were all in school then, after completing a secretarial course at Ceredigion College in her 40s, she worked in the office at



Mansel Davies and Son for many years. She was a member of Merched Y Wawr, a long-term member of the W.I., and enjoyed playing Scrabble with The Tuesday Group, who would meet in each other's homes each week for a game and a chat, pre-pandemic, whilst raising money for charity. She loved a good book and also enjoyed a good party once in a while.

Ruth was very creative. She used paints, inks and mosaic to capture moments from a holiday, or an image of a loved one, or to transform a stone or an old horseshoe into a piece of art. She used pyrography on wooden plaques to celebrate special occasions for family, friends, and many in the community. Each plaque was made with love as she kept in heart and mind the person she was making it for.

We always said that her prayers were powerful. Her Christian faith was deep and seemed unwavering throughout her life. She was also interested in different cultures and spiritual traditions, and had a ready smile for people. Being a true lover of peace, she didn't get into arguments, even as a child, according to her brother Sam.

Ruth Elsie Cardiff passed away peacefully at home on March 27th, 2023. It had been her strong wish to die consciously at home with her family. On Mother's Day, a few days before her passing, all four of her children gathered around her bedside to express our love and say our goodbyes. Two of us were with her until her last breath. Her funeral service was held at Llanglydwen Church with family and friends.

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May she rest in peace and may she be remembered for her kindness, gentleness, and for the love she gave.

*The long day closes*

*Passing by*

*Sweet and low*

**Ruth Cardiff**

*Anandabodhi (Ruth's youngest daughter)*

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## Would you be Like Christ?

**O** Father God our prayer would be that we are found worthy of being called followers of the Lord Jesus, for we know to be like Christ, we must unhesitatingly accept His requirement for our lives, that we might live under His care; If we do this we will carry a power of blessing to all with whom we come in contact with. For we know that love is the root of all true service to Thee and our fellow man. We need the Love of Christ our Saviour within our very being. Heavenly Father help us to love others with a Christ like love as we are loved by Thee. Amen.

*Lyn Bettinson .*



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## Clydey

St. Clydai Barbecue 17th June – We had the weather!

**N**obody can predict June's weather for outdoor events. Traditionally it rains the last two weeks of the month to coincide with the tennis at Wimbledon and in 1815 it rained in Belgium on the 17th most of the day and all night such that the battlefield the Duke of Wellington had earmarked on which to meet Napoleon was so waterlogged that starting the battle was postponed until nearly noon. That weather happened to England this year; thunderstorms and torrential rain up through the midlands while we gathered on a nice, slightly overcast and a bit fresher than recently day to see who would join us for burnt burgers in a churchyard!

About four dozen people did, donating some £140.00 – voluntary contributions only; we didn't sell tickets – and £84 for the raffle. We sold tickets for that. Kim – thank you for the use of your field for parking - commented about how much drier Wales has been – trending over the last six years – such that he needed a bore hole this year to help water his dairy herd. We acknowledged how dry it has been by keeping fire extinguishers handy, but the barbecue, despite being a slow starter, behaved and we did not need them.

St. Clydai received a grant from the PAVS charity for picnic tables and chairs earlier this year and we want them to receive as much use as we can fit in. The problem in a





*Above: An Israeli necropolis, which is the 2nd century burial practice.*

*Below: Glandwr WI trip to Henllan PIW Camp*



*Above: Jonathan Copus on the roof of St. Clydau church*



farming community is finding time in the calendar to get together after silage and before hay, harvest and the autumn weather...

The weather brightened as the afternoon went on and we'd like to thank the people who, as the party broke up, helped to put everything away. By 5.15 pm all trace of the event was packed away ready for next time, which will be on the 23rd of July as a barbecue lunch after the morning service. Elizabeth will be taking that service and Carol will be officiating at Llanfyrnach's Holy Eucharist at the same time. She will come and join us after her service, followed by as many of her congregation as fancy a barbecue lunch – and any gentle readers who don't make either service but fancy the lunch and good company. We look forward to seeing you all.

## **NEXT BARBECUE EVENT AT ST CLYDAI SUNDAY 23rd July 12.30 pm (approx.) to 2.30 pm**

We'll start cooking after our 11.15 service of morning prayer while waiting for Carol and Llanfyrnach to join us. Everybody's welcome whether you made it to one or other of the service or not.

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## **BURIAL PRACTICES**



Ossuary burials in biblical Judea straddle the lifetime of Jesus, the practice having started some time before he was born and ending, archaeology suggests, with the fall of Jerusalem to the Romans legions of Titus in AD70. The catacombs at Bet She'arim post-date the second Jewish revolt (135AD) and show how burials evolved.

Burial practices originated as a formal way of saying goodbye to the departed, leaving them to rest in peace. Fundamentally, the two choices have always been cremation or interment. Neither is a soft option; digging a grave involves shifting a ton and half of material and a cremation involves gathering over a ton of wood.

Cremation is 'ashes to ashes'; in ancient times it seems to have been a popular choice in areas where there was plenty of wood, so it didn't catch on in Egypt. The Etruscans, who lived in Northern Italy before Rome was founded did both with cremation being the older option.

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Either way, it was a case of protecting human remains from violation by wildlife. Leaving someone to the buzzards, such as the battlefield dead after a victory, was a way of adding insult to fatal injury – and it saved time.

Avoiding defilement of the dead is mentioned in Numbers (19.11-14) and the Jewish burial practice of interring the corpse on the day of death is to be found in Deuteronomy (21.23) in the context of an executed criminal, which is what Jesus was at the time he died.

Cave burials go way back into the Stone Age: same deal, protecting the mortal remains, and artificial caves – the long barrows – still dot the British landscape. These were graves of multiple occupation – a way of keeping the extended family together through generation after generation.

The Jews likely revived the practice of cave burials in the century before Jesus was born from someone else. Pyramids are artificial caves, as are the houses of the dead in a necropolis. Building a mausoleum above ground is the equivalent of building vault tombs underground; it depends on how hard or soft the ground is.

Judea was run over by Alexander the Great in 332BC and by Pompey in 63BC. The Greeks used both cremation and burial, while the Romans moved on from burials to cremations. With both it seemed to be an issue of what was practical geographically and what suited the family. Burials seem to be of higher status people, as do the Jewish ossuary discoveries, which have included one ascribed to Caiaphas.

Cremated remains were put in something – an urn, jar, box – for burial, sometimes with grave goods, so the cave burial followed by putting the bones in a bone box is a sort of amalgamation of the two practices.

The oldest references in the Bible are to burials – Rebekah’s nurse Deborah was buried beneath an oak tree near Bethel (Genesis 35.8) and Moses in Deuteronomy 34 5-6,

***“And Moses the servant of the Lord died there in Moab, as the Lord had said.***

***He buried him in Moab, in the valley opposite Beth Peor,***

***but to this day no one knows where his grave is.”***

A powerful endorsement of burial over cremation, which the Lord used less charitably in Numbers 11-14.

The oldest mention of a cave burial I have found in the Bible is in Genesis Chapter 23 in which Abraham negotiates a sepulchre from Ephron the Hittite in which to inter his wife Sarah. He was enclosed in it by his children Isaac and Ishmael (Genesis 25.9) and later Jacob was added to the tomb (*Genesis 49:29 & 50:13*)

I wondered if the revival of cave burials in sepulchres of multiple occupation was a cultural marker: Jewish people doing things to highlight that they were different to their Roman occupiers. Parisians adopted slim-fit stretch trousers in 1940 to highlight the difference between them and the German occupiers, whose uniforms were very baggy trousers. It works time-wise, reviving the burial practices of Abraham's family in order to be seen to be culturally different from the Romans.

Religion plays its part too. Flesh rots, while bones do not, so an arrangement in which the flesh has time to corrupt, leaving the eternal bones conveniently in the family tomb to await the resurrection is a conclusion that 'justified' doing things the way Abraham had – for those wealthy enough to make such arrangements. Men like Caiaphas and Joseph of Arimathea. Caiaphas died in 36AD.

Joseph did not get to use the garden tomb he lent to Jesus for that weekend. Tradition places his eternal resting place at Glastonbury Abbey, which he is said to have founded; he having become a missionary for Christ after the events he witnessed when Pontius Pilate was Procurator of Judea.

Burial caught on among Christians with the catacomb interments beneath Rome sort of emulating the garden tomb principle, but whether they saw it as 'Christian' or thought of Christianity as a Jewish denomination is not clear – and the Jews going for the catacomb/necropolis principle in the same time frame of the 2<sup>nd</sup> century leaves that thought open.

Burial of the dead was the main British 'disposal' of mortal remains until overcrowding in London cemeteries led first to awayday funerals at Brookwood in Surrey and then to cremation becoming legal and a crematorium opening in Woking in 1885. And now it's the most popular way to say goodbye.

Northern Ireland stuck to burials, with both sides of the province's religious divide condemning cremation as a disgusting pagan practice until overcrowding forced a religious re-think in the 1990s. The first crematorium to open in the north was in 1961 and in Eire in 1982.

***Richard Law***

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From darkest mid-Wales, **Jonathan Copus** has written to give us his new address, which is: The Lindens, Spa Road, Llandrindod Wells, Powys, LD1 5EQ, of which he says,

***“My 14-bedroom house (it was going cheap for a quick sale!) is right opposite the Church of the Holy Trinity from which the town takes its name, so I have no excuse for being late for services.***

***I have applied to the Bishop of Swansea and Brecon for permission to officiate and I have met him but he's frantically busy doing - guess what - constituting new Ministry Areas.***

***So that none can claim any seniority he's 'doing' all 23, I think it is, consecutively, poor bloke."***

Having set up our LMA, Jonathan knows exactly what the diocese he has chosen to live in is going through! We remember him for many of his deeds in this community, which include being the only vicar of Clydey in history to have been photographed on the roof of the church tower. Our current incumbent, the Revd. Carol Court, took one look at the way to the top of the tower and said that he can remain the only one to have done so!

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## **Glandwr WI**

### **A Glimpse of the past**

**O**n the 13<sup>th</sup> June Glandwr WI took a field trip to the Henllan Bridge Prisoner of War Camp to get some idea of how the prisoners lived and occupied themselves during their period of incarceration.

It was a very enlightening tour, and the camp housed a hospital a dentist and a doctor. They were housed in what we call huts, about 18-19 to a hut and were charged to look after the hut and keep it clean and heated by two fires, one at each end. They were responsible for their own laundry and strung washing lines in these huts to get their washing dry.





Some of the prisoners were allowed to go out of the camp to work in local farms and return at night, and some went further afield to work, being transported in lorries, and usually stayed on the farm sleeping in the outbuildings to save the journey back to camp. Those who were not lucky enough to get work stayed in the camp, but boredom was uppermost in their day and as if there was no manual work they were on minimum rations.

They decided to build themselves a place of worship out of one of the disused huts and set to cleaning it out and drawing up plans in their head. So, they turned their hand to trying to make things out of anything they could find. They managed to build an altar out of bricks and used cement left over from projects undertaken on the site. They made candlesticks out of bits of tubing but decided it didn't much look like a candlestick so they cut up a Bully Beef can and did some rather nice versions of a candlestick and attached it to the front of the tube and mounted the whole thing on a wooden plinth base.

The Altar was given its final flourish by a young man called Martin who joined up when he was 19 and was captured when he was 21. He said he was not a painter but agree he could be by the time he finished the altar. It is a splendid painting of the last supper with Jesus and his 12 disciples.

Sometime later he painted pictures of the twelve stations of the cross and sent them to the camp and asked if they could be displayed in the chapel, they were framed and now hang in the chapel as he requested.



## **THE BLESSING OF FORGIVENESS**

Writing the biography of his father, the son described him as an achiever in finance, industry and politics, rising from poverty to riches, from obscurity to prominence, and from weakness to power. He stated that the one negative characteristic of his father made happiness in his family an impossibility.

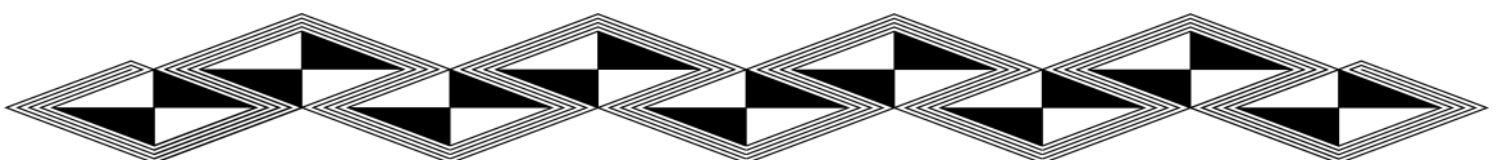
"My father never admitted that he was wrong about anything," he wrote. "Everything in our home, his business and professional life was blamed on others or circumstances. He blamed mother, his children, even God, when he could not find anyone else to blame for his mistakes and blunders."

Although that man became rich and powerful, he never had the peace of God in his heart, because he never admitted being wrong or needing forgiveness. To miss the blessing of forgiveness in life is to miss one of the basic ingredients of contentment and peace. The Psalmist wrote, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." (Psalm 32: 1)

This is an ancient beatitude that could be translated, "Fortunate is the person who has admitted his guilt to God and found forgiveness and peace." It touches a vital point where we all live, for there is no person who never needs to say, "I was wrong, I apologize." All of us are imperfect and subject not only to mistakes, but to wrong words and wrong decisions. We are all faulted with the human virus of sin, and the Bible says that "All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Forgiveness is the only adequate answer to sin.

The blessing of forgiveness takes the burden and darkness from the human heart and lifts us into a fellowship with the Redeemer-God. God loves to forgive us, but Jesus says that to receive forgiveness we must also give it. "If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if not, your Father will not forgive you." (Matthew 6:14-15) No blessing in our lives is more precious and needed than the blessing of forgiveness. We need it from God in order to be able to give it to others.

***Chris Rees, Minister, Bethesda Baptist Chapel, Narberth***



# 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

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### Services in July

#### Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup>

#### Trinity 4

9.00 am	Holy Communion	St David	KT
10.30 am	Holy Communion	St Tysilio	SE
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Mary	KT
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Brynach	JP

#### Sunday 9<sup>th</sup>

#### Trinity 5

11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Mary	KT
11.00 am	Matins	St David	NJ
2.30 pm	Holy Communion	Cyffig	KT

#### Sunday 16<sup>th</sup>

#### Trinity 6

9.00 am	Holy Communion	St Tysilio	KT
11.00 am	Matins	St Mary	KT
11.00 am	Morning Prayer	St David	NJ
4.00 pm	Holy Communion	St Brynach	KT

#### Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup>

#### Trinity 7

11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Mary	KT
11.00 am	Matins	St David	NJ
2.30 pm	Evensong	Cyffig	KT



Sunday 30<sup>th</sup>

Trinity 8

11.00 am

Open air service

Whitland Abbey

## Unity

Last year we walked from church to church with a large cross to all 15 churches in the LMA as an act of witness and unity. Now there are 18 churches in the LMA and we decided to do out acts of witness by having open air services (weather permitting) at sites of historical importance. So we begin on 30<sup>th</sup> June at Whitland Abbey. Whitland Abbey was a much more important Abbey than Tintern, sadly it has mostly been forgotten because there is so little of it left, yet it was the centre of the spread of Cistercian Abbeys all over Wales. In fact Whitland is very important in many ways historically but I have said this over and over again. So this is a fitting place to begin our acts of witness as an LMA.

*Kingsley*



**CLWB CINIO CLYDAU LUNCH CLUB  
2023**

Please join us in Canolfan Clydau in Tegryn, on the  
**4<sup>th</sup> Tuesday every month  
at 12.30.**

**The cost will be £6 for a home cooked lunch, pudding and tea  
or coffee.**

Everyone is welcome, but **please phone beforehand** so we know  
how many people to expect.  
Please phone Diana on 01239 612614 or Marie on 01239 698003.  
*VOLUNTEERS ALSO WELCOME!!*

**Ionawr 24 January 2023**  
**Chwefror 28 February**  
**Mawrth 28 March**  
**Ebrill 25 April**  
**Mai 23 May**  
**Mehefin 27 June**  
**Gorffennaf 25 July**  
**Medi 25 September**  
**Hydref 24 October**  
**Tachwedd 28 November**



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Mai 13 May	Tachwedd 11 November
Mehefin 10 June	Rhagfyr 9 December

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## Sue Jones from Llanboidy writes:

I was sad to learn of Lyn Kendall's death recently. She was a regular at all Llanboidy activities for years and will be greatly missed.

Vanw kindly wrote this obituary -

*"It is with great sadness to record the death of Mrs. Margaret Marilyn Kendall (Lyn) on 17th May 2023 at the age of 90 years. Lyn was the wife of Ken Kendall who has been a stalwart at St. Brynach's Church for many years. Lyn's family originated from Llanboidy but she was born and brought up in Llanelli.*

*She went away to College, where she met Ken, got married and settled in Derbyshire, both as School Teachers, and they were blessed by having a son David and later became proud grandparents to Tom, Megan and Michael.*

*When the time came for them to retire, they made the decision to move to Llanboidy. They soon settled in and got involved in Trinity Chapel (where Lyn became a member), The Church and various other organisations.*

*Lyn's Funeral took place at Trinity Chapel, Llanboidy with the Minister The Revd. Guto Llywelyn , and The Revd. Canon Jeni Parsons paid moving tribute.*

*The Service followed on by committal at Parc Gwyn Crematorium, Narberth. R I P Lyn."*

Following on from the interest shown in my mention of Walter Rice Howell Powell, squire of Maesgwynne Estate, Llanboidy, last month. I am copying some notes made by the late Margaret Gregor, of Sweet Briar Cottage, Llanboidy on Powell and the

# *W. J. Kenneth Davies & Sons*

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famous statue of Grief sculpted by William Goscombe John as a memorial statue .

If anyone wishes to see the statue, the keys to St. Brynach's Church are kindly held by Rodney, across the road in the Spa Shop and Post Office.

*Sue Jones*

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## **Cyffig**

Saturday June 10th we held a Coffee Morning at "Pen y Lan" in aid of Cyffig Church. We extend our thanks to everyone who came for their jolly company and generosity. And of course members Philip (on the door), Margaret (Cake Stall), Mary (Raffle tickets) and Ivy (Coffee and Tea).

We are sad to learn of the death of Mr Hewlyn Wilson of Common Church.

We send our love and sympathy to Ann Robinson and their families.

We continue to think of Mr Darren Callan and other members not so well as they'd like to be.

Here's a poem by Francis Duggan

## **It Is Nice To Be Nice**

In the way we behave towards others we surely have the choice

And it should go without saying that it is nice to be nice

And if you are nice to others they will be nice to you.

In life as we are often told we receive what we are due

It is nice to be nice of course though not all are that way

And 'tis not always easy to be nice despite what some might say

Us humans are beings of mood and our moods change by the hour

Suppose 'tis hard to laugh or smile when life on you feels sour

It is nice to be nice as Bruce Forsythe used to say in his sign off line from his show 'The Big Night' of the seventies going back decades ago

But when you feel the World is against you and life is an uphill fight

It is hard to feel happy when nothing for you is going right

And at such times 'twould be fair to say it is hard to rejoice

But when all is said and all is done it is nice to be nice.

*Lynn Werrett*



# THE TRAGEDY OF NEGLECT

Someone has said that procrastination is the thief of time, but it is more than that. It prevents the fulfilment of ambitions, the realization of dreams, the achievement of hopes and the conquest of life's great challenges. It is so easy to leave things undone that we sometimes fail to achieve the fulfilment of our most cherished plans. Emerson spoke of the science of omitting, and there are unworthy and evil things in life that we do need to omit.

It must be a selective and redemptive neglect if it is to help us to realize the best in life. The Olympic champion athlete must leave off the trivial and timewasting activities in order to give prime time to training for the final test of skill, speed and style. It is the same with personal character. We must leave off things that will degrade or hinder, and fill our lives with things that will strengthen, inspire and endure.

George Eliot tells of a husband who became so engrossed in his business and his determination to become wealthy that he neglected his wife and his home. Before he was fully aware of what was happening, his wife became gravely ill and, despite the best of medical care, she died. He was stunned, and his grief was so great that he could find no comfort.

When she was buried, he threw himself on her grave in a fit of crying: "Milly, Milly, I loved you more than anything else! Do you hear me now, --illy?" But it was too late. He had given the time and emphasis of his life to the achievement of business success and to gaining riches. Now all of his wealth and success could not atone for his neglect of his wife.

The really smart person is not necessarily the one who is most skilled in athletics, or business, or any other human endeavour. The really smart person is the one who can leave off the secondary things and give prime attention to things that really matter in life. But it takes more than wisdom to do this. It takes the grace of God and the leadership of the Spirit of God, and God is always ready to provide them to those who will put Him first in their lives.

*Chris Rees, Minister, Bethesda Baptist Church, Narberth*

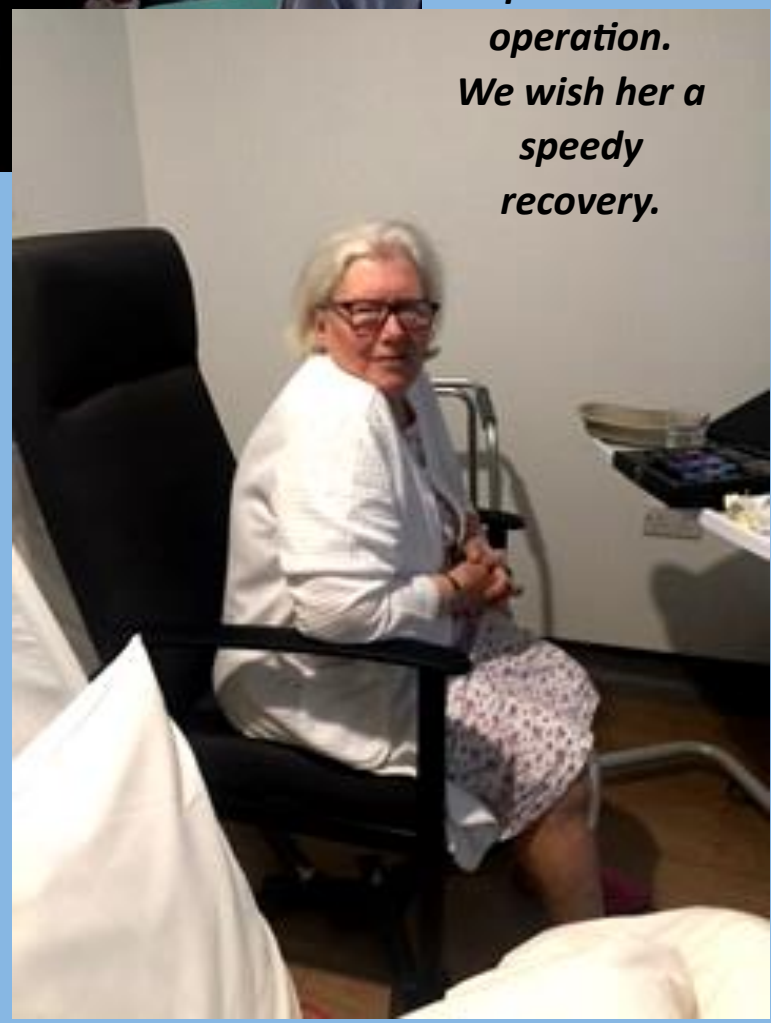
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## **‘A green thought in a green shade’ at the start of Green Wales week**

I was ‘made in Wales’, specifically Radnorshire, and I still believe there is nowhere on earth to rival its variety of secret green wonders, its mysterious hidden paths and its

**Left:  
Te am Dau,  
Canolfan  
Clydau,  
Tegryn**

**Below right:  
Judy Webb who  
has just had a  
successful knee  
replacement  
operation.  
We wish her a  
speedy  
recovery.**



**Below and left:  
'Grief' - Statue now in St;  
Brynach's Church, Llanboidy,  
dedicated to William Rice  
Howell Powell**

**Walter Rice Howell Powell  
(1819 - 1889)**  
Philanthropist, Sportsman and Radical Hero  
Squire of the 3,500 acre estate of Maesgwynn,  
Llanboidy.  
Churchman who called for disestablishment,  
landowner who campaigned for tenants' rights,  
supporter of the Daughters of Rebecca who  
demolished tollgates in their quest for justice.  
Provider of a school and homes for the poor of  
Llanboidy.  
Gainer of sickness benefits and pensions for the  
labourers of west Wales.  
FBI for fifty years and owner of seventy largely  
'unbeatable' sheepchases  
Known affectionately as Powell Bach, he was the  
'voice of the common people' and  
Carmarthenshire's first radical Member of  
Parliament (1880 - 1889).

**Grief**  
After the death of W. R. H. Powell in 1889, his  
family commissioned a memorial sculpture  
from William Goscombe John, the young  
Cardiff artist who had studied in Cardiff,  
London and Paris, winning numerous  
prestigious awards, and who was fast becoming  
international fame. He was  
a sculptor of international fame. He was  
knighted in 1911. In a letter to George Lynn  
Evans, Secretary of the Carmarthenshire  
Society, in 1927 Goscombe John  
claimed that the Powell memorial was his first  
figure of a grieving lady, was conceived in Paris  
between 1890 and 1891 and the memorial was  
unveiled, without ceremony, on the Powell  
family vault in the churchyard of St Brynach's  
at Llanboidy on Saturday, 26 September 1891.  
A similar figure appears on Goscombe John's  
memorial to the musician Sir Arthur Sullivan,  
placed in 1903, on the Embankment in London.  
During 2011 in avoid further weathering and  
with the family's agreement, Grief was  
relocated inside the Church.



panoramic mountain views. I was lucky enough to be born in a time when children 'played out' in small local groups or chased butterflies (which were plentiful) with siblings. We walked the railway line for several miles (knowing the regular times of the trains) refreshed by wild strawberries that tumbled in profusion at the side of the line. We foraged for mushrooms, cobnuts and blackberries in season and walked home to the scent of honeysuckle. Every year when the bluebells were out in the wood nearby we would play for hours on a fallen tree-trunk in a blue haze. We gazed engrossed at tadpoles in muddy ponds and trawled the river shallows for hours, with limited success, to capture minnows and newts in our jam jars. Before myxomatosis rabbits were everywhere and I used to creep up close, almost to within touching distance, and talk quietly to them hoping they'd let me stroke them. (A dead rabbit was different. Being a pragmatic country girl, my favourite dish was stewed rabbit in a sage sauce.) Red squirrels were common but shy, darting in russet flashes, occasionally sending you a quivering glance, never as bold and greedy as the greys when they started to appear. The seasons were marked then by cuckoos and conkers, frogspawn and ferns.

Of course, some of these delights remain even if in diminished number, especially for those of us fortunate enough to live in the countryside. How many though are disappearing, at first almost imperceptibly but now fearfully picking up pace like a barrel rolling downhill. Climate change is not a future problem: it is very much with us here and now. It will be difficult, it seems well-nigh impossible, to stop let alone reverse its trajectory but it must be done – that is if we want a sustained and sustainable environment for our grandchildren. Of course we do. We want a world that is beautiful, healthy, full of well-being for us all and for the future. But is it still

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possible? Already we've gone past several unthinkable tipping points: now we urgently need to ensure that there is a planet at all. Already we awake every morning to news of forest fires, barely controllable floods, air pollution – all caused by our insouciant attitudes and greedy habits and all contributing further to the problem. Often these prove fatal to people, our brothers and sisters, mostly, yet increasingly not always, elsewhere in our world. We are all affected and now realise it belatedly. There cannot be a single sane person on the planet, from blasé billionaire to isolated hermit, who has not seen or heard of some changes, both gigantic and miniscule, which indicate the dire situation we are all, together, in. A tiny example: when I was young a car driver in summer would have to get out and wipe the windscreen clear of dead flying insects at intervals before continuing: they found this irksome. Now many of those bugs have disappeared.

To our shame, we, in Wales, are the 16<sup>th</sup> worst in the world for losing species – shocking. What have we got if we haven't got a treasure-trove of nature? The mines have gone; the chapels are faltering; the steelworks, where several members of my family worked, are hovering on the brink and belong now to foreign nationals. What remains is a language, a culture (or perhaps two side-by-side) lavabread (which with cockles we used to pick freely in the Gower and Penclawdd but now, alas, I buy) good cawl at home and execrable stuff sold to unsuspecting tourists even in 'posh' venues.

But I digress (and possibly put myself in danger of my life!). We should realise more keenly our immense good fortune in having the luck – sheer luck or blessing unless we all led exemplary previous lives perhaps which seems doubtful – to have been born in the veritable paradise that is Wales. We should reflect daily on this and then take action to preserve that which makes it a paradise, our natural resources - our magnificent landscape, our forests and amazing spell-binding individual trees, our wildflowers and the plethora of different species of grasses (from which one way or another our current edible cereal crops developed) the still rich but dwindling diversity of our flora and fauna. Not only does nature provide the means to keep us alive, it also gives us access to the sea and countryside for our health and well-being. Further, it brings in revenue from tourism, despite the disincentives of poor public transport links.

We are a species which tragically tends to not know what we had until we lose it. We are clearly haemorrhaging species of flora, fauna, and marine life (16<sup>th</sup> worst). Even as I write this, it is possible we are losing a plant, an insect, an animal or a marine species which could play a significant part in reversing climate change, in stopping a future pandemic, in leading to the discovery of a new and useful biodegradable product... We should act now.



We all recognise the problem. Over 18 months ago Senedd declared a Nature Emergency. Sadly, waiting for action rather than words is rather like waiting for an ambulance: so far we have just had a long wait. I appreciate that politics is a messy business, full of complications and compromise. I realise too that the issues around climate change are complex since they affect and are interlinked with every aspect of our lives and so with every government department whether devolved or not. We need to ensure that we sustain livelihoods now, the local food supply chain and economy now, in difficult global and national circumstances, as well as making the changes needed for a sustainable future. This is an unenviable task. Nevertheless, this is surely an area where Wales could and should show real leadership. If we, as a small (but perfectly formed) country, cannot co-operate in all our best interests who can? There must be cross-party collaboration wherever possible here and a no-tolerance policy to both public and private firms causing or encouraging further erosion of our natural resources. The issue of climate change cannot remain as an add-on to other mundane legislation but must be at the core of everything we do and everything we ask our government to do if we are not to let our grandchildren inherit chaos on a sinking ship. We want Wales to survive, to thrive, its beauty intact: we also want that for the whole world as stated in the commitment Wales signed up to in the Global Biodiversity Framework : *'sustaining a healthy planet and delivering benefits essential for all people.'*

Many of us, and our friends and neighbours as individuals and in our communities, are trying to implement changes wherever we can to the best of our abilities and circumstances, sometimes alongside nature and environmental organizations. Some of us are keeping a vigilant if not to say 'beady' eye on partners. Hypocrisy and 'fudge' is rife in my household and possibly in yours as we try weakly to 'step up to the plate'. Still, we try to change the bad habits of half a lifetime. Voters of all persuasions understand now that apocalypse can be reality. What we also need now

**Ken Davies A'i Fab**

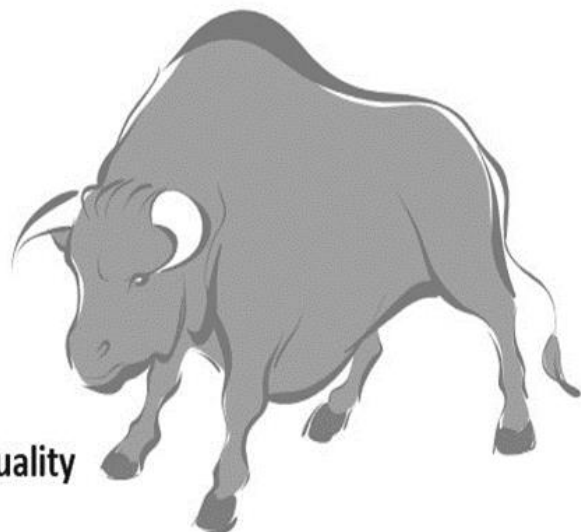
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is to understand more about each other's problems and the obstacles in the way of change. How can we all help to overcome these? If everyone had one good idea or one small solution to a problem, or improvement to a system, things would start to change perceptibly. Already we have kind and helpful community initiatives: we need more active participation to produce a gigantic national push. We must encourage the Senedd to give birth to a sustainable future for Wales and a beacon of hope in the world. It will not be easy but it will be worth it.

If we want to stop and reverse nature loss by 2030, we (and I certainly include myself here) need to be doing more than we are already: it is less than seven years away. Wouldn't it be wonderful to see such a strong recovery by then that the 2050s can rival or beat the 1950s I remember in the rich diversity of its wildlife - and we can once again complain of being overwhelmed by squashed bugs? JJ

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## THE BLESSING OF FORGIVENESS

Writing the biography of his father, the son described him as an achiever in finance, industry and politics, rising from poverty to riches, from obscurity to prominence, and from weakness to power. He stated that the one negative characteristic of his father made happiness in his family an impossibility.

"My father never admitted that he was wrong about anything," he wrote. "Everything in our home, his business and professional life was blamed on others or

# G. Williams

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circumstances. He blamed mother, his children, even God, when he could not find anyone else to blame for his mistakes and blunders."

Although that man became rich and powerful, he never had the peace of God in his heart, because he never admitted being wrong or needing forgiveness. To miss the blessing of forgiveness in life is to miss one of the basic ingredients of contentment and peace. The Psalmist wrote, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." (Psalm 32: 1)

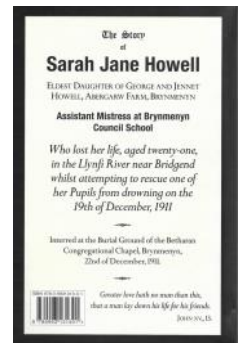
This is an ancient beatitude that could be translated, "Fortunate is the person who has admitted his guilt to God and found forgiveness and peace." It touches a vital point where we all live, for there is no person who never needs to say, "I was wrong, I apologize." All of us are imperfect and subject not only to mistakes, but to wrong words and wrong decisions. We are all faulted with the human virus of sin, and the Bible says that "All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Forgiveness is the only adequate answer to sin.

The blessing of forgiveness takes the burden and darkness from the human heart and lifts us into a fellowship with the Redeemer-God. God loves to forgive us, but Jesus says that to receive forgiveness we must also give it. "If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if not, your Father will not forgive you." (Matthew 6:14-15) No blessing in our lives is more precious and needed than the blessing of forgiveness. We need it from God in order to be able to give it to others.

***Chris Rees, Minister, Bethesda Baptist Church, Narberth***



## Memories of Sarah Jane Howell a Welsh Heroine Chapter 6



## A Taste of Bristol – and the Joys of Clifton Down

Bristol in the early 1900s was a thriving and well-to-do city. Of course, it had developed as a sea port for hundreds of years, during which time profitable maritime trading had laid the foundations for later prosperity and affluence. Each of the tall sailing ships that survived the choppy waters of the channel brought with them much needed cargoes from far away parts, often tea, sugar and tobacco – whilst exports of wool and other produce were sent back in return. Now, Bristol had become a





**Barbecue  
at St. Clydau  
on the 17th  
of June**



commanding city, offering trade, employment, shipping, shops, and rail links. It also had a vibrant hinterland and architecture to boast about.

For George Howell, Bristol offered something else, for in recent years it had become recognised as a centre of learning. This was largely due to John Percival – headmaster of Clifton College, an esteemed independent school for boys, between 1862 and 1878 – who, as a brilliant academic, had raised the profile of teaching at a time when smaller private boarding schools were being put in place for girls. Sarah Jane’s father knew that besides offering a good choice of lessons, these schools laid importance on developing the character of pupils. They were effectively ‘finishing schools;’ they took pains to instil confidence, to challenge ambition and to nurture potential.

Amongst the family members at Abergarw, Bristol was known for different reasons. Evan was aware of the docks during the earlier slave trade. Those were sad days, but times had moved on, and the old warehouses were still standing and, no doubt, were equally packed to the rafters with seafaring goods. Evan had been a boy when the *SS Great Britain* was built in Bristol, and this was no sloop. It was another example of Mr Brunel’s genius, a finely propelled steamer, fired by coal, daring, dashing and ready to ride the waves. Evan’s son Jenkin preferred to dwell on the green pastures around the city and the hullabaloo on market days when everyone directed their animals towards the marts. Not surprisingly, Jenkin had heard a thing or two about the local pubs, as well as the malt and hops that flavoured the West Country ale.

Travelling between Cardiff and Bristol used to involve a cross-country journey around Gloucestershire, before the railway-ferry introduced the splash and romance of a channel crossing. But the arrival of the Severn Railway passage made the journey easier for Sarah Jane, and the light that emerged at the end of the tunnel shone towards Almondsbury, a sea of green countryside, broken by houses and hamlets of thick thatch-roof appeal. What a joy rail travel had become: locomotives winding their way through forests and woodlands, over rivers and roads and, on a hot summer’s day, into fields at harvest time, even close enough to smell and almost touch the hay. Women and girls would be raking the golden strands into little hay cocks, as men and boys with hand pikes and pitch-forks hoisted the tumps onto the load. This was farming at its best and all so reminiscent of days in Abergarw when, amidst great happiness, picnic baskets were brought into the field and the feasting began.

Temple Meads was already a railway station of great appeal, its architecture giving rise to a clock tower and the feel of importance as passengers and pedestrians milled around the concourse with a spring in their steps. This is where drivers and firemen clambered from footplates as boy-porters and platform attendants carried cases and piled the trolleys high. Outside in the cobbled enclosure, carters pulled up alongside

the entrance, jostling for prime position near the walkway. But it was in the main thoroughfare that Sarah Jane boarded a local train to Clifton Down a few miles away.

There are many jewels in Bristol's crown, but Clifton is one of its most precious. Positioned on the lofty grounds overlooking Avon gorge, it brings to this location a mix of town and countryside besides a touch of class. In one of its corners stands Christ Church, its tower tall, erect and rocket-shaped, as if ready to be launched, whilst in another, the wonders of Clifton Suspension Bridge are draped daringly across the skyline. Clifton provides the perfect picture: multi-shaded stonework; town houses; tree-lined streets; feature fountains, and miles of grassland known as Clifton Down.

Sarah Jane was one of many young girls privileged to receive education at this setting. Boarding schools adorned the township, being often large residences, where accommodation and facilities were shared. In many cases they were owned by the lady-teacher who sometimes lived alone or, perhaps, with a servant or helper. Whiteladies Road was a popular centre for these schools, and so also were many of the green-shaded side-streets that led into it. They offered cosiness for learning, where fireside bookwork and lessons could be enjoyed. It is in this sheltered existence, free from distractions, that Sarah Jane found peace-and-quiet away from home, and like many young ladies of tomorrow she settled into her new routines.

Whilst these independent schools varied slightly in terms of priorities and objectives, they all tended to offer a wholesome preparation for the next stage of life. English and recitation benefited Sarah Jane, a Welsh-speaker, and there would be time aplenty for this. Letter writing was also encouraged: a skilful art conveying attitudes and feelings between the lines. An appreciation of music had its rightful place in a meaningful itinerary, whilst manners, morals, ethics and prayers mattered, and all found their way onto the white tablecloths at meal times.

It was during these early years of the new century that a lady by the name of Miss Emma Hobbs was running a 'High Class School for Girls in Clifton. Having earlier taught in the Cothamside district, she had by the year 1900 moved to one of the elegant stone-faced residences known as Charente, Chantry Road, in the centre of Clifton. By coincidence, another lady, Mrs Jane Hobbs, who may have been a relative, was running the Marlborough House Girl's School a walk away at 23 Whiteladies Road. It is believed that Sarah Jane was known to both these ladies, whilst, in all probability, she attended the first mentioned school where, during the autumn winds, leaves swirled around its front enclosure. Both catered for only a few boarders, and were advertised in the *Bristol and Suburban Trades Directory*. In particular, Marlborough House Girls School, aimed ...

*to impart a sound and liberal education to the pupils, whilst combining careful training and school discipline with home comforts and advantages.*

To vary routines, ladies of the district were accustomed to visit the house to address the girls. Conversations and debates would arise and everyone was encouraged to join in. Likewise, there would be outings, usually to the residences of the teacher's friends. These might involve a walk to the parish of Redlands, or a ride in the open cart, whilst occasionally they would jump aboard a train for a taste of city life. Besides offering new experiences, these mini excursions developed team spirit, sharing and social skills which, alongside bookwork, provided a rounded education.

One of Clifton's better-known boarding schools is today's Clifton High School – but founded in 1877 *For Girls*. Situated just a walk away from Whiteladies Road, and accommodating many pupils, the reception area of this landmark property still features bright mosaic flooring. In the days of Sarah Jane, this entrance would have looked out onto the front lawn, where the girls, wearing full white dresses and flat straw hats, assembled to watch their colleagues playing cricket and other games in the summer months.

At this same school the annual awards ceremony took on a special meaning from early days when certificates were distributed by a distinguished guest. In 1902, the Right Honourable H.H. Asquith, K.C. M.P. visited the school. No doubt, this was Herbert Henry Asquith, who as Prime Minister presided over Britain's entry into the Great War. But, a few years earlier, it was the turn of Professor Lloyd Morgan, Principal of University College, Bristol. This gentleman gave an outstanding address, one that challenged the girls to aim high for success in life.

Encouraging his audience to broaden their intelligence, Professor Lloyd Morgan recommended that more questions be asked in their daily lives. He challenged everyone to study a range of subjects; to delve searchingly into topics; to find reason to emulate heroes, and to know more about famous people, especially literary scholars such as Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton and Tennyson. He emphasised that the girls represented the school and that they each had a responsibility to serve others. Above all, he stressed the need to acquire knowledge through 'taking an interest,' and this was Professor Lloyd Morgan's first lesson that day:

Without *interest* you will never make much progress in anything ... but if you will be constantly on the look-out for the points of *interest* and dwell upon them, it is surprising how the *interest* will spread and diffuse itself over the whole subject.

Next, he challenged each student to influence their destinies through being constructive. 'It is this constructiveness which I want you to foster and develop and

train to good purposes,' he said, adding that the knowledge gained from school subjects will amount to building blocks for later life. And they are for 'building houses, and art galleries, and, I venture to add, churches,' he stated. 'Given a thousand bricks, you may, either, make a heap of them and sit uncomfortably on the top of it, or you may build them into a house or cottage according to your intellectual means and live comfortably inside it. I should advise you to build a tenement, and not sit outside in the cold.'

These were stirring words as Professor Lloyd Morgan carried his message in a different direction. 'Historical facts,' he stated, should be explored by scholars so that they can be slotted into a fuller and complete 'picture.' 'But remember this,' he added, 'you have to paint your own historical picture. Or, more generally, you have to build your own intellectual and moral edifice.' Then, when providing a brief resume, he concluded his lesson on the art of learning and of life by telling his audience to expand upon imagination, by ensuring learning is 'fused into harmony and raised to its highest level.'

As Sarah Jane tried her hardest in work and play to respond to these ideals, Sundays came round quickly. And, as in Brynmenyn, this is when she and her colleagues attended a local church, sitting amongst friends and strangers in fellowship and prayers. Then, that special moment of the week arrived when, regardless of the weather, they dressed for a ramble across the 'Down.' Exhilarated by the fresh sea air blowing up the estuary from the mouth of the channel, these occasions perambulating across the famous green expanse reminded Sarah Jane of the passing of time. Each jaunt triggered an awareness that end-of-term holidays were drawing nearer, by which time she would be boarding a train out of Bristol, heading home, again, to Wales.

**To be continued ...**



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