

Grapevine

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2024
Ebrill
April



Grapevine is published monthly by: East Landsker Local Ministry Area



www.frennichurches.org.uk

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Below is a link to our facebook page. Please take a look and 'like' it!

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=61551092890330>

**Crymych Group of Churches
within the East Landsker LMA
Clydai, Llangyldwen, Llanfyrnach
Llanwinio and Mynachlogddu**

Services for May 2024

1st May 2024 Holy Communion Bro Preseli 10.30 CC/JW/EL

5th May - The sixth Sunday of Easter - white

PLACE	TIME	SERVICE	
Llanwinio	9.30am	Boreol Weddi	PH
Llangyldwen	9.30am	Holy Eucharist	CC/JW
Llanfyrnach	11.15am	Holy Eucharist	CC/EB

9th May – Ascension Day – Holy Eucharist at Llangyldwen 10.30

12th May – seventh Sunday of Easter – white

Llanwinio	9.30am	Holy Eucharist	CC/PH
Clydau	11.15am	Holy Eucharist	CC/EL
Llanfyrnach	11.15am	Morning Prayer	EB/HJ/JW

19th May - Pentecost – Whitsunday - red

Llanwinio	9.30am	Boreol Weddi	PH
Mynachlogddu	10.00am	Holy Eucharist	CC/JW

26th May - Trinity Sunday – white

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

WHITLAND, CYFFIG, LLANBOIDY LLANDISSILIO, CLUNDERWEN

The Reverend Kingsley G Taylor: LMA Dean
Reverend Shirley Murphy: Priest in Charge
Reverend Sharon Edge: Assistant Curate
Lay Worship Leader: Mr. Nathan Jenkins

Services in May

Sunday 5th Easter V

10.30 am	Holy Communion	St Tysilio's Church, Llandissilio	SE
11.00 am	Matins	St David's Church, Clynderwen	NJ
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Mary's Church, Whitland	KT
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Brynach's Church, Llanboidy	SM

Sunday 12th Sunday After Ascension

11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Brynach's Church, Llanboidy	SM
11.00 am	Matins	St Mary's Church, Whitland	KT
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St David's Church, Clynderwen	SE
2.30 pm	Holy Communion	Cyffig Church, Cyffig	KT

Sunday 1th Pentecost

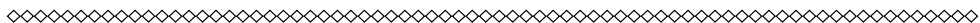
9.00 am	Holy Communion	St Tysilio's Church, Llandissilio	KT
11.00 am	Matins	St Mary's Church, Whitland	KT
11.00 am	Morning Prayer	St David's Church, Clynderwen	NJ
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Brynach's Church, Llanboidy	SM

Sunday 26th Trinity

11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Brynach's Church, Llanboidy	SM
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St Mary's Church, Whitland	KT
11.00 am	Holy Communion	St David's Church, Clynderwen	SE
2.30 pm	Evensong	Cyffig Church, Cyffig	KT

Congratulations

Congratulations to Elizabeth Susan Adams and Tyler DeJager who were married at St Mary's on Saturday 27th March. We wish you every blessing for your future together.



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EDITORIAL

Saint Joseph the Worker

May 1st is celebrated in many countries throughout the world as worker's day or labour day. It is a day to celebrate human work and its contribution to our world. We also recognise the rights of workers to a living wage and good working conditions.

International Workers' Day, also known as Labour Day in some countries and often referred to as May Day, is a celebration of labourers and the working classes that is promoted by the international labour movement and occurs every year on 1st of May.

Traditionally, the 1st of May is the date of the European spring festival of May Day. In 1889, the Marxist International Socialist Congress met in Paris and established the Second International as a successor to the earlier International Workingmen's Association. They adopted a resolution for a "great international demonstration" in support of working-class demands for the eight-hour day. The 1st of May date was chosen by the American Federation of Labor to commemorate a general strike in the United States, which had begun on 1st of May 1886 and culminated in the Haymarket affair four days later. The demonstration subsequently became a yearly event. The 1904 Sixth Conference of the Second International, called on "all Social Democratic Party organisations and trade unions of all countries to demonstrate energetically on the First of May for the legal establishment of the eight-hour day, for the class demands of the proletariat, and for universal peace".

The 1st of May, or first Monday in May, is a national public holiday in many countries, in most cases as "International Workers' Day" or a similar name. Some countries celebrate a Labour Day on other dates significant to them, such as the United States and Canada, which celebrate Labor Day on the first Monday of September.

In 1955, the Catholic Church dedicated 1st May to "Saint Joseph the Worker". Saint Joseph is the patron saint of workers and craftsmen, among others.

To foster deep devotion to Saint Joseph among Catholics, and in response to the “May Day” celebrations for workers sponsored by Communists, Pope Pius XII instituted the feast of Saint Joseph the Worker in 1955. This feast extends the long relationship between Joseph and the cause of workers in both Catholic faith and devotion. Beginning in the Book of Genesis, the dignity of human work has long been celebrated as a participation in the creative work of God. By work, humankind both fulfills the command found in Genesis to care for the earth (Gen 2:15) and to be productive in their labours. Saint Joseph, the carpenter, and foster father of Jesus is but one example of the holiness of human labour.

Jesus, too, was a carpenter. He learned the trade from Saint Joseph and spent his early adult years working side-by-side in Joseph’s carpentry shop before leaving to pursue his ministry as preacher and healer. In his encyclical *Laborem Exercens*, Pope John Paul II stated: “the Church considers it her task always to call attention to the dignity and rights of those who work, to condemn situations in which that dignity and those rights are violated, and to help to guide [social] changes so as to ensure authentic progress by man and society.”

Saint Joseph is held up as a model of such work. Pius XII emphasized this when he said, “The spirit flows to you and to all men from the heart of the God-man, Savior of the world, but certainly, no worker was ever more completely and profoundly penetrated by it than the foster father of Jesus, who lived with Him in closest intimacy and community of family life and work.”

St. Joseph has two feast days on the liturgical calendar. The first is March 19th —Joseph, the Husband of Mary. The second is May 1st —Joseph, the Worker.

“Saint Joseph is a man of great spirit. He is great in faith, not because he speaks his own words, but above all because he listens to the words of the Living God. He listens in silence. And his heart ceaselessly perseveres in the readiness to accept the Truth contained in the word of the Living God,” Pope John Paul II had once said.

There is very little about the life of Joseph in Scripture but still, we know that he was the chaste husband of Mary, the foster father of Jesus, a carpenter

and a man who was not wealthy. We also know that he came from the royal lineage of King David.

We can see from his actions in scripture that Joseph was a compassionate man, and obedient to the will of God. He also loved Mary and Jesus and wanted to protect and provide for them.

Since Joseph does not appear in Jesus' public life, at his death, or resurrection, many historians believe Joseph had probably died before Jesus entered public ministry.

Joseph is the patron of many things, including the universal Church, fathers, the dying and social justice.

To capture the devotion to Saint Joseph within the Catholic liturgy, in 1870, Pope Pius IX declared Saint Joseph the patron of the universal Church. In 1955, Pope Pius XII added the feast of Saint Joseph the Worker. This silent saint, who was given the noble task of caring and watching over the Virgin Mary and Jesus, now cares for and watches over the Church and models for all the dignity of human work.

Revd Shirley Murphy

Sources

1. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/International_Workers%27_Day
2. <https://www.franciscanmedia.org/saint-of-the-day/saint-joseph-the-worker/>
3. <https://www.catholicnewsagency.com/saint/feast-of-st-joseph-the-worker-471>



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Arrive Hungry, Leave Happy



Kathie's Eulogy



Katharine Elizabeth Manley was born on May 11th 1953, the first child of Leslie and Betty. She spent her first 2 years in the family home in Atherton, Lancashire. She told me that her Grandfather, a builder, had always promised to build his wife a 'nice house with a garden' but unfortunately he never got round to it before she sadly died. Leslie, also a builder, decided that he would fulfil this promise for his wife and, along with an architect friend, he acquired a plot of land in Lostock, Bolton, big enough for 4 detached houses. The houses were subsequently built, 2 being sold and the other two occupied by the Manleys with the architect friend next door. So at the age of 2 Kathie moved to 90 Regent Rd, the house was called Barbrook, the name of the stream which ran prettily through their front garden. There the family was later completed when her younger brother John was born.

Lostock in those days had very much a village atmosphere and Kathie and her family were always involved in village life, especially at the local church, St Thomas & St John's. A high point of Kathie's young life was 1961, the year she was selected to be Rose Queen aged 8. It meant so much to her that she kept part of her regalia, the beautiful purple train, which has been stored in the bedding box in her Myrtle Hill home for the last 45 years

Another source of great pleasure was her membership of Lostock Tennis Club, just a short walk up the road from Barbrook, where she played tennis for many years. It was there that she met, and made a lifelong friend of, Janet who I'm sure is here with us today.

I first met Kathie in September 1964 when we started our secondary education at Bolton County Grammar School. We weren't in the same form but caught the same number 33 bus home and so routinely travelled together after school. We both shared a very strong memory of our first day at school that September....it wasn't of the amazing building in which the school was housed or the new friends we made that day.....it was of the spam fritters which were dished up for our school lunch...swimming in grease and doubtless served up with vegetables which had been on the boil since the end of the previous term!

Kathie was a reluctant pupil, overwhelmed by her new school, having come from the very small primary school in Lostock. However, academically she excelled, going on to gain A levels in English, History and French.

Although quiet and painfully shy (I know many of you who knew her later in life are struggling with that concept) she always had the rebellious spirit we came to know her for in later years. The first recipient of this trait was... her school hat. This dreaded accessory must be worn on the way to and from school, including waiting at the bus stop, failure to comply could result in detention. As soon as we caught sight of the bus Kathie's hat would be removed and a ceremonious karate chop would be administered down the middle so that it could be stuffed into a blazer pocket....the poor battered hat never really recovered from this ill treatment. Goodie 2 shoes here laid hers neatly on her lap once aboard. I clearly remember another bus trip home in our teens.... As we sat upstairs on the number 33, I was innocently looking out of the window when Kathie turned to me and declared "do you fancy being a missionary.?" I think even I was lost for words.

Then there was our first school holiday away from home, a Youth Hosteling trip to the Isle of Man. I went round to Kathie's a few days before the excursion and found her in the back garden bashing her, brand new, rucksack against a rock....she didn't like the idea of looking like a rookie hiker with a pristine rucksack.

I loved going to Kathie's house and thought she was terribly posh because she had a sink in her bedroom (something she later insisted on in two of the bedrooms in Myrtle Hill). We did all the usual teenage things together, experimenting with make up, smoking out of the bedroom window thinking her Mum wouldn't notice (big mistake) and redecorating the annex which Kathie was given free reign over after her Grandad Henthorn, who it had been built for, passed away. For her upcoming 16th birthday party we painted each of the walls a different colour.....I can only remember orange & purple.....well it was 1969!!

When we were allowed to go out 'in town' (Bolton) we would arrange to meet at the bus stop outside the Market Hall, at a certain time.....I already feel that many of you may be ahead of me now..... We'd arrange to meet at 7:00.....me being me, I'd be there at 10 to, Kathie being Kathie.....well you know the rest. "Next time we go out you come late and I will be there

early!!” she’d say, so the next time I’d be there at 10 to and..... well you can guess how that went.

After sixth form Kathie chose to stay at home initially and get an office job, whilst I went off to teacher training college in Hull, but we continued to meet up in the holidays or on my weekends home. Then in around 1973 Kathie had the opportunity to go to London to learn shorthand typing and office skills, whilst there she met and became engaged to Nigel Dubben.

She asked both me and our schoolfriend Stella to be bridesmaids. The wedding was to be at the church in Lostock but as Kathie was in London and Stella in Luton it fell to me, now back in Bolton, to sort out the bridesmaids dresses. As ever Kathie wanted to be ‘different’ with her choice of material & pattern.....I can see Stella’s eyes rolling still at our attire. Anyway it was a lovely day in June 1976, unfortunately the last day of rain before the famous long hot summer.

After a couple of temporary homes here and there, initially in the London area, Nigel’s career took them to Carmarthen and, eventually, Kathie & Nigel moved into Myrtle Hill, Gelliwen in 1979, James being born the following year.

Here begin the ‘wilderness years’ between Kathie and I. Always in touch, albeit infrequently...no Facebook or email then...with me up in Bolton with my husband John, twins and a farm and Kathie a couple of hundred miles away with her busy life and different challenges.

So this is where I turn to all of you. You can fill in the blanks of the four and a half decades Kathie has lived here. I know that if I’d tried to gather all that information together then this eulogy would rival War and Peace. So, when we are all together later to continue the celebration of her life, please share your memories of Kathie, how she touched your life, your favourite memory of her, how she won you over with that smile, and what you will miss most. I look forward to hearing them.

Kathie & I always met up when she came up to Bolton to visit her family and so I did get to meet the new baby Daniel when he arrived in 1988 and saw him and James occasionally as they grew. Sadly I never met Dave, Daniel’s father.

In later years, after her mum had left Lostock to live near John in Wem, she would still make the long journey up to Bolton and meet up with old friends and various cousins. On these occasions she would usually stay with Dorothy, my Aunt, who she'd known since we were teenagers when she used to babysit for her. Dorothy and Kathie had many shared passions, including family history, never throwing away anything that "might come in useful" and Greenhalgh's, Bolton's wonderful local bakery. Whilst at Dorothy's she would often whizz off in the car (Kathie's driving really deserves another paragraph) and return with a Greenhalgh's pasty and pie for her lunch, along with another 2 more pasties and pies for their tea. Dorothy reminded me of the day she returned from such a trip as excited as if she'd won the lottery... she had been given a free Greenhalgh's shopping bag (which I noted she was still using back in Wales).

Then, as always, circumstances change, children leave home etc, and I, at last, had the chance to visit her in her beautiful Gelliwen home, where we spent some wonderful times together. As with all true friendships the years just melted away and the gaps were filled in by long chats into the night (over a glass or two) and many secrets were shared. If I travelled down by car I was always accompanied by a stock of Greenhalgh's pies for the freezer!

Kathie was a true example of triumph over adversity. Her life has been incredibly challenging at times but she drew on a strength most of us can't even imagine and soldiered on without complaint. Always the first to volunteer for any helping hand required and never lacking in enthusiasm whether that was for dancing, gardening, walking, teaching computer literacy (which I know is how many of you met her) or producing her precious Grapevine magazine. I'm so glad she also managed to indulge a little in her desire to travel - the climax being her wonderful trip to New Zealand to visit Daniel.

Kathie was incredibly proud of her sons James and Daniel and of what they have both achieved in their lives on very different paths. The highlight of her later life was undoubtedly the arrival of her beautiful granddaughter Freya 4 years ago, that delight being doubled when Clara arrived last November.

Of course Kathie would not want me to forget her stepsons Paul, Tim and Jason of whom she was also immensely proud.

All of the above featured on the famous family calendar which Kathie produced for them all each year.

Kathie leaves a huge hole in our lives and our hearts. She said she was overwhelmed by the help and support she received as her health declined and, along with a million other instructions she gave me, said I was to make sure to say thank you to everyone for their kindness. Which I do now, with a special mention to her dear friends Graham, Chris, Mick & Cynthia and, of course, James and Daniel. However I feel there are probably ten fold more thank yous which you gave, or would like to have given to her, for her unstinting kindness and for the support she offered to so many in the 45 years in which she was part of this community.

Who knew that the shy 11 year old school girl would turn into such a force of nature.

We love and miss you Kathie, God bless you.

Ann Pendlebury



Spice Talk by Revd Shirley Murphy

On 8th of April Revd Shirley Murphy, thoroughly enjoyed speaking about Indian Spices with the St Florence WI.

The ladies loved smelling, touching and learning more about each Indian spice.

A lovely afternoon was spent with the wonderful ladies which ended with tea and biscuits and lots of chatting about spices and making authentic Indian curries.



NEWS FROM LLANBOIDY

Sue Jones from Llanboidy writes

5 generations of Merle's family – Susan Evans recently sent me this beautiful photo of 5 generations of her family.



In the picture are: Ely Hague, Chloe Evans, Tracy Terry, Goronwy Evans and Merle Evans.

Ely is the baby son of Chloe Evans and Jamie Hague, grandson of Tracy and Phil Terry, great grandson of Goronwy and Susan Evans and great great grandson of Merle Evans. Ely was born on the 26th January this year. (Ely is pronounced as Eli).

Susan also tells me Merle recently celebrated her 90th birthday on the 8th March – Belated birthday wishes Merle from us all.

It was also lovely to hear Merle playing the Organ at our Easter Day service, which added an extra exuberance to our service, being enthusiastically lead by the Reverend Shirley Murphy and also included an Easter Egg Hunt in the Church for us all.

Churchyard Strimming – The Church Yard looks lovely with all the Easter flowers on the graves, but, it takes a lot of maintenance for mowing and upkeep - 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)

You can either –

Send cheque of £25 made out to St Brynach's Churchyard A/C to our treasurer, Mr Philip Morgan, Awelfa, Llangynin, Carmarthen, Carmarthenshire, SA33 4JZ. Or, if you prefer to set up a standing order or pay on line please Phone or text Philip on 07413752016 Email – vetmorgan@hotmail.com

That's all for now and please let me have any of your Llanboidy news for next Grapevine – contact:

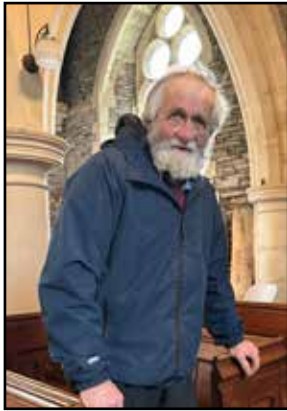
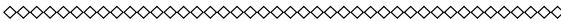
email – sue@llanboidycheese.co.uk

Phone – 01994 448303 Text – 07530 523813

Baptism

It was a joy to baptise Tommy at St Cledwyn's, Llanglydwen on the 14th of April. A great number of family and friends joined Tommy's parents Tina and Johnathan and his big brothers Tyler and Logan on this special day. Congratulations Tommy and welcome to the family.

Revd Carol Court



BIRTHDAY WISHES are extended to Dai Evans who celebrated his 80th Birthday on the 21st April. Dai has been a life long member of Clydau Church and we all wish him a very Happy 80th Birthday.

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A big thank you to Rev. Carol, Elizabeth and Judy for a wonderful Easter Sunday service in Clydau Church. Everyone stayed afterwards for a get together enjoying refreshments and Easter Eggs.

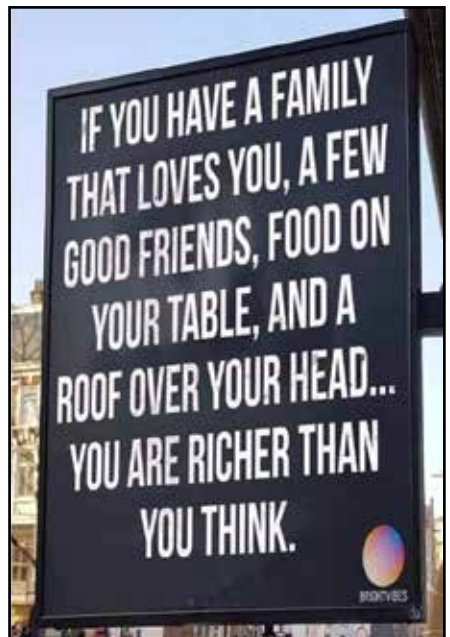



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Ebrill 13 April	Tachwedd 9 November
Mai 11 May	Rhagfyr 14 December
Mehefin 8 June	



Revd Shirley Murphy, her mum and Revd Carol Ann had a lovely time at Little Newcastle St Peter's Church at the Welsh service where Bishop Dorrien preached.

After the service they had an amazing Feast. Thank you to all the village community and congregation members for such a lovely welcome and amazing food.



The amazing spread of food that the village and congregation members had generously and graciously made for this event.



Bishop Dorrien Davies, Archdeacon Paul Mackness, Revd Carol, Revd Shirley Murphy, Revd Belinda Roberts, Revd Richard Davies (the Priest in charge of St Peter's Little Newcastle) and Revd Canon Michael Rowlands, the LMA Dean of Greater Dewisland.



Revd Carol Ann, Revd Shirley Murphy and her mum and some members enjoying the feast after the service.



The picture of the Church on the cake was an added bonus which was kindly done by a member of the congregation.

Good Morning, this is GOD I will be handling ALL your problems today.

Please remember ... I WILL NOT NEED YOUR HELP!!!

If life happens to deliver a situation to you that you cannot handle, do not attempt to resolve it. Kindly put it in the SFGTD Box (something for God to do). It will be addressed in My time, not yours. Once the matter is placed into the box, do not hold onto it.

Holding on or removal will delay the resolution of your problem. If it is a situation that you think you are capable of handling, please consult me in prayer to be sure that it is the proper resolution.

If you find yourself stuck in traffic, don't despair. There are people in this world for whom driving is an unheard-of privilege.

Should you have a bad day at work, think of the man who has been out of work for years.

Should you despair over a relationship gone bad, think of the person who has never known what it's like to love and be loved in return.

Should you grieve the passing of another weekend, think of the woman in dire straits, working twelve hours a day, seven days a week to feed her children.

Should your car break down, leaving you miles away from assistance, think of the paraplegic who would love the opportunity to take that walk.

Should you notice a new gray hair in the mirror, think of the cancer patient in chemo who wishes she had hair to examine.

Should you find yourself at a loss and pondering what is life all about, asking what is my purpose? Be thankful! There are those who didn't live long enough to get the opportunity.

Should you find yourself the victim of other people's bitterness, ignorance,

Cyffig

Some days I wonder if it will ever stop raining.

Actually, this morning, it has, briefly I expect. But now the wind is so strong I can barely stand upright against it, all the elements seem to conspire against me and my gardening. No gardening today, so an amusing little poem about what to expect later in the season is included.

I was so sad to hear that Kathie had died, we never met. And yet she came over as such a kind and friendly person, I now feel I've lost a close friend. We send sincere sympathy to Kathie's family.

We also send our sincere sympathy to the family of Mrs. Doreen Skyrme. Doreen was such a cheery person, well known to so many people, she is also sadly missed.

We wish Sarah Eynon and the new Grapevine team every success with the magazine going forward. I like the new paper.

This poem is by Libby Houston (1941-)

Lynn Werrett

The Dream of the Cabbage Caterpillars.

There was no magic spell:
all of us, sleeping,
dreamt the same dream - a dream
that's ours for the keeping.

in the hammocks we hung
from the garden wall
came sleep, and the dream
that changed us all --

In sunbeam or dripping rain,
sister by brother
we once roamed with glee
the leaves that our mother

we had left our soft bodies,
the munching, the crawling,
to skim through the clear air
like white petals falling!

laid us and left us on,
browsing our fill
of green cabbage, fresh cabbage.
thick cabbage, until

Just so, so we woke --
so to skip high as towers,
and dip now to sweet fuel
from trembling bright flowers.

(from the Puffin Treasury of Verse)

A CREED TO LIVE BY – Author Unknown

Don't determine your worth by comparing yourself with others.
It is because we are different that each of us is special.

Don't set your goals by what others deem important.
Only you know what is best for you.

Don't take for granted the things closest to your heart;
cling to them as you would your life, for without them life
is meaningless.

Don't let your life slip through your fingers
by living in the past or for the future.

By living your life ONE DAY AT A TIME
you will live all the days of your life.
Don't give up when you still have something to give.

Nothing is really over... until the moment you stop trying.

Don't be afraid to admit that you are less than perfect;
it is this fragile thread that binds us to each other.

Don't be afraid to encounter risks,
It's by taking chances we learn how to be brave.

Don't shut LOVE out of your life
by saying it's impossible to find.

The quickest way to receive LOVE is to give LOVE,
the fastest way to lose LOVE is to hold it too tightly
and the best way to keep LOVE is to give it wings.

Don't dismiss your dreams.
To be without dreams is to be without HOPE;
To be without HOPE is to be without purpose.

Don't run through life so fast that you forget not only
WHERE YOU'VE BEEN -- but also -- WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

Life isn't a race, but.....
IT'S A JOURNEY -- TO BE SAVOURED EACH STEP OF THE WAY.

We had an amazing service for St Brynach's Feast day today at Llanboidy.



Thank you Amanda Evans for the lovely Courgette and Cheese Muffins and Welsh cakes.



The members having a selfie taken along with Revd Shirley Murphy, Priest in charge and Mrs Elizabeth Law who is at the moment an ordinand in training in the LMA of East Landsker.



Some of the members enjoying the refreshments after the service

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WHERE'S BETHSAIDA?

The March edition of the Grapevine carried a full-page advert on page 4 announcing a three-day Bible seminar **'Exploring the Jewish roots of Jesus' teaching on the Parables'** and the speaker would be Dr R Steven Notley from the Alliance University in New York City. I knew of him, having seen him on television in the Discovery channel's 'Expedition Unknown'. More accurately, series 11 episode 5 (2023) in which presenter Josh Gates travelled to the Holy Land to visit several archaeological sites.



Dr Notley

In the show, Josh met Dr Notley at El Araj on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. A site marked by the ruins of a Byzantine church in which they showed him a mosaic inscription dedicating the church to 'the chief of the Apostles'. After the seminar, Dr Notley spoke about the excavations at El Araj, which is where they think the lost Biblical village of Bethsaida may be located.

Many places named in the Bible no longer exist. The Jewish Revolt started in AD66 and led to the destruction of Jerusalem in AD70. The final first century battle was at Masada in AD74. The Roman solution to the revolt was ethnic cleansing. Jews were killed, enslaved or exiled; their villages razed. New inhabitants moved to the area and built new villages. The Biblical village of Emmaus, to which Jesus walked (Luke 24, 13-35) with a couple who did not recognise him, was rediscovered under the remains of a village built for retired Roman soldiers.

The occupation of the Holy Land has varied throughout recorded history. When Abraham moved there he and his extended family did not settle in one place, but moved around seeking pastures new when where they were was getting grazed out. When God told Moses to lead his people out of Egypt to a land flowing with milk and honey he mentions that it was already occupied; "the Lord brings you into the land of the Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites, Hivites and Jebusites..." (Exodus 13.5) so it was already quite crowded.

Other tribes are mentioned in the history books of the Old Testament. King David's last concubine was a Shunamite. Ruth was a Moabite; one hundred and fifty-four 'tribes' are named in the Bible but I'll save the rest of them for later.

Sometime after the Exodus, the coastal area now called the Gaza strip became occupied by the Philistines. One has to wonder to what extent the current war there has ancient roots. It also strikes me that the 'West Bank' seems in large part to be what was Samaria in Jesus' time.

After Constantine adopted Christianity as the state religion of Rome (if you can't beat 'em, join 'em) his mother Helena paid a visit to the Holy Land where locals had no trouble showing her the locations where events mentioned in the Gospels took place. Most sites had been destroyed and then built over in the First Century but the memories lived on in traditions. Official Christianity brought with it a new round of buildings – eventually - and that is when the Byzantine church on the shore of the Galilean lake dates from.

Dr Notley's wampum is that the church is under the site of a later, Crusader period, building and on top of an earlier Roman building, beneath which, they anticipate will be the Biblical village of Bethsaida and the home of St Peter himself.

Evidence abounds that the area was quite a large village and was occupied by fishermen. To be fair, Josh also visited another site in his programme which laid claim to being Bethsaida before El Araj – the hilltop site Et-Tell, which has been calling itself Bethsaida for over thirty years. It has considerable Roman period remains and loads of evidence for fishermen but has three problems; it's a mile from the Galilean lake, it's on a hill and it wasn't identified in Byzantine times as where St Peter lived.

Josh moved on to another site marked by the ruins of a Byzantine church at Caesarea Philippi. This was a grotto, a semi-underground holy water site fed by a stream channelled through an aqueduct, which they let Josh crawl through. In the middle of the grotto, a rock, which when the grotto

was water-filled would have stuck out like a small island. The archaeologist thinks it may have had a statue on it once upon a time, possibly Pan, but the presence of the Byzantine church there, she believes, marks the spot where Jesus revealed himself to his disciples – Matthew 16. 13-17, *‘When Jesus came to the region of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, “Who do people say the Son of Man is?”*

They replied, “Some say John the Baptist; others say Elijah; and still others, Jeremiah or one of the prophets.”

“But what about you?” he asked. “Who do you say I am?”

Simon Peter answered, “You are the Messiah, the Son of the living God.”

*Jesus replied, “Blessed are you, Simon son of Jonah, for this was not revealed to you by flesh and blood, but by my Father in heaven. And I tell you that you are Peter, **and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hades[c] will not overcome it.***

The programme invites you to meet the rock the Byzantines think he was pointing at.

Richard Law



Pagan shrine discovery



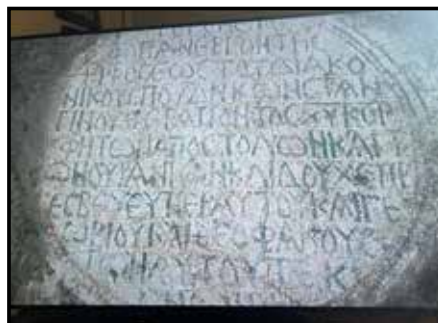
Tourist signpost



Josh Gates at the rock



Artists impression of the rock pool



The mosaic inscription

Revd Shirley Murphy was the guest speaker and spoke about the Holy Week and the significance in our lives to the Lampeter Velfry Mother's Union group

At the end of the talk the members enjoyed having a good chat with a cup of tea and cake with Revd Shirley Murphy.



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- Rhedeg o gampas ar gyfer amryw apwyntiadau ysbyty a meddygol?
- Ydi'f dydd yn difannu heb munud i chi'ch hunan?
- Byddde'f ddaeu ohonoch yn dwll wrddd â phobl leol?

Ein Gwasanaeth
 Cwrdd a phobl newydd
 Ymlacio a thrio rhywbeth newydd
 Cnio Bwlfe
 Newid o'r arfer dyddiol.
 AM DDIM a trafudiarth ar gael os y dymuni'r

Mwy o Wybodaeth
 Pwybwr wedi sicrhau arllan i gefnogi bobol leol, i rannu amser gyda'u gilydd a mynychau gerddig, raddau a ymlacio. Byddde'f yn cwrdd ar fore **Dydd Mawrth o 11:00-2:00** @ Canolfan Hermon a Y Sileddo yn dechrau o'r **23ain o Ionawr 2024**.
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 Dechreuwch gyda sgors anffurfiol!

EGLWYS ST CLYDAI

EASTER SUNDAY. A joyous and well attended service at 'the church where you get fed'. Revd Carol Court whipped out another Jeanette W Hooper poem written especially for the service after Jeanette thought her way into what it must have felt like for St Mary Magdalene walking to the tomb that first Easter morning. Carol read it out:

She waited, tearful through the night,
Until the dawn brought forth its light,
Soft Morning's glow dispersed the gloom,
As anxiously, she sought the tomb.

The tomb, now sealed, to lock away,
The place wherein, her Lord did lay.
Oh, Mary, a woman on her own,
How would you move that mighty stone?

But then, before her tear-stained face,
The tomb was there, the stone displaced,
How fearfully she entered there,
To find it empty, cold and bare.

The grave cloths, not in disarray,
But Jesus, did not, ion them lay.
She looked around and in despair,
She saw a gardener, standing there.

With tear-filled eyes, she did appeal,
Pray tell me, who, my Lord did steal?
For her distress now conquered fear,
Sir, tell me, have they laid him near?

Her sorrowing heart made this appeal,
A love so deep, a love so real.
A voice, she knew, then spoke her name,
Mary, Mary, the soft voice came.

She knew that voice, t'was Jesus' own,
A man, in white, stood there alone.
Looking up, her Lord she found,
Standing on that Holy ground.

Tears and fears, straight-way, dispelled,
Her living Lord, she now beheld,
"go" He said, The word to spread,
That I am risen from the dead."

With heart of joy, and feet that sped,
The words, of Jesus, in her head,
The fearful followers, she found,
Bringing the news, that did astound.

That they must go to Galilee - -
Where once again, their Lord they'd see,
And there, fishing, till the night was o'er,
They met their Lord upon the shore.

They shared with him, the fish and bread,
As love, and great joy, filled each head.
Jesus, said "Fishers of the sea,
Fish now the souls of men for me."

And there, commissioned, by their Lord,
Fear, left behind they spread abroad - -
That Jesus, risen from the grave,
Now lives, the souls of men to save.
That through Him, our sins forgiven,
We at the last, might enter Heaven.

Jeanette W Hooper, March 2024

HYMN STORIES: Abide With Me

“Abide with Me” is one of the best-loved English hymns of the past 150 years. We see this both in its enduring usage in churches today and in its ongoing appearances in modern culture (for example, in the opening ceremony of the 2012 Summer Olympics).

What about the hymn has made it so well loved?

*“Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.”*

Some have cited Henry Francis Lyte’s poem as the quintessential Victorian hymn. It appears in virtually every hymn book in the English language.

Henry Francis Lyte was born in the year 1793, and was left as an orphan very young. Despite his poverty, he managed to attend college, winning awards for his poetry. He had originally thought to become a physician but was called to the ministry during his college days. The death of one of his friends brought about a profound change in him as he was called to his bedside to offer solace and comfort. There, he discovered that both he and his dying friend had little to offer by way of consolation. Through prayerful search of the scriptures, they both came to a firmer faith in Christ as stated later by Lyte: “I was greatly affected by the whole matter, and brought to look at life and its issues with a different eye than before; and I began to study my Bible and preach in another manner than I had previously done.”

He became the vicar of a fishing village in Devonshire, England at an elegant estate named Berry Head. Its coastal views were among the most beautiful on the British Isles. Henry laid out walking trails throughout the estate and wrote most of his sermons, hymns, and poetry while taking these walks.

He had long suffered from a lung disorder that turned into tuberculosis. At the age of 54, he preached his last sermon with difficulty and planned a therapeutic holiday in Italy saying, “I must put everything in order before

I leave, because I have no idea how long I will be away.” Before leaving, he took a long walk along the coast in prayer then retired to his room. An hour later he emerged with a written copy of “Abide with Me.” Some say he wrote the poem in that hour, others say he discovered it in the bottom of his desk as he packed for Italy. It is likely that, finding sketches of a poem he had previously started, he revised and completed it that evening.

Shortly after this he departed for Italy, and on his travels again revised the hymn (it was apparently on his mind) and posted it to his wife. He checked into a hotel in Nice on the French Riviera before his lungs gave out and he passed away. Another clergyman who happened to be staying in the same hotel, and attended him during his final hours, stated that Henry’s last words were, “Peace! Joy!”

A memorial service was held in Brixham and it was on this occasion that “Abide With Me” was first sung. A little cross marks his grave in the English cemetery at Nice where he is buried and many visit his grave telling stories of how the hymn had brought them to faith. It was Lyte’s wish to write a hymn like this as stated in an earlier poem:

“Some simple straw, some spirit-moving lay, some sparkles of the soul that still might live when I was passed to clay... O thou! Whose touch can lend



life to the dead, thy quick'ning grace supply, and grant me, swanlike, my last breath to spend in song that may not die!"

According to some sources, Lyte had written a tune of his own for the text but it never came into use. William H. Monk who was attending a hymnal committee meeting saw Lyte's text and realising it did not have a tune, sat down at the piano and composed "Eventide" in ten minutes. The tune has been associated with "Abide with Me" to this day.

The hymn is based on Luke 24:29, part of a post-Resurrection narrative telling the story of Emmaus: "But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them."

Hymnologist J.R. Watson notes, "Lyte's genius takes the quotation and turns it into a metaphor for human life in all of its brevity. At the same time, by changing 'Abide with us' into 'Abide with me,' he deepens the feeling by making it speak to the individual, in prayer or meditation."

It is perhaps the personal intensity of the text, the use of the metaphor of evening and the closing line, "In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me," that makes this hymn a favourite at funerals.

Of the original eight stanzas, The United Methodist Hymnal uses five. The second stanza reflects much of the Victorian spirit:

*"Swift from my grasp ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me."*

A focus on death and the corresponding transience of life is characteristic of Victorian hymns. The text to "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide" first appeared in the famous *Hymns Ancient and Modern* (1861), but it may be the hymn tune EVENTIDE by William Henry Monk, the musical editor of the hymnal, that has assured its continual use.

Not many hymns have dramatic stories behind them. This one is not all that dramatic; but knowing that it was written by a man who was very near death at a relatively young age helps us feel its weight and sobriety all the more.

Revd Shirley Murphy

Sources

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