

# St. Dyfnog's Church

## Newsletter

Llanrhaeadr.

April 2011

**From the Vicar**

**Mothering Sunday**

Today is the fourth Sunday of Lent, Mothering Sunday, also known as Refreshment Sunday - next week Passion Sunday - on to Palm Sunday the following week, the beginning of Holy Week, via Good Friday to the Glory of Easter.

Today we take a break to lighten up a little and celebrate the whole idea of mothering in its widest meaning - our own Mothers, Grandmothers and Fathers too! - Mother Church - all those who care for us and others in so many different parenting ways.

On Passion Sunday the Church will enter into the most intensive period of its preparation for Good Friday and Easter, and our thoughts will be drawn towards the journey to Jerusalem which leads Jesus and his disciples to his cross, where the values of worldly systems are turned upside down as the very depths of God's love and nature are revealed to us, for here in a broken man hanging on a cross there lies the source of all life.

Jesus told his disciples - tells us his disciples - that they are to deny themselves, take up their cross and follow him. This very important teaching of Jesus is in all three synoptic gospels and in John's gospel, in chapter twelve, has the most marvellous teaching on it. So, life with "self" at the centre is ruled out. We too are called to the same costly involvement in the human situation as was Jesus and are to live lives of close human commitment.

Our world is both one of beauty and opportunity, but also one of injustice, pain and cruelty, and so there are no shortages of agenda items for us to respond to,

locally, nationally and globally. Probably, just like you, I meet people who feel they have lost a sense of direction in their lives and confidence in themselves and the security of which they are a part - people longing for a renewed sense of direction. This is not really surprising in a society largely distanced from any notion of a sense of " otherness " or God, beyond themselves and people around them - life will remain a puzzle and hopes will seem to be lost - for people are made for God.

Once again the journey to the cross beckons - will we travel it confidently with Christ or decide to give it a miss this year?

Yes, there is always the Cross - but after the cross the Crown!

**Michael**

### **Diary Notes**

Passion Sunday	8.30 Holy Eucharist	11.15 Morning Prayer
Palm Sunday	11.15 Holy Eucharist & Distribution of Palm Crosses	
Tuesday	7pm Stations of the Cross - Pantasaph	
Maundy Thursday	11.00 Chrism Mass - Cathedral	6pm Holy Eucharist
Good Friday	11.15 At the Cross	
Easter	11.15 Easter Eucharist & 10.00 St James Nantglyn	

**A Happy and a Peaceful Easter**

### **Book and Plant Fair**

This annual event is nearly upon us, forgive me if I list the requests for help once more. Sunday April 10<sup>th</sup> a few strong men to move books from my shed to church, this should

be accomplished in one journey, with 2 vehicles. Monday 11<sup>th</sup> and Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup>. Sorting books in church, come anytime between 10-30/5.00 - Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> Thurs. 14<sup>th</sup> Fri. 15<sup>th</sup> open to public 10-30/6-00 Saturday 10-30/2-30. During these hours volunteers needed to keep books tidy, make coffee for buyers (and helpers) collect money for sales and at the door. This year we are charging £1 entry. If you can help, fill in the time you will be available on the lists in church.

## **Borrowdale Teabread**

Ingredients;

100g (4oz) sultanas  
“ currants (if in a hurry use one of the mixed bags  
of dried fruit +cherries and mixed spice)  
“ raisins  
475 ml (16 fl. oz.) strong tea, strained.  
225g. (8oz) muscovado sugar.  
2 eggs  
450g (1lb.) self-raising flour (pref. brown)

Method.

Soak dried fruit overnight in tea.  
Pre-heat oven gas m. 4 350F 180C. Grease and line either 2 lb. loaf tin or two smaller tins.  
Mix sugar and eggs, until light and fluffy.  
Add flour, soaked fruit and remaining liquid.  
Spoon mixture into prepared tins, level surface.  
Bake for about 1 hour or until skewer inserted comes out clean.  
Leave to cool in tin.  
Served sliced , spread with butter.  
This is an excellent moist tea bread, very easy to make, keeps well (if you can keep your family away!)

## **POSTAGE STAMPS**

Many thanks to all the savers of postage stamps; another shoe-box full of stamps has been sent off to The Society for Research into Retinitis Pigmentosa, please keep collecting. (a thank you letter is displayed in Church)

## **Great Victorian Women cont. Mary Anning (1800-1847)**

Do you know the old jingle ‘She sells seashells on the seashore?’ Mary Anning was the original shell-gatherer. The National History Museum in London owes its large plesiosaur and ichthyosaur to her findings in the cliffs of Lyme Regis in the early 19<sup>th</sup>. Century.

Mary Anning was born into a poor working class family. Her father earned a small income as a cabinet maker. He taught her to find vertebrates and ammonites in the cliffs of limestone

and shale that flank the beach between Lyme and Charmouth. They sold their findings on a small table outside his shop. After her father died the family depended on Mary's findings for sale as their source of income.

Some of the early geologists, especially the naturalist the Revd. William Buckland of Oxford, sought her out. Her experience and manual skill in extracting specimens from the rock face was utilised by these gentlemen to add to their collections. At that time the Geological Society of London was not open to women, let alone a working-class woman, but Mary had a friend and champion of her rights.

Elizabeth Philpot and her two sisters had come to live in Lyme Regis after the death of their parents in London, though they maintained their contact with their solicitor brother in London. Elizabeth Philpot began to collect fish fossils and struck up a friendship with Mary Anning. When the collector Colonel Birch charmed Mary into giving him her best findings, including a fine ichthyosaurus which he presented to the Geological Society as his own finding, Elizabeth Philpot decided to act. She travelled up to London and with Mary's brother Johnny revealed Mary's contribution to Colonel Birch's collection to members of the Geological Society. The Colonel auctioned his collection and presented the substantial takings to Mary's family, saving them from destitution.

Mary and Elizabeth Philpot continued their collecting. There is now a Mary Anning Gallery in the National History Museum in London and also a headless plesiosaur in the Musée National d'Histoire Naturelle in Paris. The Oxford University Museum of Natural History and the Lyme Regis Museum benefited from the Philpot Collection.

Elizabeth Philpot was aware of the historical implications of their finds. Her local vicar had chastised her for suggesting that any of God's creations could become extinct and he echoed some of the religious thoughts of their day. Evolution was to become a major nineteenth century argument between scientists and churchmen, but these two women provided the bare bones of the argument!

The novelist Tracy Chevalier has written a novel based on their lives called "Remarkable Creatures" (Harper Collins. 2009)

**Vera Lamb.**

### **Clwb y Pentan.**

At the February meeting the guest speaker was Dr. Biddug Owen who spoke about a group of doctors whom she worked with before the establishment of Glan Clwyd Hospital. They were all women and included Ruby Paddy, Catrin Williams, June Arnold and Jean Green. Dr. Owen spoke not only about their medical skills but also about their eccentricities and private interests.

At The March meeting the speaker will be Nina Williams who will talk about her memories of Llanrhaeadr when she was a child, all are welcome.

## *Stress management*

*If you can't be kind, at least be vague.*

*If you lend somebody £20 and never see them again, it was probably worth it.*

*Never buy a car that you can't push.*

*Always keep your words soft and sweet, in case you have to eat them.*

## **Llanrhaeadr WI - Meeting held on Monday March 14<sup>th</sup> at 7-00pm. Held at Ysgol Bro Cinmeirch.**

This meeting was held in the local school, where the children entertained us with their St. David's Day Concert. We enjoyed an excellent evening of singing and recitation, the pupils performing to their usual high standard. Everything ran very smoothly, and we ended the evening with squash for the children, tea for the adults and Welsh cakes for all! The next WI meeting will be held in the school, on Monday April 11<sup>th</sup>. at 7-30pm. when Alison will instruct us in 'The Art of Felt Making'

We have welcomed new members recently, and always have room for more – just turn up, and see if you enjoy it!

## **Some “ Churchy “ funnies!**

Oh Lord,' cried the lay reader, getting worked up in the prayers, 'send your richest blessings on this congregation, and give them all clean hearts, give them pure hearts, give them sweet hearts.'

Church notice board: UNLIKE THE POST OFFICE, WE HAVE TWO COLLECTIONS EVERY SUNDAY.

Our curate is so narrow minded I can sometimes see his ears rubbing together!

Kitchen notice in church hall: Ladies, when you have emptied the teapots, please stand upside down in the sink.

Church notice board: PRAY, DO NOT PARK HERE!

Church notice board: WHY NOT COME IN AND HAVE YOUR FAITH LIFTED.

## **Three Years in Nepal**

Our final year was spent in Pokhara a town approximately 140 miles west of Kathmandu. We left Kathmandu in a very old bus. The childrens pet gold fish was in a bucket and a Siamese cat we had acquired was in a basket. We felt at home amongst our fellow Nepali travellers with their chickens and goats. It seemed ironic we were travelling on an ex-Indian bus with no M.O.T. and a questionable service history, along mountain roads with deep ravines and fast flowing rivers below and a sign as we left Kathmandu said in English "Better late than never". The comfort stops halfway through the journey was a piece of open ground. Any semblance of dignity had to be set aside.

During the monsoon season the journey became even more dangerous with landslides and rock falls and some journeys ended in tragedy with a bus being swept away into the fast flowing rivers below.

We safely arrived in Pokhara and we travelled by taxi to the boys boarding school approximately two and a half miles from the town centre. This school was built by the United Mission to Nepal with most of the building materials arriving from India. There were 4 dormitories with 30 Nepali boys being looked after by houseparents, some of whom were Nepali and others United Mission staff. We lived in a small bungalow with a tin roof which was interesting when the storms blew in from the Himalayas and large hailstones cascaded down onto the roof making it impossible to hear ourselves speaking. We had magnificent views of the Anapurna range and especially of 'Madra Puchari' (fishtail) mountain.

Adrian was business manager of the school assisted by two Nepali men. The headmaster at that time was a New Zealander and keen mountaineer called Brian Wood, who lived with his wife and four children in the village. He was tragically killed in a mountaineering accident about a year after we left Nepal. We had a Nepali lady called Kanchi Didi who cooked and cleaned for us. She lived in the village not far from the school. Her home was constructed of straw, tin panels and various other materials. She lived there with her mother and her daughter and animals. Kanchi Didi made delicious Nepali food and sweet and sour pork which she had been taught to make by her previous American employers. The pork was bought fresh from the farm operated by the United Mission on the school campus. One day a pig had been killed, upon returning to the bungalow I immediately noticed a very unpleasant smell. I discovered Kanchi Didi washing the pigs entrails in the shower.

As well as fresh pork we had fresh rabbit and goat meat, also produced by the farm.

The boys at the school had the opportunity to learn new agricultural techniques from the staff at the farm.

James and Andrea along with other expatriate children attended the British Primary school in Pokhara. This involved a two and a half mile walk to and from school along a dried up river bed, passing water buffalo along the way. The school was near the Shining Hospital, so called because the roof was made of tin sheeting and people coming down the mountainside saw it shining in the distance. Nepalis would travel for hours and sometimes days to get to the hospital often being carried on a stretcher or on someones back.

For leisure we would sometimes pack a picnic and walk down the 'Seti Cola' a local river. This was before we realised that it was a local burial place. Those who could afford the wood would make a funeral pyre and throw the ashes of the deceased into the river. Those who could not afford sufficient wood,

covered the body with stones and when the monsoons came the rocks would be dislodged and the body carried off by the torrent.

We were very sad when it came time to leave and bidding farewell to our Nepali and United Mission friends was a very tearful affair as we had an idea we would not be returning. However we are glad we had this experience and our children have very fond memories of their time in such a beautiful country.

*In the closing chapter I will be giving more facts about Nepal. Pamela Evans.*

## **Congratulations!**

**For Mrs. Doris Gough Roberts of Minfford, Llanrhaeadr,  
who was 101 years old on the 14<sup>th</sup> of March.**

### **Answers to quiz no. 4.**

**1-C 2-C 3-A 4-A 5-B 6-A 7-B 8-C 9-B 10-C**

## **Upcomming this month**

**Deanery Musical Quiz with Barry Seaman & Hotpot Supper**

**Tickets available from the Vicar at £5**

## **Celebrities of Nantglyn**

**Nantglyn has had its fair share of talented men, and these have all enriched the cultural life of Wales.**

David Samwell, who was the son of a vicar of the parish, was a considerable scholar, and he pursued a medical career. He is best remembered to-day as the surgeon who sailed with Captain Cook on his final ill-fated journey to the South Seas. He witnessed, and later wrote about, the murder of Cook by hostile natives in Hawaii.

Thomas Edwards, more popularly known as Twm o'r Nant, was a colourful character and the author of dramatic interludes. George Borrow, the author of 'Wild Wales', thought very highly of him and writes about him at length in the book, describing him as 'The Welsh Shakespeare'. He is buried at Whitchurch Denbigh.

William Owen Pugh, a Merionnydd man, lived there during the later part of his life. He produced an awful English-Welsh Dictionary, the result of painstaking effort and patience. His son Aneurin was a fine scholar.

In his 'Book of North Wales', published in 1903, Sabine Baring-Gould claims that the famous eighteenth century actress Mrs. Jordan was born in Nantglyn, but in her biography Claire Tomalin has completely disproved this.

One of the graves to be found in the graveyard in Nantglyn is that of a man named Foulke Owen. The manner of his death is extraordinary and has as its setting the high moorland region of Hiraethog within a few miles of the village. Foulke Owen was engaged to a girl named Janet, but jilted her in order to marry a girl from a wealthier family. He and his wife went to live in Tyn-y-Gors, to the south of Hafod Elwy. One winter night, when the snow lay thick on the ground, Foulke walked to Denbigh on business. His route took him along what was once a medieval road, crossing Pont-y-Brenig. When he failed to return home it was decided that a search should be organised. This resulted in the discovery of a few of his personal possessions along the way. It therefore seemed likely that Foulke had perished and was lying somewhere under the snow, but no trace of his body was discovered. Further searches failed to throw any light on his disappearance in the following weeks. In the meantime Janet, who was employed as a maid at a farm in the area, dreamt on two consecutive nights that she was working with Foulke in the hay harvest in a field near Cerrig Caws, a distinctive hill to the west of the Brenig Reservoir, which is reputed to have been the site of a medieval market. The weather was extremely hot, and Foulke, growing weary, decided to have a rest.

'I am going to lie down on that bank over there,' he said to Janet. 'When I'm asleep I want you to cover my face with my jacket to keep the sun out of my eyes'

Janet found this dream disturbing, and her mistress insisted that she should visit the Owen family in order to relate it to them. With the Owen family she eventually went to Cerrig Caws, and Janet pointed to the field bank where, in the dream Foulke had fallen asleep. With their hands they dug beneath the snow and soon found his body, with the jacket over his face.

His burial is recorded in the Nantglyn church registers and his son, who was born only a few weeks after his death, is also buried there. Foulke's widow went on to marry a man named Davies. When the late Bill Wynne-Woodhouse was the Chief Ranger at the Brenig Reservoir in the 1970's, he was visited by people from Canada who are direct descendants of this second marriage. Through family conversations they learned of Foulke Owen and the sad circumstances of his death.

*Extracted from 'The Old Villages of Denbighshire and Flintshire' by Dewi Roberts.*

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## Quiz 5

1. SCION.  
a. a Cypriot. b. a young nobleman. c. a scrubbing brush.
2. GARGOYLE.  
a. A mouthwash. b. a compulsive talker. c. a gutter spout.
3. FRITILLARY.  
a. A flirt. b. a plant. c. a light firearm.

4. EPITHET.  
a. an adjective. b. spitting. c. a pathetic scene.
5. TIFFIN.  
a. a light lunch. b. a goblin. c. a quarrel.
6. TENET.  
a. One who pays the rent. b. a principle. c. used in fishing.
7. MENHIR.  
a. a standing stone. b. a German elderly man. c. a gathering of Shetlanders.
8. PAEAN.  
a. a heretic. b. a gypsy. c. a song of praise.
9. GNEISS.  
a. a sneeze. b. quartz. c. chewing gum.
10. EPHEMERAL.  
a. fairy like. b. short-lived. c. jewelled.

### Hopkins and St. Beunos

The Jesuit priest and poet Gerard Manley Hopkins spent the period 1874 and 1877 at St. Beunos as part of his training, while he was there he wrote some of the work by which he is best remembered to-day. He came under the very strict code of the Jesuits, even to the extent that he felt compelled to destroy all the poems he had written up to then as such a joyful activity as writing could, he was convinced, inflame his senses.

He quickly grew to love the beautiful countryside of the Vale of Clwyd and he also developed a fondness for the Welsh people.

"In its way there can hardly be anything to beat the Vale of Clwyd"  
He wrote in his journal.  
From the College he walked to the summit of Moel Fammau, the Elwy Valley, Trefnant Church, Denbigh and St. Dyfnog's well at Llanrhaeadr.  
In December 1975 he was deeply affected by a newspaper account of the Deutschland, the German passenger ship, which sank off the coast of Kent with considerable loss of life. Among the drowned were five Franciscan nuns. The Rector of St. Beunos told Hopkins that someone should write a poem commemorating this tragedy. This was the approval which Hopkins needed and

without further hesitation he began work on his great Wreck of the Deutschland. Other poems quickly followed, including In The Valley of The Elwy, God's Grandeur and the Sea and The Skylark.

He tried to learn Welsh and in 1987 a Gerard Manley Hopkins Society was formed in North East Wales to commemorate his achievements. They organise an annual lecture each year and past speakers have included Rowan Williams, the novelist Margaret Drabble and the radio presenter Sean Street. The Society also hold workshop sessions and have a Newsletter, which I edit. Anyone who wishes to have further information should telephone Mrs. Imelda Jones on 01745 357151.

Dewi Roberts.

## **Month of March**

This past month has brought some considerable sadness for us all with the loss of Mrs Rita Rowland of Bachymbyd Fawr - please continue to hold the family in your prayers - may she rest in Peace and rise in glory. Amen