

S t . D y f n o g ' s C h u r c h

N e w s l e t t e r .

August 2011

Llanrhaeadr.

From the Vicar

Pentecost 9

We have all just about recovered from the recent Flower Festival, which Shirley has written about further on in this Newsletter - a wonderful time together and with our many visitors of all ages, which for me was far more important than the fund raising, but please don't tell the Parish Treasurer I said so!

It was a time to celebrate God's love throughout our own lives and to reflect upon his love for all his children across the world. I know for many it brought back happy memories of childhood, I guess some sad ones too, and we were and remain conscious of children at this time facing starvation in East Africa.

It was a time to remind ourselves once again that we are not a museum of Christianity but rather a vibrant outward looking community, keen to share our building and our lives with those around us, both near and far.

The Festival Service to conclude the week, with Bishop Gregory, memorable too, again reminded us that we are all called to open our lives and share the Good News of Jesus Christ.

Many of the children, and adults too, were unanimous that the figure of " Humpty Dumpty " had rather " stolen the show " - currently he is sitting here in my study smiling at me from his chair as I sit at my computer - but I would like us to think of ways in which he could be perhaps used / available in church, and I am open to suggestions - should we put him on the Electoral Role and find a quiet seat for him! Let me know if you have any ideas please, particularly in relation to using him as an interest for any children.

Finally, an early reminder of a " Deanery Quiet Day " at St Beuno's, Tremeirchion, on Thursday 10th November. Places will once again be limited to twenty five and the day will be led by Bishop John.

Our last day, earlier, this year was particularly well supported by our parish and I do urge you to consider coming along. Please speak with me if you would like more information and please remember to book early to avoid disappointment.

Michael

FLOWER FESTIVAL.

The flower festival was an outstanding success, congratulations to everyone. For days before the festival I watched Glenys rushing around her arrangers, all of whom were concentrating on their arrangements with great skill and good humour, nothing seemed to phase them. During the festival it was a joy to listen to people coming out of church, full of praise for the wonderful displays. Congratulations also to Jane and her 'refreshment' team who produced such wonderful cakes, scones etc. endless cups of tea and coffee all produced with a smile. The washing up team must not be forgotten, essential work, done so willingly, my abiding memory is of Olive sitting outside the Bier House waiting for the cups and saucers! The new marquee was put to good use selling bric a brac, books and plants, we were most fortunate to be given a large quantity of home made jam by Geoff. Thurstan. This excellent jam he makes from 'wild' fruit elderberry, apple, plum etc. We sold out! Hopefully Mr. Thurstan will be able to supply the church table, when he has had a chance to re-stock. Many thanks also to the people who supplied the plants, and replenished them daily as they were sold. It is worth looking in the church 'scrap book' where pictures taken by Philip really capture the atmosphere of the event, preparations and final arrangements. Ron Edwards was once again filming arrangements, interviewing people and so ensuring a permanent record on DVD and we thank him most sincerely for his time and expertise.

Also take a few minutes to read the remarks in the 'visitors book', note how far people have travelled, and how much they enjoyed the festival. The service on the final evening was a very fitting end to an amazing four days. The Bishop preached, he was accompanied by several clergy from the Deanery and parishioners from other churches made for a full church. Afterwards Jane and her 'team' produced a fantastic variety of 'nibbles', enjoyed by all. The final total raised by this wonderful event was £3600, congratulations to all who helped to make it such a success. It struck me, whilst sitting by the marquee how lucky we are to be part of a Parish that works so well together, people turning up as per the rota, those unable to come providing cakes scones etc.

A wonderful sense of community spirit.

SvdB.

Thinking back to the recent Royal Wedding, did it ever strike us what a preponderance there was of works of Welsh origin among the musical items in the service. First there were two rousing hymn tunes - Cwm Rhondda and Blaenwern, followed by the choir singing "Ubi Caritas" by the composer Paul Mealar, born in Connah's Quay, with a studio at Pentreath Anglesey.

Then what of Sir Hubert Parry, composer of both 'Jerusalem' and the opening anthem 'I was glad when they said unto me' - his name sounds Welsh, could it be that he did really have Welsh roots? I determined to find out, the National Library of Wales informed me that Parry's biographer, C.L. Graves, writes - "but we must remember that he said that he had French as well as Welsh blood in his veins" What more do we want? After all, the Welsh surnames Parry, Pritchard, Pugh, Probert have all sprung from the Welsh prefix 'ap' plus Christian name - 'ap' meaning 'son of' - Parry therefore meaning the Old Welsh 'son of Harry'. So - success! One more Welsh element in that lovely wedding service.

H.J.J.

Coffee Morning

The coffee morning on June 30th. held at the home of Keith and Joyce Jones, Nant yr Eos, was successful in raising £150 towards the cost of the Flower Festival. The hosts were warmly thanked by the Vicar. Mrs. Olive Panter was at the door and raffle while Doris Roberts looked after the cake stall. As expected, the event was supported by neighbours from the Pont y Bedol estate as well as church members.

Unfortunately the damp weather did not permit us to sample their lovely garden above the river, but people were very interested in seeing the former music room, above the river, of the famous Welsh singer Roland Jones, for whom the house was built by Emrys Jones in the seventies. This explains why the house was named "The Nightingale Brook"

H.J.J.

Answers to last months quiz.

**1.Tremeirchion. 2. David Samwell, who was born in Nantglyn. 3. Trefnant.
2.Felix Powell. 5. Gerard Manley Hopkins. 6. Henllan.**

*Is there another reader who would like to set a quiz?? If so, please leave in the
Choir Vestry, in a sealed envelope, with the answers!!*

Historical Oddities

(how some of our customs and sayings have come into being)

There is an old pub in Marble Arch London which used to have gallows adjacent. Prisoners were taken to the gallows (after a fair trial of course) to be hung. The horse drawn dray, carrying the prisoner was accompanied by an armed guard, who would stop the dray outside the pub and ask the prisoner if he would like one LAST DRINK. If he said YES it was referred to as ONE FOR THE ROAD. If he declined, that prisoner was ON THE WAGGON.

Some facts about the 1500's

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and they still smelled pretty good by June.....However, since they were starting to smell.....brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide body odour. Hence the custom to-day of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the sons and men, then the women, finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose something in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water".

Houses had thatched roofs, thick straw piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place where animals could keep warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs etc.) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall down. Hence the saying 'its raining cats and dogs'.

There was nothing to stop things falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and droppings would mess up the bed. Hence, a bed with big posts at the corners with a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That is how canopy beds came into existence.

Sometimes pork was obtainable, which made them feel special. When visitors came, they would hang up the bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could "bring home the bacon". They would cut off a little to share with the guests and would all sit around to "chew the fat".

These little gems supplied by Roger Jones.

1. Name four other Celtic languages, besides Welsh.
2. What was the Latin name for Wales?
3. Who is Sion Corn?
4. What letter may appear on the car of a Welsh-speaking learner driver?
5. In which part of Wales would you find a *gog*?
6. What is the English name for the society known as *Cymdeithas yr Iaith Gymraeg*?
7. What is the Welsh name for the Welsh League of Youth?
8. What is the 'wlpan method'.
9. Which month is *Mehefin*?
10. Which day of the week is *dydd Mercher*?
11. Name three of the six letters in the English alphabet that are not in the Welsh alphabet.
12. What is the common name for the dialect of English spoken in the south Wales Valleys?
13. What do the Welsh words *eglwys*, *pont* and *fffenestr* have in common?
14. In Anglo-Saxon what is the meaning of the original form of the word 'Welsh'?

AMETHYST.

My daughter gave me some years ago a beautiful Amethyst brooch with a matching pair of earrings. It is the birthstone for February and what a gorgeous stone it is. In the past it was considered as valuable as a diamond, but after an extremely large deposit was discovered in Brazil 150 years ago it was relegated to be just semi-precious. Consequently we can all afford to buy some Amethyst for ourselves.

To day some people believe that it can magnify ones psychic abilities and absorb negative energies, but I like to believe that it can act as a calming influence on the wearer. In ancient manuscripts it was believed to protect a person from sorcery and magic spells, or even cure certain illnesses, especially gout. This could be connected with the fact that the Amethyst is associated with the star sign Capricorn the sign of the goat in astrology. Capricorn represents sobriety, and as, 'podagra' more commonly known as 'gout' is suspected to be caused by heavy drinking, the goat is the enemy of the vine and vineyards. By connection this is thought that the Greek word 'amethystos' means not drunk. In Greek mythology, Dionysus, the God of wine, angry at being slighted by a mortal, threatened to kill the next mortal he saw. Unfortunately this turned out to be the beautiful maiden

Amethyst. So another God, Artemus turned the poor maiden into a pillar of rock crystal to prevent her cruel death. Remorsefully, Dionysus wept over the crystal and his tears turned the crystal purple and thus into amethyst!

Soldiers in Medieval times wore the Amethyst as a protection against being killed in battle. They are a significant stone to the Roman Catholic Church and is linked to the piety of the priesthood. It is worn by Bishops in their ring of office. Even Leonardo da Vinci held an opinion on Amethyst. He suggested that it could dispel evil and quicken intelligence.

Amethyst is a member of the quartz family and is found all over the world, and ranges from a deep purple to lilac. The darker stone having the greater value. I must examine my Amethysts carefully but of course the sentimental value counts for more. The darkest of all is the Siberian Amethyst. I found quite a lot of Amber on the Baltic shore in Latvia many years ago, but not a trace of Amethyst in that area of Russia.

Despite being an inexpensive stone you can still come across fakes. The real thing will have variations of colour, while the fake will have constant colour.

I was warned however when given my Amethysts, which are I'm glad to say not fakes, that I should keep them well away from strong sunlight or the colour will fade and their value will be weakened.

Pamela A. Roberts.

Church Sewing Group.

The Sewing Group continue to meet on Friday afternoon at 2pm. A notice is put on the notice board outside church telling of any change to routine. The work on the very old Altar Frontal continues, but we could do with another angle poise lamp if anybody has one going spare, it is very intricate work, and we really need more light. The material for the new frontal has been purchased from Trefriw Woollen Mill, a sample of this fabric can be seen on the notice board in church. Susanne has the design in hand, and we are looking forward to working on it. We can still accommodate one or two more people in the Group, if you wish to join. SvdB.

Sunday Morning Coffee.

It was decided at the last PCC meeting to continue having coffee after the service on the first and third Sundays, and to continue to make a donation, which for the next few months will be given to The Archbishop of Wales Fund for Children, of which our Vicar is the chairman. Needless to say this puts an extra strain on the people who set up and organise the coffee – please, if you can, join the rota sign up! The list is on the notice board, and a 'crib sheet' is prepared for any new persons wishing to help. PLEASE JOIN THE LIST OF HAPPY VOLUNTEERS!! S.vdB.

Llanrhaeadr WI.

The last meeting was held in church on the Monday after the flower festival, so we were surrounded by all the wonderful arrangements. The speaker was Mrs. Steele who gave an amusing, interesting and informative talk on her career as a Headmistress.

A Summer recipe for Creamy Jelly.

(should appeal to those of us coping with Grandchildren during the Summer holiday.)

Ingredients one pkt. Jelly Strawberry or other flavour 300ml carton yoghurt.

Dissolve some strawberry jelly (or other flavour) in half a pint of boiling water. Whisk in 300ml yoghurt and divide mixture between 6 individual jelly moulds. Place in fridge for at least 3 hrs. or until set. Turn out jellies onto individual plates, decorate with fresh chopped fruit.

This is a simple but tasty recipe, the yoghurt giving the jelly a creamy texture.

Opinions.

On the first day in school a small boy handed his teacher a note from his mother, reading 'The opinions expressed by this child are not necessarily those of his parents'

School.

A little girl had just finished her first week in school. "I'm just wasting my time" she told her mother, "I can't read, I can't write, and they won't let me talk!"

HARVEST LUNCH – Will be held at the Brookehouse Mill Restaurant immediately following the service on 16th October.

The cost has gone up a little from the past two years to £13 per head for a two course menu, offering choices between beef, pork, salmon, ham salad and vegetarian. There will be a selection of three sweets.

Emlyn will again collect names and ask for a choice of main course, and has asked that we settle up at the time of placing our order please.

Previous Harvest Lunches at the Brookhouse Mill have been enjoyable social occasions, and we hope that there will be a good turn out on the 16th October.

From "August Bank Holiday" by Dylan Thomas.

If you could have listened at some of the open doors at some of the houses on the street, you

might have heard--

"Uncle Owen says he can't find the bottle opener"

"Has he looked under the hall stand?"

"Willy's cut his finger!"

"Got your spade?"

"If somebody doesn't kill that dog-----"

"Uncle Owen says why should the bottle opener be under the hall stand?"

"Never say never again!"

"I know I put the pepper somewhere-----"

"Willy's bleeding-----"

"Oh come on, come on."

"If I lay my hands on that dog-----"

"Uncle Owen's found the bottle opener."

"Willy's bleeding all over the cheese-----"

And the trams that hissed like ganders took us all to the beautiful beach.

There was cricket on the sand, and sand in the sponge-cake, and flies in the watercress, and foolish, mulish donkeys on the unwilling trot.

With acknowledgement to Dylan Thomas.

DEATH.

While walking along the path in front of his church, our Vicar heard the intoning of a prayer that nearly made his collar wilt. Apparently, his 5 year old son and his playmates had found a dead robin. Feeling that a proper burial should be performed, they had secured a small box and cottonwool, then dug a hole and made ready for the disposal of the deceased.

The Vicar's son was chosen to say the appropriate prayers and with sonorous dignity intoned his version of what he thought his father always said: 'Glory be unto the Faaather, and unto the Sonnn, and into the hole he gooooes.!'

BIBLE

A little boy opened the big family Bible. He was fascinated as he fingered the old pages.

Suddenly, something dropped out. He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf pressed between the pages. 'Mum look what I've found' 'What is it' his Mother replied.

With astonishment in his voice, he answered, 'I think it's Adam's underwear!'