

St. Dyfnog's Church Newsletter.

July 2010

Manrhæadr.

From the Vicar

Pentecost 6

Jesus said, " Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all the rest will be given in addition. "

This is our principle, even if the material aspects of life impose themselves on us from morning to night. The world has other goals, and no one has time for prayer any more.

(Archimandrite Sophrony : *Words of Life*)

Recently I attended a short course led by Andrew Clitherow, who is Priest-in-Charge of St Cuthbert,s & St John,s, Lytham, an Honorary Canon of Blackburn Cathedral and Chaplain to the Queen.

In his recent book, " Prayer, the Embrace of Love, " he writes,

" Prayer is even more important now at a time when the economic structures that have underpinned our extravagant way of life have been seen to be more fragile than we ever imagined, not least through their over exposure to greed and material gain at all costs. If humanity does not embrace the spirit of humility ,re-orientating itself to the worship of God rather than itself, a hopeless future beckons. Instead of developing a new economics, we shall simply find ways to restore the current system with a few minor adjustments. The Church has all but completely failed to give a lead to society in this respect. "

No shortage then, of agenda items, for any parish !

O God - beyond the farthest star

O God beyond the farthest star, yet closer than the next heart beat - Intensify my awareness of your immediacy, so that I may not be stifled by awe at your immensity; and as I recognise the goodness of other people, may I remember to be a source for them also to encounter you.

Amen

Medicine and 19th. Century Women

Scotland's first woman doctor was Sophia Jex-Blake (1840-1913). She fought for the admittance of women to universities on the same basis as men, starting with the matriculation of women to the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Edinburgh. She was born in Hastings in 1840 to Thomas Jex-Blake, a retired barrister, and Marie Emily Cubbit, the youngest of the three surviving children of a family of six. Her parents were Evangelical Anglicans. She showed herself a headstrong and determined girl, getting through six schools in eight years, though good at her Latin and Mathematics. Finally after boarding school, she was enrolled at Queen's College in 1858 and was offered a tutoring position in mathematics. (her father did not approve!), while doing voluntary work for the Society for the employment of Women and staying with Octavia Hill (more later) till their close friendship broke up. Then she took an English teaching post in the Grand Ducal Institute in Mannheim for six months, then travelled round America before publishing "A Visit to some American Schools and Colleges" in 1867.

Increasingly drawn to medicine she applied in 1866 to Harvard Medical School, but was refused entry. She received private lessons in dissecting at Bellvue Hospital, New York, before joining the Women's Medical College of New York Infirmary, established by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and her sister in 1868. Her fathers' death and mothers illness brought her back home.

The Medical Act of 1858 insisted on qualifications from 19 awarding institutions and regulated the practice of medicine.

The Universities remained men only clubs, though Edinburgh had a thriving Ladies Educational Association offering public lectures. Sophie Jex-Blake collected a group of six women offering to pay fees at double the rate for men and they matriculated in July 1869. One of the group came top of her year, but the University refused to award the available Hope Scholarship to a woman. The women complained, the medical diehards closed ranks and the men medical students began to harass them. A favourable appeal to the House of Lords was overruled when the Edinburgh Senate appealed to the Inner Court which declared the 1869 permission to matriculate illegal.

Sophia Jex-Blake opened the London School of Medicine for Women in 1874 which had to be affiliated to a teaching hospital for clinical training and 19 London Examining Bodies refused to recognise it. An Enabling Bill for the U.K. and Ireland was approved by the General Medical Council, but it was permissive not compulsory in its legislation to allow women instruction at a university, Sophie Jex-Blake and Edith Pechey, who both had Masters Degrees from the University of Berne, Switzerland, were then examined in Dublin and with three other women ere added to the G.M.C. Register. In 1878 the University of London admitted women to all degree courses. In 1894 Edinburgh University admitted women students to graduated in medicine. There was still discrimination against women residents in Glasgow hospitals and London teaching hospitals remained closed to women residents till well into the 20th.C.

Sophie Jex-Blake had set up a practice and dispensary in 1878 in Edinburgh. She ran her own practice and lectured in midwifery to the University's Extra Mural School. There were clashes with pupils and colleagues stemming from her rather forceful character, but when she finally retired Edinburgh gave her a good send off as a doughty fighter!

Oldies Wit !

An old man tells a friend, "I've got good news and bad news . The good news is I've finally discovered the Fountain of Youth". "What's the bad news?" asks his friend. "At my age," says the old man, "I've forgotten what I wanted it for!"

As we grow older our bodies get shorter and our anecdotes get longer.

Three things happen when you get to my age. First your memory goes and - I've forgotten the other two!
Denis Healey.

I don't feel old. I don't feel anything until noon. Then it's time for my nap.

Bob Hope.

A Rugby family in the 2nd. World War (cont.)

At one time we had three Chinese geese, adding to our collection of feathered friends! Our shop to all outward appearances looked like a normal 'Jeweller's shop', but go downstairs into the cellars, where it was a very different matter. It was part of our family's effort to help feed the nation. On a daily basis eggs were taken there to be sorted, cleaned and put into trays. I helped with this task. Later they were collected and taken to the packing station in Daventry.

In one of the smaller cellars were two incubators. We had to make sure the eggs were sprinkled with water each day and turned to try and avoid having any deformed chicks. Later the newly hatched chicks were put under brooders. These were housed in an old furniture van, minus its wheels, in one of our gardens.

In the top part of the run, a small loft for several fan-tailed pigeons had been made. We had a wonderful old gardener, Mr Chipman, though I always affectionately called him 'Chippy' He cycled several miles each weekday to feed the livestock. He was also a marvellous gardener. We were never without vegetables of some description. Without Chippy, who was with us for many years we could not have kept the smallholding going. When I was about 4 years old, it was found that I had two T.B. glands in my neck. I was taken to Birmingham to see a professor. It was decided on account of the bombing, not to send me to hospital there. Professor Parsons told my parents that it was highly likely that I had contracted it through milk. At that time milk was not T.B. tested. Our milk came from a farm in one of the nearby villages. Miss Cox, the milk lady used to come in her van. A milk churn was in the rear part, my mother used to take jugs out to be filled.

My grandmother had always wanted to be a nurse, rather than doing the book keeping, and buying and selling in the shop. After discussions with a friend who was part-time nursing at the local hospital, it was decided what would be the best way of treating my neck.

Previously, several local children had had problems with glands, then they had been lanced, only for them to reoccur. My grandmother and Mrs Allen, thought it would be better that my glands should be allowed to drain completely. Thus, for approximately two years I wore a bandage round my neck until I was cured. During this time I did not go to school. Until I went to college I did not drink cow's milk unless it had been previously boiled. My father had been told that it would be safe for me to drink goat's milk. So his next move was to make suitable housing for the goats. After that for several years we kept goats. Usually we had two or three to ensure we always had an adequate supply of milk. The goats were normally pedigree, either Sannans or Alpine. The next door neighbour was very enthusiastic about the goats. He saved rose clippings and other edible pieces of foliage that the goats would appreciate. In return he was delighted to be given milk, whenever we had surplus. Our cats also thrived on any milk remains.

To be concluded in August.

Dyfnog-from 'Traditions of the Welsh Saints

Elissa R. Henken
D.S.Brewer Publishing, 1987

A sixteenth century *cywydd* provides the major source of information on Dyfnog, but unfortunately, that information is very slight. The *cywydd* is mainly a description of Dyfnog's healing well at Llanrhaeadr, where there was also an image of the saint. The poet Dafydd ap Llywelyn ap Madog, puts a sincerity in his writing which indicates a true devotion and belief. Further confirmation of popular attendance at the well and belief in its healing powers is found in descriptions by Edward Lhuyd, Browne Willis and Pennant. (*Lhuyd, 1:110; Willis, A survey of the Cathedral Church of Bangor, p 327 Pennant, 11:180*) Nevertheless, the *cywydd* does provide a few items of more personal interest concerning the saint. It is difficult to be certain from the *cywydd*, but Dyfnog may have given the water its healing virtue through standing in the cold, strong stream doing penance.

A'r un dwr arnad a oedd,
Garw gadarn, o'r graig ydoedd;
Hyn a droes, fawr einioes fry,
Uchod ynn iechyd ynni.

(the same water was on you; it was rough and strong from the rock; this turned-a great life of honour-above into health for us)

Like David, he never ate anything but bread and water.

Ni fynnaist, nerth aberthwr
Yn dy bryd, ond bara a dwr.

(You did not wish, strength of a sacrificer, in your meal, anything except bread and water.)

Dyfnog also wore a horse-hair shirt, and, perhaps of more interest, seems to have worn iron bands about himself. (Cf. these iron bands to those of Carannog and the pilgrims to Cadog's and Gwenfrewi's churches.)

Gwisgo'r crys er gwasgu'r croen,
Rhawn dewbais, nid rhan diboen,
A haearn cadarn yn cau
Fu I'th gylch, o faith gylchau.

(Wearing a shirt for pressing the skin, thick horsehair shirt, not a painless share, and strong iron was surrounding you about in long coils)

More items that have actually appeared in Church Bulletins.

The Fasting and Prayer Conference includes meals.

Sermon this morning 'Jesus Walks on the Water'

Sermon to-night ' Searching for Jesus'

Don't let worry kill you off - let the Church help.

At the evening service to-night, the sermon topic will be 'What is Hell?'

Come early and hear the choir practice.

A Tale Told in Old Jerusalem (another tale by Johar, the wise fool)

Johar falls among thieves.

Sometimes Johar is spoken of as a merchant. Once, it is said, he had to make a long journey by himself, carrying the bag of gold, the profit he had made by trading. On one lonely stretch of road two savage robbers sprang out on him with clubs in their hands. "Give us all that you have or you will die" they demanded.

Johar was terrified but he kept very calm. He quietly admitted to the robbers that he had a bag full of gold, but added, "It is only enough for one, which one of you shall I give it to?" Immediately, a fierce argument broke out. One man claimed that he should have the gold because he had been the look-out who had first perceived the traveller. The other one insisted the gold was his as he had been the first to challenge Johar.

After much shouting and dispute, Johar said "I will give the gold whichever one of you is the stronger".

Both the robbers began to boast of their strength and then to prove it by first wrestling and then fighting in earnest. They pummelled each other with fists, feet and cudgels. While they were occupied, Johar hurried away, quickly, quietly and safely, still clutching his bag of gold!

Tomato Summer Pudding

If you were a Girl Guide you will remember 'Summer puddings', here is the tomato version, worth trying.

Method; dip bread quickly in good olive oil, line pudding basin.

Chop toms. Add little olive oil.

Tear up basil leaves, squeeze lemon, add juice. Season.

Place mixture in pudding bowl, cut lid-shape out of bread, place over bowl and weigh down with a flat plate plus added weight, leave overnight, then turn out. **enjoy!**

Did you know----- The word 'eleven' comes from the Old English 'endleofon' meaning literally 'the one left over'. That is, after you've used all ten digits of both hands to count something, there's still one object left over to count.

Knowledge of the Bible is declining - fewer than one in twenty people are able to name the Ten Commandments. Sixty-two per cent did not know the parable of the Prodigal Son and sixty per cent could not name anything about the Good Samaritan. Only five per cent of people could name all Ten Commandments - sixteen per cent could not name any! All this from a survey of nine hundred people from all types of backgrounds in England and Wales.

Audio lending Library.

Margaret Rabba has kindly given us a large number of audio discs and tapes, these are most useful to people who have difficulty seeing, so rather than sell them (they are very expensive to buy) we have decided to lend them at 40p each, to enable more people to have the benefit of them. They are to be found on a table alongside the books in church. If anybody has discs or tapes that they have finished with, we would very much like to add them to our 'library' for others to enjoy. Thank you! S.vdB.

St. Dyfnog's Newsletter.

Editing this newsletter is rather a case of working in the dark, are we

publishing the type of article that you wish to read? Are there things that you would like to have in? Do you have any suggestions? Are you willing to write for the Newsletter? How can we improve? Have left a 'suggestions' box on the table in church. Please let us have your ideas for consideration.

Shirley