

St. Dyfnog's Church, Newsletter.

June 2010

Llanrhaeadr.

From the Vicar

" All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit "

" The Times, They are a-Changing. " - so the words of the old protest song remind us - well they certainly are!

Another Pentecost, just passed, and the beginning, of what the Church calls " Ordinary Time, " - not to imply that the rest of the Church Year will perhaps be rather dull and straightforward - life, as we all know, just isn't like that.

The newly formed *Coalition Government*, with its agenda for change, will have its challenges and difficult decisions to make on our behalf.

We should encourage and support decisions and new policies which promote human welfare.

However, as Christians, we have an agenda of our own for change - after all we are challenged to save the world!

Pentecost is about that kind of challenge, and reminds us that as we take up that challenge the Holy Spirit is with us.

Well - what about those tongues of fire at Pentecost - Wow!

The fire of the Holy Spirit still burns in our world and changes it into that new heaven and new earth.

It is for us to keep the Pentecost fire alive!

Michael

Holy Spirit, Wind of God

Breath of God, wind of God,
whose source we only vaguely comprehend
and of whose destination we have no knowledge,
disturb us with your power,
ruffle our complacency with your unseen movement,
blow the dust from our beliefs
and the cobwebs from our prejudices
so that we may have such a clearer, fresher faith
that the storms of this world may fail to shake it.

A Very Happy & Special Birthday

Doris Gough Roberts of Minffordd, Llanrhaeadr, celebrated her 100th birthday on Mothering Sunday, with her family and friends. All her life has been lived out in Llanrhaeadr.

When she was fifteen years old she went to work with her father in the Grocers Shop & Post Office, which also sold petrol and had a taxi service, and when her father died Doris became the Post Mistress.

Following her marriage to Allen Gough Roberts she had one son, Gordon.

Her husband Allen died soon after they had retired to Llwyn Isa.

In her younger days she enjoyed dancing and playing tennis.

Doris was always a hardworking and faithful member here at St Dyfnog's, whilst her health allowed, a member of the Mothers Union, Women's Institute, School Governor and Drama Group.

It was a very happy and special birthday for a very special lady.

Book Fair and Plant Stalls

Many thanks to everybody who helped with this very successful event. Just over £1000 was raised during the four days. Donations for tea, coffee & Church Table were sent to Christian Aid. At the last moment two people came and offered to take away all the remaining books, for a donation, so we are now in a position to start afresh! Many thanks for donated books and plants.

A Tale told in Old Jerusalem Part 11

For centuries the tales of Johar have been told in the Arab world. He is a jester, a wise fool. Everyone laughs at him but they learn from him too. This is one of his moral tales.

Johar had a troublesome neighbour who was always borrowing things and never giving them back. Johar decided that the time had come to teach the neighbour a lesson and he and his wife agreed upon a plan. Johar's wife went to the neighbour next morning and borrowed a big saucepan. She returned it the following day together with a tiny saucepan. "What's this?" asked the neighbour. "Oh, your saucepan had a baby in the night, so I am returning the baby too" replied Johar's wife.

The neighbour was convinced that both Johar and his wife were mad but he was glad to have two saucepans and said nothing.

A few days later, Johar's wife borrowed the saucepan again and did not return it. When the angry neighbour came demanding his saucepan back, Johar told him sadly that the saucepan had died. "Died? Don't be absurd!" said the neighbour.

Johar looked him in the eye and said firmly, "If you believe that a saucepan can give birth, you must surely believe that it can die." The neighbour went away speechless and never borrowed again.

Another Johar story next month.

H.J.J.

Great Victorian Women cont.

There was a less well known heroine of the Crimean War, known to the troops as "Mother Seacole".

Mary Seacole(1805-1881) was born in Kingston, Jamaica in 1805, her father was a Scottish soldier, her mother a mulatto (of mixed black and white parentage). Her mother was a Free Coloured local woman who ran a successful boarding house and had a reputation among Service personal (of which there were a large number stationed in the West Indies to protect overseas investments by the late 1790s) a well deserved reputation as a "doctress", since her herbal remedies proved very effective in combating tropical diseases that were causing a high death rate among the British troops. She passed her information to her daughter who in her turn, married an Englishman and ran a boarding house and a clinic. She had an English doctor lodging with her when the outbreak of cholera broke out in Jamaica in 1850 and closely observed his treatment. Her husband died and she decided to travel in Panama where again she nursed cholera, then returned to Jamaica to fight a yellow fever epidemic.

In 1854 she too was shocked by the accounts of Crimean nursing need. She decided to offer her help. But the War Office did not welcome a 50 year old Creol. She decided to go independently to the war front, armed with a doctor's letter to Miss Nightingale who interviewed her with no offer of employment. There was no prevision for women; only 6% of serving men were allowed wives, who found employment washing the laundry. By this time a former friend, a distant cousin of her husband's and something of an entrepreneur, had arrived. They set to work to get a house built from local driftwood and started a small hotel where army personal could find homemade food, refreshment and some clinical care. "Mother" Seacole was recognised by old army acquaintances from the West Indies who patronised her home from home. She also used her skill, as a nurse to treat the wounded under fire on the battlefield, setting out each day with a large bag of bandages, drinks and baked cakes at daybreak when she heard gunfire.

At the end of the war she returned to London bankrupt, but was seen by one of her army patients who started a fund for her. She also published a book about her adventures which was published in 1857. She died comfortable off. Her name came to the fore again as fellow countrymen settled in London. In 1890 she was awarded the Jamaican Order of Merit and her portrait of 1866 by Albert Charles Challen hangs in the National Portrait Gallery (the former site of the barracks from which the Crimean troops left in 1854). Vera Lamb cont.

Christian Aid Week

The Parish raised £500 this year, via donations, during Christian Aid Week.

Thank You - Michael

Llanrhaeadr Hall - (extracted from an article in the Transactions of the Denbighshire Historical Society Volume 27, 1978)

The first Hall was probably built by Henry Salusbury, in the reign of Henry V in the mid 16th century. The Lloyd family were royalists in the Civil War. In 1646 Llanrhaeadr Hall was the H.Q. for a meeting in Denbigh Green.

It was sold in 1690 to Maurice Jones of Ddol, a young man in his 20th year who had recently married Jane Bagot. In 1702 he was High Sheriff of Denbighshire, but fell ill and died at the age of 30. The large memorial in Llanrhaeadr Church was placed by his widow, who lived on in the Hall for 30 years. In 1722 she paid for the building of the almshouses to accommodate eight poor persons of the Parish, who were given £8 a year and another £1 at Christmas. In 1829 Lord Bagot, nephew of Jane, provided £2,200 for their foundation, and the Bagot family maintain their interest up to the present. (this report was written in 1978, perhaps one of the Trustees can bring us up to date with this information)

When Jane died the Hall was inherited by Humphrey Parry a nephew, who was a wealthy landowner, and High Sheriff in 1775. He intended to build a new house behind the existing one, but plans by Robert Adam were probably too expensive, so he built fine new stables and outbuildings and an elegant Georgian extension to the Tudor house, completed in the 1770's. The ground floor contained a hall with a splendid staircase, carved and decorated in the Adam manner and a dining room and drawing room with quarter panelling, mahogany doors and Adam style fireplaces. On the first floor there were four bedrooms, this doubled the size of the house, but there were in effect two houses back to back on different levels. The interior of the Tudor house was remodelled again, and the upper chamber converted into bedrooms. A Georgian front door was put into the Elizabethan front.

Very soon however, Parry sold the Hall to Richard Wilding of Liverpool. He was High Sheriff of Denbigh, but sold the house to John Price in the 1790's. His son succeeded to the estate early in Queen Victoria's reign and commissioned a local architect Thomas Penson to produce another plan. He faced the Tudor house, adding some more lofty gables and an entrance hall protected by a stone loggia. His "Jacobethan" look gave the southern façade much greater dignity and integrated the Georgian extension. He laid out the straight driveway leading away from the front door, flanked by a stone lodge and ornamental gates in the Jacobethan style.

The Prices had a son Major Hugh Griffith Price who went out to India to serve with the 2nd. Dragoon Guards, but died at the siege of Lucknow in 1858. When Price died in 1872, his brother Robert Wynne Price inherited but died 7 years later, when the Hall was sold to Charles Bamford, who lived there until he died in 1890. His son lived there until he died four years later. His widow lived there until she died early in the 1900's. It then became a school for young ladies, followed by tenants from 1920 to 1929 used occasionally for shoots or for hunt balls. It was empty for 10 years, before Major William Williams, a relative of the Bamfords, moved down from Llewesog. He demolished the stone loggia.

In 1958, on his death, the estate was distributed between several relatives. His son Captain William Williams lived there before selling it in 1969 and moving back to LLEWESOG. It became an hotel, and when that closed it opened as a residential home for the elderly.

In 1972, the Llanrhaeadr bypass cut across the drive, the wall and gates were replaced at the new entrance. The Lodge was demolished in 1976, and a different one built to the designs of Mr. E. Winterbottom. The elm trees had to be cut down because of dutch elm disease, but new trees were planted.

(This article was written by Derek Winterbottom, but handed in to the Newsletter by Molly Rosenthal.)

Mothers' Union Meeting May 2010.

On May 5th. We were warmly welcomed to the home of Mrs Nerys Harris for our monthly meeting. It was a damp drizzly afternoon but after a short business meeting the very lively Mrs. Crosby soon brightened us up with her enthusiastic, energetic talk about the culture and diet of the regions of China, which differed considerably due to the variety of climates across this vast country. She described in detail the courses and ingredients that were used to make these delicious sounding delicacies. She herself is familiar with the Chinese languages and having spent many years living in Hong Kong, had great knowledge of their culture, customs and way of life. She then demonstrated with help of her Chinese bowls and cooking utensils how the meal table would be set, and how quick, easy and nutritious it is to serve a many course meal using her wok and cooking chopsticks. The whole talk and demonstration was fascinating and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Finally we all were given chopsticks with instructions for their use. We then had great fun using the chopsticks to pick up tiny boiled sweets and putting them safely into our mouths. An excellent tea with a welcome cuppa was enjoyed by everyone, and we all agreed it had been an excellent afternoon. P.A.Roberts

Pilgrim Path / Tour

A few of us attended a meeting in St. Mary's Church to hear of the proposed plan for a mini long distance path/pilgrim route along the Vale of Clwyd. The idea is to incorporate some of the churches along the way as points of interest, history and part of a local faith journey along a pilgrim route.

The route would start and finish at St. Asaph Cathedral, and it is hoped to produce a simple booklet to direct the pilgrim along the way, with brief information of places of interest, details of where to stay, shops, churches history and special events that could be included. It was a most interesting meeting, and will be good for all the places included, but a lot of work will have to be done to get it 'off the ground'. If it transpires we could expect a rise in our visitor numbers.

Rogation Sunday

On Rogation Sunday a number of parishioners from St. Dyfnog's Church went over to Nantglyn to join them in 'beating the bounds' of their parish. Needless to say, we did not attempt the whole journey, but enjoyed ,on a bright sunny afternoon, the walk to Plas Nantglyn, a walk around their immaculate gardens and a gentle walk back to Church House for an excellent afternoon tea, provided by the ladies of Nantglyn. The walk was interspersed with prayers, reflections and poems chosen by the Vicar, and an enjoyable afternoon was had by all. SvdB

A Rugby Family in the Second World War

In the 1930's, time of the great depression, was not good for a young man, embarking on a career.

My father, Leonard, had always been keen to go in for farming, like his forebears on his mother's side. However, my grandparents dissuaded him, they ran a successful jewellery business, Sam Robins, in Rugby. Instead my father was sent as an apprentice to the Birmingham Jewellery quarter. Here he learnt how to repair watches and clocks. Little did he realise at the time that this training would stand him in good stead. In 1939, at the outbreak of the Second World War, highly skilled workers were required to work in factories. My father, for the duration of the war, was sent to work at the B.T.H. factory (British Thompson Houston). Here he assembled torpedo gyroscopes.

Now for a little information of how Rugby was affected by the war. The impact of war was dramatic, not only was there a large increase in demand for many of the normal products from the Rugby factories, and luxury goods stopped, items critical to the war effort had to be produced. New factories sprang up beside the existing factories. These needed electricity, and this meant power stations had to be extended. Emergency back-up generators were installed in the most vital buildings and where needed as mobile units. Equipment was also required for each new ship to be built. All this demand created an influx of orders to the Rugby factories of English Electric and B.T.H. Prior to the war, the B.T.H. research laboratory had been working on the newest form of entertainment - Television. Now the team was switched to working on the development of Radar. (an area that was vital that Britain maintained its lead over Germany) The B.T.H. also developed a second Rugby factory in case its Magnets factory in Coventry was hit by an air raid.

The Coventry Magnets factory was where my uncle Eric Gough was instrumental in Magnets Research.

My other uncle, Leslie Satchell was a director and works manager of the B.T.H.

In 1941 German electric torpedoes were captured and the B.T.H. were asked to copy the design and develop it further. A new factory was built on part of the Rugby site to assemble the whole torpedo excluding the explosives!

Lodge Plugs, Rugby, also made a major contribution to the war in the air. Just before the war they had perfected a new design of plug, using new ceramics and metal alloys. Later in the war when the 8th.

American Army arrived in Britain, Lodge Plugs obtained an order to supply all their heavy bombers.

Production doubled during the war, with 75% going to the R.A.F. and

A.A.A.F.

During these years Frank Whittle lived nearby, I often saw him walking past my house. He worked nearby in Lutterworth, pioneering the construction of the first British aircraft jet engine, this was done against much official scepticism.

There was an influx of workers into Rugby. This created major problems with accommodation. The local council reviewed who was living in each house, and could request rooms they considered to be surplus, and therefore to be rented out to lodgers. Incidentally, that was the first time I realised that there was going to be an addition to the family of a baby sister or brother, when my mother explained to the official that there would be no spare room.

A hostel also had to be constructed to house single male workers. At the end of the war the factories remained busy with orders for reconstruction work and the increase of cars and planes for transport. Many of the war workers became permanent employees, preferring to remain in Rugby, than returning to their home areas. This meant a shortage of housing. To relieve the overcrowding, estates of prefabricated buildings were erected, even though Rugby lost practically no houses due to bombing.

Rugby was so fortunate compared with Coventry which is only approx. 15 miles away. On the moonlit night of 14th. Nov. 1940 Coventry was decimated. It was known as the 'Coventry Blitz'; I remember even as a tiny child, being petrified. The night sky was red and the noise of the bombing deafening. Even now, I remember how I quaked and having to be comforted in my parent's bed.

Next morning my Aunt Marjorie sent a message, asking my father to drive over and collect her and her daughter Pauline. She felt they could not stay another night in Coventry. Their home had survived the bombing, though an incendiary had fallen in their front garden, and another at the rear.

During the early part of the war years, my cot was put in the cloakroom, situated under the staircase. This was supposed to afford the best protection, in case of a direct hit.

In the 'Rugby Advertiser, Tuesday 5th. September 1939, the paper issued warnings - finishing with 'don'ts'

Don't neglect your blackout windows.

Don't make unnecessary phone calls.

Don't motor at night unless absolutely necessary.

Don't let your pets roam the streets in an air-raid.

Don't switch the lights on during a night raid.

Don't hoard food.

Don't grumble about minor inconveniences.

Don't forget a smile goes a long way.

My family owned two pieces of land on the outskirts of Rugby. As I

have previously mentioned my father had always wanted to be a farmer. In a way this helped to compensate for him not being able to do so. His hobby was keeping poultry on quite a large scale (about 2-300 hens at any given time) He was particularly interested in the dark egg breeds, Marans, Well-summers and Barneyvelders. He often won prizes in local shows for plates of 'perfectly matched' eggs. It was also fun getting the poultry ready for the shows. to be continued.....

Shoebox News 2010 - attached to this Newsletter provides some feedback and thanks for all who helped to make Operation Christmas Child such a success in 2009 for 1.18 million children.

Following the story of the wartime exploits of Jasper Maskelyne (April Newsletter) here is another story from the war years.

Do you remember the film "The Man who Never Was"? It told the account of the extraordinary hoax that was carried out against the enemy prior to the Sicily landings in 1943. The body of a military officer was to be washed ashore in Spain (Spain having at that time close links with the Nazis) The body would have on him letters hinting that the coming invasion of the mainland of Europe would probably be in Greece. The contents of the letter passed through many hands, reaching Hitler himself and all were taken in by the hoax, so much so that the bulk of the German troops and armaments were rushed to Greece to be ready for the intended invasion, leaving only a token force in Sicily. The actual invasion took place in June 1943-where?- in Sicily of course. Thousands of Allied lives were thus saved by this ruse-one of many perpetrated by both sides in the war, this one being described as "The most successful single episode in the history of deception".

For many years the identity of the dead officer "Major William Martin" was kept a secret but in a book I read recently he turns out to have been a Welshman called Glyndwr Michael from Aberbargoed in Glamorgan, no officer at all but a man who had fallen on hard times in London, finally committing suicide. He had cut himself off from his family so nobody came forward to enquire what had become of him. He is buried in a cemetery in Spain near where he landed, with a headstone provided by the British government bearing both his assumed name and, as a later addition, his real name. An English lady, living locally, every April, puts flowers on the grave.

The whole operation is vividly described in the book called "Operation Mincemeat" which was the code-name bestowed upon it through all its successful ramifications. **H.J.J.**

Diary Notes

Sunday 13th June - Diocesan Conference Cathedral - All welcome

Saturday 3rd July - Trosyffordd Open Garden & Cream Tea

**Friday 9th July - A Musical Evening at St Dyfnog,s
Glandomwy Group & Friends**

**A quartet of recorder players, a pianist, a singer & speaker who meet
together and enjoy making music**