

Mawrth/March 2021

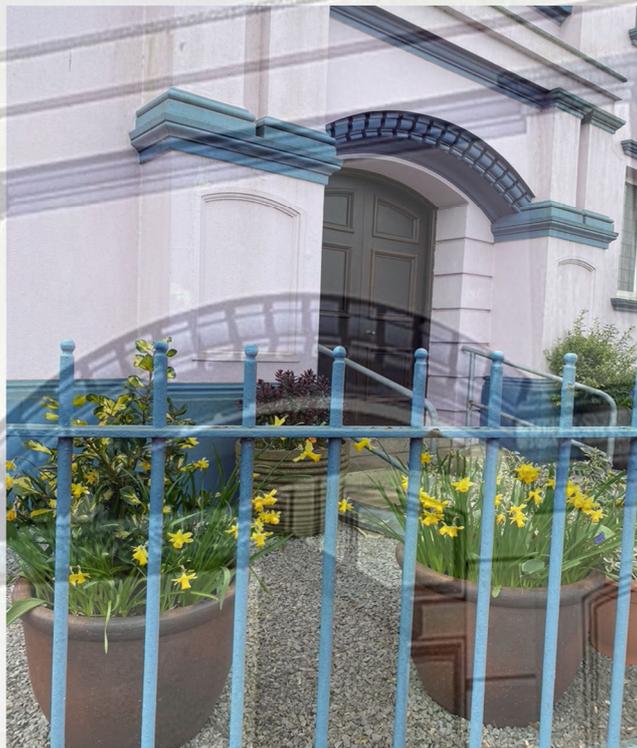
Rhifyn / Issue 33

Cylchlythyr / Newsletter



Babell Zion Newydd

“Frodyr a Chwiorydd, gwnewch y pethau bychain a welsoch ac a glywsoch gennyf fi.”



This newsletter has been digitised as part of a project to archive material relating to Llangunnor so that a record exists for future generations

Thanks to Babel Zion Newydd Chapel for permission to do this

Llangunnor Network
*Preserving and Promoting
Llangunnor*

Dear Friends/Annwyl gyfeillion

On the first of March Mr Emyr Williams started with us as the new Minister to the Gwendraeth Pastorate. Emyr is no stranger to us here at Babel Zion Newydd. He has been supportive of the Friendship Centre and numerous other activities over the years and as a member of Ty Hen, Meidrim we have worked together as a District- the Cwrdd Dosbarth - for many years. During his candidacy for the ministry he combined his college work with a shared ministry in the Tywi Cothi Pastorate and is known for his innovative style of leadership. Rydym yn gwybod am ei arbrofi gyda ‘Messy Church,’ Penwythnos y Cynhaeaf a Gorymdaith Sul y Pasg i enwi ond tri pheth. We look forward to his ministry. Edrychwn ymlaen at gael cwmni Emyr gyda ni ynghyd â'i wraig Eleri a'u meibion Dafydd a Sion ac ystyriwn ein hunain yn ffodus iawn i gael Corey ac Emyr wrth y llyw.

Ryn ni'n cydymdeimlo gyda Mr Owen Jones ar golli ei chwaer o Aberteifi ar ddiwedd mis Chwefror ac ryn ni'n estyn ein cydymdeimlad llwyraf gydag yntau a'i deulu. We extend our condolences to Mr Owen Jones and family whose sister passed away at the end of February.

Mae ein gweddiau hefyd gyda Janet a Lynn gynt o Fferm Pentremeurig sy'n gofidio am ei gor-nai Jesse ar yr adeg hon. Cafodd y babi bach prin 5 mis oed lawdriniaeth ar y galon ym Mryste. Our thoughts are with Sara and Liam and family as we pray for a full recovery.

The Vestry extension is coming along slowly. The new facilities to the right of the vestry are taking shape although the kitchen area has not yet been started upon. Unfortunately, therefore, reopening the Chapel doors for Easter Sunday will not be possible even though some chapels will be attempting to do so. Lifting the travel ban on March 27th will mean that we shall be able to visit cemeteries on Palm Sunday whilst also respecting the rules of social distancing.

Llongyfarchiadau i Gareth a Dawn Llys Morfa ar ddod yn or-dadcu a gor-mangu i Maia Eirlys a anwyd i'w hwyres ym Mryste. Gobeithio y cewch eu gweld yn y cnawd cyn hir.

Warmest congratulations and best wishes also to Mrs Nancy Butters at Towy Castle Residential Home who celebrated her 105th birthday on March 13th. A facebook greeting showed a lovely picture of Mrs Butters. We look forward to be able to visit soon.

World Day of Prayer/ Dydd Gweddi'r Byd

This year the World Day of Prayer was held on the traditional first Friday in March via Zoom and hosted by Christ Church with Rev Delyth Richards and Parch Beti Wyn presiding. Molly took part in the morning service together with members from Heol Awst, Eglwys Crist, Priordy, Tabernacl and Llanllwch. Carole took part in the afternoon together with members from Christ Church, English Congregational, English Baptist, St Peters and Wesley. Helen sang the hymns in both services having pre-recorded for the morning Service. The theme centred on ‘Building on a strong foundation’ and had been written by the church in Vanuatu, a group of islands in the South Pacific

Rev Mike Shephard writes....

ON WEATHERING THE WEATHER

*Whether the weather be dry or whether the weather be wet
We'll weather the weather whatever the weather
And make it a good day yet.*

The words make a lot of sense but are easier said than done. I don't know about you but winters, as I experience them, seem to be getting wetter with every passing year. This is particularly the case when, like me, one lives in the west of Wales. It was once said that it was rare for the River Towy, in Carmarthen, to burst its banks but it now happens frequently. It has done so three times this winter, with incalculable damage being caused to properties on the quay. My son, who lives in Leicestershire has researched the subject and points out that Countersthorpe receives 27 inches of rain a year. The annual rainfall for Carmarthen is 54 inches – exactly double. I do know that we have had fewer than six dry days in the period October 2020 to February 2021 and that even the most upbeat of people are now suffering from the symptoms of seasonal affected disorder.

It was not so long ago that we spoke, not about 'climate change' but 'global warming' and I greeted such a prospect with joy. I envisaged a land of long springs and sun-kissed summers and wanted to cry out, "Bring it on!" The reality, I now see, is very different and that what we get is month upon month of warmer rain – certainly in the darker parts of the year.

I really should not be writing like this as all I am doing is spreading a message of doom and gloom. The whole purpose of a pastoral letter is, surely, to bring light into black situations and hope to those who have lost something of their sparkle. Is there nothing positive that one can say?

Whenever I feel especially low I think of a friend, M. If anyone loved life, she did. One of the loves of her life was horse-riding and hardly a day went by without her climbing into the saddle. One day, on a fine but blustery morning, she mounted a horse and was soon amidst the country lanes close to her home. Ahead, a lorry was parked up but there was ample room to pass. It was at that moment that a strong gust of wind disturbed the tarpaulin cover and caused it to flap violently. M's horse, being of nervous temperament, became panicked and ran up a steep embankment causing M to fall to the ground. She was stunned but, at that point, was alright. Sadly, she slid down the gradient and her head made contact with the road. It became obvious, very quickly, that she had broken her neck.

M was to spend many months in hospital but it became apparent that she would never walk again and that, from now on, she would be wheelchair bound. Moreover the paralysis was from the neck down and she would need constant care, albeit delivered in her own home, especially adapted for the purpose.

Who would have thought that a tarpaulin, moving suddenly in a breeze, could have had such a life changing and catastrophic effect?

M, let it be said, has accepted that change in an amazing way, it being apparent that it is the observer who experiences the deeper grief. M never asks, 'Why me?' She is never heard to say, 'If only.' She does not moan or complain but finds pleasure in her family and in the simple joys of life.

Today, as my wife and I walked, dolefully, in the pouring rain, we suddenly thought of M. To say that we were ashamed of our complaining would be an understatement. We reminded ourselves that M would have loved to be in our position – just walking – and feeling the water running down her face and soaking her through to the skin.

I would like to say that I will never moan about the weather again. That, possibly, is an unattainable dream. It is, nevertheless something for which to aim. Meanwhile, here is a riddle for us.

My first is in GRATEFUL and also POLITE.
My second's in HAPPY as well as DELIGHT.
My third's in APPRECIATE and also ACCEPT.
My fourth's in SINCERE but not in EXPECT.
My fifth's in ACKNOWLEDGE and also in SAY.
My whole is a word which, though only small,
Says each of these things, and more than them all!

I won't give the answer. It is more meaningful if we solve the riddle ourselves. We could perhaps work out the solution on the next occasion we go walking in the rain.

THE WORST OF TIMES AND THE BEST OF TIMES

A collection of articles written for the Ambulance Service

by Mike Shephard

Order your copy now in Welsh or English @ £12

For more information contact Mike:

shephard49@btinternet.com

Tel 01267 234759

Corey writes.....

Corey wrote the following article for the Welsh journal "Cristion." Each bimonthly journal has a theme and this time it was "Gwefr." Like 'hiraeth,' the word 'gwefr' belongs to that category of words which don't translate easily. The nearest we can get is "thrill" or on google translate 'buzz.' Diolch am rannu'r erthygl gyda ni Corey.

Gwefr

Wnes i ddim tyfu i fyny'n siarad Cymraeg. I ddweud y gwir, ges i fy magu 4,120 milltir i ffwrdd o ble dw i'n byw yng Nghymru heddiw! Ond, rwy'n ddiolchgar am y cyfle i ddysgu'r iaith, ac rwy'n parhau i ddysgu geiriau newydd o hyd.

Wna i byth anghofio pan ddes i ar draws y gair 'gwefr' y tro cyntaf, sef pan oeddwn i'n darllen cyfieithiad Arfon Jones o fy hoff stori yn y Beibl: taith Cleopas ac (yn debygol) ei wraig Mair wrth iddyn nhw deithio o Jerwsalem yn ôl adref i Emaus. Yn y naratif anhygoel hwn, mae'r ddau yn cerdded ar hyd y ffordd pan mae dieithryn yn ymuno â nhw, gan ofyn pam eu bod nhw mor drist. *'Mae rhaid mae ti ydy'r unig berson yn Jerwsalem nad sy'n gwybod beth sydd wedi digwydd y dyddiau dwetha' yma!'* Y proffwyd rhyfeddol, yr un wnaeth lawer o wyrthiau, yr un yr oedd llawer yn disgwyl i adnewyddu Israel, wedi'i groeshoelio ar groes Rufeinig ar Ddydd Gwener! Ac nid hyn yn unig, ond mae sôn ar led nad yw bellach yn ei feddrod claddu!

Ond yn y stori, mae'r dieithryn yn agor yr Ysgrythurau iddyn nhw, gan egluro, yn ysgytwol, sut roedd hyn i gyd yn rhan o gynllun Duw yr holl amser. Mae'r cwpl yn rhyfeddu at yr hyn sy'n cael ei ddweud, a dydyn nhw ddim wedi clywed digon! Felly maen nhw'n gwahodd y dieithryn i'w cartref am y noson. Ac yna, pan mae'r tri ohonyn nhw'n eistedd i lawr am eu pryd gyda'r nos, mae'r dieithryn yn torri bara ac yn ei roi iddyn nhw pan 'yn sydyn dyma nhw'n sylweddoli mai Iesu oedd gyda nhw [yn Groeg a'r BCN 'Agorwyd eu llygaid hwy'], a'r foment honno diflannodd o'u golwg. Dyma nhw'ndweud wrth ei gilydd, *"Roedden ni'n teimlo rhyw wefr, fel petai'n calonnau ni ar dân, wrth iddo siarad â ni ar y ffordd ac esbonio beth mae'r ysgrifau sanctaidd yn ei ddweud!'* Wow!

Thrill

I didn't grow up speaking Welsh. To tell you the truth I grew up 4,120 miles away from where I live in Wales today! But I am thankful for the opportunity to learn the language and I am still learning new words.

I shall never forget the first time I came across the word "gwefr" when I was reading Arfon Jones' translation of my favourite story in the Bible: Cleopas' journey with [most likely] his wife Mary from Jerusalem to Emmaus. In this incredible narrative, the two are walking along the way when a stranger joins them and asks them why they are so sad. *"You must be the only person in Jerusalem who doesn't know what has happened these last few days!"*

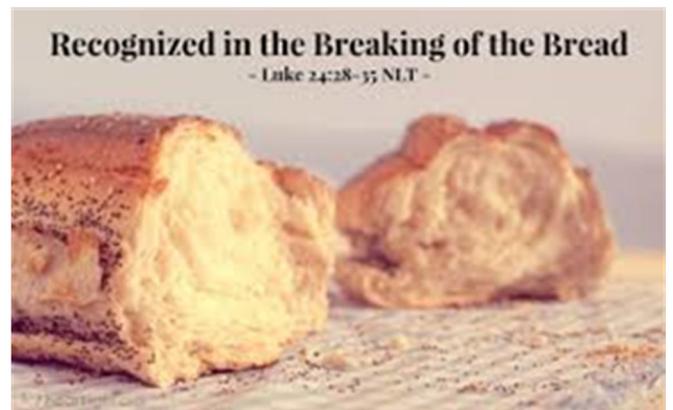
The wonderful prophet, the one who performed many miracles, the one whom so many were waiting to restore Israel, crucified on a Roman cross on Friday! And not only this, but there is a rumour that he is no longer in his grave! But in the story, the stranger opens the scriptures to them and explains to them how this was all part of God's plan from the beginning. The couple are amazed and want to hear more. So they invite the stranger to their home for the night. As the three of them sit down to the evening meal, the stranger breaks bread and gives it to them and they 'suddenly realise that it is Jesus who is there with them,' [in Greek "Their eyes are opened"] and at that very moment he disappears. They say to each other, *"We felt a thrill, as if our hearts were on fire, as he talked with us on the road and explained the scriptures to us!"* Wow!



Pan wnaeth fy ngwraig esbonio ystyr y gair 'gwefr' i mi (gan nad yw e yn y testun gwreiddiol mewn gwirionedd), roeddwn i'n meddwl ei fod o'n hollol berffaith! Rwy'n meddwl ei fod yn air anhygoel i ddisgrifio gwefr Cleopas a Mair pan mae eu llygaid nhw'n cael eu hagor ac maen nhw'n cydnabod presenoldeb Crist gyda nhw wrth eu bwrdd. Mae'n atgoffa ni o'r stori yn Genesis 3 lle cafodd llygaid Efe ac Adda eu hagor ar ôl bwyta ffrwyth yr ardd. Ond yn y stori honno, cafodd llygaid y cwpl gwreiddiol eu hagor i realiti marwolaeth, tra yn stori Emaus, gafodd llygaid y cwpl hyn eu hagor i'r realiti bod marwolaeth wedi'i goncro! Roedd fel petai eu calonnau nhw ar dân! I lawer, wrth gwrs, mae'r ffydd Gristnogol yn ddiflas ac yn amherthnasol, ac mae agor yr Ysgrythur a thorri bara yn ddefodau diystyr. Ond pan fyddwn ni'n derbyn nhw mewn ffydd, mae ein llygaid ni'n cael eu hagor i realiti anhygoel: *mae Crist yma gyda ni!* Mae'n cwrdd â ni yma ac yn ein trawsnewid ni trwy ei ras. Rwy'n gweddïo eich bod chi'n cael eich atgoffa o'r 'wefr' o wybod bod Crist gyda chi, a fydd eich calonnau yn llosgi ynoch chi wrth ichi dorri bara ac agor yr Ysgrythurau gyda'ch gilydd yr un modd.

When my wife explained the meaning of the word "gwefr" to me (since it's not actually in the original scriptures), I thought it was perfect! I think it's an incredible word to describe the thrill or the buzz Cleopas and Mary would have felt when their eyes were opened and they realise the presence of Jesus with them at the table. It reminds us of the story in Genesis 3 when Adam and Eve's eyes are opened after they eat of the forbidden fruit. However, in that story the eyes of the original couple are opened to the reality of death, but in the Emmaus story the couple's eyes are opened to the reality that death has been conquered! It was as if their hearts were on fire!

To many, of course, the Christian faith is irrelevant and opening the Scriptures and breaking the bread are meaningless. But when we receive them in faith our eyes are opened to an incredible reality: Christ is with us! He meets us here and changes us through his grace. I pray that you are reminded of that thrill of knowing that Christ is with you, and that your hearts are on fire as you break the bread and open the scriptures together in the same way.



Gweddi/Prayer

Kevin B	21.3.21
Carole R	28.3.21
Rev Adelaide	4.4.21
Rosemary K	11.4.21
Meurig	18.4.21
Catrin	25.4.21
Molly	2. 5.21
Tina	9.5.21
Lynn	16.5.21
Pat	23.5.21
Helen	30.5.21
Sian	6.6.21
Carole	13.6.21

Molly C Rosemary E	21.3.21
Catrin C Nan T E	28.3.21
Rev Adelaide	4.4.21
Sian C Nelda E	11.4.21
Tina C Meurig E	18.4.21
Vi C Owen E	25.4.21
Nan T C Carole E	2.5.21
Lynn C Pat E	9.5.21
Helen C Ian W E	16.5.21
Molly C Rosemary E	23.5.21
Catrin C Pat E	30.5.21
Molly C Owen E	6.6.21
Vi C Sian E	13.6.21

Suliau'r Henaduriaeth am 10am:

- 28/3 Sul y Blodau ~ Parch Ian Sims
 1/4 Nos Iau Cablyd/Maundy Thursday ~
 Oedfa a Chymun (Amser i'w drefnu)
 2/4 Dydd Gwener y Groglith ~ Oedfa 2:30pm
 28/3 Sul y Blodau ~ Parch Ian Sims

Elders' Meeting/Cyfarfod Blaenoriaid

The next Elders' Meeting will be held on May 17th at 6pm via Zoom

Services/ Gwasanaethau

Zoom services continue every Sunday morning at 11am.

The details for the zoom links are as follows: Zoom

Link: <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/87986477837>

Telephone: +44 203 481 5240

Meeting ID: 879 8647 7837

BZN Easter Services:

Good Friday at 11 Zoom Service led by Corey on Zoom

Easter Sunday at 11 Zoom service led by Rev Adelaide



HEALING AT THE CROSS

We know when Jesus was crucified upon the wooden cross,
Our every sin was laid upon Him all for loving the lost.
And we know that when He rose again He conquered death and hell
Through His resurrection we have Eternal life as well.

For this we praise our gracious Lord and thank Him for His love,
For we could never have had this hope if it wasn't for His spilled blood.
But we can know His resurrection power right now while we are here,
For we can come to the cross of Christ and lay down our burdens there.

For everything that may hold us back, the hurts from yesterday,
At the foot of the cross we lay it down, and then just walk away.
For I believe that there is healing at the cross of Christ,
We do not need to carry these loads for they've all been crucified.

Receive from Jesus the healing you need for your spirit, body and soul,
Then you can arise, freed from your past, to walk completely whole.
For what He accomplished on the cross goes on into eternity,
Just reach out your hand and He will too, and receive His victory.

© By M.S.Lowndes

Thank you Carole for submitting this poem

Meurig's Challenge for Alzheimers Society

On July 3rd this year (COVID restrictions permitting) Meurig will be taking part in the Brecon Beacons 26 mile Challenge. This event has been organised by the Alzheimers Society to raise funds for, and awareness of, this cruel disease. We saw first hand with mum how this affects not only the sufferer but also the entire family. Meurig will be doing this challenge in memory of Lilian so if anyone would like to sponsor him you can do so by going on to his "JustGiving" page or you might just bump into him when he is out "training!" His page can be found at:

www.justgiving.com/fundraising/meurig-rees

Carole writes....

If someone were to walk up to you and ask, "What is the main purpose of Babel Zion Newydd?" What would you tell them?

What picture comes to mind when you think of the church? A magnificent building costing millions of pounds? An organization out to take your money and make you poor? A place to make business contacts? Or a place to gather for corporate worship and prayer?

The local church should serve as a lighthouse. Jesus said: "You are the light of the world. A city on a hill cannot be hidden. Neither do people light a lamp and put it under a bowl. Instead they put it on its stand, and it gives light to everyone in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before men, that they may see your good deeds and praise your Father in heaven." Matthew 5:14-16

Like a lighthouse the local church has a similar purpose – to shine forth for Jesus. God has given us the command to shine forth the good news of Jesus Christ. As a local church we are like a mission outpost. Our task is to serve others and not to be served. The focus of the church unlike many other organizations exists for others and not primarily for the membership of the church.



In John 8:12 Jesus says, "I am the light of the world; he who follows Me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life." Jesus is our source of light and we are to reflect that light to others. Our lives are to reflect the mind and will of God!

A prime example of this is Dr David Nott. His father Malcolm had been a faithful member at Zion many years ago and David is a renowned surgeon based in London. However, over the years, David has given up his holidays to fly out to war torn countries to save the lives of so many people. But what we may not have considered or understood is the danger he put himself under every time he flew out.

During his last visit to Syria he described how medical facilities were so low that he often had to operate without the protection from masks or gown, not to mention being just inches away from gunshot. The local doctors who remained had to work in secret or use false names for fear



of retribution against their families. One doctor was so exhausted yet felt he could not leave his people down.

But the dangers started even before David reached these people. The biggest problem was getting in and out of these countries and he had to run his own gauntlet past checkpoints. He had to sit in a van, hiding, knowing that 6 feet away was a gunman who, if he knew David was there, would haul him out.

Jesus has called us to be a light in this world and David's light is surely shining brightly, letting nothing and no-one get in his path.

Each and every one of us needs to ask ourselves "What is our light doing?"

One of my favourite hymns/ Un o'm hoff emynau

Dwy Law yn erfyn

Dwy law yn erfyn sydd yn y darlun
Wrth ymyl fy ngwely i
Bob bore a nos, mae'i gweddi'n un dlos
Mi wn, er na chlywaf hi.

Pan af i gysgu, mae'r ddwy law hynny
Wrth ymyl fy ngwely i
Mewn gweddi ar Dduw i'm cadw i'n fyw,
Mi wn er na chlywaf hi.

A phan ddaw'r bore, a'r wawr yn ole
Wrth ymyl fy ngwely i,
Mae'r weddi o hyd yn fiwsig i gyd,
Mi wn er na chlywaf hi.

Rhyw nos fach dawel fe ddwg yr awel
O ymyl fy ngwely i
Y weddi i'r ser, fel eos o bêr,
A minnau'n ei chlywed hi

Albrecht Durer's Painting "The Praying Hands" was the inspiration for the writing of the above hymn by T Rowland Hughes and set to music by Davey Davies for Alto and Soprano. I suppose the author remembered it from childhood as a painting seen on his bedroom wall. But I wonder whether you know how the painting came about?

To celebrate St David's Day this year this story was retold to the children of the Sunday Club to highlight the words of St David: "Do the little things; Gwnewch y pethau bychain a welsoch ac a glywsoch gennyf fi."

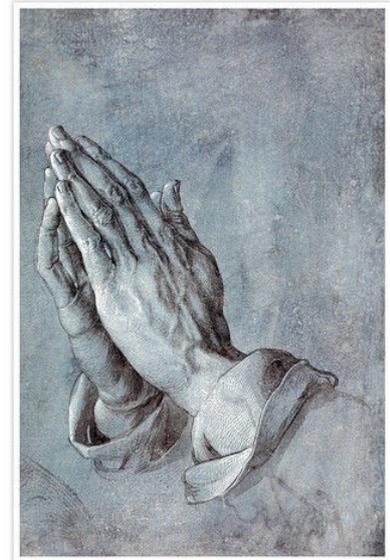
Here is a resumé of the story.

Back in the fifteenth century, in a tiny village near Nuremberg, lived a family with eighteen children. Eighteen!

In order merely to keep food on the table, the father and head of the household, a goldsmith by profession, worked almost eighteen hours a day at his trade and any other work he could find in the neighbourhood.

Two of the elder children, Albrecht and Albert, had a dream. They both wanted to pursue their talent for art, but they knew full well that their father would never be financially able to send either of them to Nuremberg to study at the Academy.

After many long discussions at night in their crowded bed, the two boys finally worked out a pact. They would toss a coin. The loser would go down into the nearby



mines and, with his earnings, support his brother while he attended the academy. Then, when that brother who won the toss completed his studies, in four years, he would support the other brother at the academy, either with sales of his artwork or, if necessary, also by labouring in the mines.

They tossed a coin on a Sunday morning after church. Albrecht Durer won the toss and went off to Nuremberg.

When the young artist returned to his village, the Durer family held a party to celebrate Albrecht's triumphant homecoming.

He made a speech and to close said, "And now, Albert, blessed brother of mine, now it is your turn. Now you can go to Nuremberg to pursue your dream, and I will take care of you."

But Albert was crying and with tears streaming down his face he said softly, "No, brother. I cannot go to Nuremberg. It is too late for me. Look... Look what four years in the mines have done to my hands! The bones in every finger have been smashed at least once, and lately I have been suffering from arthritis so badly in my right hand that I cannot even hold a glass, much less make delicate lines on parchment or canvas with a pen or a brush. No, brother for me it is too late."

Today Albrecht's works hang in every great museum in the world: hundreds of portraits, pen and silver-point sketches, water colours, charcoals, woodcuts, and copper engravings.

But one work stands out: **The Praying Hands**.

One day Albrecht drew his brother's hands with palms together and thin fingers stretched towards the sky. He called the drawing "Hands". But knowing that Albert had sacrificed his talent for Albrecht it has become known as the "Praying Hands."



- "No-one makes it alone." Someone, somewhere has helped us along the way, even made a huge sacrifice for us to have what we have today.
- St David said: Do the little things." These little things can sometimes turn into huge things. That is what life is all about.

"Frodyr a chwiorydd, byddwch lawen a gwnewch y pethau bychain a welsoch ac a glywsoch gennyf fi."

HG

Rota for Announcements

Mawrth:	Pat
Ebrill:	Lynn
Mai:	Meurig
Mehefin:	Molly
Gorffennaf	Sian

