

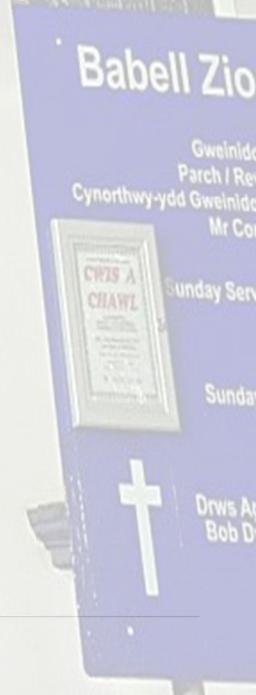
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BABELL ZION NEWYDD

Rhiw Babel Pensarn Caerfyrddin SA31 2DJ



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Thanks to Babel Zion Newydd Chapel for permission to do this

Llangunnor Network
*Preserving and Promoting
Llangunnor*

A message for Remembrance Day By Rev Mike Shephard

Dear Friends

'Do you remember the time we came here before?' asked my wife. I racked my brains, trying to recall it, but it was no good; the occasion was clean forgotten, as though it had never been. We do remember many things, of course, but we forget many others, as probably all of us can testify from bitter experience. Points we ought to remember have that infuriating habit of disappearing from our minds just when we need to recall them most, and so we resort to such props as a knot in a hankie, a spoon in one's shoe or a memo-board in the kitchen, hoping that these may jog our memory. Such, increasingly, is the rationale behind Remembrance Day. Every year, the number of those who lived through the Second World War diminishes whereas none now will have any memory of the earlier conflict. It is for that reason that the occasion becomes more rather than less important. We have only to witness the horrors of more recent wars, or the continuing violence in many parts of the world, to realise that things haven't changed as much as we might like to think. Some even dare to suggest that the horrors of the Holocaust never actually happened, thus dismissing, at a stroke, the suffering, terror and the anguish experienced by so many millions. The fact is that we cannot afford to forget the past.

Remembrance Day does not glorify war but rather recalls the price of peace, reminding us of the evil and inhumanity that people can stoop to, and the sacrifice so many made to ensure that such tyranny did not



triumph. It purposely thrusts such things back into our consciousness – lest we forget. I wonder who it was who hit on the idea of that all-important Two Minute Silence. It was a wonderful idea as silence, on Remembrance Day, speaks far more eloquently than could any form of words.

For one thing that silence contains a message of Judgement. I can never remember my grandfather raising his voice in anger. He certainly never chastised us when my brother and I did wrong. His method of discipline was far more effective – silence! He would simply look at us silently but his silence spoke volumes and the bad behaviour ceased. If we listen very carefully to the silence on Remembrance Day we will hear a note of condemnation for the inhumanity of humanity which, throughout history, has been the cause of war.

*I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
We discoursed of my former living,
In a land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer,
The questions it put to me,
And to face those questions and
answers,*

*In that dim eternity.
And the ghosts of forgotten actions,
Came floating before my sight,
And the sins that I thought were dead sins,
Were alive with a terrible might.
And I know of the future judgement,
However dreadful it be –
That to sit alone with my conscience,
Would be judgement enough for me*

Chas.W.Stubbs ©

Then again, silence can be the communicator of understanding and forgiveness. There is a well-known story of a young man who was careless of responsibility and who, after leaving home, brought shame upon the family name. Eventually he came to his senses and having nowhere else to go returned to the family in which he was reared. He fully expected to be rejected by his parents or, at the very least, be treated as one who had let them down. To his amazement not one word of condemnation was spoken and he was received back as if he had never been away. The father realised that words were not necessary and that a forgiving silence was much more eloquent.

When confronted by the evils of war of what use are words? Can they undo the harm done or atone for millions of blighted lives? All we can do is to ensure that past mistakes are not repeated and if that is to happen there must be peace and reconciliation between individuals and nations. Of all words the phrase 'I'm sorry' is the most inadequate. Better than that is the light bathed eye and the silence that says 'I am prepared to forgive.'

All that remains is to say that silence can communicate fellowship and friendship. We will all have had the experience of being with another person – a lover possibly – and enjoying a silent companionship whereby words are not necessary. It is enough simply to hold the other's hand. So, in the silence of Remembrance Day let us, in imagination, reach out and grasp the hand of the 'other' and vow that from that moment on we will be of one heart and mind.

My very best wishes
Mike Shephard

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Annwyl bawb // Dear friends,

Daeth ein mab bach annwyl, Peris James Hampton, i'r byd ar fore Dydd Gwener, y 30ain o Hydref, ac mae'r ddau ohonom wedi bod mor falch o'i groesawu fe.

Our beautiful son, Peris James, was born last Friday morning at 4:40 am. Of all the titles Catrin and I share, mum and dad are our favourite! It's been the happiest week of our lives, and we can't wait for you all to meet him. We want to thank each of you for your prayers, for the cards, and for the gifts that you have sent us. We are both so grateful for the love shown to us by our church family.

We look forward to welcoming him into our church family soon, and raising him up in the faith that each of us share. We appreciate your continued prayers in the days, weeks, and months ahead.

In Christ's love,

Corey & Catrin

The Congregation/ Y Gynulleidfa

Congratulations/Llongyfarchiadau

Warmest congratulations to Corey and Catrin on the arrival of Peris James. It is a long time since we welcomed a little one into the church family, so it is with great happiness that we wish them all God's goodness in the coming years.

Llongyfarchiadau mawr i Catrin a Corey ar enedigaeth Peris James ar Hydref 30ain. Mae'r teulu bach ym Mhontyberem yn gwneud yn dda ac am ddiolch i bawb am eu dymuniadau da yn ystod yr amser cyffrous hwn. Bendith y nef arnynt.



Diolch/ Thank you

Dymuna Mrs Edwina Jones ddiolch i bawb am eu cyfarchion adeg ei phenblwydd yn 90 oed yn ddiweddar.

Mrs Jones would like to thank everyone for their good wishes on the occasion of her 90th birthday. Pob dymuniad da Mrs Jones.

Services/ Gwasanaethau

Zoom services continue every Sunday morning at 11am and we are grateful to Pat and Carole for taking the services

during Corey's paternity leave. 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

In hospital/Yn yr Ysbyty

We are thinking of Andrew Convery's mother at this time who, at 99 years old, has suffered a stroke and is in Towy Ward. It is particularly difficult for the family who are unable to visit at this time due to COVID-19. Please hold the family in your prayers.

Bereavement/Profedigaeth

It is with sadness that we record the passing of Mr Roy Evans of the Aelwyd. You will remember that Roy enjoyed coming to the afternoon services and appreciated the lifts he had with Pat and also Pastor John Morgan when he came to preach in Babel. However with failing health he found it increasingly difficult after his 90th birthday to attend. Estynnwn ein cydymdeimlad llwyraf gyda Gaenor, Sian a'u teuluoedd.



Elders' Meeting/Cyfarfod Blaenoriaid

At the Elders' Meeting held on October 18th via Zoom it was confirmed that the Christmas Fayre would be cancelled this year. Corey will continue with the weekly services on Zoom with the exception of his paternity leave and will also provide the weekly devotions by post. Pat was thanked for taking all Fresh Start contributions to the Salvation Army during Lockdown. The vestry extension is coming on well.

The next meeting will be held on November 29th via Zoom at 6pm.

The Sunday Club/ Yr Ysgol Sul

It was a sunny Sunday in the park for our last meeting before a two week break to



coincide with our second national lockdown in Wales. We started with the story of Creation to coincide with the sermons on Genesis on Sunday morning and the task set was to



illustrate the six days of creation on paper plates. Thank

you once again Ellie Grace for submitting your work for the newsletter. On November 8th we held our very first Zoom Club meeting when we discussed the Story of Cain and Abel. We are fortunate to have technology at times like this to keep in touch.

The members would also like to thank you for all contributions to the Food Bank.

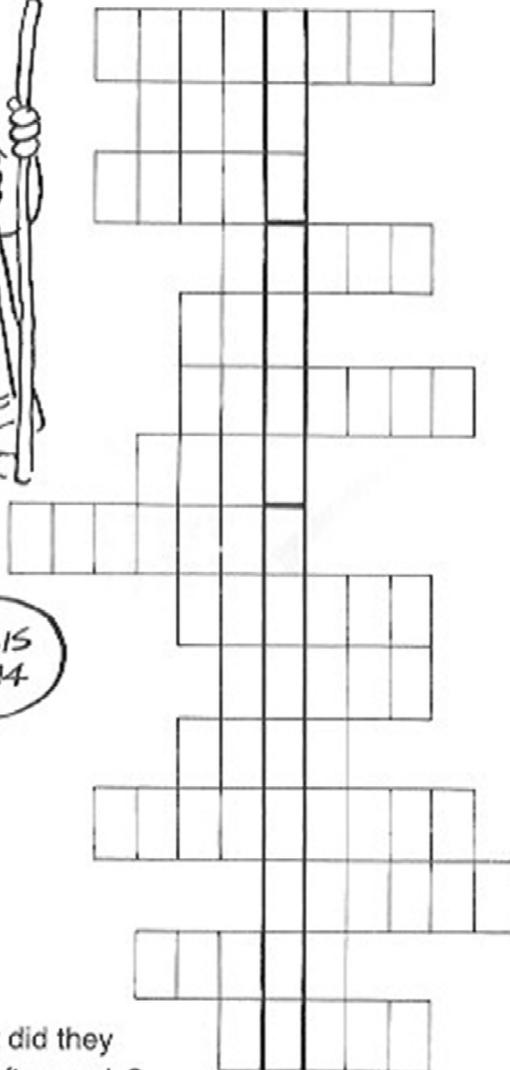
Have a go everyone!

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ABRAHAM'S FAITH IS TESTED...



GENESIS
22:1-14



Place God chose for the sacrifice, v.2.

Where the ram was caught, v.13.

Abraham picked this up, v.10.

Abraham built this, v.9.

Numbers of servants, v.3.

Isaac's father, v.2.

Isaac carried this, v.6.

What Abraham told the servants he and his son were going to do, v.5.

The land where this happened, v.2.

These burn, v.6.

When something is a light it is called this, v.6.

An offering to God, v.6.

The animal which carried their wood, v.3.

The number of days the journey took, v.4.

Abraham's son, v.1, 2.

Hidden clue: What did they call the mountain afterwards?

Thank you Mike for both contributions to our newsletter this month. They are very much appreciated.

Mike Shephard writes

Dear Friends,

My Grandfather, Tom Penny, was born in 1892 and died in 1957. I still think of him and never more so than in the weeks following November's Remembrance Sunday. I recall, amongst other things that he fought at the Somme, in 1916, when some fifty thousand died on the first day of the battle. Imagine that. Fifty thousand young men wiped out in a single day – for no appreciable gain in territory – save perhaps for a few inches. It is said that the German troops held up a notice saying that the British were fools. It was immediately shot to pieces. The next day another notice appeared stating that the French were fools. That, too, was destroyed. Next day another placard appeared: We are all fools. Let's go home. On this occasion no one shot it down – but few of the soldiers would see home again. My grandfather was one of the lucky ones. He returned home minus a leg and thereafter lived a financially straitened existence in a land 'fit for heroes.'

I have vivid memories of his artificial leg. There were no blade runners then. It weighed a ton and was attached to his stockinged stump by an assortment of wires. It did not bend at the knee and in order to walk he would swing the leg outward in a semi-circular motion, stopping frequently, in order to gain strength for the next stride.

That artificial leg was an integral part of my childhood. I remember a day when a teenager, who was old enough to have known better, called out "Tom Peg Leg" as my grandfather walked down the road. I recall him turning angrily to give chase but losing his balance fell heavily to the ground. The grazes were superficial and would soon disappear. The humiliation was different. It was ingrained deep in his soul and would be slow to heal.

There are also funny memories associated with that leg – at least looking back at events. This particular incident seemed quite scary at the time. My grandfather seldom drank but on one occasion, during the day, he called in the Nag's Head Tavern opposite our house. He came out of the pub the worse for wear and, seeking to avoid a confrontation with my grandmother, he walked, unsteadily, around the back of the house intending, no doubt, to take refuge in his shed until he sobered up. Unfortunately for him, he fell into the gooseberry bushes and the straps which held his leg in place became tangled in the branches. The more he struggled to release himself the more entangled he became. My brother and I tried unsuccessfully to pull him up and panicking had no choice other than to 'grass on him.' His wife, our grandmother, was short and very round and resembled a beach ball with legs attached – but what a temper she had! Seeing her storming down the path he called out, "Don't shout at me Liz! I'm dying I am! Don't go on at me!" She replied, "Die to hell with you, you bugger! You know you can't hold your drink!" I seem to recall that he was in the dog house for some days – all because of that artificial leg.

He died in 1957 – of a massive heart attack. He was taken ill just before I went to school and my last memory of him was being carried, without that leg, into the ambulance that would take him into hospital.

I remember coming home that day to a strangely silent house. I was conscious of the clock ticking on the mantelpiece and then became aware of my grandmother sobbing quietly in the corner.

Isn't life strange? When my grandfather was in the house I didn't really notice him. I had more important things to think about – like playing with my friends. But now he was dead he seemed more alive than ever and his absence became a symbol of his presence. I saw his woodbine cigarettes by the hearth and could hear him saying, plaintively, "Have we got money for me to have five Woodbine, Lizzie?" His football coupon was on the table, completed only the night before when he had asked me to pick the numbers for him. And there, behind the sofa, was his artificial leg which creaked when he walked and announced his coming long before he arrived. It would be silent now save for the time, months later, when we discovered it in the darkness of the cellar and used it to frighten village children who paid a penny for the privilege of being scared out of their minds. We would attach cord to it and would make it 'kick out' as they approached it in the blackness. Those screams were really something! Only naughty children can become chaplains in later life!

Why am I writing of these events now? The answer to that question is that this is the season for recalling those who sacrificed their lives or health for our sake. They gave their tomorrows so that we could have our todays. Where would we have been without them?

I once heard a man describe himself as 'self-made.' What nonsense! There is no such thing. We are the products of our past and, more particularly, of the people who loved us and contributed, in some small way, to what we have managed to become. Let us, this November, spend time thinking of how much we owe them.

With love and best wishes,
MIKE SHEPHARD

*"At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."*

Laurence Binyon

Beddargraff y nofelydd Winifred Holtby [1898-1935] Grave inscription

Dyhead un nofelydd A novelist's wish

***O Dduw rho i mi waith
Hyd derfyn fy mywyd;
A bywyd hyd derfyn fy ngwaith.***

***God give me work
Till my life shall end;
And life till my work is done.***

CERDDWYR CYNNWR WALKERS CWMOERNANT WALK

Gareth Jones writes

Saturday the 17th of October, 2020 1400 hours and Cerddwyr Cynnwr are leaving the old station yard car park for this month's walk. As usual they have not been told where they are going so they are kept in a state of anticipation throughout.

We start today by leaving the car park and heading for The PARADE and THE ESPLANADE. Where the road joins the footpath for the hospital we turn left into Old Priory row and stop at the information board which tells us that today only street names like PRIORY STREET and OLD PRIORY ROW recall that this was the site of Carmarthen's medieval Priory dedicated to St JOHN the Evangelist and St Teulyddog. It was founded in the 12th century by Bernard the first Norman Bishop of St David's on a much older native Welsh Church or monastery first recorded in the 9th century. St Teulyddog may have been a follower of St Teilo or even St Teilo himself. This would put the foundation of a monastery back to the 6th century. The priory was closed by Henry VIII in 1536 but the Prior's house remained. The church and other buildings were robbed of their stone. The gate house still survives within the cottages of Old Priory Row.

The BLACK BOOK OF CARMARTHEN is a treasure of international importance written by a monk at Carmarthen Priory in about 1250. It includes some of the earliest references in WORLD literature to Arthur and Merlin. It also contains poems about warriors and battles going back to the 6th century. The black bound volume of 108 pages of vellum is the oldest surviving book written in Welsh and is kept at the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth.

We left the board by turning immediately right through a wicker gate into a playing field (but of course the phantom leader had left in the wrong direction and had to be called back). Exiting the field into Priory Street we cross the road and turn right to visit the amphitheatre (but once again the phantom leader took some of the group into the path leading up to Park Hall!!!)

I was very surprised that only one or two had actually visited the amphitheatre although most were long term residents of the town.

The structure was built by the Romans who arrived about 44 AD and was probably in use during the 2nd century AD. It was a public place and used for religious ceremonies, processions, political events, fairs, markets and entertainments. It is estimated that it would have held between 4500 and 5000 people.

It is one of only four Roman

Amphitheatres known in Wales. For some 1500 years it lay forgotten but was rediscovered by the Borough Surveyor, George Owens, in 1944 who preserved the



site from planned buildings (probably Park Hall). Excavations in 1968 and 1970 proved that it was in fact a Roman Amphitheatre.

On leaving the amphitheatre we see across the road the sign for Rope walk lane where a rope and flax dressing works used to exist. The manager was the welsh hymnist David Charles in about the 1790s. It seems that the basics of rope making remain as it was 3000 years ago in Egypt using either 3 or 4 strands to make the rope.

Heading down to Tanerdy we turn left into Cwmoernant (valley of the cold stream) also known as Reservoir Road and travel up hill for a few hundred yards before turning right into the car park. Here we meet a young photographer who took some pictures of the group. He was studying photography at Carmarthen college. We stayed at the picnic area to give everybody a chance for a cup of tea and a bun. Before restarting I



asked all to LOOK at the trees as we walked along. The area is called the fairy glen and there are lots of paintings hanging on the trees and ornaments scattered around the tree roots.

There are two ponds, both of about an acre each and containing several types of fish such as eels, trout, roach etc. I understand that youngsters are taught by the adults how to fish properly. Both ponds looked lovely with the sunlight shining on them. We will be heading back there in spring as

there are also lilies growing on both ponds. The trees looked nice as well with the various coloured leaves.

Onward and upward then on a path leading to Springfield Road where the youngest member challenged the oldest member to a race up the hill to the crest. Yes he did win but it was a bit of fun.

Down hill to Myrddin Crescent where we say goodbye to Meurig and Sian who both lived nearby. The rest of us carry on back to the car park and to our picnics to end a nice day out of the house and have some exercise on our 4 mile walk.

The group today were:- Ben, Molly, Bethan, Helen and Gwyn, Sian, Meurig, Mike and Gwen Shephard, Esther, Lee, Dawn and Gareth.

The group wish to carry on through November but that will have to be on hold until the LOCK DOWN is relaxed.

Diolch Gareth am yr adroddiad hwn. Yn gyd-ddigwyddiad hollol mae yna sôn am lynnoedd Cwmoernant yn y Cwlwm mis hwn. Mae'r wâc yma yn fendigedig a diolch am ein harwain i lecyn hyfryd dros ben ar brynhawn Sadwrn hydrefol hyfryd.



Recipes for those cold winter days:

A lovely heart warming vegetable soup

Ingredients

2 teaspoons olive oil
1 large onion peeled and diced
1 clove garlic finely chopped
2 leeks, washed and sliced into thick rings
1 large potato peeled and diced into chunks
2 large carrots, peeled and diced into thick slices
50g/2oz pearl barley
1 vegetable stock cube dissolved in 1 pint of hot water
2 teaspoons dried mixed herbs
75g/3oz drained sweetcorn kernels [frozen or tinned]
75g/3oz peas [frozen or fresh sprigs of fresh parsley

Method

Heat the oil in a large saucepan. Add the onions, garlic and leeks and 'sweat' over a low heat for about 5 minutes, without browning. Add the potatoes, carrots, pearl barley, stock and mixed herbs and simmer for 20 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with sprigs of fresh parsley.

Extra tips

- Try blending half the soup and then mixing it with the rest for a smoother consistency.
- Any leftover soup can be stored in a sealable container in the fridge for upto 48 hours. Make double quantities and freeze for use at a later date.
- Try lentils in place of pearl barley for variation.



Simple Potato, Carrot and Cabbage Soup

Ingredients

4 large carrots
2 large potatoes
1 large onion
¼ medium head green cabbage thinly sliced
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1.5 litres chicken stock
1 tablespoon olive oil
¼ teaspoon dried thyme
¼ teaspoon dried basil
1 teaspoon parsley
1 teaspoon salt
ground black pepper to taste

Method

1. Combine the carrots, potatoes, onion, cabbage, garlic chicken stock, olive oil, thyme, basil, parleys, salt and pepper in a stock pot over medium heat.
2. Bring to a simmer and cook until the carrots are tender, about 20 minutes.
3. Transfer to a liquidiser in small batches and blend until smooth.



