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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*

## **The Congregation**

### **Dymuniadau penblwydd/ Birthday wishes**

Penblwydd hapus i Mrs Molly Thomas ar ddatlu carreg filltir go arbennig yn ystod y mis hwn. Dymuniadau gorau am ddiwrnod wrth eich bodd.

### **Services/ Gwasanaethau**

We held our sixth service via Zoom led by Corey on August 23<sup>rd</sup>. Catrin led us in prayer, Kevin and Carole took the readings and the two hymns "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" and "Dyma Gariad fel y Moroedd" were led by Helen. In his homily, Corey took Psalm 138 as his text.

The seventh service on September 6<sup>th</sup> was based on the portion of Scripture from Psalm 119, the longest of the psalms. The hymn, 'Arglwydd Iesu dysg im gerdded' and 'Trust and Obey' were chosen to coincide with the text which was to give over everything to God - for this is our Story. Our lives tell a story. We are part of the story of life, just as the Church is part of the story, and we are, as a church community, part of the Story of the church and are ourselves living the story. What kind of story will our story be in these challenging times?

### **Services to continue via Zoom which includes by telephone**

#### **All services at 11am beginning Sunday September 20<sup>th</sup>**

It is possible for you to join our services every Sunday at 11am **by telephone**. You can just telephone the number below and follow the instructions as to ID and password. It is a free service. If you would like more information please get in touch. The details for the next services are below:

Dial either

0203 481 5237 United Kingdom

or

0203 481 5240 United Kingdom

**Meeting ID: 883 5084 0738**

**Password: 015285**

### **Croeso Mr Emyr Williams**

Erbyn nawr fe fydd Mr Emyr Williams wedi dechrau ar ei waith gyda ni yng Ngofalaeth y Gwendraeth. Fe fydd yn gofalu yn bennaf am 5 eglwys sef Capel Newydd Llanddarog, Soar Pontyberem, Bancycapel, Llangyndeyrn a Chapel y Ddôl Llanarthne. Fe fydd Corey yn gofalu am Babell Zion Newydd, Penygroes, Peniel Foelgastell, Capel Hendre, Trinity Cross Hands.

Mr Emyr Williams will by now have began his ministry with us in the Gwendraeth Pastorate. Emyr will have charge mostly of the five churches listed above while Corey will take care of Babell Zion Newydd, Penygroes, Peniel Foelgastell, Trinity Cross Hands and Capel Hendre.

Croeso Mr Williams i'n plith.



## Mike Shephard writes

Dear Friends,

I have read many books on the subject of forgiving others and the authors, without exception, tell us that it is a noble thing to do. What dismays me is that no one ever speaks about the difficulty of forgiving. Not one of them emphasises that to forgive is hard.

I sometimes think that those who preach forgiveness as being easy have never taken wrong-doing seriously. Think of those despicable young men who dragged PC Andrew Harper to his death and who whooped in triumph when the sentencing judge imposed sentences that, to any thinking person, were a travesty of justice. How can one forgive those who show no remorse for their actions and who have no moral compass? I for one prefer to echo and applaud the widow of the policeman who said she wanted to wipe the 'sickening smirks' off his killers' faces as it emerged their sentences are to be reviewed. Thus far over 400,000 people have signed her petition to the effect that those who kill or injure emergency workers should receive the longest possible custodial sentence. As a country we need to demonstrate that some things are not to be tolerated. That is not to say that the evil doer can never be forgiven. It is simply to underline the fact that as a society we take wrong doing seriously.

One of the most moving scenes in literature is found in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* where Arthur is portrayed standing over Guinevere, fallen in penitent shame before him on the nunnery floor. Had Tennyson made him say some light-hearted thing as though her infidelity did not matter, we would feel the shallowness of that condoning. Moreover Guinevere would have felt it too. She knew how serious her disloyalty was. How then could Tennyson have made Arthur's forgiveness less solemn than this?

*Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes;  
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,  
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die  
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,  
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.  
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,  
The doom of treason and the flaming death –  
When first I heard thee hidden here – is past.  
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,  
Lo, I forgive thee as eternal God forgives.*

That is forgiveness and it is not easy. When we take wrongdoing seriously it is hard to forgive.

Consider, too, that it is hard to forgive when one loves people and sees them hurt by the words and behaviour of others.

If you have never read George Eliot's story of *Adam Bede* please do so. It tells of Adam Bede, the stalwart carpenter. It relates the depth of his love for Hetty Sorrel, pretty, vain, superficial. It tells of Arthur Donnithorne, careless, impulsive, well-meaning, rich. We learn of Hetty's ruin at the hands of Donnithorne; of her hapless

child and frenzied wanderings. Then comes the scene where Donnithorne, having tried desperately to make amends for what never could be mended, goes to Adam Bede and asks forgiveness. Well, Adam gives it, but it is not easy. “*There’s a sort o’ damage, sir,*” says Adam, “*that can’t be made up for.*” Those who hurt other people need to remember that.

It is my view that we need, as a society, to be a little less forgiving of some behaviour and that there are times when we must exercise zero tolerance when people refuse to abide by commonly held norms.

Why should ambulance crews be verbally abused and assaulted by the very people they are trying to help? I was a probation officer for many years and recall hearing a defence lawyer mitigate his client’s loutish behaviour by arguing that he “was drunk at the time.” The Judge, quite rightly, reprimanded the barrister. “You tell me that the defendant was intoxicated and that this, somehow, excuses his behaviour. It does not excuse it. It makes it worse!” When the lout was ‘sent down’ I wanted to applaud! Why should we tolerate speeding drivers who drive at fifty and sixty miles an hour in built up areas and in the vicinity of schools or playgrounds? Why should we tolerate the littering of our roads and countryside by morons who think only of themselves and have no care or concern for the environment? More pertinent still is the threat posed by those who, in a time of pandemic, ignore social distancing and act as though rules are for others and not for them. Why should they be offered cheap forgiveness?

We must forgive, of course – for our own mental health and psychological well-being. Bearing grudges is destructive to self. But let us not cry, “Come everybody and have your sins forgiven” as though it were a thing of small account. There is such a thing as ‘tough love’ and I for one would like to see it being exercised more in our country today.

My very best wishes to you all  
Mike Shephard

## **The Sunday Club/ Yr Ysgol Sul**

A lovely afternoon was had in Carmarthen Park on Sunday August 23<sup>rd</sup> and although it was a matter of “shall we, shall we not “ in the morning due to dark clouds overhead we were very fortunate that we were able to go ahead in dry warm weather and to be able to sit on our deck chairs near the bandstand under social distancing . The only negative comment I’ve received is that there were not enough Teddies present for this Teddy Bear’s picnic! We shall have to do something about this next time.

Our next Sunday School will be held in Carmarthen park on Sunday September 13<sup>th</sup> at 2pm. All children welcome.

## **Did you know?**

Harvest comes from the Anglo Saxon word ‘haerfest’ meaning Autumn. It then came to refer to the season for reaping and gathering grain and food products. The full moon in September is called the Harvest Moon and Harvest festivals were held on or near the Sunday of the Harvest Moon.

**CANCER AND ME**

Four months ago I received the devastating diagnosis that I had breast cancer. I had gone into A and E for an unrelated complaint but further to an MRI scan and biopsy learned the harrowing news. It was not a completely bleak picture as there was good news along with the bad. The positive news was that the right breast was fine and presented no problem. The negative news, relating to the left breast, was that I had a grade 2 tumour there. Within an incredibly short space of time I was meeting with a consultant who explained the situation and explained all I needed to know. For most of my life I was a nurse and I frequently found myself offering advice to patients. Now the situation was reversed and I found myself on the other side of the table. A strange experience that!

It is much easier to accept bad news when one has someone in whom one can confide and I was so grateful that a friend had attended the clinic with me. It enabled me to feel that I was not completely alone. Even so, I lived on my own. My beloved Glyn, who shared my life for so long, had passed away some years before and would not be there to console me when I arrived home. How strange it is that, at the age of 84, I should think of my parents, long gone, and of the support which they would have provided. It reminded me that we remain children at heart – whatever our age. My father had died when I was four years old but my mother was always generous with hugs and kisses, not only showered on me but on my three older brothers. One of them, Wynford, remains a tower of support but lives in Pontiets. Upon returning home an empty house would, therefore await me.

But not completely empty! How could it be when my faithful companion would be waiting for me at the door?

A friend of mine, Mike Shephard, wrote the following poem about his own dog but adapted it with Cymro in mind.

*He has the finest character,  
That I have ever known.  
Temptations come: yet he avoids,  
The sins to which I'm prone.  
I've never seen him angry;  
Or walk off in a rage;  
He always turns the other cheek –  
As taught in gospel's page.  
He has his ups and downs, like me;  
His days are good; and bad;  
Whatever comes he manages,  
To make some other glad;  
In all our years together,  
I've not once heard him moan;  
Complaining is for him, taboo;  
He does not scold; nor groan.  
Though often tired; weary;*

*and weighted down with care –  
He yet has time for others;  
And longs their griefs to share.  
He welcomes all with real warmth;  
Not one is turned away.  
At his touch a cloudy sky,  
Becomes, somehow, less grey.  
Sacrificial to the core;  
He does, for others, live;  
When treated with injustice,  
He can, in truth, forgive.  
No grudges! No resentments!  
No yearning to attack!  
Unlike me, he keeps no scores;  
He never will pay back.  
So merciful; magnanimous –  
His love just does not fail!  
Let life be kind; or cruel;  
He always wags his tail.*

(Mike Shephard ©)

Even so, a dog can never console as does another human being; nor can a paw replace, fully, hands held out to comfort us. I would be dishonest if I said that I have experienced no dark days since the diagnosis was made.

That is not to under-estimate the love of friends and I am so grateful to them for all they have done for, particularly as the cancer diagnosis coincided, almost, with the 'lockdown' associated with the coronavirus crisis. They will know who they are and I thank them, with all my heart, for everything they have done for me. Kind words, from so many have helped me take a more positive view than might otherwise have been the case.

For one thing I am grateful to have lived so full a life and to have had so many friends. I write as if life is over – but not a bit of it. When told that my age rendered surgery difficult I thought the worst and when that news was broken to me my sigh was very audible and spoke louder than words. I wondered what good the tiny pills prescribed could possibly achieve. The miracle is that, thus far, they are doing wonders and, these months on, the tumour has diminished in size. If any woman has doubts about the wisdom of mammograms or of seeking help – think again. Life is for living. Don't waste it!

For another thing I am grateful to have been blessed with a positive attitude. Yes, I have my down days. When they come I remind myself of a sermon heard at Babell Zion Newydd Chapel which advised us not to ask "Why Me?" The right question to ask is "Why Not Me?" Not one of us is immune to the troubles of life. There is no magic wand. The Psalmist did not boast that he had been delivered from the dark valley. He rejoiced, rather, because God walked with him in times of darkness. I am also thankful that I want to use my experience of cancer to help others. Too many of us hesitate to share our experiences with others and keep them to ourselves. I want to talk openly about my diagnosis if only in the hope that I can be of help to others.

If I can be of help do please contact me. You are welcome to ring at any time.

With my love to you all.

Esme [ *Diolch am rannu o'ch profiad Esme. Gwerthfawrogi hyn yn fawr.* ]

**Carole writes**  
**A letter from the Treasurer**



Dear Friends

I hope you are all keeping well during these uncertain times. Can you believe it has been 5 months since we last met at Babell, although for some of us, we have been able to see each other and have a catch-up, albeit virtually, during our Zoom services. Sadly, the financial implications of this pandemic are beginning to hit hard on many organisations, ours included. As a Church, we have had no income throughout this pandemic but we still have financial commitments that have to be addressed – our monthly contribution of £127.50 towards the manse expenditure and our quarterly contribution to Presbytery of £1,440 being our main expenses. There will also be the electricity bill but as we haven't been in Babell, this should be minimal. Due to not having our weekly contributions, we are currently in a position where we will not be able to fulfil our next quarterly payment to Presby in full, which is due in October. This is a task no Treasurer likes or wants to have to do, but I am appealing to you if you could possibly set up a Direct Debit or Bank Transfer to replace your envelope weekly contributions to ensure we do not accrue any debt during this time.

The chapel bank details are:

Account Name	Babell Zion Newydd
Sort code	40 16 23
Account	81692011

and it's with HSBC Bank.

Many thanks for your support during these times and hopefully will see you all soon. Take care and stay safe.

Carole

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**Weekly devotions**

We have been so fortunate to have the weekly devotions prepared for us by our team of ministers under the leadership of Mr Emyr Williams over these last lockdown months and beyond. They have been a saving grace to so many especially those who were not able to join in internet services. I would like to thank them on behalf of us all and wish them well as they begin to hit the road once again Sunday by Sunday as chapels begin to re-open.

Diolch o waelod calon ar ein rhan i gyd.

## Cyfarfodydd Gweddi/Prayer meetings

Mae Corey yn arwain cyfarfod gweddi bob bore Iau am 10 o'r gloch. Mae'r amser hwn gyda'n gilydd fel pobl ar draws yr Henaduriaeth yn fendithiol iawn. Mae profiadau bob yr un ohonom yn gyfrwng i'n cyfoethogi ni yn ysbrydol a bod yn gefnogaeth i'n gilydd. Cysylltwch â Corey os ydych am ymuno.

## Puzzle Time

A remarkable puzzle: All the names listed below are to be found in this paragraph. Two have been done for you. Can you find the other 28?

This is **a most** remarkable puzzle. It was found by a gentleman in an airplane seat pocket on a flight from Los Angeles to Honolulu **keeping** him occupied for hours. He enjoyed it so much he passed it on some friends. One friend from Illinois worked on this while fishing from his john boat. Another friend studied it while playing his banjo. Elaine Taylor, a columnist friend was so intrigued by it she mentioned it on her weekly newspaper column. Another friend judges the job of solving this puzzle so involving she brews a cup of tea to help her nerves. There will be some names that are really easy to spot, that's a fact. Some people however will soon find themselves in a jam, especially since the book names are not necessarily capitalized. Truthfully, from answers we get we are forced to admit it usually takes a minister or scholar to see some of them at the worst. Research has shown that something in our genes is responsible for the difficulty we have in seeing the books in this paragraph. During a recent fund raising event, which featured this puzzle, the Alpha Delta Philemonade booth set a new sales record. The local newspaper, the Chronicle, survived over 200 patrons who reported that this puzzle was one of the most difficult they had ever seen. As Daniel Humana humbly puts it, the books are all right there in plain view hidden from sight. Those able to find all of them will hear lamentations from those who have to be shown. One revelation that may help is that Timothy and Samuel may occur with numbers. Also, keep in mind that punctuation and spacers in the middle are normal. A chipper attitude will help you compete really well against those who claim to know the answers. Remember there is no need for a mad exodus, there are really 30 books of the Bible lurking somewhere in this paragraph waiting to be found.

Amos	Mark	Luke	John	Joel	Judges
Job	Hebrews	Esther	Acts	James	Ruth
Romans	Titus	Matthew	Genesis	Philemon	Chronicles
Daniel	Nahum	Hosea	Lamentations	Revelation	Timothy
Samuel	Numbers	Malachi	Peter	Exodus	Kings

## Virtual Services



This image was taken of participants of the service held via Zoom on August 23<sup>rd</sup>. I just wonder what our forefathers would have thought of this.

## Elders' Meeting

The decision was taken on Monday September 7<sup>th</sup> that in view of the present anxiety concerning COVID19 and that builders

will commence on the vestry extension at the end of September, the chapel building will not re-open at present. Corey will continue with the weekly services on Zoom beginning on September 20<sup>th</sup> and will also provide the weekly devotions by post. We are looking at other possible means of meeting, especially for those who have not been able to take part in virtual services during the last six months.

## A Word from Corey Hampton

I fully understand that the news that the chapel will not be re-opening imminently will be very difficult for many of us to hear. As a church, we are called to be a family in the faith, as sisters and brothers who are bonded together by God's Holy Spirit, which means we grieve this season of being physically apart from one another.

Coronavirus has been a challenge for all of us. Yet, as those entrusted with the responsibility of leadership in this difficult season, we want to be as wise as possible in looking after one another and making sure that we are investing well in our future as a local congregation. With this in mind, we will be meeting together each Sunday for worship and fellowship online (or via phone), whilst the extension work is being completed in the chapel.

I want to encourage you, if at all possible to join us online for our Zoom services each week, where you will be encouraged from Scripture and also enjoy 'cymdeithas' (fellowship) from the safety and comfort of your own home. Joining us is as easy as a few mouse clicks on the internet or a simple phone call.

If you'd like to join us, please contact me and I can walk you through the process in the course of five minutes or less.

As always, if I can assist you in any way or if you'd just like a chat, I'm available for you at 07983 681610 or [corey.hampton@ebcpcw.cymru](mailto:corey.hampton@ebcpcw.cymru).

Speak soon.

Thank you Catrin [Hampton] for submitting the following prayer

## **Gweddi'r Hydref**

Arglwydd Dduw, sydd yr un bob amser, diolch am dy ffyddlondeb, dy garedigrwydd, dy ddibynadwyedd.

Rwyd yn ein bendithio gyda thymhorau sydd yn newid, ac wrth i ni edrych ar y coed yn eu cotiau oren a choch, ac wrth i'r dyddiau dywyllu yn gynharach, atgoffa ni i gymryd amser i orffwys.

Diolch dy fod Di yn dal creadigaeth yn dy law, dy fod wedi ei greu yn brydferth ac yn rhyfeddol -gyda'r moroedd, y sêr, clogwyni a dolydd yn tystio i law creawdwr crefftus a grymus.

Diolch, yr un modd, dy fod wedi ein creu ni allan dy gariad a'th bleser, ac wedi ein gwneud yn unigryw ac yn fwriadol, gyda sgiliau a doniau gwahanol er mwyn gwasanaethu ein gilydd trwy dy eglwys.

Ysbryd Glan, dangos i ni sut i ddefnyddio ein doniau yn y tymor newydd hwn i fendithio eraill ac i rannu'r newyddion da am gariad Crist yn ymarferol.

Arglwydd, maddau i ni ble rydym wedi cam-ddefnyddio'r rhoddion ac amser rwyd yn rhoi yn ein dwylo, a helpa ni wrando ar Dy Ysbryd yn ein cerddediad y tymor newydd yma.

Dduw Dad, gwyddom am rai yn ein teuluoedd, cymunedau, ac o gwmpas y byd, sydd angen profi'r wyrth o ddechreuad newydd heddiw. I'r rhai sydd yn dioddef yn eu hiechyd, Dad iachâ. I'r rhai sydd yn unig, Dad rho gyfeillgarwch. I'r rhai sydd yn byw o dan ormes rhyfel, trais ac ofn, Dad gweddiwn am adnewyddiad i'w sefyllfaoedd, gobaith mewn anobaith, a goleuni mewn tywyllwch.

Wrth nesáu at dymor diolchgarwch, diolchwn am dy holl roddion. Wrth gofio am amser y cynhaeaf, atgoffa ni'n ddyddiol am yr holl ddigonedd rydym yn profi o dy law, ac am genhadaeth yr eglwys i sicrhau fod y rhai o'n cwmpas hefyd yn profi digonedd dy ddaioni.

Yn enw Iesu, cynhaliwr pob peth.

Amen.

## **A prayer for the Autumn**

Lord God, who art eternal, we thank you for your constant love and faithfulness.

You bless us with the changing seasons. As we look at the trees coated in their orange and red and as the days get shorter remind us to take time to rest.

We thank you that you hold the creation in your hand, that you have created such a beautiful and wonderful world – You set the mountains, the valleys, the seas, the stars, in their place showing your mighty power. We thank you in the same way for creating us out of love and made us unique and deliberately so, endowing us with the skills and talents needed to serve each other through the church.

Holy Spirit, show us how to use our talents in this new season, to bless others and to share the good news about the love of Christ in a practical way.

Lord, forgive us when we misuse the gifts and time you have given us and help us to listen to your Spirit as we walk with you this new season.

Father God, we know of people in our families, communities and around the world who need to prove the miracle of a new beginning today. To those who are suffering ill health, Father give them healing, to those who are lonely, Father give them friendship, to those who live under oppression of war, fear and violence, Father we pray for a change to their situations, hope where there is despair and light where there is darkness.

As we approach the season of Thanksgiving we thank you for all your gifts. As we remember the harvest time remind us each day of the plenty we receive, and for the mission of the church which is to ensure that those around us may also prove of your goodness.

In the name of Jesus, the sustainer of all, Amen

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### **Dora Wordsworth's favourite hymn**

#### **Just as I am without one plea**

It all began in Brighton. A lady in her early thirties who had recently become ill and left an invalid was challenged about her faith by a visiting Minister from Switzerland. The lady whose name was Charlotte Elliott, felt that because of bitterness and hate in her life she was not worthy to become a Christian. "Come just as you are Charlotte," advised Dr Cesar Malan, the visiting Swiss gentleman. "With your fightings and fears, hates and loves, jealousies and your quick temper, your pride and shame. He will take them from you in proportion to your faith and put His great love in their place."

So it was that Charlotte accepted Christ as her Saviour. Thirteen years later when feeling depressed at her inability to help others because of her invalidity, Charlotte wrote one of the most beautiful hymns of the Church, "Just as I am without one plea" and was based on Dr. Malan's words "Come just as you are Charlotte".

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou biddest me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not,  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, tho' tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea all I need in Thee to find,  
O lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am Thy Love unknown,  
Hath broken every barrier down,  
Now to be Thine yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

The story does not end there. In the beautiful Lake District of Grasmere, Dora, the daughter of the Poet Laureate William Wordsworth was ill and Charlotte Elliott decided to send her a copy of her hymn. At first Dora's father did not like the hymn but he began to notice that it had brought great peace to his daughter. In fact she talked constantly about the hymn to all around in Grasmere until the hymn became known as "Dora's hymn".

Dora [[Quillinan] died in 1847 and her tombstone in St Oswald's Church Cemetery in Grasmere carries to this day the symbolism of the hymn that meant so much to her. There is a cross and beneath the cross, a lamb, symbolising the death of Christ. Beneath the cross and the Lamb are the words in John Chapter 6.37: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

[ I will never turn away anyone who comes to me."]



Please tell us about your favourite hymns. However unimportant you think your contributions they can offer solace and comfort in unexpected ways.  
Diolch i'n holl gyfrannwyr y tro hwn.