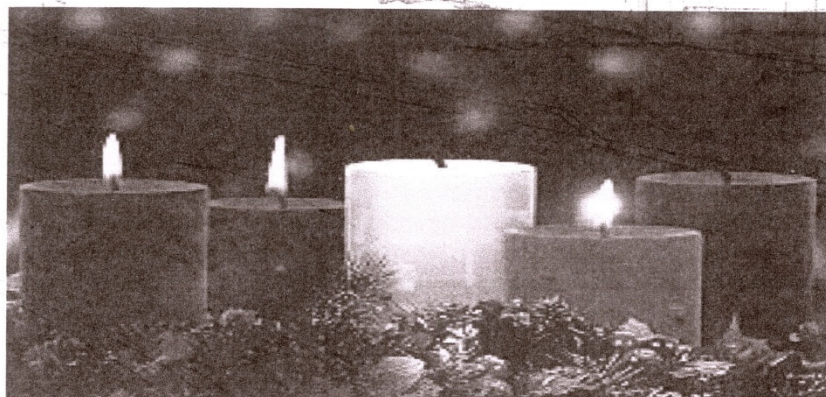


Babell Chapel/Capel y Babell Pensarn

WINTER NEWSLETTER CYLCHLYTHYR Y GAELAF 2015



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 Mike Shephard for
permission to do this

The logo consists of a blue rectangular box with a dark blue border. Inside the box, the words "LLANGUNNOR" and "NETWORK" are written in a white, serif, all-caps font, stacked one above the other.

LLANGUNNOR
NETWORK

Dear friends,

I like the story of the millionaire who requested a genealogist to 'look up his genes' and prepare a family tree for him. He was prepared to offer him £5000 for the work involved and, being convinced that he was of royal descent, felt it an investment to have the fact proven. Sadly, research demonstrated that there were no kings and queens in his lineage. Rather his forebears included charlatans and rogues with one or two murderers thrown in for good measure. The millionaire is said to have offered the expert an extra £1000 to keep quiet about what he had discovered!

It would be a useful exercise, during the season of Advent and Christmas, to examine the family tree of Jesus. It is found in the opening chapter of St Mathew's Gospel but consisting of name added to name, is generally seen as boring and as best ignored.

That though, is a pity, as the genealogy of Jesus makes for interesting reading. As the poet MD Goulder reminds us:

Exceedingly odd
Is the means by which God
Has provided our path to the heavenly shore:
Of the girls from whose line
The true light was to shine
There was one an adulterous, one was a whore.

The plain fact is that the family tree of Jesus includes a group of ancestors whose scandalous goings on would make headline news today and whose stories would have been lapped up by the, now defunct, 'News of the World' who boasted that its pages contained the seedier side of human life.

In truth, Mathew's Gospel makes all the tabloids seem very tame affairs. It does not seek to hide the fact that Jesus had many skeletons in his family closet and at Christmas we could benefit from a study of some of the names mentioned.

For one thing- it could help us to sense our oneness with Jesus

He didn't arrive like a bolt from the blue, a person apart, in no sense related to the rough and tumble, the sin and smear, the seamy side of human existence. He came out of a family background that was, in part, as murky as anything could be.

Some folk are immensely proud of their blue blood. Some put on airs. Some are snobs. Some adopt an attitude of superiority. They are arrogant and condescending.

They forget that every family has those proverbial 'skeletons' and that to stick one's nose in the air is the hallmark, not of breeding, but the lack of imagination.

Nor should we ever be ashamed of our background. Rather, we should consecrate the 'whole of life' to God and ask him to use the contents of *that closet* for the building of the kingdom. Even an unfavourable background, when offered to God, can become a source of enrichment and blessing, not only to ourselves but to others.

Then again – the family tree of Jesus demonstrates the way in which God can use the most unlikely of people and the most unpromising of circumstances to fulfil his ultimate purpose.

It underlines the fact that whilst God does not will human sin he can redeem it and use it for good. Run your eye down the pedigree of Jesus in Mathew chapter one, and you soon come to Judah and Tamar who were father-in-law and daughter-in-law. Theirs is, by any standards a story of debauchery and their behaviour was inexcusable. They were a ruthless pair, without any hint of finer feelings and there is

nothing good that can be said about them. And yet, they were a part of the ancestry of Jesus, the line being further continued by one of the twin sons born of their union. The story demonstrates that God is akin to a master chess player. The human race, through sinfulness makes a move which may, temporarily, thwart his plans. He then makes a counter move and ensures the realisation of his ultimate aim- the salvation of the world.

In but a few months it will be Easter. On Good Friday Christ was crucified by evil and goodness seemed to have been defeated. Jesus was heard to question as to why God had deserted him. The truth was that God had not forsaken him but would weave the suffering of the cross into a plan of salvation- the wonder and depth of which we can scarcely imagine.

Consider finally- that the family tree of Jesus reveals a mixed race background and encourages tolerance towards all.

Here's another verse of Goulder's poem:

And Rahab the harlot
Her sins were as scarlet,
As red as the thread which she hung from the door,
Yet alone of nation
She came to Salvation
And lived to be the mother of Boaz, of yore.
And he married Ruth,
A gentile uncouth
In a manner quite counter to Biblical lore.

Surprise, Surprise! This is a family tree with some odd-looking branches in it to be sure!
I am not going to do all the work for you. Read the first chapter of Mathew. Look up the Bible references and do some serious study. It could result in us all having a VERY BLESSED CHRISTMAS!

KIND REGARDS
MIKE SHEPHARD

FAMILY NEWS

I must begin by thanking you for allowing Gwen's much loved sister, Mona Roberts, to be buried from Babell. Mona, as you know, suffered with Dementia from the age of sixty years and spent much of the past decade in residential care. We hear many complaints about care for the elderly but one could not fault that provided by the staff at Ael-y- Bryn home in Ammanford. Everyone there were exceptional and we cannot thank them enough for the love given to Mona and, indeed, to the family who remained with her until the end came.

Mona's own chapel in Llechryd, near Cardigan, closed some years ago, and, having been in a care home had not forged a link with another church. Gwen and I speak for her son, daughter-in-law, grand children and indeed for all the family when we express appreciation for the use of Babell. Thank you, Helen, as ever, for the music. We were grateful to everyone who attended the service, this despite not having met Mona. Thank you for all your cards and condolences.

In similar vein, we express our condolences to Helen, Marian and Howell on the passing of their mother who had been unwell for the greater part of this year. Mrs Evans received every care from her family and

passed away with loved ones gathered around her. Her passing will leave a huge gap in the lives of all members of the family and we think of them at this sad time.

We also send our best wishes to the family of Doreen Valentine who had links with Babell in the past. Doreen passed away in October and will be missed by all who knew her. I understand that Doreen was one time matron of the Ael-y-Bryn home in Ammanford, this being prior to Mona becoming a resident there. Since retiring she has been very involved in the community and was to give much of her time to others. We send all good wishes to friends who have been unwell of late. Ann Harries has had a hip replacement and is now recovering at home. Esme Phillips has experienced Asthma attacks and has had a persistent and troublesome cough. Linda Owen has had a severe viral infection which has been difficult to shake off. Keith Anders has had a fall at home and was badly shaken up. Donna Evans has also been unwell. Mandy Walters continues with her treatment and is sustained, she says, by her positive attitude and her Christian faith. We hope that you will all be better soon.

In the last newsletter, I spoke at length about the possibility of Zion Chapel closing and the congregation joining us and forming a united church. Further to joint services of worship, ongoing discussion and a meeting at Babell on November 18th presided by officials from the two Presbyteries, a decision was made, with Zion voting to join us in the near future. According to the Presbyterian handbook certain steps have yet to be taken, therefore voting will take place at Babell on the 6th of December and the final voting for both congregations simultaneously will take place on January 24th.

In the Autumn newsletter I commented on the fact that this would be a painful decision for the members of Zion to take as they were leaving a familiar and much loved place and stepping into the unknown. I would now like to strike a more positive note by expressing the belief that this move is of God and is certain to enhance our work in the community of Carmarthen. It will help revitalise that work and will encourage us all in regards to our witness and outreach. Greater unity amongst our churches must surely be the way that God would have us go.

I am sure that over the coming years the churches of Carmarthen will need to embrace fundamental change if Christianity is not to be totally eclipsed in the area. My only regret is that I will have retired before change occurs. In a perfect world I would outlaw denominational structures. I would wish to see all our buildings being sold and the money put into erecting one 'church' which would be far more than a worship centre open for a few hours each week. Working out of it would be Christian pastors, counsellors, psychologists, doctors and nurses. There would be housing advice available, as would crisis accommodation for all who need it. The church would provide a venue for community groups, inclusive of children and the elderly. It would work, practically, with offenders.

There would be a suicide help line manned twenty four hours a day. There would be a food bank on the premises. There would be a café operational throughout the day and open on weekends. Worship would not be ignored. Different worship styles could be accommodated. The centre would be underpinned by an acknowledgement that people's theology differs. There would be no party line. Welsh and English would be catered for.

A pipe dream? Possibly. But who is to say that it could not happen? The one barrier to it becoming reality is our present structures which prevent forward movement. It is time, surely, for us to re-read the story of David and Goliath. The Israelite generals wanted to dress him in armour. David refused to wear the clothes as it weighed him down. He said, in effect, "I cannot fight today's battles wearing yesterday's clothes." He was at his most powerful when stripped down to the basics- a tunic and a sling.

John Robertson once said this: "The New Reformation will be a time of stripping down. The Church will discover what it can better do without, both with regard to structures and administration....."

Welcome Zion! We applaud your decision to join us, this being the first step on our continuing journey.

At long last- The ZIP SLIDE HAS BEEN COMPLETED. You can read a write-up on the next page. Those of you who did it found it a memorable experience. To everyone who sponsored us THANK YOU!

Llangunnor School has yet to complete the event. It was my privilege, on Friday October 23rd to attend the School's Harvest festival, at which time I presented part of our sponsorship to the school, such monies to be used for the work of the choir. We understand that the choir's conductor Mrs Beryl Richards is retiring

at the end of this term. We would like to thank Mrs Richards for bringing the choir to our services and wish her a long and happy retirement. The school has agreed to participate in the Children's Letter to God competition. The letters will be judged over the Christmas period and prize-giving will take place at Babel on the first Sunday in February 2016 when the choir is also expected to take part.

Let me close our family news by thanking the Crescendo Choir for taking part in our Harvest Thanksgiving service on October 18th. It was a lovely occasion and we thank them warmly.

The only other thing that needs to be said is that Gwen and I will be away during November and will be looking forward to returning in December for a busy Christmas programme. Before then you will have welcomed Helen and Gwyn back from their trip to America where Helen will have captivated people with her lovely singing voice. Welcome back!

MFS

Flying Shephard leads the way

A re-scheduled flight for September 19th seemed so far away on a cloudy foggy day in July that it was so pleasing to wake up to a beautiful sunny day in September for what was to be a very uplifting experience.

Seven nervous people on empty stomachs arrived early for registration and then with trepidation were kitted out in orange overalls and harnesses. To the bystanders [Caerwen and Helen], who could not even contemplate taking up such a challenge, the poor things looked like lambs to the slaughter as they strolled down the few yards to the little Zipper which was the test flight. However once they had achieved that first flight the adrenalin rush was so great that they could not wait to proceed. Onto the lorry which took them a long way up the mountain whilst listening to a recording of the history of Penrhyn Quarry Slate Mines. On reaching the launch platform they realized how high they were and Gwyn and Sian, in their eagerness to get it over, pushed their way to the front. Mike also had the same idea and, although he said it wasn't a very Christian thing to do, he did, at the same time, say "Everyman for himself"!!

The most terrifying moment for Sian was to lift her hands off the platform and put her faith in the harness. However although suspended in mid air it didn't stop her having a chat with Gwyn before the operator cried, "3-2-1- good to go, safety pin out, enjoy your flight!" and they were away on a speed of up to 119 miles an hour. Down over the precipice they went following the contours of the mountain for a short distance and thinking that this was not too bad until suddenly before one's eyes a 1000 ft drop over a fabulous turquoise coloured lake shimmering in the sunlight. This made up for any fearful drop!

On approaching the landing platform at considerable speed, thinking how on earth one was going to stop,



they were very grateful for the breaking mechanism which thankfully was in perfect order this time and which took them to a complete stop within 20 yards. It was an exhilarating experience for all seven and everybody wishes to thank Mike for having such a brilliant idea.

Also many thanks to all who sponsored the event. All proceeds will go towards the running of and improving the Friendship Centre.

Report written over lunch in Betws y Coed

Prynhawn yng nghartref Hedd Wyn



Ar y ffordd nôl o'n taith heriol i Chwarel y Penrhyn cafwyd y syniad ardderchog o ymweld â chartref Hedd Wyn. Doeddem ni ddim yn credu am funud y byddai unrhywun yno i'n tywys o amgylch gan fod nai Hedd Wyn erbyn hyn wedi gwerthu'r cartref i'r Ymddiriedolaeth Genedlaethol a dim ond o ddydd Llun i ddydd Gwener mae'n bosib gwneud apwyntiad. Ond wrth i ni nesau at y gât penderfynom bod rhaid mynd i fyni i'r ffarm i gael gweld a oedd rhywun o amgylch a phwy ddaeth allan ond Gerald ei hun. Doedd dim rhaid gofyn mwy, roedd e wedi nôl ei ffon a'n holi am ein hanes wrth i ni droedio'r ffordd i fyni at y tŷ ffarm.

I mewn a ni i'r Ysgwrn ac i'r gegin a oedd wedi ei chadw yn union fel ag yr oedd hi yn nyddiau Hedd Wyn. Dim trydan, dim gwres canolog, a dim tŷ bach yn agos ond lle tân a dwy gadair freichiau naill ochr iddi, seld yn llawn platiau gwyn a glas, bwrdd wrth ymyl y ffenest ac arni y 'Visitor's book', a'r ford gegin ac arni lliain gingham coch a gwyn.

Nid oedd tân yn y grat yn anffodus- roedd Gerald wedi symud allan ers pum mlynedd ac erbyn hyn yn byw mewn byngalo newydd ger fynedfa'r ffarm. Roedd Gerald yn ei hwyliau, yn ein cyfeirio at ein gwahanol seddau ac yna yn ceisio profi ein gwybodaeth am y gwahanol declynau oedd yn perthyn i'r oes a fu. Cawsom ddysgu beth oedd ystyr llosgi'r gannwyll ar y ddau ben trwy weld teclyn llosgi brwyn ac yna cydio mewn twlpyn o fawn- mawn a fyddai'n ei ddefnyddio i wneud tân a'i losgi yn lle glo.

Roedd hi'n bleser pur i wrando arno. Byddai'n ein holi ni am ein barn ar y ffilm Hedd Wyn, ein gosod ar flaenau ein traed trwy ofyn i ni ddarllen ambell i lythyr mewn llaw ysgrifen neu gyfieithu ambell i englyn ond roedd wrth ei fodd yn gwrando arnom yn canu engylion coffa R Williams Parry ac roeddem ninnau wrth ein bodd yn cael eu canu iddo.

Yna i orffen prynhawn braf yn ei gwmni, cael mynd i'r parlwr ac eistedd mewn cadeiriau steddfodol- y finiau yng Nghadair Pontardawe, Linda yn y Bala ond chafodd neb eistedd yn y Gadair Ddu. Rhyfeddu ar ei maint a wnaethem a gan ei bod yn sefyll ar blinth roedd hi wir fel gorsedd. Ond y peth rhyfeddaf erioed oedd clywed mai gwr ifanc o wlad Belg oedd wedi llunio a cherfio Cadair Ddu Birkenhead o wybod nawr wrthgwrs mai yng ngwlad Belg y syrthiodd Hedd Wyn. Am eirioni! Roedd symboliaeth di-ri wedi ei cherfio yn y gwaith coed cain a llawer ohono yn Gristnogol. Yr Ichthus yno a'r groes a Gerald yn cymryd y pleser mwyaf o'i dangos i ni. Ar y wal roedd englynion gan Tudur Dylan ac Alan Llwyd. Cymaint o hanes mewn un ystafell fechan mewn tyddyn bychan ym mherfeddion Cymru. Ond beth ddwedwyd tro ar ôl tro oedd sut na ellid deall y rhesymeg o fynd i ryfel. Does dim deall rhyfel. Yno hefyd roedd englyn gan Hedd Wyn ei hun i lanc ifanc oedd wedi colli ei fywyd ar ddechrau'r rhyfel yn 1915 ac yna yntau ei hun yn cael ei ladd yn 1917.

Mae rhyfel yn wastraff, yn creu gwastraff ac yn amddifadu gwareiddiad o'i phethau gorau. Ryn ni heddiw yn gweld canlyniadau erchyll rhyfel yn yr ymfudo mewn termau Exodus o wledydd y Dwyrain Canol sydd, o barhau, yn mynd i newid map y byd. Dyw hyn ddim yn newydd wrthgwrs. Dyna fu hanes dyn erioed.

HG

[Translation available]

In our first Advent Sunday service, when invited to give voice to our thoughts and prayers, Pat said that with all the decision-making our world leaders have to do, make them be filled with wisdom. The following poem, also chosen by Pat, reiterates those thoughts and prayers in these days of uncertainty.

PAT WRITES

One of my favourite poems is Peace by Henry Vaughan

Peace

My Soul, there is a countrie
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentrie
All skillful in the wars,
There above noise and danger
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the Beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And, [O my Soul, awake!]
Did in the pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither
There growes the flower of peace
The Rose that cannot wither
Thy fortress, and thy ease;
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But one who never changes
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Henry Vaughan 1621-1695 Brecknockshire.

Educated at Brecon and Oxford practiced as a doctor near Brecon.

Ardent Royalist and fought in the Civil War.

He was very moved by the sad state of the church in his time.

THE ADVENT WREATH

TORCH YR ADFENT

The Advent wreath is a circular garland of evergreen branches representing eternity. On that wreath, five candles are typically arranged. During the season of Advent one candle on the wreath is lit each Sunday as a part of the Advent services. Each candle represents an aspect of the spiritual preparation for the coming of the Lord, Jesus Christ.



Set on the branches of the wreath are four candles: three purple candles and one pink candle. In the centre of the wreath sits a white candle. As a whole, these candles represent the coming of the
On the first Sunday of Advent, the first purple candle is lit. This candle is typically called the "Prophecy Candle" in remembrance of the prophets, primarily Isaiah, who foretold the birth of Christ. This candle represents **hope** or expectation in anticipation of the coming Messiah.
Each week on Sunday, an additional candle is lit. On the second Sunday of Advent, the second purple candle is lit. This candle typically represents **love**. Some traditions call this the "Bethlehem Candle," symbolizing Christ's manger.
On the third Sunday of Advent the pink, or rose-coloured candle is lit. This pink candle is customarily called the "Shepherds Candle" and it represents **joy**.
The fourth and last purple candle, oftentimes called the "Angels' Candle," represents **peace** and is lit on the fourth Sunday of Advent.
On Christmas Eve, the white centre candle is traditionally lit. This candle is called the "Christ Candle" and represents the **life of Christ that has come into the world**. The colour white represents purity. Christ is the sinless, spotless, pure Saviour. Also, those who receive Christ as Saviour are washed of their sins and made whiter than snow

CAROLE WRITES.....

"If we wait for the moment when everything, absolutely everything is ready, we shall never begin."

This was an inspirational quote I came across the other week and felt that it was so relevant to what is happening in our chapel right at this moment.

During the Rebecca Riots, a Mr George Stephens of London had been sent to Carmarthen to deal with the trouble. Mr Stephens and some of the other men joined the Water Street chapel where there were already some English members. It was these members who had been considering building an English chapel in Carmarthen for some time. Letters were sent to architect Robert Thomas on 2nd June 1849 stating that the church was to be built in the Italian Style. The first set of plans were considered unsatisfactory but subsequent plans were approved and the land that Zion occupies was leased. Building work commenced on June 28th 1849 and completed July 27th 1850. Zion opened for Divine worship on Thursday 1st August 1850 with the first Sunday Service on August 4th being led by Rev W Thoresby.

When the 4 Presbyterian churches in Carmarthen attended the initial meeting with the 2 Presbyteries (English and Welsh) I think we all left with heavy hearts at the prospect of our chapel closing. Things have moved on since then and we are now travelling down a different path. Some of our members have been attending Zion since early childhood, as had their parents before them so it is going to be a difficult journey emotionally as there are so many memories held in our hearts. Memories of past ministers, Sunday School outings, Womens' Guilds etc, and the prospect of finally closing the doors is heart-wrenching. Some of us have experienced this "closure" first hand when we attended the closing service of one of the chapels in the Pastorate we were a part of, and we said then that this would not happen to Zion. Yet despite our best efforts, here we are, not closing but on the verge of a new chapter. Initially, we felt "why do we have to close?" "Why can't we all worship in Zion?" "We've been coming here for 50,60, 70 and even 90 years. We don't want to move." But in reality, we know that that is not possible, neither is it practical. We have to look to the future – our future.

We have recently seen a glimpse of what the future may hold when we attended the services at Babell during September. There was such a warm welcome from everyone and a sense of belonging and we are looking forward to sharing our time together in the future. Some of us have also been attending the Friendship Centre on Thursday mornings and again, everyone is so welcoming.

From a personal perspective, I believe that uniting with Babell is a very positive step and one which should be fully embraced. Every journey, no matter how easy or difficult, begins with just one step. We are making that step together and with God's help and encouragement we can turn our heart-ache into happiness and joy.

*"One more step along the world I go
One more step along the world I go.
From the old things to the new
Keep me travelling along with you.
And it's from the old I travel to the new,
Keep me travelling along with you."*

One more step towards uniting

Officials from the two Presbyteries [Myrddin and the South West] will preside at the voting for the uniting of Zion and Babell on January 24th during their respective morning services. Zion – we welcome you.

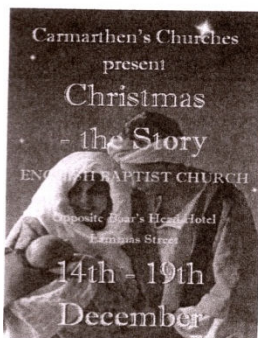
Ysgrifenna Helen writes

Concerts in Pennsylvania

Successful concerts were held in Scranton, Carbondale and Bethlehem Pennsylvania by Côr Meibion Dathlu Cwmtawe on a 10 day visit at the end of October. I was privileged to be one of the guest soloists along with this year's Blue Riband Winner Ffion Haf Jones. Standing ovations were received at capacity audiences. This was my fifth visit to North America. At Carbondale a great deal was learnt from a local historian about the beginnings of the Welsh settlement in the early 1830's and the contingent of 90 miners and their families who were brought over from Wales because of their expertise in deep shaft mining and needed for the newly found anthracite. Hence the name Carbondale. Welsh chapels and eisteddfodau and the 'te bach' quickly became a feature of life in towns like Scranton, Carbondale and Wilkesbarre and today third and fourth generation Welsh are only too delighted to welcome Welsh choirs and soloists to their midst. It was once again an enjoyable and rewarding tour.

Cyngherddau ym Mhensylfania

Cynhaliwyd cyngherddau llwyddiannus yn Scranton, Carbondale and Bethlehem gan Gôr Meibion Dathlu Cwmtawe yn ystod taith deng niwrnod ar ddiwedd Hydref. Ffion Haf Jones[enillydd Rhuban Glas Eisteddfod Meifod eleni]a finnau oedd unawdwyr gwadd y côr a chawsom dderbyniad gwresog mewn neuaddau ac eglwysi llawn. Dyma fy mhumed ymweliad â chymdeithasau Cymraeg gogledd America. Yn Carbondale roedd hanesydd lleol ond yn rhy barod i'n gofio am hanes y Cymry cyntaf a ymfudodd yno ar ddechrau'r 1830egau er mwyn rhannu o'u harbenigedd ym maes cloddio glo caled. Aeth 90 teulu allan ar y dechrau ac yn fuan iawn fe ddaeth capeli a'r eisteddfod a'r te bach yn rhan annatod o fywyd cymunedau trefi a dinasoedd fel Scranton, Wilkesbarre a Carbondale. Heddiw mae Cymry'r bedwaredd genhedlaeth wrth eu bodd yn derbyn corau ac artistiaid o Gymru ac unwaith eto cafwyd taith a roddodd lawer iawn o bleser a chryn foddhad.



A Christmas Quiz

Following on Advent Sunday's service with Revd Huw George, here are some questions based on the service. How well do you know the Christmas Story? Which of these statements would you find written in the Christmas Story according to the Scriptures?

1. The Christmas story is to be found in only two gospels, Mathew and Luke.
2. The angel came to Joseph who is said to be a carpenter in Nazareth.
3. Joseph wanted to divorce Mary on hearing the news that she was expecting a baby.
4. Mary and Joseph travelled to Bethlehem from Nazareth on a donkey.
5. Jesus was born in Bethlehem.
6. Jesus was born in a stable.
7. Three wise men came to see the baby Jesus.
8. An Angel of the Lord told the shepherds about the birth of Jesus.
9. The shepherds gave Jesus a lamb.
10. Mary and Joseph had to travel to Bethlehem because of a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed.

NEWS AND NOTICES

Clwb Sul/Sunday Club

We welcome four new members to Sunday Club. They are Lia Rose, Oscar Waters, Ellie May and Tia Horton. We look forward to having their company from week to week and in the new year will meet at 2pm following our move to a morning service.

Our Area Christmas Service in Bancyfelin/ Gwasanaeth y Dosbarth ym Mancyfelin

Nos Sul Rhagfyr 20fed: 6.00pm

Ar ôl ein gwasanaeth Golau Cannwyll yn y Babell ewch draw i Bancyfelin. Fe fydd gorymdaith yn dilyn asyn o ganol y pentref yn arwain i'r capel lle bydd aelodau capeli'r dosbarth yn cymryd rhan mewn gwasanaeth Nadolig. Diolch i'r Parch Beti Wyn am drefnu'r gwasanaeth.

Following the Candlelight Service in Babell there will be an opportunity to join with the circuit churches in a procession led by a donkey from the centre of Bancyfelin onto the chapel where members of Babell will be taking part. Thank you Beti Wyn for arranging the service.

Plygain Merched Y Wawr Caerfyrddin: Nos Sul Rhagfyr 13eg 2016

Cynhelir y Blygain eleni yng Nghapel Heol Dŵr am 7.30pm. Cynrychiolir Babell gan Helen, Marian, Heledd a Nelda. Dewch yn llw.

Esther

Bydd drama gerdd newydd a ysgrifennwyd gan Nan Lewis gyda cherddoriaeth gan Eric Jones yn cael ei pherfformio yn y Lyric nos Iau a nos Wener Ionawr 28ain a 29ain am 7.30pm. Mae'r tocynnau ar werth, Sicrhewch eich tocynnau yn gynnar rhag cael eich siomi.

A new musical drama written by Nan Lewis with music composed by Eric Jones will be performed at the Lyric on Thursday and Friday January 28th and 29th 2016 at 7.30pm. It is based on the Old Testament story of Esther. Tickets are already on sale. Make sure to book your seats in good time for what is going to prove a very popular event.

Christmas The Story/ Nadolig y Stori December 14th -19th

Christmas-the Story will be performed every day at hourly intervals in the English Baptist Church in Lammas Street. Helen and Sian will represent Babell. See flyers for details.

Nadolig- Y Stori: Bob dydd am wythnos gyfan yn y Gymraeg a'r Saesneg am yn ail yn Eglwys y Bedyddwyr Saesneg yn Heol Awst. Bydd Helen a Sian yn gwisgo fel pentrefwyr. Gweler y posteri am fanylion.

THANK YOU

DIOLCH

Food bank/Banc Bwyd

Diolch i bawb gyfrannodd at y Banc Bwyd yn ystod cyfnod y Diolchgarwch. Roedd y gwirfoddolwyr yno yn ddiolchgar iawn am bob cyfraniad ac fe ddarllenwyd llythyr o ddiolch ganddyn nhw ar y Sul. Mae ystadegau am yr angen sydd yn Sir Gaerfyrddin yn rhyfeddol.

Thank you everyone for contributing towards the Food Bank during Harvest Thanksgiving week. Volunteers were extremely grateful for all donations and a letter of thanks was received and read at one of the services. The statistics concerning the need in Carmarthenshire are astonishing.

APÊL FLYNYDDOL TEGANAU NADOLIG CYNGOR SIR GÂR CARMARTHENSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL TOYBOX APPEAL



Apêl Teganau Nadolig Christmas Toybox Appeal



DID YOU KNOW THAT HUNDREDS OF CARMARTHENSHIRE FAMILIES WILL NEED HELP THIS CHRISTMAS?

The Toy Box appeal is there to support the less fortunate children this Christmas, to make sure no one goes without. The toys will be given to disadvantaged children, most who have had to flee domestic violence – both this Christmas and the forthcoming year, and are left with very little. The Toy Box works by bringing stability and familiarity back into their lives, so all donations are very much appreciated.

WHEN YOU ARE OUT SHOPPING THIS CHRISTMAS REMEMBER THOSE FAMILIES WHO ARE NOT SO FORTUNATE AND BUY ONE EXTRA PRESENT FOR THE APPEAL.

PRESENTS ARE NEEDED FOR BABIES FROM 18 MONTHS TO YOUNG PEOPLE IN THEIR TEENS.

Message from Beti Wyn/ Neges oddi wrth Beti Wyn

Os ydych yn dymuno cefnogi byddwn yn casglu yn y Priordy ar y Suliau Tachwedd 29fed, a Rhagfyr 6 a 13. A wnewch chi sicrhau bod y teganau yn rhai newydd os gwelwch yn dda a heb eu lapio.

Awgrym o bris yw £5 yr anrheg

There will be a box in the porch from 6th of December

Thank you/ Diolch yn fawr

ISN'T CHRISTMASTIME WONDERFUL? – Trevor Lloyd

As I begin my 73rd year I must confess I have loved Christmas since I was a child. How Father Christmas ever got to fill the empty stocking I hung at the bottom of the bed on Christmas Eve remains a mystery to this day. In our house all the floors and the staircase creaked and the doors squeaked so how the fat guy with the white beard in the red suit actually negotiated the house's noisy hazards to put tangerines, sweets and nuts into my stocking still remains unexplained. In fairness in our old house there were fireplaces in the bedrooms but the flues were quite narrow! The magic has lasted a lifetime.

The spirit of Christmas has been portrayed in different media such as the written word, in songs and carols and in film. Amongst my favourites is the film 'The Polar Express', a thought provoking animated children's story which should be seen by all grown ups. As much as I love carols there are other songs which reflect this special time of year. One such is 'Journey of the Angels' by Enya. I also love the wonderful stories for children and one of my favourites, I would like to share with you this Christmas.

The First Christmas Tree

In a forest in the far, far East grew many pine trees. Most of them were tall trees, higher than the houses that we see, and with wide, strong branches. But there was one tree that was not nearly so tall as the others, in fact, it was no taller than some of you.

Now, the tall trees could see far, far out over the hilltops and into the valleys, and they could hear all the noises that went on in the world beyond the forest, but the Little Tree was so small, and the other trees grew so high and thick about it, that it could not see nor hear these things at all. However, the other trees were very kind, and they would stoop down and tell the Little Tree what they could hear and see. One night in the winter time there seemed to be something strange happening in the little town among the hills, for the trees did not go to sleep after the sun went down, but put their heads together and spoke in strange, low whispers that were full of awe and wonder. Sadly the Little Tree from its place close to the ground, did not understand what it was all about. He listened awhile and then lifted his head as high as it could and shouted to the tall trees. "Will you not stoop and tell me what is happening?" And one of the big trees stooped down and whispered: "The shepherds out on the hilltops are telling strange stories while they watch their sheep. The air is filled with sweet music, and there is a wonderful star coming up in the east, travelling westward towards them, and the shepherds say that they are waiting for it to stop and shine over a humble stable in their little town. I have not heard why it is going to stop there, but I will look again and listen." So the tall tree lifted up its head again, and reached far out so that it might hear more of the wonderful story.

Bye and bye it stooped down again, and whispered to the Little Tree: "Oh, Little Tree, listen! There are angels among the shepherds on the hills, and they are all talking together. They seem to be awaiting the birth of a little

child, who will be a king among the people, and the beautiful star will shine above the stable where the little king will be laid in a manger."

The tree again raised its head to listen, and the Little Tree, much puzzled, thought: "It is very strange, indeed; oh, how I wish that I could see it all!"

It waited a little longer, and everything grew quiet, and a great peace came upon the forest.

Then suddenly the town and even the forest was illuminated with a strange white light that made everything as bright as day, and the air was filled with the flutter of angels' wings, and with music such as the world had never heard before.

The people and the trees, even the stars in the heaven, lifted up their voices and sang together and the whole world was filled with music and joy and love for the little baby Jesus who had come to dwell upon the earth.

The Little Tree was filled with fear and wonder, for so great was the excitement that the other trees had almost forgotten about him, and he could not understand the mysterious sounds; but by and by his tall friend said.

"Listen, listen, Little Tree! Such news I have to tell, a child has been born in a stable in Bethlehem and the whole world is singing such beautiful music. There are wise men coming from the East bringing beautiful gifts to baby Jesus. The angels, too, are upon the earth, and they bear gifts of gold and rare, beautiful stones. Wait! I will tell you more."

The tall tree had scarcely lifted up its head when it stooped again and whispered to the Little Tree, "Look! Look! Little Tree! They are coming this way; the angels are coming here, into our forest' Lift up your head high and you will see them as they pass."

The Little Tree lifted up its head and saw the white flutter of angel robes and heard the sweet voices of the heavenly host who came with their precious gifts into the forest.

"Oh," said the Little Tree, "they are coming here, toward me! What shall I do?" and in fear it bent its head so low that it almost touched the ground.

But the music came nearer and nearer, and the Little Tree felt a tender hand upon its branches, and a soft, gentle voice said to it, "Arise Little Tree and come with us, for we have come into the forest to seek you. Yes, you, the very smallest among the trees, you are to be our gift-bearer. Come, lift up your head"

In fear and trembling the Little Tree did as the angel asked. But when it looked into the angel's face and saw the love and kindness there, all his fear was gone, and he said to the angel: "Yes; make me ready. I will come with you to the little baby Jesus in the manger."

So all the angels brought their gifts of precious jewels and shining gold and fastened them upon the branches of the Little Tree. Then the leader of the angels' band took up the Little Tree from the ground and bore it, laden with its precious burden, to the feet of the of baby Jesus.

Isn't that a lovely story?

What about something different as a pudding to follow Boxing Day cold cuts meal. In fairness this is a recipe I use all through the year but unfortunately the main ingredient seems to only be available in the lead up to Christmas. Panettone is an Italian fruit bread with a very long shelf life so I tend to stock up when it is available. This product is currently on sale at a supermarket next door to the old Infirmary in Carmarthen (no names).

PANETTONE BREAD & BUTTER PUDDING

Ingredients pudding:

2 large slices of Panettone, buttered & quartered
125g./4oz. sultanas

Ingredients custard:

3 large eggs
1 egg yoke
600ml./1pt. milk
50g./2oz. caster sugar

Method:

- 1. Preheat oven 150°C/300°F/Gas2.*
- 2. Arrange the Panettone in an ovenproof dish.*
- 3. Scatter over sultanas; then set aside.*
- 4. Heat the milk to scalding point and allow to cool slightly.*
- 5. Beat the eggs, egg yoke & caster sugar together.*
- 6. Stir mixture into milk.*
- 7. Strain the custard mixture over the Panettone slices.*
- 8. Place the dish into a deep baking tin and half fill the tin with hot water (bain marie)*
- 9. Place the tin in the preheated oven and cook for 45 minutes or until the custard is set.*
- 10. Serve with cream if you must!*

I hope you will try this rather special bread and butter pudding recipe. I'm sure if you do, it won't just be a one off. I have served it many times and all the comments, so far, have been favourable.

I look forward to our Candlelit Carol Services and hopefully seeing you in the Friendship Centre whenever you are able to visit.

Finally, may I wish you all a very peaceful and joyous Christmas.

The Twelve Days of Christmas (two different perspectives)

From 1558 until 1829, Roman Catholics in England were not permitted to practice their faith openly. Someone during that era wrote this carol as a catechism song for young Catholics. It has two levels of meaning: the surface meaning plus a hidden meaning known only to members of their church. Each element in the carol has a code word for a religious reality which the children could remember.

1. The partridge in a pear tree was Jesus Christ.
2. Two turtle doves were the Old and New Testaments.
3. Three French hens stood for faith, hope and love.
4. The four calling birds were the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.
5. The five golden rings recalled the Torah or Law, the first five books of the Old Testament.
6. The six geese a-laying stood for the six days of creation.
7. Seven swans a-swimming represented the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit: Prophecy, Serving, Teaching, Exhortation, Contribution, Leadership, and Mercy.
8. The eight maids a-milking were the eight beatitudes.
9. Nine ladies dancing were the nine fruits of the Holy Spirit: Love, Joy, Peace, Patience, Kindness, Goodness, Faithfulness, Gentleness, and Self Control.
10. The ten lords a-leaping were the Ten Commandments.
11. The eleven pipers piping stood for the eleven faithful disciples.
12. The twelve drummers drumming symbolized the twelve points of belief in the Apostles' Creed.

Two years ago I went to Plas Tan Y Bwlch in North Wales on a short course entitled Christmas Customs and Traditions. It was an excellent weekend full of fascinating snippets of information. We were invited to bring along any item that we could share with others. I took the following light-hearted version of The Twelve Days of Christmas. I "performed" it by sitting at a desk and saying the words aloud as I wrote. It was well received so I hope you enjoy it too.

May your Christmas be both serious and light-hearted as befits the joyous event we celebrate with friends and family.

Wishing you all a happy Christmas

Linda Owen

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

25th December

My dearest darling,

That partridge, in that lovely pear tree! What an enchanting, romantic, poetic present! Bless you and thank you.

Your deeply loving Emily

26th December

My dearest darling Edward,

Two turtle doves arrived this morning and they are cooing away in the pear tree as I write. I'm so touched and grateful.

With undying love as always, Emily

27th December

My darling Edward,

You do think of the most original presents: whoever thought of sending anybody three French hens? Do they really come all the way from France? It is a pity we have no chicken coops, but I expect we'll find some. Thank you anyway, they're lovely.

Your loving Emily

28th December

Dearest Edward

What a surprise – four calling birds arrived this morning. They are very sweet, even if they do call rather loudly – they make telephoning impossible. But I expect they'll calm down when they get used to their new home. Anyway, I'm very grateful – of course I am.

Love from Emily

29th December

Dearest Edward

The postman has just delivered five most beautiful gold rings, one for each finger, and all fitting perfectly. A really lovely present – lovelier than the birds, which do take rather a lot of looking after. The four that arrived yesterday are still making a terrible row, and I'm afraid none of us got much sleep last night. Mummy says she wants to use the rings to 'wring' their necks – she's only joking, I think; though I know what she means. But I love the rings. Bless you.

Love Emily

30th December

Dear Edward

Whatever I expected to find when I opened the front door this morning, it certainly wasn't six great geese laying eggs all over the doorstep. Frankly, I had rather hoped you had stopped sending me birds – we have no room for them and they have already ruined the croquet lawn. I know you meant well, but – let's call a halt, shall we?

Love Emily

31st December

Edward

I thought I said no more birds; but this morning I woke to find no less than seven swans all trying to get into our tiny goldfish pond. I'd rather not think what happened to the goldfish. The whole house seems to be full of birds – to say nothing of what they leave behind them. Please, please STOP.

Yours Emily

1st January

Edward

Frankly, I think I prefer the birds. What am I to do with eight milkmaids – AND their cows? Is this some kind of joke? If so I'm afraid I don't find it amusing.

Emily

2nd January

Look here Edward, this has gone far enough. You say you're sending me nine ladies dancing; all I can say is that judging from the way they dance, they're certainly not ladies. The village just isn't accustomed to seeing a regiment of shameless hussies with nothing on but their lipstick cavorting round the green – and it's Mummy and I who get blamed. If you value our friendship – which I do less and less – kindly stop this ridiculous behaviour at once.

Emily

3rd January

As I write this letter, ten disgusting old men are prancing about all over what used to be the garden – before the geese and the swans and the cows got at it; and several of them, I notice, are taking inexcusable liberties with the milkmaids. Meanwhile the neighbours are trying to have us evicted. I shall never speak to you again.

Emily

4th January

This is the last straw. You know I detest bagpipes. The place has now become something between a menagerie and a madhouse and a man from the Council has just declared it unfit for habitation. At least Mummy has been spared this last outrage; they took her away yesterday afternoon in an ambulance. I hope you are satisfied.

5th January

Sir

Our client, Miss Emily Wilbraham, instructs me to inform you that with the arrival on her premises at half-past seven this morning of the entire percussion section of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and several of their friends she has no course left open to her but to seek an injunction to prevent your importuning her further. I am making arrangements for the return of much assorted livestock.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

G. CREEP. Solicitor-at-Law

RICHARD GOODRIDGE MBE
SARN VILLA
BABELL ROAD
PENSARN
CARMARTHEN
SA31 2DJ
TEL 01267 232343

ST DAVIDS CEMETERY CARMARTHEN

The now closed Cemetery at St Davids; Picton Terrace Carmarthen (the area to the north and east of the derelict church) was first used on the 5th February 1841 when a 26 year old lady by the name of Margaret Davies who lived by the "Steam Mill" was buried there. Since then nearly seven thousand burials have taken place in the older part, the most recent in 2002. In 2011 the Church in Wales sold the church and cemetery to a developer in North Wales and since then the cemetery has been abandoned and left to decay and fall into the most terrible state.

Those poor souls who lie buried there have no voice of their own, and have up until recently had no one to speak up for "them" in ensuring that their last resting place is maintained in a respectable manner as befits a sacred place.

Because of this, I have set up a charity in the name of my late grandparents Thomas and Elizabeth Mayhook, who lived for most of their lives in Heol Rudd, and are buried in the cemetery, together with my great grandparents. Discussions are in hand about the charity taking over the upkeep and maintenance of the cemetery, which is one of the largest inaccessible town centre cemeteries closed to the public in the United Kingdom. It is in fact twelve thousand square metres in size (the size of the Millennium stadium rugby pitch) This can only be done by the Church in Wales gaining back ownership of the ground. The cemetery is a hugely important site, with many headstones giving a true social history of the town. One example is that of David Thomas whose story is given later....on his headstone is printed a welsh verse which translates as follows

Here lies one who left his home
Without knowing that he would face the sword of death
Before he returned he was fatally wounded
Leaving behind for ever, everyone else.

It is my intention and that of my Trustees that David, and all the other occupants of St Davids Cemetery are not forgotten. Raising the sufficient money required is the key to our success and if anyone is able to make even the smallest donation we would be pleased to receive it.
(made payable to the Thomas and Elizabeth Mayhook Charity)



Richard J Goodridge MBE.



David Thomas (Deceased) died Tuesday August 29th 1871 aged 17 years after a fatal accident...this is his story....

The following details are taken from the Carmarthen Journal dated Friday September 1st 1871. (The original Coroner's inquest reports for this period do not exist).

Fatal Accident – A Warning to Boys

On Tuesday evening an unfortunate and fatal accident occurred to a youth named David Thomas, who was employed at the Carmarthen Tin Works. The cause of the accident ought to act as a warning to boys against the dangers of rashness of conduct. The details connected with the case will be found in the following evidence given at the inquest held at the Town Hall on Wednesday afternoon before Mr J Hughes, Coroner.

William Thomas was called and said "I live in Priory Street, and am a labourer. The deceased David Thomas was my son. He was 17 years of age. He was a cold-roller at the Carmarthen Tin Works. I awoke him yesterday morning to go to his work, and he went about 6 o' clock. I saw him again at dinner time. His proper time to come home would be about 5 or 6 o' clock in the evening. Thomas James was next called and said "I am 14 years of age and live in Priory Street. I am employed as a sawyer's boy in the Carmarthen Tin Works. I was at work there yesterday, and saw David Thomas, the deceased there yesterday all day at work. I worked near him. He gave up his work about a quarter to five yesterday afternoon because he had finished it. I also saw that the water had been turned off at the wheel at the works, and the wheel was gradually stopping. I saw David Thomas the deceased go on to one of the spokes on the wheel, and he said he wanted to go around with it. I tried to stop him by calling to him to come off, but he said he would not come off, but go round with the wheel. When the spoke on which he stood had gone a little lower than the level of the floor, he tried to get off by going on one knee on the floor. The next spoke of the wheel then struck him on the shoulder and forced him back into the body of the wheel. His leg went in between the driving wheel, and the fly wheel. He gave one scream. I was only about two yards distant. He fell through the wheel into the bed below. David Jones picked him up almost immediately, but quite dead. By the time he got through the wheel that had stopped he was badly crushed, his intestines being in sight. I had known him go round the wheel several times. He did so yesterday morning. He had no business to be near the wheel, and he went there in fun. When he did so last Friday, David Jones told him if ever he did so again he would report him to Mr Jones the manager, and he would be dismissed from the works. I never reported him myself – the Coroner here told the witness that he ought to have reported it. Had someone done so the boys life would have been saved - By a Juryman : I had never known him try to get off before, he used to go round with the wheel. When he went on the wheel before he used to go round. David Jones, - sawyer at the Carmarthen Tin Works said "yesterday evening I went to the driving wheel of the works, because I heard Thomas James, the last witness crying out. I saw the body of David Thomas the deceased under the wheel. I got it up directly. The deceased was quite dead. One of his arms was broken and nearly crushed off, and his intestines were in sight. I had before seen the deceased go round with the wheel in sport, and I told him that the next time I saw him I would report him to Mr Jones the manager at the Tin Works. I did not report him. – The Coroner said "it was a great pity that you did not report him, it is always a mistake to let these things off "until the next time". This was the whole of the evidence- the Coroner briefly alluded to the fact that the deceased had no business at the place where he met with his death. The law required that in all cases where the person in pursuit of his employment was obliged to go near machinery in motion that was dangerous, such machinery should be fenced off for protection. In this case however, the deceased was not obliged to go near the wheel at all. A juryman then observed that the wheel was fenced off. The Coroner said that was indeed so, although the deceased could get to the wheel by going under the fence. The Jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death".



APPRENTICE DEVIL WANTED

I make no apology for calling evil by that old-fashioned, personal name, the Devil. It is a good way of keeping us alert to the fact that there is about the operation of evil the subtlety of a malevolent personality rather than the crudity of a blind, irrational force. My purpose in writing verse, in any event, is not to propound any particular theology but, rather, to produce poems that preach.

The Devil had grown tired.
The work of damning souls,
Had wearied him and worn him down.
Old Nick was getting old.
He thought of all the millions,
Whom he had led astray.
But many had escaped him,
To follow holy ways.

He felt, on his blackest days,
That Christ was gaining ground.
He feared that The Enemy,
Might wear the victor's crown.
He needed an assistant –
A demon skilled and shrewd.
Someone to fan the fires of hell,
And evil plots to brew.

He duly placed a colourful 'Ad'
In hell's own 'Daily Flame.'
APPRENTICE DEVIL WANTED,
TO WORK IN EVIL'S NAME!
And though a thousand applicants,
Submitted a C.V;
Most of these were put one side.
He interviewed but three.

To each he put one question;
And the question asked was this:
'What will you do to undermine,
All hope of future bliss?'
The enemy was cunning,
And many felt his charms.
'What will you do to free them,
From the Saviour's arms?'

The first one to be interviewed,
Had no tail or horn.
He wore a neatly tailored suit,
His hair was closely shorn.
And in his hand he carried,
A book of recent fame.
It was 'The God Delusion.'
And bore the Dawkins name.

He answered with a certainty,
That left no room for doubt.
He would deny that God exists,
And thus put faith's lamp out.
*"I'll tell them it is folly,
In such a world as this,
To raise one's eyes to heaven -
An idle, senseless myth.
I'll mock their prayers as nonsense,
for God ignores their cries.
Where was their God at Auschwitz,
when praying people died?
I'll point to childhood cancers,
And ills which all deny,
The silly truth that God is love -
And other cruel lies.*

The Devil said: "What silliness!
Your argument, insane,
Will not destroy the faith of Man;
Creation makes God plain!
There is within each being,
A hungry, searching soul.
And in the deepest dark it longs,
For God to make it whole.

And atheists, with total doubt,
Are few and far between.
There is an instinct in the heart,
To reach a hand, unseen."

The demon left his presence.
Had he possessed a tail,
It would have hung between his legs.
He knew that he had failed.
The chance to shine had come and gone,
And would not come again.
His superficial reasoning,
Had been the cause of shame.

The second demon entered.
He would deride God's Christ.
He'd mock the cross and trivialise,
The saviour's sacrifice:
*"I'll tell the world that goodness,
Will always face defeat.
Look at Christ on Calvary –
With nails through hands and feet.
He taught the world forgiveness,
And spoke of turning cheeks.
Such is the counsel of a fool;
The ramblings of the weak.
I'll tell them that to follow him,
Will end in blood and tears.
I'll point to fruitless effort,
And barren, wasted years."*

The Devil listened, and enraged,
Pointed to the door.
"Get Out! Get Out!" He thundered.
"Speak to me no more!"
The Cross, he knew, had power,
To change the heart of Man.
The path of love and selflessness,
Was part of God's own plan.
The Devil saw, in cross of wood;
In thorny crown and wounded side;

An image which could change the world:
The sight of God The Crucified!

The final demon held the floor.
He said: *"I'll tell the people this:
I'll argue, loud, the case for God,
And try to prove that he exists.
I'll emphasise that God is love,
And longs to see his children saved.
I'll point them to Golgotha's hill,
Where heaven and hell did once engage.
I'll stress that they will know true peace,
And gain a triumph over sin,
When they own that 'Christ is Lord,'
And give their very all to him.
I'll tell them they must heed his call,
To love and serve, to praise and pray.
BUT THEN I'LL SAY THAT IT IS FINE,
TO DO THESE THINGS ANOTHER DAY!"*

He was appointed to the post,
For still the lie is spread abroad,
That Christ can wait. There is no haste,
To own the saviour as our Lord.
Procrastinate! There's time to spare!
Dilly Dally and delay!
Tomorrow then may never come!
And the Evil One hold sway.

MIKE SHEPHARD ©





**Nadolig Llawen i chi gyd a
Blwyddyn Newydd Dda**

**A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year to you all**

THE COMING QUARTER Sunday Services

December 6ed	10.30am	MINISTER/COMMUNION
13	4.30 pm	CANDLELIGHT SERVICE
20	4.30 pm	CANDLELIGHT SERVICE Côr Crescendo
27		NO SERVICE

CHRISTMAS EVE: COMMUNION SERVICE 11.15PM MINISTER

2016

IONAWR/JANUARY 3RD	2PM REV WYNNE VITTLE
10TH	10.30AM MINISTER/COMMUNION
17TH	2PM MR HUGH WADDELL
24TH	10.30 AM MINISTER
31ST	2PM PASTOR JOHN MORGAN

CHWEFROR/FEBRUARY 7	10.30AM MINISTER /school choir/ prizes for children's letter to God
14	2PM MR HUGH WADDELL
21	10.30 AM MINISTER/COMMUNION
28	2PM PASTOR JOHN MORGAN

