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November 2020

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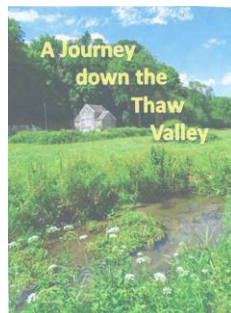
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Parish Magazine

The Rectorial Benefice of the Glamorgan Heritage Coast comprises the Parishes of: St Bridget's, St Brides; St Michael and All Angels, Ewenny; St Giles, Gileston; St Cattwg's Llanmaes; St Michael and All Angels, Llanmihangel; St Illtud's, Llantwit Major; Holy Trinity, Marcross, St Mary's, Monknash, St Donat's, St Donats; St Tathan, St Athan; All Saints, Southerndown; St James, Wick.



This magazine serves them all.

Contributions to be in by 22nd of the month please.

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In these difficult times, when one of the effects is that you are probably reading this on your computer rather than as hard copy, it is all the more desirable for you to pass on your copy to a person or household where it wouldn't otherwise arrive. We do hope to resume printing our copies before too much longer, but in the meantime, please do your little bit of helping to spread the word.

This Month's Cover

The picture is of a soldier "Resting on Arms Reversed". This is a military drill command used as a mark of respect at funerals and on occasions of mourning, especially in the armed forces of Commonwealth nations.. When resting on reversed arms the weapon points towards the ground and the eyes are lowered. Some of you may have noticed that the soldier on the Cowbridge war memorial is in this position. It is part of the gratitude shown towards all those whose lives were brutally taken in conflict, especially in the 1914 – 1918 war.

Advent starts on Sunday 29th November, see page 15.

There is more pleasure in loving than in being loved.

From the Editor

Dear Friends,

I have a hobby which is making items on a wood -working lathe. The whole family is now fully equipped with candlesticks, bowls, clocks, pens and many other objects which they didn't really want. I don't mind, I thoroughly enjoyed making the things in the first place and if they aren't wanted, they can, at least, be used on the fire! I am also a bit of a do-it-yourself fanatic and as a result, I have a workshop which is jammed packed full with hand-tools, power-tools and, of course, a lot of wood. I ought to use the past tense because disaster struck.

At about 8 pm on Sunday 11th October, the whole thing caught fire. The shed is (was) at the back of the house and we are usually at the front and, consequently, did not realise that anything was wrong until some 10 minutes later. Fortunately, a neighbour had already dialled 999 for the Fire Brigade and they arrived at about 8.20 pm. By then, there was little left of the shed which was wooden as well, and lit up as a rival to best 5th November bonfires. The whole thing was a complete write-off but neither my wife nor I were physically damaged in any way.

Having told you the facts, I now come to what I really want to tell you. I was most impressed with the way that the Firemen went about the whole job. One takes for granted that they will tackle the fire itself with professional expertise, but they also treated us, as the victims, with great consideration. They made sure that we were OK, brought out chairs for us so that shock would not overcome us and kept us informed about what was happening throughout. All with considerable sympathy for us.

Then there were the neighbours who came round, not just for the entertainment, but with offers of genuine help. They kept us company throughout the whole traumatic experience and one lovely lady came along with a tray full of teas, coffees and biscuits. How thoughtful. The husband stayed with me until the Fire Brigade told me that we could go back in to the house and we restored the gas and electricity supplies which had been switched off for safety. We eventually got to bed about 12.30 am. The next day, another neighbour came round with a bottle of wine so that we could cheer ourselves up, how wonderfully thoughtful.

Now you can probably understand why I have told you this tale. Not to tout for sympathy but to remind us all that "the milk of human kindness" has not dried up in these difficult times. No! it is alive and kicking out there and surfaces in time of need. Our heartfelt thanks go to all those who helped in any way and long may they continue to perform these kindnesses.

Yours sincerely, *Eric Sparks*

Never interrupt when you are being flattered.

Hindsight is 20/20 Vision

I must confess, I have finally lost patience. I know that mankind (or should I say personkind in this age?) will look back on the year 2020 and make profound judgements on the decisions arrived at by the various governments round the world about how to handle the Covid 19 pandemic. I am certain that the verdicts will be that many of the choices arrived at were utterly wrong and even counterproductive. That is if we have all lived through it all!

But we haven't got the luxury of being able to look back yet. We are still having to think on our feet and decide what to do on the evidence available to us now. There is a great deal of advice coming from the scientific advisers, each fresh instalment contradicting the previous one. Which to choose? There are several activities which have been required to curb their operations, but each of which has a good reason for wanting to be exempted from the regulations. Some of these are personal, such as wanting to go to the pub, and some of them are financial, such as being unable to run one's business profitably. Each person has a reason why they should not be, as they feel, victimised.

Unless I am missing something, what these complainers overlook is the fact that the authorities are trying to balance the situation. If they relax all the rules, the number of Covid cases will soar, more people will die and, affecting millions, those who have something else wrong with them will not be able to get treatment. So, they don't relax all the rules, just some of them and this results in the moaners saying "Why me and not them?" The media don't help either, especially television. I suppose that they believe that an interview is more interesting if it is with someone who has an axe to grind rather than with someone who approves of the restrictions.

Let me say, as I have said before, that I fully recognise that I am fortunate in not being worried about my job and in having congenial surroundings in which to live. If I were living in a high rise flat and had money troubles, I would almost certainly be thinking differently. I might well have been one of those revellers who thronged the streets just after pub closing time recently.

But, even if I were being patient, I would be wanting all those people who flout the regulations to stop being selfish. Of course, they have the right to take risks with their own lives if they feel that they must, but at the same time they have no right whatsoever to take risks with other peoples' lives. That sort of behaviour is selfish in the extreme. There have been examples of customers refusing to wear a mask in shops and swearing and even spitting at the assistants in response to this being pointed out. How will history judge how we have conducted ourselves? ES

Don't look back, it's not the way you're going.



Father Edwin's Page



Dear Friends,

The theme of Remembrance is always at the forefront of our minds and hearts at this time of the year. This Summer, we witnessed the moving commemorations of 75 years since peace broke out at the end of World War II, with VE Day and VJ Day both remembered with moving reverence, despite the constraints of Coronavirus and lockdown.

Remembrance Sunday will be a strange time for us all this year. Many people across our parish have personal or family links to the armed forces, yet the usual gatherings will simply not be possible. The 'fire-break' lockdown will include Remembrance Sunday and we will be very restricted in what we can do publicly to mark the day as a result. Yet we will find ways to mark the day and ensure that our remembrance, in all of our communities along the Heritage Coast, is offered with sincerity and humility. Local acts of remembrance are planned for various Facebook pages, so look out for details in your local community around the weekend of 7th and 8th November.

Just at the moment, we all understand the significance of personal sacrifice in a small way, as we're separated from family, loved ones and friends. Perhaps that will make this year's Remembrance Sunday especially poignant, as we recognize the sacrifice of those who put their lives on the line in conflict, in the service of their fellow women and men. Even with the current restrictions, we can all continue to support the great work of the Royal British Legion. If you visit their website, you can download resources for a poppy to place in your window; many families have already done this and coloured in the poppy as a mark of remembrance. You can find the poppy by following this link...

<https://www.britishlegion.org.uk>

... and if you know someone who doesn't have access to the internet, why not download a poppy and give it to them to place in their window?

Ewenny Priory celebrates a very special birthday!

Birthdays are always special occasions. Most of us pretend that we're not bothered about our birthday and say that we don't want any 'fuss, or we say that we'd rather just forget about the occasion. Others tell us that age is "just a number"; in other words, we shouldn't be

Gratitude is a vaccine, an antitoxin and an antiseptic.

bothered by the passing of the years, or try to measure our lives by the way-marks that the world places before us.

Ewenny Priory recently celebrated its 900th birthday; the Feast of St Michael and All Angels on 29th September was the anniversary of the dedication of the building, 9 centuries ago. That Feast Day marked the start of a series of celebrations. Elsewhere in this magazine, you will see a 100th birthday noted, which is an astonishing achievement and a cause of great celebration. Meantime, other parts of our parish can connect through a Christian history and heritage going back 15 centuries. If life teaches us anything, it's that age is relative!

The celebrations at the Priory were, of course, muted by COVID restrictions, but that didn't stop us hosting a splendid occasion, with Bishop June Osborne, the Bishop of Llandaff, in attendance. She spoke of the importance of recognizing beauty all around us, and of the impact that ancient and sacred places have in our lives. Any of us who have visited Ewenny Priory, let alone those of us who visit and worship there regularly, know the beauty of the place and the remarkable stillness that can only come from a place with a timeless spiritual heritage.

On Sunday 11th October, BBC Radio 4 broadcast Sunday Worship from the Priory, with Bishop June as the preacher. The programme was built around the experience of Alun Jenkins, one of the Church Wardens, whose life and work running a local pottery has been shaped by his experience of Ewenny Priory. The programme was called "The Pottery and the Priory" and reflected on the way that we are all clay in God's hands, ready to be shaped and formed by the course of our lives, as the grace of God works in our lives. The programme is well worth a listen and you can hear it on BBC Sounds. Here is a link to the programme...

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/sounds/play/m000ndhd>

Farewell to Rev'd Jude Peters

It is with great sadness that we will be saying our 'goodbyes' to Revd Jude in a few weeks' time. Jude will be joining the Ministry Team in Cowbridge, serving a large group of rural churches in our neighbouring parish.

Jude and Mike won't be moving house and they will continue to live in our Parish, but this is an important next step for Jude as her ministry develops. She has served in our churches as a Lay Reader, a Deacon and, for the last 2 years and more as a priest. It is time for her to extend her role to serve a new community, while building on the skills and expertise she has developed here.

It's better to try and fail than not to try at all.

Jude's last Sunday with us will be on 22nd November, the Feast of Christ the King, before she takes up her new role in Cowbridge on Advent Sunday which, appropriately, is the beginning of the Church year.

We are inviting donations towards a leaving gift for Jude and any contributions can be made through your local church. If you would like details of how to contribute, please contact the Parish Office on 01446 792439 or email office@ghcp.church

Weekly email of Parish services and events

An email is sent out each week, giving details of services and events (both in church and online) taking place across the 12 churches of the Glamorgan Heritage Coast Parish. If you do not currently receive this email (usually sent out each Wednesday) and if you would like to, please let us know at the Parish Office: you can call on 01446 792439 or email office@ghcp.church

With every blessing

Edwin

Christmas Greetings

Would you like to use these pages to send out Christmas Greetings to your friends and relatives? Even in the present situation of limited printing, it would be an excellent way of spreading Christmas cheer to a wide audience and also help to reduce the weight of recycling with a considerable saving in card and paper.

Examples are illustrated below with a cost of £1 per line consisting of 10 words. Decide what you would like to send out before 16th November for it to be certain of appearing. Nicely printed and delivered or sent to my email address: ericpetersparks1932@gmail.com by that date.



To Alice, Bert and Cynthia, wishing them a Happy Christmas and looking forward to better things in the New Year.



Wishing Donald, Elsie, Fred and Gladys every joy at this festive time and all my other dear relatives in all parts of the country. Hoping that we will be able to see them again before too long.



Happy Christmas to my children and grandchildren.



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It's Just Not Cricket!



in one of the recent Llantwit Major Local History Society weekly articles, Nigel Williams wrote about the history of cricket in Llantwit Major. The first game of the Llantwit Major Cricket Club was played in 1866 at Moorlands Farm on the Wick road against Cowbridge. It was a disaster, because the Llantwit team had only practiced bowling underarm, whereas Cowbridge

employed overarm. The team moved around a bit, playing on various fields, including the Dovecot field, eventually finding a home on Poundfield, now the carpark for Filco.

Digging around in *Archaeologia Cambrensis*, the journal of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, for an article for the History Society's weekly mailing, I discovered something quite shocking – that the farmers' boys who made up the team practiced in St Illtud's Churchyard and used the Celtic crosses, which were then outside, as stumps! Well, the venerable members of the Cambrian Archaeological Association were scandalised. For many years they had been complaining to the parochial authorities that they were not taking due care of the ancient monuments scattered around the churchyard, indeed at one-point planning to break up the Celtic crosses and letting local farmers take them away to build walls. Then in April 1869 the Association complained that the parochial authorities appeared "to be but slightly aware of their archaeological importance" and found that:

"One of [the crosses] was injured in former years by having served as a kind of *stump* for cricketing, then practised in the churchyard, when the balls hit the inscription just in the middle and the surface scaled off in consequence. Since then the boys of the place sometimes mount the upright slab of which the monument consists, and sitting with their feet over it, hanging down from the top, still try the toughness of the limestone with their heels precisely in the inscribed portion."

I suspect this was the Samson or Illtud Cross (the left-hand cross) in the Galilee Chapel, for this has lost some of its inscription and decoration just where a boy's heel would hit it. Reference books on the Crosses say it was damaged by flacking – but now we know otherwise! When you can next go into the Galilee Chapel, look at that Cross with fresh eyes.

Philip Morris

Too Many Zeros

When we worship God, we believe that He created the world and all that therein is. How often do we think beyond this? Do we remember that the “World” is not everything? That what he created was the whole universe? The immensity of this is overwhelming in its size and concept. In this article, without going into astronomical detail, I am going to try to get across to you the size of the Solar System in the first place and the Universe beyond that.

To start with the Sun. This is a ball of very hot gas, mainly Hydrogen, which is nearly 900,000 miles in diameter. This is roughly the same distance as a journey 36 times round the Earth. A bit difficult to imagine isn't it? Let's try a scale model and see if that helps. Just suppose that the Sun shrank down to the size of a football which is about 8 inches in diameter. On this scale the Earth would be about one hundredth of an inch in diameter. Jupiter, the largest planet would be the size of a 2p coin.

We could also try putting the planets at the appropriate distance from the Sun. So, try to imagine that the Sun is the size of the football and we have put it in the Galilee Chapel of St Illtud's Church. Now let's put the planets in, one by one. Mercury, the nearest to the Sun, would be the size of a full stop and at a distance of 10 yards, by the kitchen. Then would come Venus, two full stops and 19 yards away, just down into the West Church. The third planet is our Earth, a similar size to Venus and 25 yards from the Sun, by the North door. the fourth planet is Mars, rather smaller and 36 yards distance but then there is a big gap where the Asteroids are found. After this, we come to Jupiter, the largest planet which would the size of a 2p coin and 135 yards away from the Sun or somewhere near the town square. Saturn and Neptune come next with Uranus as the furthest accepted planet in our Solar System. Uranus would be half the size of Jupiter and at a half mile distance, in other words, as far as the traffic lights at the end of Llanmaes Road. All the rest is space!

You might wonder where the nearest star would come on this scale? The answer is that you would have to set off in the general direction of Cardiff, on past London across the Continent and Middle East and arrive in the region of New Delhi! A distance of over 4,000 miles this doesn't even get you to the edge of our Galaxy or Star System (the Milky Way gives you an idea of the Galaxy). You would have to go for another 150,000 miles before you reached the edge of our star system.

The number of zeros now gets beyond comprehension as there are estimated to be around 100,000,000,000 stars in our Galaxy and another 200,000,000,000 Galaxies beyond. Some clever clogs has estimated that there are more stars in the Universe than there are grains of sand on our Earth.

ES

The question isn't who is going to let me; it's who is going to stop me.

Humour

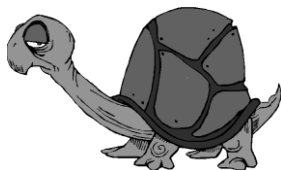
A Sunday school teacher was talking to her group of 6-year olds about the ten commandments. She explained about "Honour thy father and thy mother" and then asked them, "Is there a commandment which tells us how to treat our brothers and sisters?" The answer came back immediately from the bright spark of the group, who happened to be the eldest in a large family, "Thou shalt not kill".

After my 91-year-old mother finished having her hair cut and shaped, the stylist announced, "There, now you look ten years younger." My mother, unimpressed, replied, "Who wants to look 81 years old?"

As the hostess at the casino-buffet showed me to my table, I asked her to keep an eye out for my husband, who would be joining me shortly. I started to describe him: "He has grey hair, wears glasses, has a potbelly ..." She stopped me there. "Madam," she said, "today is seniors' day. They all look like that."

While shopping for a bathroom scale, I found one that tells you not only your weight but also body fat, bone mass, and water percentage. I decided against that one in favour of a low-tech model. As I told the salesgirl, "I don't need to be depressed four ways; one is quite enough."

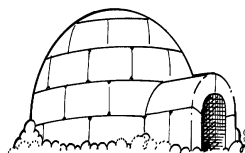
A lady recently brought her two cats to the local veterinary clinic for their annual check-up. One was a small-framed, round tiger-striped tabby, while the other was a long, sleek black cat. She watched closely as I put each on the scale. "They weigh about the same," said the vet. "That proves it!" she replied. "Black does make you look slimmer and stripes make you look fat."



I'll have to go into my
shell again



No you can't come in
without a mask.

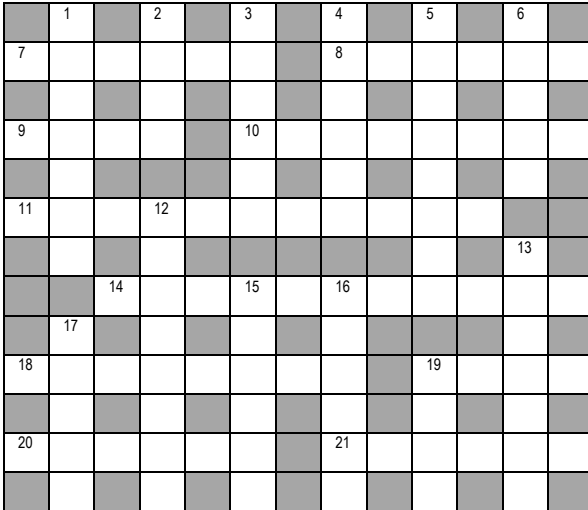


No bonfires this year.

Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket.

Puzzle Page

Crossword No 98



Across

- 7 Unfair
- 8 Ran Away
- 9 Test
- 10 Went Beyond
- 11 Sweetmeat
- 14 Penalisingly
- 18 Unquenched
- 19 Jape
- 20 Instrument
- 21 Raised

Down

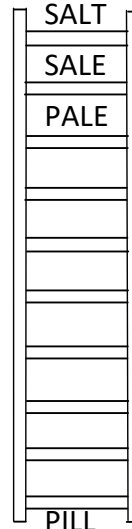
- 1 Stiff
- 2 Police (slang)
- 3 Brook
- 4 For drawing
- 5 Decline
- 6 Headwear
- 12 Quarrel
- 13 Glad
- 15 Purpose
- 16 Crowd
- 17 Unsound
- 19 Pique

Answers

Across: 7 Unjust, 8 Elope, 9 Quiz, 10 Exceeded, 11 Marshmallow, 14 Punishingly, 18 Unabated, 19 Hoax, 20 Violin, 21 Lifted.
Down: 1 Angular, 2 Fuzz, 3 Stream, 4 Pencil, 5 Comedown, 6 Beret, 12 Squabble, 13 Glad, 15 Intent, 16 Crowd, 17 Unfit, 19 Huff.

Children's Word Ladder

Go from one word to the next by changing only one letter. The first three words are there to help you.



- SALINE
- AUCTION
- WAN
- N or S
- ELECTION
- BREAD
- STREAM
- GRINDER
- DISTANCE
- HEAP
- TABLET

Miniquiz

1. In Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, who or what is Dinah?
2. On a film set, 1st assistant to the Head Electrician is known as "Best"?
3. Napoleon's troops took which Pope prisoner in 1796?
4. Which is the only country in Asia that has no divorce law?
5. "Framed" (2016) is the first novel by which English snooker player?

Answers

1 Her pet cat, 2 Boy, 3 Pius VI, 4 Philippines, 5 Ronnie O'Sullivan.

The struggle ends when the gratitude begins.

Saint of the Month

25th November: Isaac Watts, hymn writer



November is the month of saints. On the 1st we celebrate All Saints, and on the 8th All Saints of Wales. So many of our Celtic saints have their festival day this month – Illtud, Dyfrig, Cybi, Tysilio, Paulinus.... Spoilt for choice, so I have decided to feature an English hymn writer instead, but whose hymns – when we can sing in church – are so familiar to us and much loved.

Isaac Watts was born in Southampton in 1674, the son of a Congregationist minister. He was educated at the local grammar school, but instead of going to university was trained for the ministry at Stoke Newington, becoming minister of the Congregational church at Mark Lane in London. Resigning from that post in 1712

because of ill-health, he retired to Stoke Newington, took on work as a private tutor, and wrote hymns – some 700, many of which are still used in worship. He died on 25 November 1748.

*Come, let us join our cheerful songs; Jesus shall reign where'er the sun;
Joy to the world; O God our help in ages past; When I survey the wondrous Cross* – these are just some of Isaac Watts' hymns in our hymn books. Before Watts wrote his hymns for use in worship, congregations sang only the psalms, sometimes rewritten in verse form. Watts believed that hymns should echo the theme of the sermon, be freely composed and not just hold to the letter of Scripture; and that hymns should express the thoughts and feelings of the singers and not merely recall events of the distant past. For the first time, the word 'I' was used in hymns to make them personal – and Watts' hymn *When I survey the wondrous Cross* was said by the poet Matthew Arnold to be the finest hymn in the English language.

That hymn calls on us to look at the Cross in a contemplative way – “When I survey the wondrous cross” – not just glance at it, but to look at it in a meditative way; to look at what happened on the cross – *sorrow and love flow mingling down*. Because of what Jesus did for us on the cross, because of all that the cross means to us – even if we could give *the whole realm of nature*, it would be *an off'ring far too small*. This love, so amazing, so divine – *it demands our soul, our life, our all*.

I have retired, but if there is anything which would kill me it is to wake up in the morning not knowing what to do.

Congratulations

Many congratulations to Irene (Gladys) Sansom, née Hole, as she celebrates the wonderful achievement of her 100th birthday on 8th November, 2020. Her children; Anthony, Peter and Helen, send their Love and Best Wishes for a Happy Birthday and so do their wider families including 9 grandchildren, 16 great grandchildren and 2 great-great grandchildren.



Irene was born and brought up in Newport, Gwent and regularly attended Summerhill Baptist Chapel where she met and married Albert in April 1942. Previously she had been a pupil at Newport High School and in 1933 was crowned May Queen of Newport.

Her married life took her to many parts of Great Britain and overseas as Albert was in the RAF. She has spent the last 47 years living in Llantwit Major having returned to South Wales to retire. Irene is known by many people in Llantwit especially through her membership of St Illtud's Church.

Peter Sansom



The entire congregation at St Illtud's and, I am sure, beyond, join the family in their Good Wishes to Irene on this landmark birthday. Ed

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The Meaning of Advent

The Christian year starts at Advent! It is the season leading up to Christmas during which we wait expectantly and prepare ourselves to celebrate the birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ on 25th December. The name comes from the Latin word "adventus" meaning coming.

In the lead up to Christmas, most people, whether or not they are believers, make preparations for the festive event. They get a tree, introduced to Britain in the early 18th century and made even more popular by Prince Albert. They buy presents and get ready for a family gathering at which they will probably eat and drink too much!! The Church's preparations are just as thorough but lean much more towards spiritual preparedness. The readings at services retell the story which never palls but uplifts and makes us ready for the Day itself. A special candle holder bearing five candles appears and each successive Sunday an extra candle is lit. Junior schools will stage a Nativity Play, originally telling the story of Mary, the mother of Jesus and Joseph,



her husband but now they are often extended to include various unexpected participants. Most of the children will have a part to play and all the proud parents will be there with their video cameras to record the performance.

Homes may have a Nativity scene on display with figures representing Jesus, His parents,

Shepherds, donkey and so on. You will find them in a lot of churches as well. We like to get ready for Christmas and we like to celebrate but we always have in mind the meaning of Advent and what it is leading up to.

ES



*The greatest fallacy is the wisdom of old men. They do not grow wise.
They grow careful.*

“The Way the Saints Went...” (R.S.Thomas)

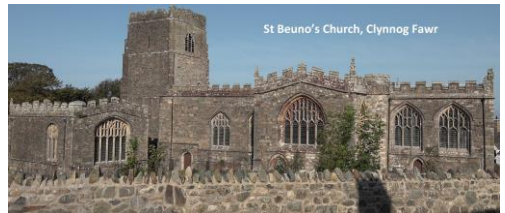
Llŷn Pilgrim’s Trail



In the early 6th century, Cadfan, Hywyn and Maelrhys set sail from St Illtud’s monastic school at Llanilltud Fawr, around the coast of Wales to what the priest-poet R.S.Thomas, Vicar of Aberdaron from 1967 to 1978, called “a bough of country that is suspended between sky and sea.” This is Pen Llŷn, the Llŷn Peninsula, in North Wales. Hywyn founded a Christian community at what is now Aberdaron, on the tip of Llŷn and Maelrhys at Llanfaelrhys, but not before they had sailed with Cadfan to Ynys Enlli, Bardsey Island, where Cadfan founded a community on that island which was later to become, it is said, the burial place of 20,000 saints, and a great centre of pilgrimage. Indeed, three pilgrimages to this holy ‘Island of the Saints’ were decreed to be the equivalent of one to Rome.

Fifteen hundred years later, Sheila and I followed the Pilgrim’s Trail along the Llŷn Peninsula; this was in September, just before the present county lockdown. We were inspired by S4C’s *Dechrau Canu*, *Dechrau Canmol* programme that month which featured Lloyd Jones, one-time curate of Llantwit Major and Team Vicar based at Wick, now Vicar of Clynnog Fawr, the start of the Pilgrim’s Trail.

It’s not a Pilgrim’s Trail in the sense of a waymarked footpath. We know which churches on Llŷn were ones where pilgrims would have gathered, for they are so large for such small hamlets. Money the medieval pilgrims gave in donations meant that simple little churches were enlarged to accommodate the numbers for pilgrim masses. The church at Clynnog Fawr, the starting point for pilgrims, is larger than St Illtud’s Church, yet the village population is barely 200. So we followed paths – particularly the Llŷn Coastal Path – which pilgrims probably used as they travelled from one church to another *en route* to Porth Meudwy from where they would hope to be able to make the hazardous crossing to Bardsey Island.



During this period of restrictions, most of the churches have specific times of opening for visitors – indeed St Hywyn’s Church Aberdaron is open every day - and with attractively produced roller banners and floor markings produced by the diocese of Bangor to give instructions and directions, all very welcoming. The welcomers at St Beuno’s Church, Clynnog Fawr, explained where the vicarage was – so we called on Lloyd and Casi Jones on the off-chance, and they were in! Sadly, not able to have hugs and kisses, but we could have coffee socially distanced in their garden, and when it started to rain, retreat to their car-port. It great to be able to catch up with news, and particularly of Dafydd and Tomos who we used to babysit in Llantwit. Lloyd and Casi send their love to everyone.

As we walked along the well-trodden paths, we reflected on what it must have been like for those medieval pilgrims who would have thronged the trackways of the Llŷn. I reckon it would have taken them a week to walk from Clynnog Fawr

To be born a lady is an accident; to die one is an achievement.

to Porth Meudwy, hoping for gifts of food and offerings of shelter and walking with anticipation, excited expectancy and above all hope that they would be able to make the sea crossing at their journey's end. We did things in comfort – circular walks from the various churches, and then back to our cosy holiday cottage in the evening – but we were unable to cross to Ynys Enlli as the sea conditions were not favourable the week we were on Llŷn.

The hedgerows would have provided much sustenance; sustenance for pilgrims in late summer and early autumn – they were filled with blackberries and redcurrants, and the pilgrims would know how to forage. No problem for drinking water – there are many springs on Llŷn, with some 70 called 'holy wells'. As they walked the route, the pilgrims would not only be able to rest and refresh themselves at the wells, but also they could obtain a blessing or seek a cure from the saint to whom the well was dedicated. They would leave money gifts, and this would be used to build a shrine around the well, such as St Beuno's Well at Clynnog Fawr and St Cybi's Well at Llangybi.

St Hywyn's Church, right on the edge of the sea at Aberdaron, was the last church pilgrims would gather for Mass before attempting to cross to Ynys Enlli. Normally inside, but because of Covid-19 outside is a cairn of pebbles; people are encouraged to pick one from the beach, write on it the name of a loved one they wish remembered, and place it on the cairn. Then, on the last Sunday in October the pebbles are taken to the beach at low tide to allow the rising sea to reclaim them. We had coffee and Welsh cakes at the 14th century café in Aberdaron – Y Gegin Fawr – where pilgrims would stay before their crossing. We were able to join in the Mothers' Union Zoom meeting from the café that morning, uniting over the internet with friends from Llantwit Major so that they could join in our pilgrimage for a few minutes.

"There is an island there is no going to
But in a small boat the way the saints went..." (R.S.Thomas)

Perhaps another year we will be able to end our pilgrimage at Ynys Enlli. Those medieval pilgrims would have found in Ynys Enlli a place of resurrection, a 'thin-place' where the gap between earth and heaven is wafer-thin. We certainly found that on Pen Llŷn as we made our pilgrimage in the footsteps of the thousands of centuries past.

If you would like to share in our pilgrimage in this 'Year of Pilgrimage', then put 'Llŷn Pilgrim's Trail' into the YouTube search, and our three videos will come up: Part One – Setting Off and Holy Wells; Part Two – Mountainside and clifftop; and Part Three – Journey's End.

Philip Morris



Old Men Forget

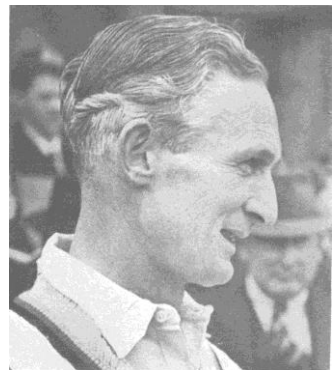
This may be true but it is also the title of a book written by a supporter of Winston Churchill in the 1930s. What is also important is the opposite, that old men remember, and this became clear in the first paragraph written on page 2 of the October magazine. Let me confess that I am his old friend who was once a conductor. Not for long! It was a holiday job between school and university in 1949.

I was lucky to be placed on a regular rota. We left the bus station for Cowbridge in time to set off at 9.00 am for St Athan, where we would have a cup of tea in Mustow's café on the square, returning to Cowbridge for a 10.00 am trip to Llantwit Major, with tea in the Yacht Café, now The Chocolate Box.

I went as a conductor and it was my job to write out and issue tickets to the passengers. It was normally a relatively undisturbed ride, giving me the opportunity to contemplate the scenery, undisturbed by the one or two natives who needed to travel. This was a marked difference to the August Bank Holiday, which was then at the beginning of the month.

That Bank Holiday, 1949, was as dreams are made of, beautiful sunshine all day. I lived in Pyle and my Monday started with a six-mile bicycle ride to Bridgend for overtime. The routine for the day, up to about 4.00 pm, was to take an empty bus up the Ogmere Valley to Nantymoel and take a bus load to Porthcawl. Otherwise ride up to Blaengarw at the top of the Garw Valley. After 4.00 pm, the pattern was reversed, until about 8.00 pm when I rode the six miles home. My overtime pay was about £2.

The previous August Holiday was the reverse, dark and gloomy, but still memorable. That weekend, Glamorgan were down to play the Visiting Australians, the Bradman side, although he wasn't playing at St Helen's. We were there early to get in, complete with mac and sandwiches, and sat back anxiously for Emrys Davies to face the first ball from Ray Lindwall, then the fastest bowler in the world. He started his run-up by the grandstand and we held our breaths. A moment of silence was followed by a gigantic communal gasp as ball hit bat; it could have been heard in Port Talbot. The next day, rain ended the match.



J. C. CLAY. ASSOCIATED WITH GLAMORGAN

Anyone can do any amount of work provided that it isn't the work they are supposed to doing.

In the Glamorgan championship team of 1948 and the following year, there was a member, described by a colleague as “a gentleman among players.” This was John “Johnny” Clay who joined the club in 1921 as a fast bowler but after injury, turned to off-breaks, and was described by the famous cricket writer, John Arlott, as one of the outstanding bowlers of the inter-war period. He was easy to pick out on the field. Tall, lithe and greying, usually at mid-off, he stalked his patch. Keeping his fingers supple with a rubber ball (good for arthritis as well) he maintained his skill to the end. In two of his last games he took 10 for 66 and 9 for 79.



Johnny died in 1973 and was buried in St Hilary's churchyard. There was only one reference to his life on the gravestone, “CHURCHWARDEN OF THIS PARISH FOR MANY YEARS”. Sport and religion do mix.

St Hilary is one of the traditional and prettiest villages in the Vale of Glamorgan, with the historic trio of church, manor house and pub plus old stone houses. My bus journeys taught me to appreciate Vale scenery – low limestone hills and wide valleys, not many streams, a range of farming and various shades of green until the crops ripen. Some years ago, a new colour appeared, the bright yellow of oil seed rape, courtesy of the Common Market Agriculture. Shall we ever see its like again?

Viv Kelly

From the Registers

Marriages

19 Sept. Stuart Jeffrey Robinson & Susan Norma Harry

Burials

3 Sept. Lilian Clements aged 95 years, St. Brides Major
 1 Oct. Audrey Jean Preston aged 87 years, St. Brides Major
 9 Oct. Steven Austin aged 67 years, St. Athan
 16 Oct. David Glyn Thomas aged 80 years, Llanmaes
 22 Oct. Doris Mary Thomas aged 103 years St. Athan
 26 Oct. Minnie Everist aged 98 years, Llantwit Major

Benefice Directory

Rector	Rev'd Canon Edwin Counsell The Rectory, High Street Llantwit Major, CF61 1SS edwin.counsell@ghcp.church	01446-794503
Team Vicar	Rev'd Craig Vaughan The Vicarage, Trepit Road Wick. CF71 7QL fr.craig@ghcp.church	01656-890468
Team Vicar	Rev'd Rhian Prime 1, Rectory Drive, St Athan CF62 4PD rhianprime@ghcp.church	01446-750273
Team Vicar	Rev'd Marc-Ashton Walford marc.walford@ghcp.church	01656-880328
Assistant Curate	Rev'd Jude Peters judepeters@ghcp.church	07944-607006
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Reader <i>Pew News</i>	Keith Brown keith.brown@llanilltud.org.uk	01446-793804
Reader	Bill Henderson bill.henderson@llanilltud.org.uk	01446-750418
Reader	Hazel Norfolk norfolk.1@hotmail.com	01656 880532
Reader	Penny Snowden pennysnowden@gmail.com	01446-775402
Parish Office 9 am-2.30 pm Mon – Fri.	Alison Weston. St Illtud's Church Church Street, Llantwit Major. CF61 1SB. office@ghcp.church http://www.llanilltud.org.uk/	01446-792439
Website		
School	Mrs Ceri Thomas Wick & Marcross Church in Wales Primary School Church Street, Wick. CF71 7QE	01656 890253
School	Mr Duncan Mottram St Brides Major, Church in Wales Primary Heol yr Ysgol St Brides Major, Bridgend. CF32 0TB	01656 880477
Magazine Editor	Eric Sparks, Bronelwyn, Castle St Llantwit Major, CF61 1AP ericpetersparks1932@gmail.com Contributions to be received by 22 nd of the month.	01446-795443



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