

Capel y Boro Service
Sun 26 July 2020 at 11am

A service for Healing,
Miracles and Visions



Opening music:
Spiritual, Arr. Alwyn Humphreys
There is a balm in Gilead
Morrison Orpheus Male Voice
Choir/Joy Amman Davies

Intrada
Sung by Huw Rhys-Evans (tenor)

Jesu, lover of my soul
(Charles Wesley, Aberystwyth)

Seamus Heaney
The skylight

Mark 2: 1-12
Jesus heals a paralytic

Seamus Heaney
Miracle

Mi glywaf dyner lais
(Lewis Hartsough cyf. Ieuan
Gwyllt, Gwahoddiad)

George Herbert
The flower

R Williams Parry
Dinas Noddfa

Salm 61

For the healing of the nations
(Fred Kaan, Regents Square)

G K Chesterton
from *The Architect of Spears*

An introduction by John Jones
to the hymn *O Dduw ein
galwad, clywsom dy addewid*

*O Dduw ein galwad, clywsom
dy addewid*
(Meurig Llwyd, Pentecost)

Musical interlude:
**Spiritual, He's got the whole
world in his hands**
Toby Hunt (baritone, keyboard)

John 5
The healing at the pool

**Message by Parch Peter Dewi
Richards followed by Gweddi'r
Arglwydd / Lord's Prayer**

Glân gerwbiaid a seraffiaid
(Richard Mant, cyf. Alafon)

Blessing

Closing music:
Arr Marc Shaiman
**"Oh Maria" (Hail Holy
Queen), Salve regina from
Sister Act**
The cast of *Sister Act* (Deloris and
the Sisters)/Whoopi Goldberg



Opening music:
**Spiritual, There is a balm in
Gilead**

Chorus: There is a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole;
There is a balm in Gilead
To heal the sin-sick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged,
And think my work's in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit
Revives my soul again.

If you cannot sing like angels,
If you can't preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
And say He died for all.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yZnqJgaxCs>

Intrada

Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,
disgyn arnom ni; Ysbryd y
tragwyddol Dduw, disgyn arnom
ni: plyg ni, trin ni, golch ni, cod ni:
Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,
disgyn arnom ni.

*Spirit of the eternal God, descend
upon us; Spirit of the eternal God,
descend upon us:
fold us, treat us, wash us, raise us:
Spirit of the eternal God, descend
upon us.*

Jesu, lover of my soul,
let me to Thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll,
while the tempest still is high:
hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
till the storm of life is past;
safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
leave, oh, leave me not alone,

still support and comfort me:
all my trust on Thee is stayed,
all my help from Thee I bring;
cover my defenceless head
with the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
more than all in Thee I find;
raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
false and full of sin I am,
thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is
found,
grace to cover all my sin;
let the healing streams abound;
make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
freely let me take of Thee;
spring Thou up within my heart,
rise to all eternity.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XFaiiPv-Q6I>

Seamus Heaney *The skylight*



You were the one for skylights, I
opposed
Cutting into the seasoned
tongue-and-groove
Of pitch pine. I liked it low and
closed,
Its claustrophobic, nest-up-in-
the-roof
Effect. I liked the snuff-dry feeling,
The perfect, trunk-lid fit of the
old ceiling.

Under there, it was all hutch and
hatch.

The blue slates kept the heat like
midnight thatch.

But when the slates came off,
extravagant
Sky entered and held surprise
wide open.
For days I felt like an inhabitant
Of that house where the man
sick of the palsy
Was lowered through the roof,
had his sins forgiven,
Was healed, took up his bed and
walked away.

Mark 2: 1-12 *Jesus heals a paralytic*



When he returned to
Capernaum after some days, it
was reported that he was at
home. So many gathered around
that there was no longer room
for them, not even in front of the
door; and he was speaking the
word to them. Then some
people came, bringing to him a
paralysed man, carried by four of
them. And when they could not
bring him to Jesus because of the
crowd, they removed the roof
above him; and after having dug
through it, they let down the mat
on which the paralytic lay. When
Jesus saw their faith, he said to
the paralytic, 'Son, your sins are
forgiven.' Now some of the
scribes were sitting there,
questioning in their hearts, 'Why
does this fellow speak in this
way? It is blasphemy! Who can
forgive sins but God alone?' At

once Jesus perceived in his spirit
that they were discussing these
questions among themselves; and
he said to them, 'Why do you
raise such questions in your
hearts? Which is easier, to say to
the paralytic, "Your sins are
forgiven", or to say, "Stand up
and take your mat and walk"? But
so that you may know that the
Son of Man has authority on
earth to forgive sins'—he said to
the paralytic—'I say to you, stand
up, take your mat and go to your
home.' And he stood up, and
immediately took the mat and
went out before all of them; so
that they were all amazed and
glorified God, saying, 'We have
never seen anything like this!'

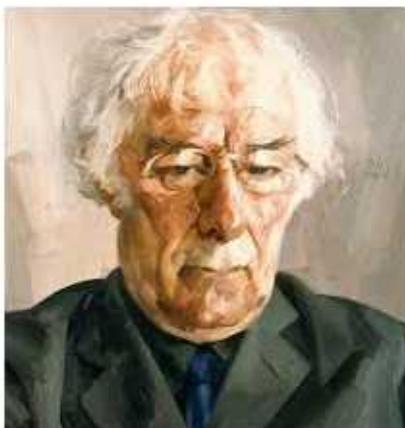
Seamus Heaney *Miracle*

Not the one who takes up his
bed and walks
But the ones who have known
him all along
And carry him in —

Their shoulders numb, the ache
and stoop deeplocked
In their backs, the stretcher
handles
Slippery with sweat. And no let
up

Until he's strapped on tight,
made tiltable
And raised to the tiled roof, then
lowered for healing.
Be mindful of them as they stand
and wait

For the burn of the paid-out
ropes to cool,
Their slight lightheadedness and
incredulity
To pass, those ones who had
known him all along.



On either side of our Bible reading describing Christ's healing of the paralytic are two poems inspired by this event by the Irish Nobel prize-winning writer Seamus Heaney (1939 – 2013). The first from 1991 is called 'The Skylight' and the second sees the poet revisit the scene of the paralysed man in his 2010 collection 'Human Chain', but this time asks us to spare a thought for the friends of the healed man, lowering him down through the skylight to meet Jesus.

Mi glywaf dyner lais

yn galw arnaf fi
i ddod a golchi 'meiau i gyd
yn afon Calfari.

Arglwydd, dyma fi
ar dy alwad di,
canna f'enaid yn y gwaed
a gaed ar Galfari.

Yr Iesu sy'n fy ngwadd
i dderbyn gyda'i saint
ffydd, gobaith, cariad pur a hedd
a phob rhyw nefol fraint.

Yr Iesu sy'n cryfhau
o'm mewn ei waith drwy ras;
mae'n rhoddi nerth i'm henaid
gwan
i faeddu 'mhechod cas.

Gogoniant byth am drefn
y cymod a'r glanhad;
derbyniaf Iesu fel yr wyf

a chanaf am y gwaed.

*I hear a gentle voice
calling to me
to come and wash all my faults
in the river of Calvary.*

*Lord, here I am
at thy call,
bleach my soul in the blood
which flowed on Calvary.*

*It is Jesus who invites me
to receive with his saints
faith, hope, pure love and peace
and every heavenly privilege.*

*It is Jesus who strengthens
me in his work through grace;
he gives strength to my weak soul
to beat my hateful sins.*

*Glory ever for ordering
the reconciliation and the
expurgation;
I will receive Jesus as I am
and sing about the blood.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j5O8m2oEqpE>

George Herbert The flower

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet
and clean
Are Thy returns! ev'n as the
flow'rs in Spring,
To which, besides their own
demean
The late-past frosts tributes of
pleasure bring;
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold
thing.

Who would have thought my
shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd
greenness? It was gone

Quite under ground; as flow'rs
depart
To see their mother-root, when
they have blown,
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house
unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of
power,
Killing and quickning, bringing
down to Hell
And up to Heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-
bell.
We say amisse
This or that is;
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no
flower can wither;
Many a Spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at Heav'n, growing and
growing thither,
Nor doth my flower
Want a Spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n
were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is
not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is
shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and
write;
I once more smell the dew and
rain,
And relish versing: O, my onely
Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all
night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
 To make us see we are but
 flow'rs that glide;
 Which when we once can find
 and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us where
 to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
 Forfeit their Paradise by their
 pride.



From healings to visions and the first of two poems of visions of heaven. First the Montgomery-born poet, orator, and priest George Herbert (1593-1633). In his poem 'The Flower' Herbert describes how the changing of the seasons impacts a speaker's outlook on life and relationship with God.

The poem begins with the speaker celebrating the arrival of spring. This is something he relishes every year as it brings about a great mental and emotional transformation. During the winter months, like a flower, he is shrivelled up in the ground finding comfort where he can. When spring comes, and God's opinion of the world improves, he grows up towards heaven. This is his most important goal in life, to prove himself to God and earn a place in the garden of Paradise. He has grown old over the

years and is happy to embrace one more spring.

The speaker imagines what it will be like in heaven and knows that he would do anything to get there. He doesn't imagine there could be anyone of the planet feeling any differently than he.

R Williams Parry
Dinas Noddfa

Pan yrr y Sêr eu cryndod drwy
 dy waed
 Gan siglo dy gredöau megis dail;
 Pan brofo'r Nos y pridd o'r hwn
 y'th wnaed,
 A'i hofn yn chwilio'th sylwedd
 hyd i'th sail;
 Neu pan wrandewi rigwm trist y
 Môr
 Syn dweud yn dywyll ei lesmeiriol
 gŵyn,
 A'r Gwynt sy'n mynd a dyfod
 heibio'th ddôr
 Yn gryg drwy coedydd, ac yn
 floesg drwy'r brwyn;
 Dilyn y doeth, a chyfod iti gaer
 Lle ceffi noddfa rhag eu gormes
 gref,
 Yn arglwydd dy ddiddymdra, ac
 yn saer
 Dy nef dy hun. Neu ynteu dilyn ef
 Pan adeilado deml, nid o waith
 llaw,
 Goruwch dirgelwch Natur a thu
 draw.

Refuge

*When the Stars quiver in the blood,
 Shaking your beliefs like leaves;
 When Night test the earth of which
 you are made,
 And its fear searches your substance
 to it roots;
 Or when you listen to the sad jingle
 of the Sea
 That darkly tells its ecstatic
 complaint,*

*And the wind that comes and goes
 outside your door,
 Hoarse through the trees and
 indistinct in the reeds;
 Follow then the wise, and build
 yourself a fortress
 Where you can find refuge from its
 powerful oppression,
 Lord of your nothingness and the
 maker
 Of your heaven; or else follow him
 When he builds a temple, not made
 by hand,
 Above and beyond Nature's
 mystery.*

Translated by R Gerallt Jones



One of Wales's greatest 20th-century poets writing in Welsh, R Williams Parry, in 1924 gave us a vision of heaven as the ultimate refuge from the shaky foundations of earth. By all means build yourself a fortress as refuge from the elements, he says, but you could also follow Him to a temple of refuge above and beyond nature's mystery, and not made by hand.

Salm 61

*Gwrandu arna i'n galw, O Dduw.
 Gwrandu ar fy ngweddi.
 Dw i'n galw arnat ti o ben draw'r
 byd.*

Pan dw i'n anobeithio,
 arwain fi at graig uchel ddiogel.
 Achos rwyf ti'n le saff i mi fynd;
 yn gaer gref lle all fy ngelynyion
 ddim dod.
 Gad i mi aros yn dy babell am
 byth,
 yn saff dan gysgod dy adenydd.
 Saib
 O Dduw, clywaist yr addewidion
 wnes i;
 ti wedi rhoi etifeddiaeth i mi
 gyda'r rhai sy'n dy addoli.
 Gad i'r brenin fyw am
 flynyddoedd eto!
 Gad iddo fyw am genedlaethau
 lawer,
 ac eistedd ar yr orsedd o flaen
 Duw am byth!
 Gwylia drosto gyda dy gariad a dy
 ofal ffyddlon.
 Yna byddaf yn canu mawl i dy
 enw am byth,
 wrth i mi gadw fy addewidion i ti
 bob dydd.

*Hear my cry, O God;
 listen to my prayer.
 From the end of the earth I call to
 you,
 when my heart is faint.
 Lead me to the rock
 that is higher than I;
 for you are my refuge,
 a strong tower against the enemy.
 Let me abide in your tent for ever,
 find refuge under the shelter of your
 wings. Selah
 For you, O God, have heard my
 vows;
 you have given me the heritage of
 those who fear your name.
 Prolong the life of the king;
 may his years endure to all
 generations!
 May he be enthroned for ever
 before God;
 appoint steadfast love and
 faithfulness to watch over him!
 So I will always sing praises to your
 name,
 as I pay my vows day after day.*

For the healing of the nations,

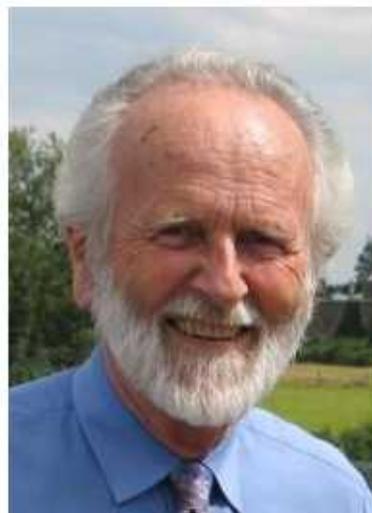
Lord, we pray with one accord,
 for a just and equal sharing
 of the things that earth affords.
 To a life of love in action
 help us rise and pledge our word.

Lead us forward into freedom,
 from despair your world release,
 that, redeemed from war and
 hatred,
 all may come and go in peace.
 Show us how through care and
 goodness
 fear will die and hope increase.

All that kills abundant living,
 let it from the earth be banned:
 pride of status, race or schooling,
 dogmas that obscure your plan.
 In our common quest for justice
 may we hallow brief life's span.

You, Creator God, have written
 your great name on humankind;
 for our growing in your likeness
 bring the life of Christ to mind;
 that by our response and service
 earth its destiny may find.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uL552RhQWxo>



*In our first hymn 'Jesu love of my
 soul' Charles Wesley asks Christ to
 raise the fallen, heal the faint, heal
 the sick and lead the blind. Fred*

*Kaan the Dutch born United
 Reformed Church minister based in
 Britain and who died in Penrith
 Cumbria in 2009 was
 commissioned to write a hymn for a
 Remembrance Day service in 1968
 at Coventry Cathedral, recently
 rebuilt after the bombings of the
 second World War. He builds on
 Wesley's beseeching of Christ to
 heal us as individuals and for us to
 acknowledge our sins, and asks us
 to look at how we can be healed
 collectively as peoples and as
 nations.*

*Fred Kaan was born in Haarlem,
 Netherlands, and his teenage years
 coincided with the Nazi occupation.
 His parents were committed anti-
 Nazis who were active in the Dutch
 Resistance; guns and fugitives were
 hidden in the family home. The
 family were affected by the Nazi
 induced famine in early 1945, when
 three of Kaan's grandparents died.
 His experiences of wartime
 Netherlands had a lasting effect
 upon Kaan. His Christianity had
 previously been nominal; he had not
 entered a church until his late teens,
 despite his baptism in the Grote
 Kerk, Haarlem. He became a
 pacifist, attended church and was
 confirmed in 1947; subsequently, he
 studied theology and psychology at
 Utrecht University.*

G K Chesterton from **The Architect of Spears**



The other day, in the town of
 Lincoln, I suffered an optical

illusion which accidentally revealed to me the strange greatness of the Gothic architecture. Its secret is not, I think, satisfactorily explained in most of the discussions on the subject... And I never saw what was the real point about Gothic till I came into that town of Lincoln, and saw it behind a row of furniture-vans.

I did not know they were furniture-vans; at the first glance and in the smoky distance I thought they were a row of cottages. A low stone wall cut off the wheels, and the vans were somewhat of the same colour as the yellowish clay or stone of the buildings around them. I had come across that interminable Eastern plain which is like the open sea, and all the more so because the one small hill and tower of Lincoln stands up in it like a light-house. I had climbed the sharp, crooked streets up to this ecclesiastical citadel; just in front of me was a flourishing and richly coloured kitchen garden; beyond that was the low stone wall; beyond that the row of vans that looked like houses; and beyond and above that, straight and swift and dark, light as a flight of birds, and terrible as the Tower of Babel, Lincoln Cathedral seemed to rise out of human sight.

As I looked at it I asked myself the questions that I have asked here; what was the soul in all those stones? They were varied, but it was not variety; they were solemn, but it was not solemnity; they were farcical, but it was not farce. What is it in them that thrills and soothes a man of our blood and history, that is not there in an Egyptian pyramid or

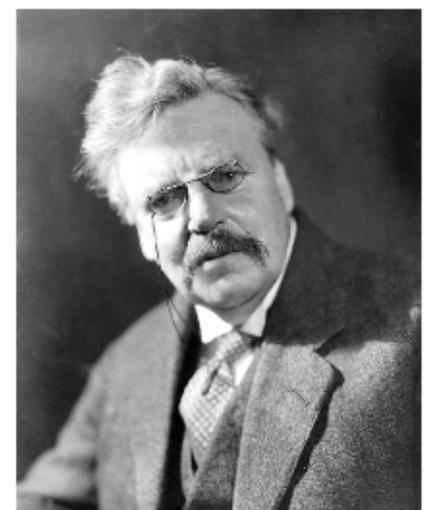
an Indian temple or a Chinese pagoda? All of a sudden the vans I had mistaken for cottages began to move away to the left. In the start this gave to my eye and mind I really fancied that the Cathedral was moving towards the right. The two huge towers seemed to start striding across the plain like the two legs of some giant whose body was covered with the clouds. Then I saw what it was.

The truth about Gothic is, first, that it is alive, and second, that it is on the march. It is the Church Militant; it is the only fighting architecture. All its spires are spears at rest; and all its stones are stones asleep in a catapult. In that instant of illusion, I could hear the arches clash like swords as they crossed each other. The mighty and numberless columns seemed to go swinging by like the huge feet of imperial elephants. The graven foliage wreathed and blew like banners going into battle; the silence was deafening with all the mingled noises of a military march; the great bell shook down, as the organ shook up its thunder. The thirsty-throated gargoyles shouted like trumpets from all the roofs and pinnacles as they passed; and from the lectern in the core of the cathedral the eagle of the awful evangelist clashed his wings of brass.

And amid all the noises I seemed to hear the voice of a man shouting in the midst like one ordering regiments hither and thither in the fight; the voice of the great half-military master-builder; the architect of spears. I could almost fancy he wore armour while he made that church; and I knew indeed that,

under a scriptural figure, he had borne in either hand the trowel and the sword.

I could imagine for the moment that the whole of that house of life had marched out of the sacred East, alive and interlocked, like an army. Some Eastern nomad had found it solid and silent in the red circle of the desert. He had slept by it as by a world-forgotten pyramid; and been woke at midnight by the wings of stone and brass, the tramping of the tall pillars, the trumpets of the waterspouts. On such a night every snake or sea-beast must have turned and twisted in every crypt or corner of the architecture. And the fiercely coloured saints marching eternally in the flamboyant windows would have carried their glorioles like torches across dark lands and distant seas; till the whole mountain of music and darkness and lights descended roaring on the lonely Lincoln hill. So for some hundred and sixty seconds I saw the battle-beauty of the Gothic; then the last furniture-van shifted itself away; and I saw only a church tower in a quiet English town, round which the English birds were floating.



Staying with visions, this is one experienced by G K Chesterton (1874 – 1936), the writer, philosopher, lay theologian, and literary and art critic. An extract from his essay 'The Architect of Spears' he describes a Lincoln Cathedral which almost literally comes alive.

An introduction by John Jones to the hymn *O Dduw ein galwad, clywsom dy addewid*

In a break from tradition, I've decided to tell you about a hymn writer I actually know. His name is Meurig Llwyd (Williams), who studied at Aberystwyth with friends of mine. He also happens to be the brother of Dewi Llwyd, the veteran Welsh broadcaster. The hymn is No.668 in *Caneuon Ffydd*, *O Dduw ein galwad, clywsom dy addewid* to the tune Pentecost.

Meurig studied for the Anglican ministry in Westcott House, Cambridge and was ordained in 1990. After a curacy in Holyhead he was priest in charge of St. Denio in Pwllheli, then vicar of St. David's in Cardiff, before being appointed Archdeacon of Bangor. He is currently Archdeacon of France and Monaco, sharing his time between the office in Brussels and his home in the Limosin region.

Meurig wrote the following hymn in 1996 for the 1450 the anniversary of the founding of the Diocese of Bangor by St. Deiniol in 546. They held a celebration in the grounds of Glynllifon House near Caernarfon where the hymn was heard for the first time. Its main theme is outlining the calling of all Christians as

members of one church but another theme is how the church constantly changes and evolves over the centuries. The tune is appropriately called Pentecost as that was when the hymn was first sung in 1996. I know because I was there, presenting a programme called *Pentecost* for S4C at the time, which is the last time I met Meurig.



O Dduw ein galwad, clywsom dy addewid,

yn ein calonnau plennaist wraidd
dy bwrpas;
ti a'n harweiniaist drwy yr oriau
duaf,
O Dduw ein galwad.
Dduw ein hymgynnull, gydol y
canrifoedd
maethaist ni wrth dy fwrdd â'th
gariad graslon,
dŵr, gwin a bara, rhoddion drud
dy aberth,
Dduw ein hymgynnull.

*O Dduw ein moliant, mawl a
chân ac offrwm,
pob un â'i iaith ac idiom ei
ddiwylliant,
yn ein bywydau cynnau fflam
sancteiddrwydd,
O Dduw ein moliant.*

*Dduw ein gwasgaru, yn ein byd
drallod,*

*danfon dy Ysbryd, lleda ein
gorwelion;
yn un cymundeb ffurfia ni o'r
newydd,
Dduw ein gwasgaru.*

*God our call, we have heard your
promise,
in our hearts you planted the root of
your purpose;
who guided you through the darkest
hours,
O God our call.*

*God assembled us, throughout the
centuries
you nourished us at your table with
your gracious love,
water, wine and bread, the
expensive gifts of your sacrifice,
God assembled us.*

*O God of praise, praise and song
and truth,
each with its language and its
cultural idiom,
in our early lives lighting a flame
for holiness,
O God our praise.*

*God scatter us, in our world of
misery,
send your Spirit, widen our horizons;
one new communion with us,
God scatter us.*

**Musical interlude:
*Spiritual, He's got the whole
world in his hands***

*He's got the whole world in His
hands
He's got the whole world in His
hands.*

*He's got the itty bitty baby in His
hands
He's got the whole world in His
hands.*

He's got a-you and me brother in
His hands
He's got the whole world in His
hands.

He's got a-you and me sister in
His hands
He's got the whole world in His
hands.

He's got the whole world in His
hands
He's got the whole world in His
hands.

John 5

The healing at the pool



After this there was a festival of the Jews, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. Now in Jerusalem by the Sheep Gate there is a pool, called in Hebrew Beth-zatha, which has five porticoes. In these lay many invalids—blind, lame, and paralysed. One man was there who had been ill for thirty-eight years. When Jesus saw him lying there and knew that he had been there a long time, he said to him, 'Do you want to be made well?' The sick man answered him, 'Sir, I have no one to put me into the pool when the water is stirred up; and while I am making my way, someone else steps down ahead of me.' Jesus said to him, 'Stand up, take your mat and walk.' At once the man was made

well, and he took up his mat and began to walk.

Now that day was a sabbath. So the Jews said to the man who had been cured, 'It is the sabbath; it is not lawful for you to carry your mat.' But he answered them, 'The man who made me well said to me, "Take up your mat and walk.'" They asked him, 'Who is the man who said to you, "Take it up and walk"?' Now the man who had been healed did not know who it was, for Jesus had disappeared in the crowd that was there.

Later Jesus found him in the temple and said to him, 'See, you have been made well! Do not sin any more, so that nothing worse happens to you.' The man went away and told the Jews that it was Jesus who had made him well. Therefore the Jews started persecuting Jesus, because he was doing such things on the sabbath. But Jesus answered them, 'My Father is still working, and I also am working.' For this reason the Jews were seeking all the more to kill him, because he was not only breaking the sabbath, but was also calling God his own Father, thereby making himself equal to God.



**Message by Parch Peter
Dewi Richards followed by
Gweddi'r Arglwydd / Lord's
Prayer**

I don't need to remind you that we live in a troubled world. The media reminds us of this on a daily basis, the kind of challenges we are confronted with daily. On the political front we know of the tensions between China and the USA let alone the tensions in other parts of the world. Then there are questions on how we respond to the Covid 19 virus. To whom should we listen and an even deeper question: Who do we trust?

The Church also faces many issues especially in regard to the virus; issues that are not easily answered. I remember listening to the former Archbishop of Canterbury Dr Rowan Williams speaking on the internal issues that the Church of England was facing at that time. In reply to a question the Archbishop accepted that the issues needed to be resolved but then went on to say that the Church fundamentally needed to grasp the opportunities to be involved in the world and lead on those issues that really concern people. We can be so preoccupied with our own problems that we can lose sight of what the Church stands for. We need to Let the Church stand up to its vocation.

The fundamental question facing the Church today is not where we are but where we want to be. Darganfod ffyrdd i'n galluogi i fentro ymlaen.

I remember a Labour Party slogan prepared for their annual conference and I must admit that I used it as a title for a discussion paper for the Baptist Assembly. Let us face the challenge and make the change.

I think that is one of the important questions facing our churches today. We need to accept that we face fundamental challenges but we need to move forward in the Spirit of the Living Lord.

The Gospel of John is very different in many parts of the other Gospels and what is interesting is that he includes in his narrative that Jesus not only performed miracles but also signs.

Roedd Llyn Bethesda yn fan ble roedd pobl yn mynd os oeddent am iachad ac wrth ddarllen yr hanes hwn gan loan darllenwn fod y dyn yma wedi bod yn mynd yno yn ddyddiol gan obeithio y byddai yn llwyddo i gael iachhad ond methu.

This man had failed for over 38 years to be healed in the pool; a long time to face failure

What truths can we glean from this narrative by John?

Pa wersi sydd yn y stori i ni

*I Angen yr agwedd priodol
Having the right attitude.*

Mae yr Iesu yn gofyn i'r dyn yma os oedd am gael iachad ac y mae ei ymateb yn ddiddorol. Buasech yn meddwl byddai yn ateb yr Iesu yn frwdfrydig on i'r gwrthwyneb a gawn.

There is an interesting translation to the words used by Jesus. He asked the lame man 'Do you want to recover?' and what is interesting is that the man avoided the question. Mae yn osgoi y cwestiwn.

The man avoided the question and gave a lame reply - because he enjoyed the situation he was in. Probably he liked the attention and the money he received by passers by.

The challenge facing the Church today is not to stay as we are but to face the challenge. It is true we don't like change even if we are willing to acknowledge that we need change - Agwedd y gwr yma oedd 'Gad fi fod'.

Do we want to recover? Do we have the enthusiasm to face the challenge and make the change?

2 Atebolrwydd Accountability

Jesus begins to heal by calling out the best gifts we possess.

Mae'r Iesu bob amser yn ein herio i beidio derbyn y sefyllfaoedd y cawn ein hunain ynddynt ond ceisio eu newid Gwendid y dyn yma oedd ei fod wedi mynd yn fewnblygu; yn berffaithh fodlon ar ei sefyllfa.

This man could have changed the situation he was in; he had the power to do so but had become disillusioned and introverted.

What Jesus tells is that no situation is hopeless and we have the inner resources to do this.

What resources do we have in Faith? Faith to trust, faith to let go of the past and to move forward in faith.

Jesus is always calling out to our faith. Praying people are trusting people.

Gadael ein hameuiaeth ac i fael yn dynn yn ffydd honno sydd yn ein

cynnal ac yn ein cymell i newid. Iesu yr aflonyddwr.

3 Adnewyddu. Renewal

Once he has called out to our faith Jesus is able to restore that which is neglected.

What was true for the lame man at the pool of Bethesda can be true of us. We may be gripped with despondency and we may be looking at the dark side. What will happen to our churches and chapels when the lockdown will be over. Will people still want our fellowship? We could go on. Remember what Jesus asked this man: Do you want to recover?

Efallai byddai ein hymateb yn ansicr am ein bod yn ofni'r canlyniadau. Cofiw'n fod ffydd yn fwy na optomistiaeth.

I can only imagine why this lame man was unsure how to respond to Jesus. Probably he had given up. Lost any hope he had been conditioned to where he was. Fearful of the future. Jesus said to him 'Get up and walk and we need to listen.' We need to get up and walk with Him; trusting in Him and never be afraid. Let us face the challenge he gives us and through His grace we will meet the challenge.

Mae'n gyfnod anodd ond un Gair i ni gofio mentra, ac fel y dywed yr emynydd. 'Dysg i'th eglwys ofni byw yn esmwyth a rhoi hysgwydd dan y groes.

And now we say together in our Heart language the Lord's Prayer whether that be Welsh or English:

Ein Tad, yr hwn wyt yn y
nefoedd,
sancteiddier dy enw.
Deled dy deyrnas.
Gwneler dy ewyllys,
megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear
hefyd.
Dyros i ni heddiw ein bara
beunyddiol.
A maddau i ni ein dyledion,
fel y maddeuwn ninnau i'n
dyledwyr.
Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth,
eithr gwared ni rhag drwg.
Canys eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas, a'r
nerth, a'r gogoniant yn oes
oesoedd.
Amen

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass
against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.

Glân geriwbiaid a seraffiaid,
fyrdd o gylch yr orsedd fry,
mewn olynol seiniau dibaid,
canant fawl eu Harglwydd cu:

"Llawn yw'r nefoedd o'th
ogoniant,
llawn yw'r ddaear, dir a môr;
rhodder iti fythol foliant,
sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd
lôr!"

Fyth y nef a chwydda'r moliant;
uwch yr etyb daear fyth –
"Sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd!"
meddent,

"Dduw y lluoedd, Nêr di-lyth!"

"Llawn yw'r nefoedd o'th
ogoniant,
llawn yw'r ddaear, dir a môr;
rhodder iti fythol foliant,
sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd
lôr!"

Gyda'r seraff gôr i fyny,
gyda'r Eglwys lân i lawr,
uno wnawn fel hyn i ganu
anthem clod ein Harglwydd
mawr:

"Llawn yw'r nefoedd o'th
ogoniant,
llawn yw'r ddaear, dir a môr;
rhodder iti fythol foliant,
sanctaidd, sanctaidd, sanctaidd
lôr!"

*Holy cherubim and seraphim,
a myriad around the throne above,
in a ceaseless train of sound,
sing the praise of their dear Lord:*

*"Full are the heavens of thy glory,
full is the earth, land and sea;
to be given to thee forever is praise,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"*

*Forever heaven swells the praise;
above the answering earth forever -
"Holy, holy, holy!" they say,
"God of hosts, never-failing Lord!"
"Full are the heavens of thy glory,
full is the earth, land and sea;
to be given to thee forever is praise,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"*

*With the seraph choir above,
with the holy Church below,
we do join like this to sing
an anthem of praise of our great
Lord:*

*"Full are the heavens of thy glory,
full is the earth, land and sea;
to be given to thee forever is praise,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gQsb7OfImk8>

Closing music:

Arr Marc Shaiman

**"Oh Maria" (Hail Holy
Queen), Salve regina from
Sister Act**



Hail holy Queen enthroned
above
Oh, Maria
Hail Mother of Mercy and of love
Oh, Maria

Triumph all ye cherubim
Sing with us ye seraphim
Heaven and earth resound the
hymn
Salve, salve, Salve Regina

Hail holy Queen enthroned
above
Oh, Maria
Hail Mother of Mercy and of love
Oh, Maria
Triumph all ye cherubim
Sing with us ye seraphim
Heaven and earth resound the
hymn
Salve, salve, Salve Regina

Our life, our sweetness here
below
Oh, Maria
Our hope in sorrow and in woe
Oh, Maria

Triumph all ye cherubim
(Cherubim)
Sing with us ye seraphim
(Seraphim)

Heaven and earth resound the
hymn
Salve, salve, Salve Regina
Alleluia

Mater ad mater inter marata
Sanctus sanctus dominus
Virgo respice mater ad spice
Sanctus sanctus dominus

Ave Maria
(Alleluia)

Our life, our sweetness here
below
Oh, Maria
Our hope in sorrow and in woe
Oh, Maria

Triumph all ye cherubim
(Cherubim)
Sing with us ye seraphim
(Sweet Seraphim)
Heaven and earth resound the
hymn
Salve, salve, Salve Regina
Salve Regina, Salve Regina

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yARuvKeQhoQ>

Readers:

Seamus Heaney
The skylight
Mark Salmon

Mark 2: 1-12
Jesus heals a paralytic
Neil Evans

Seamus Heaney
Miracle
Glyn Pritchard

George Herbert
The flower
Tudor Owen

R Williams Parry
Dinas Noddfa
Catrin Treharne

Salm 61
Megan Evans

G K Chesterton
from *The Architect of Spears*
Joshua Games

An introduction by John Jones
to the hymn *O Dduw ein galwad,*
clywsom dy addewid
John Jones

John 5
The healing at the pool
Rowenna Hughes

Message by Parch Peter Dewi
Richards, Gweddi'r Arglwydd /
Lord's Prayer and Blessing
Peter Dewi Richards

Piano John Jones

Producer Mike Williams

Images from top:

Miracle of the parting of the waves illustration;

Healing of the paralytic, illustration;

A skylight window in wooden roof;

Healing of the paralytic, illustration;

Seamus Heaney by Tai-Shan Schierenberg © Tai-Shan Schierenberg / National Portrait Gallery, London;

George Herbert, engraving

R Williams Parry, photographer unknown

Fred Kaan, photographer unknown

Lincoln Cathedral, photographer unknown

G K Chesterton, photographer unknown

Meurig Lhwyd (Williams), photographer unknown

The healing at the pool, unknown artist

Illustration, 'Do you want to be healed?'

Film still, 'Sister Act' (1992)
