

Capel y Boro
Sun 18 Oct 2020 at 11am

Gŵyl y Cynhaeaf

Capel y Boro Harvest
Festival Communion
Service

Replay guide - texts,
hymns, translations



Opening music:
Morning has broken
(Eleanor Farjeon)
Cat Stevens

Intrada and welcome

*We plough the fields, and
scatter*
(Matthias Claudius trans. J M
Campbell)

John Keats *Ode to Autumn*

R S Thomas *A day in Autumn*

*Come, ye thankful people
come*
(Henry Alford)

James Nicholas *Y Berth*

Pennar Davies *Y Gair*

Arr. Ildid Anne Jones
Ffosfelen
Côr Dinas

Psalm 67

Salm 65

Psalm 126

A talk by John Jones on
Ann Hopcyn:

Folksong *Ar lan y môr*
Ann Hopcyn (vocals, guitar);
Bil Evans (violin)

Denzil John
A prayer followed by Gweddi
arglwydd (The Lord's Prayer)

Ti, Arglwydd, fu'n dywysydd
(Denzil Ieuan John)

Exodus: 16: 1-15

Exodus 23: 10-19

David Brooke and Venerable
Eileen Davies, Archdeacon of
Cardigan MBE

Prayers for farmers

"The Bread the Lord has
given you to eat" –
Message from Parch Peter
Dewi Richards

Diolch i ti, yr hollalluog Dduw
(Y salmydd Cymreig priodolir i
David Charles)

Communion led by Parch
Peter Dewi Richards

Guide me o thy great Jehovah
(William Williams, *Cwm Rhondda*)

Blessing

Closing music:
Joseph Haydn
Y Greadigaeth –
"Ar Ben Mae'r Gogoneddus
Waith" ("Achieved are His
glorious works")
Côr y Boro

Morning has broken like the
first morning;

Blackbird has spoken like the first
bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh
from the Word

Sweet the rain's new fall, sunlit
from heaven
Like the first dew fall on the first
grass
Praise for the sweetness of the
wet garden
Sprung in completeness where
His feet pass

Mine is the sunlight
Mine is the morning
Born of the One Light Eden saw
play
Praise with elation, praise every
morning
God's recreation of the new day

Morning has broken like the first
morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first
bird
Praise for the singing
Praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh
from the Word.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?
v=we-n-Zmgl0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=we-n-Zmgl0)

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.*

We plough the fields, and scatter

the good seed on the land,
but it is fed and watered
by God's almighty hand;
he sends the snow in winter,
the warmth to swell the grain,
the breezes and the sunshine
and soft refreshing rain:

Chorus: All good gifts around us
are sent from heaven above,
then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord
for all his love.

He only is the maker
of all things near and far;
he paints the wayside flower,
he lights the evening star;
the wind and waves obey him,
by him the birds are fed;
much more to us his children,
he gives our daily bread:

We thank you, then, O Father,
for all things bright and good,
the seed-time and the harvest,
our life, our health, our food:
accept the gifts we offer
for all your love imparts;
and that which you most
welcome,
our humble, thankful hearts:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ha628Pj_Rns

John Keats Ode to Autumn



Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the
maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load
and bless
With fruit the vines that round
the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd
cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to
the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump
the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set
budding more,
And still more, later flowers for
the bees,
Until they think warm days will
never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd
their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid
thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks
abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary
floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the
winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound
asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of
poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its
twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner
thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a
brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient
look,
Thou watchest the last oozy
hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring?
Ay, Where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy
music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the
soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with
rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small
gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne
aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives
or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat
from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now
with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a
garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in
the skies.

R S Thomas A day in autumn



It will not always be like this,
The air windless, a few last
Leaves adding their decoration
To the trees' shoulders, braiding
the cuffs
Of the boughs with gold; a bird
preening

In the lawn's mirror. Having
looked up
From the day's chores, pause a
minute,
Let the mind take its photograph
Of the bright scene, something to
wear
Against the heart in the long
cold.

Come, ye thankful people, come

Raise the song of harvest home
All is safely gathered in

Ere the winter storms begin
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied
Come to God's own temple,
come
Raise the song of harvest home!

All the world is God's own field
Fruit as praise to God we yield
Wheat and tares together sown
Are to joy or sorrow grown
First the blade and then the ear
Then the full corn shall appear
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may
be.

For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take the harvest home
From the field shall in that day
All offenses purge away
Giving angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast
But the fruitful ears to store
In the garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
Bring thy final harvest home
Gather thou thy people in
Free from sorrow, free from sin
There, forever purified
In thy presence to abide
Come, with all Thine angels,
come
Raise the glorious harvest home!

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/program/mes/p08rlgtz>

James Nicholas

Y Berth

(I Hazel)

Canaf I berth sy'n perthyn
I Linach hen heulwen a choed.

Yn y ddaear lân rydd ei
gwreiddiau ar led
Ac fel un a'i llaw'n gafaél un ei lle
Cadarn yw hi, cwyd rhyw nerth

Yn ddirgel o'r pridd er goleuo'r
pren.

Gwelais dân, - yr oedd glas ei dail
Yn agored i'w gyrraedd;
Codai'r fflamau o'r gwreiddiau,
gan greu
Rhyw gyffro mawr yn y brigau a
pheri mwy
I'r canghennau flodeuo, -
Oherwydd difa nid oedd i'r
gwyrdd dyfiant,
Eithr ffynnu, tyfu'n y tân:
Pwerau'r byw oedd yn puro'r
berth
Ac o flaen ryfeddod y blodau,
Y blodau tân a wybu ledu o'u twf
Yn wyrth gain dros y berth i gyd,
Myfyriwn, safwn yn syn.
Yr oedd y tân yn ireiddio tir,
Tân bywiogrwydd pob twf
A tân y weledigaeth oedd:
Goleui'r berth, gloywai'r byd.

Canaf i'r berth, y mae fflam ei
phrydferthwch
Yn tynnu ar y gwynt, ac yn
tanio'r gân;
Mae'n cynnal nerth, mae'n cynnu
liw nos
A dydd yn orfoleddus dân;
Canaf i'r berth sy'n coelcerthu
Gwanwyn ei gogoniant
Yn uchel i'r awyr a chwalu'r awel
A dwyn bywyd haf hyd wyneb y
tir.
Gwelaf hi mwy yn goleuo fy myd,
A bydd uchelfrig ei gweledigaeth
Yn fawl i'r lôr fel erioed.

Dringaf drwy'r tân heb drengi-
Oherwydd ei tân sy'n rhoddi ei
thwf;
Ac yno y casglaf ei ffrwyth, a'i
lwyth a fydd lawn;
Mor bur yw tymor y berth-
A chaf ei chynhaeaf rhag un
newyn
O roi ei golud yn stôr y galon.

*The Bush
(For Hazel)*

*I celebrate a bush that belongs
To the ancient line of sunshine and
woods.*

*In the pure earth she puts forth her
roots,
And like one whole hand holds her
in place
She is firm, a power rises,
A secret from the soil to enlighten
the wood.*

*I saw fire, - her leaves' green was
Open for its arriving;
The flames rose from the roots,
creating
A great stir in the twigs and causing
thereafter
Blossoming in the branches, -
Because the green growth was not
consumed,
But thrive, flourished in the fire;
The powers of life purified the bush
And before the wonder of blossoms,
The blossoms of fire that burgeoned
A brilliant miracle over the bush,
I marvelled, I stood amazed.
The fire freshened the land,
A fire of every growth's vitality
And a fire of vision;
It enlightened the bush, it
brightened the world.*

*I celebrate the bush, her beauty's
flame
Entices the wind, and ignites the
song,
Sustains strength, enkindles night
And day an ecstatic fire;
I celebrate the bush that bonfires
Her splendour's spring
High to the sky and scatters the
breeze
And brings summer's life to the face
of the land.
I see her henceforth lighting my
world,
And her vision's lofty crest will be
A praise to the Lord forever.*

*I climb through the fire undying -
Because her fire bestows her
growth;
And there I gather her fruit, and her
ripeness is full,
So unblemished is the bush's season
-
And I will have her harvest to stave
off hunger
By storing her wealth in the heart.*

Translated by Joseph Clancy



The poet and National Eisteddfod archdruid James Nicholas was born in St David's in 1928. He became a maths teacher in Merioneth and Pembrokeshire before being appointed headmaster at Ysgol y Preseli in Crymch. In 1975 he became a school inspector before retiring to Tal y Bont near Bangor, north Wales. He won the National Eisteddfod chair in 1969. A friend of Waldo Williams, Nicholas wrote a set of love poems to his wife Hazel. It is read today by Mehefin Parry Jones, who was a student at Ysgol y Preseli when Nicholas was head there. She remembers him as a kind and very gentle man who used to like coming to the Sunday evening services of quiet prayer at Hebron chapel in the village where she lived, not far from Crymch.

Pennar Davies

Y Gair

(O Dwy Soned)

*Mae cleddyf llym daufiniog ymhob
sŵn,*

*Pob trydar a phob ubain a phob
cwyn;
Yn murmur gwenyn taer mewn
bysedd cŵn,
Yng nghân clych eos pan fo'r
gwynt yn fwyn;
Mewn siffrwd ac mewn sibrwd ac
mewn su,
Mewn sgrech, mewn rheg, mewn
chwerthin ac mewn nâd.
Clustfeiniwch arnynt, boblach.
Clywch y llw
A ddaeth o'r Nef i foli Mab y Tad.*

*Duw! Dyma'r gân syddyn
parlysu'r Fall
Ac yn gwallgofi'r unben yn ei ffau-
Ac yn dileu pob melltith a phob
braw.
Dewch. Wele'r Haul dilychwin a
di-ball.
Medwch yr ŷd. Bu Duw Ei Hun
yn hau
Ac yn bendithio'r maes â'i wynt
a'i law.*

*(Yr Efydd o Lyn Cynon, Dryw,
1961)*

*The Word
(from 'Two Sonnets')*

*There is in every sound a sharp,
two-edged sword,
In every chirping, sobbing and
complaint;
In the murmur of fervent bees in
foxgloves
And the song of the harebells when
the wind is soft;
In a rustle, in a whisper, in a
murmur,
In a shriek, in a curse, in a laugh, in
a cry.
Listen intently to them, you people.
Hear the sound
That came from Heaven to praise
the Father's Son.*

*Oh God! Here's the song that
paralyses the Devil*

*And infuriates the dictator in his den
-
And cancels out all curses and all
fear.
Come. See the spotless, ceaseless
Sun.
Harvest the grain. God Himself has
sown
And blessed the field with his wind
and rain.*



*William Thomas Davies, who was
born in Mountain Ash in 1911, and
died in 1996, was the son of a
miner, who took the name
"Pennar" (a stream in Mountain Ash
and the root of its Welsh name
Aberpennar) "as a sign of his
identification with the native culture
of Wales". Pennar Davies studied at
University of Wales, Cardiff, at
Balliol and Mansfield College,
Oxford, and at Yale University. In
1943 he became a Congregational
minister in Cardiff. He was then
professor of Church History at Bala-
Bangor Theological College and
Brecon Congregational Memorial
College, where he was Principal
from 1950, and Principal of
Swansea Memorial College from
1959 until his retirement in 1979.
Until about 1948 he wrote in both
Welsh and English, and after this
almost exclusively in Welsh, which
he had learnt as a young man. He
was one of the Cadwgan Circle, a
literary group of likeminded writers
from Rhondda, that centred their
image of Wales on the new
industrialised society they were
brought up in. His poems fuse ideas
of love with religious faith.*

Arr. **Ilid Anne Jones**
Ffosfelen

Côr Dinas performs this folk song at a recent Harvest service at Capel y Boro.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W05o5A-Nw0I>

Psalm 67

May God be gracious to us and
bless us

and make his face to shine
upon us, Selah

that your way may be known
upon earth,
your saving power among all
nations.

Let the peoples praise you, O
God;
let all the peoples praise you.

Let the nations be glad and sing
for joy,
for you judge the peoples with
equity
and guide the nations upon
earth. Selah

Let the peoples praise you, O
God;
let all the peoples praise you.

The earth has yielded its harvest;
God, our God, has blessed us.

May God continue to bless us;
let all the ends of the earth
revere him.

Salm 65

Safwn yn dawel, a dy addoli yn
Seion, O Dduw;
a chyflawni'n haddewidion i ti.
Ti sy'n gwrando gweddiau,

boed i bob person byw ddod atat
ti!

Pan mae'n holl bechodau yn ein
llethu ni,
rwyf ti'n maddau'r gwrthryfel i
gyd.

Y fath fendith sydd i'r rhai rwyf
ti'n eu dewis,
a'u gwahodd i dreulio amser yn
iard dy deml.

Llenwa ni â bendithion dy dŷ,
sef dy deml sanctaidd!

Ti'n gwneud pethau syfrdanol i
wneud pethau'n iawn,
a'n hateb O Dduw, ein hachubwr.
Mae pobl drwy'r byd i gyd,
ac ymhell dros y môr, yn dibynnu
arnat ti.

Ti, yn dy nerth, roddodd y
mynyddoedd yn eu lle;
Rwyf ti mor gryf!

Ti sy'n tawelu'r môr stormus,
a'i donnau gwyllt,
a'r holl bobloedd sy'n codi
terfysg.

Mae pobl ym mhen draw'r byd
wedi eu syfrdanu gan dy
weithredoedd.
O'r dwyrain i'r gorllewin
maen nhw'n gweiddi'n llawen.

Ti'n gofalu am y ddaear, yn ei
dyfrio

a'i gwneud yn hynod ffrwythlon.
Mae'r sianel ddwyfol yn gorlifo o
ddŵr!

Ti'n rhoi ŷd i bobl
drwy baratoi'r tir fel yma.

Ti'n socian y cwysi
ac mae dŵr yn llifo i'r rhychau.
Ti'n mwydo'r tir â chawodydd,
ac yn bendithio'r cnwd sy'n tyfu.
Dy ddaioni di sy'n coroni'r
flwyddyn!

Mae dy lwybrau'n diferu
digonedd!

Mae hyd yn oed porfa'r anialwch
yn diferu.

a'r bryniau wedi eu gwisgo â
llawenydd!

Mae'r caeau wedi eu gorchuddio
gyda defaid a geifr,
a'r dyffrynnoedd yn gwisgo
mantell o ŷd.
Maen nhw'n gweiddi ac yn canu'n
llawen.

*Praise is due to you,
O God, in Zion;
and to you shall vows be performed,
O you who answer prayer!
To you all flesh shall come.
When deeds of iniquity overwhelm
us,*

*you forgive our transgressions.
Happy are those whom you choose
and bring near
to live in your courts.
We shall be satisfied with the
goodness of your house,
your holy temple.*

*By awesome deeds you answer us
with deliverance,
O God of our salvation;
you are the hope of all the ends of
the earth
and of the farthest seas.
By your strength you established the
mountains;
you are girded with might.
You silence the roaring of the seas,
the roaring of their waves,
the tumult of the peoples.*

*Those who live at earth's farthest
bounds are awed by your signs;
you make the gateways of the
morning and the evening shout for
joy.*

*You visit the earth and water it,
you greatly enrich it;
the river of God is full of water;
you provide the people with
grain,
for so you have prepared it.
You water its furrows abundantly,
settling its ridges,
softening it with showers,
and blessing its growth.
You crown the year with your
bounty;*

*your wagon tracks overflow with richness.
The pastures of the wilderness overflow,
the hills gird themselves with joy,
the meadows clothe themselves with flocks,
the valleys deck themselves with grain,
they shout and sing together for joy.*

Psalm 126

When the Lord restored the fortunes of Zion,
we were like those who dream.

Then our mouth was filled with laughter,
and our tongue with shouts of joy;
then it was said among the nations,
'The Lord has done great things for them.'

The Lord has done great things for us,
and we rejoiced.

Restore our fortunes, O Lord,
like the watercourses in the Negeb.

May those who sow in tears
reap with shouts of joy.
Those who go out weeping,
bearing the seed for sowing,
shall come home with shouts of joy,
carrying their sheaves.

A talk by John Jones on Ann Hopcyn

I first met Ann Hopcyn on an Urdd Youth Theatre course in Llangrannog in 1980 when we

both played in the band. I have come across her again on Twitter and was amazed to discover that her husband, Bill, is Megan Evans's cousin.

Ann Hopcyn was born in Gorseinon but brought up in Caerphilly and went to school in Rhydfelen, the Welsh medium school near Pontypridd.

After studying music with William Mathias in Bangor, she became a teacher and taught harp until joining the Normal College as a lecturer in music education from which she retired in 2018.

Here she is with her husband, Bill:

Folksong *Ar lan y môr*

Ann Hopcyn (vocals, guitar);
Bil Evans (violin)



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4QsG3kU4jnM>

The author of the words is Denzil John, set for the hymn writing competition at the 2018 National Eisteddfod in Cardiff. Denzil is a Baptist minister in Caerffili who comes from Llantysilio in West Wales. As it happens, Ann and Denzil were contemporaries in Bangor and she says she was thrilled to be able to collaborate with him. He was actually Rob Nichols's Father in Faith, that is minister who

oversees a new minister's vocation, and his own Father in Faith was Byron Evans, one time minister of Castle St.

Here is a clip of a prayer given by Denzil John at Easter this year:

Denzil John A prayer followed by Gweddi arglwydd (The Lord's Prayer)



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t5tpiMYvTgI>

The words of the hymn we are about to hear deal with the good and the bad that people do on earth. The tune is named after a town in Brittany, Landerne, which is coupled with Caernarfon where Ann lives with her husband Bil, Megan's cousin.

Ti, Arglwydd, fu'n dywysydd
ar hyd blynyddoedd oes,
yn gwmni ac yn gysur,
a'th ysgwydd dan ein croes:
diolchwn am bob bendith
fu'n gymorth ar y daith,
anoga ni o'r newydd
i aros yn dy waith.

Wrth gofio y gorffennol
a datblygiadau dyn,
rhyfeloedd a rhyferthwy
y dyddiau llwm a blin,
clodforwn di, O Arglwydd,
am wyrthiol waith dy ras
sy'n adfer pechaduriaid
i freintiau'r nefol dras.

Diolchwn am bob dyfais
a darganfyddiad gwiw
sy'n llesol a defnyddiol

i wella poen a briw:
clodforwn di, O Athro,
am ddysg a dawn ein hoes,
gan wybod uwch pob gwybod
Efengyl Crist y groes.

*Lord, who has been your guide
for many years,
with companionship and comfort,
with
your shoulder under our cross:
we thank you for all the blessings
that have helped
you along the way, encourage us
afresh
to stay at work.*

*In remembrance of the past
and the advances of man, the
wars and the miracles of
the bleak and grim days,
we praise you, O Lord,
for the miraculous work of your
grace
that restores sinners
to the privileges of the despicable
heaven.*

*We give thanks for every valuable
device
and discovery
that is beneficial and useful
to cure pain and wound:
we praise you, Teacher,
for the learning and talent of our
time,
knowing above all the knowledge of
the
Gospel of Christ the cross.*

Exodus: 16: 1-15

The whole congregation of the Israelites set out from Elim; and Israel came to the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the fifteenth day of the second month after they had departed from the land of Egypt. The whole congregation of the Israelites complained against

Moses and Aaron in the wilderness. The Israelites said to them, 'If only we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the fleshpots and ate our fill of bread; for you have brought us out into this wilderness to kill this whole assembly with hunger.' Then the Lord said to Moses, 'I am going to rain bread from heaven for you, and each day the people shall go out and gather enough for that day. In that way I will test them, whether they will follow my instruction or not.

On the sixth day, when they prepare what they bring in, it will be twice as much as they gather on other days.' So Moses and Aaron said to all the Israelites, 'In the evening you shall know that it was the Lord who brought you out of the land of Egypt, and in the morning you shall see the glory of the Lord, because he has heard your complaining against the Lord. For what are we, that you complain against us?' And Moses said, 'When the Lord gives you meat to eat in the evening and your fill of bread in the morning, because the Lord has heard the complaining that you utter against him—what are we? Your complaining is not against us but against the Lord.'

Then Moses said to Aaron, 'Say to the whole congregation of the Israelites, "Draw near to the Lord, for he has heard your complaining.'" And as Aaron spoke to the whole congregation of the Israelites, they looked towards the wilderness, and the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud. The Lord spoke to Moses and said, 'I have heard the complaining of the Israelites; say to them, "At twilight you shall

eat meat, and in the morning you shall have your fill of bread; then you shall know that I am the Lord your God."

In the evening quails came up and covered the camp; and in the morning there was a layer of dew around the camp. When the layer of dew lifted, there on the surface of the wilderness was a fine flaky substance, as fine as frost on the ground. When the Israelites saw it, they said to one another, 'What is it?' For they did not know what it was. Moses said to them, 'It is the bread that the Lord has given you to eat.

Exodus 23: 10-19

For six years you shall sow your land and gather in its yield; but the seventh year you shall let it rest and lie fallow, so that the poor of your people may eat; and what they leave the wild animals may eat. You shall do the same with your vineyard, and with your olive orchard.

Six days you shall do your work, but on the seventh day you shall rest, so that your ox and your donkey may have relief, and your homeborn slave and the resident alien may be refreshed. Be attentive to all that I have said to you. Do not invoke the names of other gods; do not let them be heard on your lips.

Three times in the year you shall hold a festival for me. You shall observe the festival of unleavened bread; as I commanded you, you shall eat unleavened bread for seven days at the appointed time in the month of Abib, for in it you came

out of Egypt. No one shall appear before me empty-handed. You shall observe the festival of harvest, of the first fruits of your labour, of what you sow in the field. You shall observe the festival of ingathering at the end of the year, when you gather in from the field the fruit of your labour. Three times in the year all your males shall appear before the Lord God.

You shall not offer the blood of my sacrifice with anything leavened, or let the fat of my festival remain until the morning. The choicest of the first fruits of your ground you shall bring into the house of the Lord your God.

Interview with farmer David Brooke and Venerable Eileen Davies, Archdeacon of Cardigan MBE



<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p08rlgv6>

Prayers

God of heaven and earth, as we face a time of fear and anxiety around access to food, help us to be thankful for those who keep working to put food on our tables that we can be sustained in our homes. Help us to recognise the vital work they do alongside others in this time of need. Amen.

Loving God

We pray for the farming community as they continue to work hard to bring us food. Bless them as they sow crops and care for livestock. Surround them with your love so they may know they are cared for and valued. Help us to be thankful for the food they produce and not to waste it. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Loving God, we pray for all farmers, especially those struggling with limited opportunities to export livestock and other produce. Be with them as they struggle with the financial impact of the current situation; may they and their families get the help and support they need. Help us in the wider community to understand and support farmers better, valuing what they do to provide us with food. Help us to see your light in the darkness and hold out that light to others. In Jesus name, Amen.

And for rural communities: God of healing, surround us with your love as together we negotiate the complexities of coronavirus. Guide us all as we seek to support one another. Help us to be attentive to the lonely, the isolated, the fearful and those who are ill. Mindful of the geographical isolation of many rural communities, we pray for everyone involved in the effective provision of food, medical supplies and pastoral care. In the name of Jesus Christ, who walks alongside us in our difficulties. Amen.

**“The Bread the Lord has given you to eat” –
Message from Parch Peter Dewi Richards**



Exodus 16 : 15

IT IS THE BREAD THE LORD HAS GIVEN YOU TO EAT

Yn yr oedfa heddiw byddwn yn cymryd ar y cyfle i ddiolch i Dduw am ei holl fendithion inni. Mae'n dymor y cynhaelaf ond y mae cynhaliaeth yr Arglwydd yn ymestyn tu hwnt i'r bendithion hyn y welwn ym myd natur ond y mae ytn gyfrifoldeb arnom i ofalu am yr hyn a dderbyniwn trwy law yr hyn sydd o'n cwmpas.

Today is our Thanksgiving Service and it is an opportunity I give thanks to God for his many blessings to us. Sometimes we take God's blessings for granted and ignore our own responsibilities to ensure that we do what we can to ensure we take care of those gifts around us. Green issues are important not only for us but to the generations that will follow us. We all want a better and safer world and use those gifts God has given us to make a difference in the world around us.

Our message today is about God's sustenance and based on the events that took place when the Israelites were on their pilgrimage to the 'PROMISED LAND' It wasn't an easy pilgrimage and there were times when they questioned the leadership of Moses and felt it would have been better to have

stayed in Egypt. In this dark hour when they felt that God had left them we read of God's sustenance to them in the form of the MANNA.

There is something strange, mysterious about the whole story; even the word MANNA has a mysterious ring to it. Throughout the centuries the word has become a symbol for the 'Bread of Heaven' and in turn for Christians it represents the spiritual food that sustains us in the time of need.

Disgrifiodd yr Iesu ei hun fel 'Bara'r Bywyd' ac yn ddiweddarach yn yr oedfa.

In our Communion Service we will repeat the words of Jesus 'Take eat. This is my body.'

Let us meditate this morning on the Manna story to discover what it says to us about the SUSTENANCE of GOD.

1. If the Manna is to do its work each person must gather it himself.

God gave the command to the people that none was to gather the manna for another. No one could pass it on. What does this tell us in relation to our Faith? The only Faith which does anything vital for a person is a faith which is his own.

We can hand on many things to other people, for example material things, but other experiences such as courage, loyalty, love, hope and faith have to be nurtured within ourselves. We need every support possible to live the Christian life.

Nid yw duw wedi addo llwybr diogel, di-antur i ni ac fe ddaw adegau pan fydd amgylchiad su bywyd yn ein llethu yn llwyr. Dyna paham mae bod yn rhan o Gymdeithas Gristnogol mor bwysig.

Being part of our Christian Fellowship is vital and sharing together reminds us that we are not an island and by remembering that we are part of a Christian Fellowship enables us to feel wanted and respected.

Martin Luther said that the important words of Faith are adjectives. YOU/ME/IT or personal faith that enables us to proclaim. 'You are my God' Mae Waldo Williams yn dweud yn eu fardooniaeth TYDi/ Myfi? Efe

2. In gathering the Manna each person was only given that supply of Manna which was necessary for his/her immediate need.

It was not the same amount given to each pilgrim because each person had different needs. All of us have different needs in one's life's journeys.

I ni gyd yn wahanol a gall ein hanghenion fod yn wahanol ond gwyddom fod Duw yn gallu cwrdd a'r anghenion hyn . God will meet our different needs according to our needs. Weithiau canwn yr emyn. Un cam a bodlon wyf ond y mae y gred hon yn cael ei phrofi yn aml.

We sometimes sing that hymn 'One step is enough for me.' Is this true? Usually we would like to see a bit more of the journey rather than this one step. But if that was true how many of us

could deal with such an experience?

One of the most wonderful gifts God has given us is that we don't go further than this ONE STEP. There is an 'I don't know' in life; those mysteries we cannot explain or understand.

Christianity has never promised to make everything plain and clear but God has promised us that He is with us on this journey. If we believe that we can grasp the far-reaching purposes of God there would be no place for courage and trust.

ALTHOUGH THERE IS NEVER SUFFICIENT LIGHT OF THE WHOLE JOURNEY AHEAD THERE IS ALWAYS SUFFICIENT LIGHT FOR THE IMMEDIATE STEP.

Fydd yw sail ein hymddiriedaeth. Y sicrwydd o wybod bod golau ar gael i'r cam nesaf ar ein taith trwy fywyd. Dyma'r bara sydd cymaint cynhaliaeth i ni.

3. If the Manna is to sustain life it must be gathered fresh EACH DAY. Ei gasglu yn ffresh bob dydd.

Os yw ein ffydd i'n cynnal ni rhaid i ni feithrin ein ffydd. I remember reading this quotation: 'What life does to us depends on what life finds in us.'

What life finds in us is how much spiritual resources we have put into ourselves every day. We were never intended to take our journey in this world unaided. God's 'Manna' is available to all. He only asks that we gather it ourselves and accept

that his sustenance will be given according to our needs.

Sylfaen ein ffyd yw credu yn yr angen i ddyfal barhad a dyfnhau ein perthynas a Duw.

Paul tells us 'In everything give thanks.' And this at times can be difficult but our task is to trust in the Lord who is with us at all time. We thank God for all his blessings but the greatest of these blessings is God himself as revealed to us in the Lord Jesus Christ.
Amen.

Diolch i ti, yr hollalluog Dduw,
Am yr Efengyl Sanctaidd.
Haleliwia, Amen.

Pan oeddem ni mewn carchar tywyll, du
Rhoist in' oleuni nefol.
Haleliwia, Amen.

O aed, O aed, yr hyfryd wawr ar led,
Goleued ddaear lydan!
Haleliwia, Amen.

*Thanks to Thee, the Almighty God
For the Holy Gospel.
Hallelujah, Amen.*

*When we were in a dark, black prison,
Thou gavest to us heavenly light.
Hallelujah, Amen.*

*O yes, may this delightful dawn go abroad!
May it lighten the wide world!
Hallelujah, Amen.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FbQrF8SliU>

Communion led by Parch Peter Dewi Richards

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,

Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more.
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing stream shall flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer
Be thou still my strength and shield.
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.
I will ever give to thee.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ofp6rdAgRrY>

Closing music:
Joseph Haydn
Y Greadigaeth –
“Ar Ben Mae'r Gogoneddus Waith” (“Achieved are His glorious works”)

Côr y Boro competing at the National Eisteddfod in Cardiff in 2018 with this chorus form Haydn's oratorio 'The Creation.'

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xW2pdHxAHB8>

Readers:

John Keats Ode to Autumn
Mark Salmon

R S Thomas A day in Autumn
Joshua Games

James Nicholas Y Berth
Mehefin Parry Jones

Pennar Davies Y Gair
Catrin Treharne

Psalm 67
Sian Eleri Jones

Salm 65
Megan Evans

Psalm 126
Wyn Davies

A talk by John Jones on Ann Hopcyn
John Jones

Parch Denzil John
A prayer followed by Gweddi arglwydd *Denzil John*

Exodus: 16: 1-15
David Evans

Exodus 23: 10-19
Rowenna Hughes

Prayers and reflections for farmers
David Brooke
Venerable Eileen Davies, Archdeacon of Cardigan MBE
Neil Evans

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Communion and Blessing
Peter Dewi Richards

Pianist John Jones
Producer Mike Williams
