

Capel y Boro
Sun 10 Jan 2021, 11am

**Saints, Heroes and Loss:
Wales and the London
Welsh**

**A service of reflection with
Ifor ap Glyn,
National Poet of Wales**



**Opening:
Ifor ap Glyn**

Map of the Underground
Animated film from 2005 directed
by Hywel Griffith of Griffilms,
poem by Ifor ap Glyn, music and
dub by Meilyr Tomos

Welcome

All Saints of Wales
(Timothy Rees)

**Pagans and Pilgrims: Britain's
Holiest Places – excerpt,
episode 2, Water**
St Winifred, Holywell, Flintshire
Ifor ap Glyn, presenter (BBC 2013)

**Ifor ap Glyn
Hen gapel**

**Mae ffrydiau 'ngorfoledd yn
tardu ('O fryniau Caersalem')**
(David Charles, *Crug y bar*)

The Lost War Poet – excerpt,
BBC Film, Ifor ap Glyn presents a
documentary on Hedd Wyn on the
centenary of his death in 2018

**Ifor ap Glyn
Medi 1917**

(ar achlysur ail-agor yr Ysgwrn,
6 Medi 2017)
Harvest 1917
(for the reopening ceremony of Yr
Ysgwrn, 6 September 2017)

**Ifor ap Glyn
Cymuno**

Communing
(after the Armistice 1918)

Arglwydd Iesu, arwain f'enaid
(Morswyn, *In memoriam*)

**Ifor ap Glyn
Egni Cymwynas**

Good-turn energy
Inspired by the heroes of 2020,
and commissioned by Literature
Wales and the Senedd
Commission

**A minute's silence for heroes,
the departed and all affected
by the Covid pandemic**

**A talk by John Jones on
Ifor ap Glyn**

Wayfaring – Hay Festival 2019

Short film. Ifor ap Glyn leads a
walk to the Breconshire valley
where in 1939 T J Morgan, father
of the late First Minister Rhodri
Morgan, made field recordings of
its last native Welsh speakers

**Ifor ap Glyn
Tra Bo Dau** (excerpt)

**Ifor ap Glyn and John Jones in
conversation**

**Dros Gymru'n gwlad, O Dad,
dyrchafwn gri**
(Lewis Valentine, *Finlandia*)

Prayers / Gweddi'r Arglwydd

Calon lân yn llawn daioni
(Gwrysoydd)

Blessing

**Closing:
Ifor ap Glyn**

Dawns 100 / Dance 100
Cerdd i ddathlu canmlwyddiant
Cymdeithas Cymry Llundain
A poem to mark the centenary of
the London Welsh Association

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Opening:

Ifor ap Glyn

Map of the Underground

Animated film from 2005
directed by Hywel Griffith of
Griffilms, poem by Ifor ap Glyn,
music and dub by Meilyr Tomos



<https://movingpoems.com/2015/09/map-of-the-underground-by-ifor-ap-glyn/>

Welcome to our Capel y

Boro service this morning. That
was the writer and broadcaster
Ifor ap Glyn and his 2005 poem
Map on the Underground. "How
my London soul is wired... the
fourteen branches of the City's
mabinogi." The words of a writer
with deep associations with both
London and Wales. In today's
service – at this time of so much
uncertainty and crisis with the
global pandemic – we will be
looking at Wales and the London
Welsh over the years through
the lens of the writings of the

National Poet of Wales. In our selection *Saints, Heroes and Loss* we will be able to reflect on sadness, on those who have departed this life, and how things have changed. But also on the joyous and how resilient people have become at the most challenging of times.

Ifor ap Glyn was born in 1961 in London into a Welsh-speaking family, but graduated from Cardiff University. He relocated as an adult to Denbighshire and later to Caernarfon. He was Children's Poet Laureate for Wales (Bardd Plant Cymru) in 2008-2009 and won the Crown at the National Eisteddfod of Wales in 1999 and 2013.

On 1 March 2016 he was appointed National Poet of Wales following the tenure of Gillian Clarke. He performed at the celebratory concert that marked the opening of the Welsh National Assembly in 1999, and has twice represented Wales at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival in the USA.

He is also an accomplished broadcaster and scriptwriter and co-founded the independent television company Cwmni Da. One of his most acclaimed documentaries was *Pagans and Pilgrims: Britain's Holiest Places* and shortly we will see a clip about St Winifred from the episode on shrines connected with water.

And we start our service in homage to the Welsh saints by singing together *All Saints Of Wales*, Bishop of Llandaff Timothy Rees's hymn to the tune *Blaenwern*, with this recording from St David's Cathedral, Pembrokeshire.

All saints of Wales

Lord, who in thy perfect wisdom
Times and seasons dost arrange
Working out thy changeless
purpose
In a world of ceaseless change:
Thou didst form our ancient
nation
In remote barbaric days,
To unfold in it a purpose
To thy glory and thy praise.

Lord, we hold in veneration
All the saints our land has
known.
Bishops, priests, confessors,
martyrs,
Standing now around thy throne.
Dewi, Dyfrig, Deiniol, Teilo,
All the gallant saintly band.
Who, of old, by prayer and
labour
Hallowed all our fatherland.

Still thine ancient purpose
standeth
Every change and chance above:
Still thine ancient Church
remaineth
Witness to thy changeless love.
Vision grant us, Lord, and
courage
To fulfil thy work begun
In the Church and in the nation
Lord of Lords, thy will be done.

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

Pagans and Pilgrims: Britain's Holiest Places – excerpt, episode 2, Water
Holywell, Flintshire, Ifor ap Glyn,
presenter (BBC 2013)



The holy well at St Winifred's, one of the locations in Ifor ap Glyn's documentary series of holy places, has been a place of pilgrimage since at least 1115. It is said to spring from the spot where 7th-century Welsh abbot St Beuno brought his niece Winifred back to life, though it's likely that this story may actually have much older, pagan origins. The chapel itself dates from the late 15th century. Set into the hillside, it's a striking and unusual building, richly decorated and exceptionally well-built. On the bottom floor, the spring water bubbles up into a star-shaped basin beneath an elaborately vaulted ceiling before flowing out into a more recent outdoor pool, where pilgrims still visit to bathe in its waters with their claimed healing properties.

Reputedly the oldest continually visited pilgrim site in Britain, it's on the route of the North Wales Pilgrim's Way that travels along the Llŷn Peninsula to Bardsey Island, the legendary 'Isle of 20,000 Saints'.



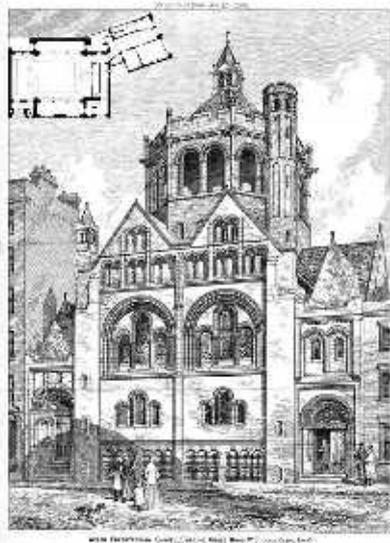
A stained-glass window by William Burges, depicting St Winifred, at Castell Coch, outside Cardiff

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p0160thh>



Ifor ap Glyn Hen gapel

We stay now with sacred places that have fascinated Ivor ap Glyn as we go to one London Welsh chapel that is sadly no longer used for worship, though the large building still stands and is in use. **Charing Cross Chapel** (pictured past and present) in central London is where the poet's parents met and where he was baptised. It has since been an arts centre and, as described in this poem, a popular nightclub.



'Cysgant mewn Hedd' meddai
cofeb y colledigion,
ond ar y jiwbcocs heno, nid oes
emynau,
ddim hyd yn oed Rhys
nac Ebenezer,
wnaeth gathrain y milwyr o'r
ffos...

Codaf beint wrth y bar lle ces i
medyddio.
Mae'n amser cwrdd;

mae merch yn hel gwydrau
cymun y p'nawn;
mae'n rhoi gwên yn adnod i'r
barman.

Cyfodaf fy llygaid tua'r oriel chwil
lle bu nhad yn hel casgliad,
lle cyfarfu gyntaf â llygaid fy mam
a hithau'n rhoi einioes gyda'r
swllt yn ei blât.

'O ba le y daw fy nghymorth?'
Plethaf ddwylo am fy nghwrw.
Cau llygaid. Plygu pen.
Cyfri bendithion....
ond methu â mwynhau
fy mheint cabledus.



An old chapel

'They Rest in Peace', says the
plaque to the fallen,
but there are no hymns, on the
jukebox tonight,
not even Rhys
or Ebenezer,
that exhorted those troops from the
trench...

I lift a pint at the bar where I was
baptized.

It's time for the service;
a girl collects the communion
glasses;
she gives the barman a sermon
smile.

I will lift up mine eyes to the
vertiginous gallery
where my father took the collection,
where he first met my mother's
glance,
her lifelong commitment
with the shilling in his plate.

'From whence cometh my help?'
I fold my hands around my beer.
Close my eyes. Bow my head.
Count my blessings ...
but cannot enjoy
my blasphemous pint.

Translated by Geraint Løvgreen /
Ifor ap Glyn



Mae ffrydiau 'ngorfoledd yn
tarddu

o ddisglair orseddfainc y ne',
ac yno'r esgynnodd fy lesu
ac yno yr eiriol efe:
y gwaed a fodlonodd gyfiawnder,
daenellwyd ar orsedd ein Duw,
sydd yno yn beraidd yn erfyn
i ni, y troseddwy'r, gael byw.

Cawn esgyn o'r dyrys anialwch
i'r beraidd baradwys i fyw,

ein henaid lluddedig gaiff orffwys
yn dawel ar fynwes ein Duw:
dihangfa dragwyddol geir yno
ar bechod, cystuddiau a phoen,
a gwledda i oesoedd diderfyn
ar gariad anhraethol yr Oen.

O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled
holl daith yr anialwch i gyd,
pryd hyn y daw troeon yr yrfa
yn felys i lanw ein bryd;
cawn edrych ar stormydd ac
ofnau
ac angau dychrynlyd a'r bedd,
a ninnau'n ddihangol o'u cyrraedd
yn nofio mewn cariad a hedd.

*The streams of rejoicing derive
from the brilliance of the south
throne,
and there my Jesus ascended
and there he rebuked:
the blood that satisfied
righteousness,
sprinkled on the throne of our God,
who is there begging
for us, the criminals, to live.*

*We will ascend from the desert
wilderness
to the sweet paradise to live,
our weary soul who may rest
peacefully on the bosom of our God:
there is eternal escape
from sin, affliction, and pain,
and feasting for
endless ages on the eternal love of
the Lamb.*

*From the hills of Jerusalem one can
see the
whole journey of the wilderness,
when the turns of the drive
become sweet to fill our desires;
we look at terrible storms and fears
and death and the grave, as
we escape them
in the swim of love and peace.*

<https://soundcloud.com/huw-edwards-93553914/crug-y-barls63>

The Lost War Poet – excerpt,
BBC Film, Ifor ap Glyn presents a
documentary on Hedd Wyn on
the centenary of his death in
2018.



First World War poet Hedd Wyn

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p05bbh4w>

Ifor ap Glyn Medi 1917

(ar achlysur ail-agor yr Ysgwrn, 6
Medi 2017)

Am na ddeuai nôl
O'r llaid i'r Beudy Llwyd,
Ni safai a'i bicwarch yn ei law,
Gan hel y gwair yn gawod haul
I mewn drwy'r drws ucha.

Ni safai rhwng y pileri chwaith
Ynghanol llwch a gwres,
Gan weithi awdl drom o das,
Na chribio'i hochrau'n dwt at y
gaea.

A gydol y dyddiau byrion hynny,
Ni fyddai'n mynd at fanc yr haf
Er mwyn porthi'r gwartheg ar
jaen;
Ni welai'r tARTH yn codi o'u cyrff,
Na'u hanadl yn blodeuo'n y gwyll.

Ac am na ddeuai ef yn ôl,
Ni cherddai byth i fyny i'r tŷ,

Lle roedd cadair wag
Yn ei hir-ddisgwyl;
Er iddo fydylu'i gerddi ar hyd y
caeau hyn.



Ifor ap Glyn at Hedd Wyn's home
Yr Ysgwrn, Snowdonia

Harvest 1917
(for the reopening ceremony of Yr
Ysgwrn, 6 September 2017)

*Because he would never come back
from the mud to this grey byre,
he would not stand, fork in hand,
pitching the hay through the upper
door
like a shower of sun.*

*He would not stand between these
posts
amidst the heat and dust,
fashioning the rich like a weighty
ode,
raking its sides, ready for winter.*

*And throughout those shortened
days,
he would not dip into the summer
he'd banked,
to feed the cows chained here,
nor see the warm rise from their
flanks,
their breath like flowers in the dark.*

*And because he would not come
back,
he would never walk up to the
house
where an empty chair long awaited
him,
although he'd stoked his poems
across these fields.*

Translated by Ifor ap Glyn

Ifor ap Glyn

Communing

(after the Armistice 1918)

When the men come back to
Soar and Salem,
they're not the same men that
they were.

Despite settling straight-backed
on polished pews
the noise still fills their heads;

the smell of the polish
reproaches the stench
that lived so long in their nostrils;
horrid spectres are seared on
their eyes;

and the two hands joined in
prayer today
are hands that slid a comrade
yesterday,
by the spade, into a sack.

There are several gaps here this
evening
and the men share their pews

with those who weren't there –
but they can't 'share' either.
They're like bread and wine...

And the women who come to
Soar and Salem?
Well, they're no longer the
women they were,

having slipped the yoke of
domestic chores,
for the challenge of the work
place;

having endured cruel
uncertainties
before an alien letter poked its
tongue through the door
and dropped like a corpse on the
mat.

Many empty firesides come with
them here tonight,

many ribbons of correspondence
neatly tied in drawers,
many carefully cheery chats with
their premature ends...

But each with their different
wounds from 'up the line'
come to seek some meaning
from the bread and the wine.

*Translated from the Welsh by Ifor
ap Glyn*



Cymuno

Comisiynwyd gan BBC Cymru
Fyw (wedi Cadoediad 1918)

*Pan ddaw'r dynion yn ôl at Soar a
Salem,
nid yr un dynion mohonynt.*

*Er llonyddu'n gefnsyth ar y seti
sglein,
mae'r sw'n yn eu pennau o hyd;*

*oglau'r polish yn edliw'r drewdod
fu yn eu ffroenau gyhŷd;
drychiolaethau wedi'u serio ar eu
llygaid;*

*a'r "ddwy law sy'n erfyn" heddiw
yw'r ddwy law fu'n llwytho cyfaill
ddoe,
ar flaen rhaw, i waelod sach.*

*Mae sawl lle gwag yma heno
ac mae'r dynion yn rhannu seti*

*hefo'r rhai na fu draw – heb fedru
'rhannu' chwaith...
Maen nhw fel bara a gwin...*

*A'r merched a ddaw i Soar a
Salem?*

*Nid yr un merched mohonynt
nhwthau mwy,*

*wedi mynd o iau'r cartref
at her y lle gwaith;*

wedi byw'r ansicrwydd creulon o hir,

*cyn i lythyr estron dynnu tafod
drwy'r drws
a disgyn yn gelain i'r mat.*

*Mae sawl aelwyd wag yn eu canlyn
nhw 'ma heno;
sawl rhuban o ohebiaeth wedi'i
chlymu'n dwt mewn drôr;
sawl sgwrs ffug-siriol wedi darfod ar
ei hanner...*

*Ond daw pobun a'i greithiau
gwahanol o'r drin
i geisio rhyw ystyr, drwy'r bara a'r
gwin...*

Arglwydd Iesu, arwain f'enaid

At y Graig sydd uwch na mi,
Craig safadwy mewn
tymhestloedd,
Craig a ddeil yng
ngrym y lli;
Llechu wnaif yng Nghraig yr
Oesoedd,
Deued dilyw, deued tân,
A phan chwalo'r greadigaeth,
Craig yr Oesoedd fydd fy nghân.

Pan fo creigiau'r byd yn rhwygo
Yn rhyferthwy'r farn a ddaw,
Stormydd creulon arna' i'n curo,
Cedyrn fyrdd o'm cylch mewn
braw;
Craig yr Oesoedd ddeil pryd
hynny,
Yn y dyfroedd, yn y tân:
Draw ar gefnfor tragwyddoldeb
Craig yr Oesoedd fydd fy nghân.

*Lord Jesus, lead my soul
To the Rock that is higher than I
Firm rock in the storms
Rock which keeps in the*

might of the flood
I will hide in the Rock of Ages
Come deluge, come fire,
And when the creation disintegrates
The rock of the ages shall be my
song.

When the rocks of earth are tearing
In the storm of judgment to come
Bloody storms battering me
Unshakable myriads around me in
terror;
The rock of the ages keeps at such
a time,
In the waters, in the fire:
There on the flood of eternity
The rock of the ages shall be my
song.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cBglyGpuOg4>

Ifor ap Glyn **Egni Cymwynas** **Good-turn energy**

Oriel Ar-Lein o
Hyrwyddwyr
Cymunedol
-
Online Gallery of
Community
Champions



Comisiynwyd Egni Cymwynas gan
Llenyddiaeth Cymru a Chomisiwn y
Senedd. Wedi'i ysbrydoli gan arwyr
2020, i gydfynd ag Oriel 'Arwyr
Cymunedol mewn cyfnod covid

*Inspired by the heroes of 2020, and
commissioned by Literature Wales
and the Senedd Commission to
accompany the online gallery of
Community Champions during covid*

Mae stadiwm ein gwlad yn dywyll
ond yn bair o bosibliadau...
(er nad oes band am chwarae)

Ymhlith y rhesi gwag, mae adlais
torf

yn chwyddo'n gytgan;
a gwreichion hen haelioni
yn ffaglu'n fil o fflamau mân.

Peth felly yw egni cymwynas –
y trydan cudd, ymhob cwr o'n
gwlad,
sy'n nôl ffishig,
neu'n gwneud neges;

sy'n rhannu sgwrs
fel rhosyn annisgwyl;

sy'n gylch,
pan freichiwn ein gilydd
o bell...

Ac wrth i ni anturio
drwy diroedd newydd ein hen
gynefin,
yr ail-fapio yw ein her;

ond er chwithdod
cofleidiau rhithiol,
a diflastod
pob clo dros dro,

mae gwefr mewn cymwynas o
hyd:
- fel cyffwrdd yr haul â blaen bys!-
a llewyrchwn fel gwlad yn ei
sgîl...



Good-turn energy

*Stadium Wales is a land laid dark,
yet a cauldron of potential...
(though no band is due to play)*

*Amongst the empty seating,
the echo of a crowd long-gone
swells to chorus;
and sparks of ancient kindness
kindle thousands of tiny lights.*

*Such is the force in each benevolent
act –
the surreptitious voltage
coursing through our land,*

*in prescription-fetching,
neighbours-shopping;
the heart-to-heart sharing
like an unprompted rose;*

*and the circuit completes,
when we link arm-in-arm,
from afar...*

*And as we relearn
the new worlds of our former
haunts,
challenged by new maps,*

*despite the strangeness
of virtual hugs,
and the tedium
of each temporary lockdown,
good turns still generate a jolt:
- like touching the sun with a finger-
tip! -
and Wales shines on in their
wake...*

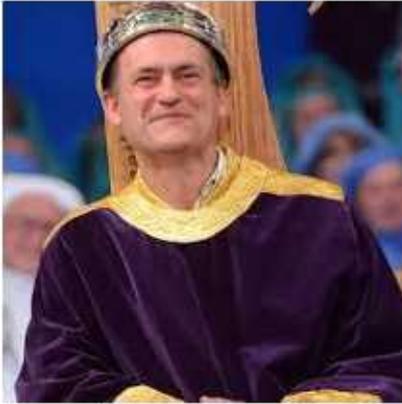
<https://www.facebook.com/ysenedd/videos/528225494805252/?t=18>

A minute's silence for heroes, health and essential workers, the unwell, those we have lost, their loved ones, and all affected by the Covid pandemic



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

A talk by John Jones on poet Ifor ap Glyn



Ifor ap Glyn, winner of two National Eisteddfod crowns

One of my latest projects has been sourcing specifically London Welsh themed literature, in both Welsh and English. I'm still researching and reading, but there's quite a bit actually. There's *Palmant Aur* by Manon Rhys, for example, chronicling a milk business family in West Wales and London during the 1920s that was the basis of an S4C drama series back in the 1990s, that most of us I suspect didn't see as we didn't have S4C in London at that time. Then there's Caradog Prichard's autobiography, *Afal Drwg Adda*, that reflects the author's life, more than half of it in London, there's *Fel yr Haul* by Eigra Lewis Roberts about the young composer Morfydd Llwyn Owen and her close connections with Charing Cross Road chapel, and *Gwr y Dolau* by Llewelyn Williams, written in 1946.

But today I'm going to talk about a more contemporary work, *Tra Bo Dau*, by Ifor ap Glyn, which tells the story of a group of young lads growing up and living in London in the 1980s. Ifor began writing it in 2001 and it reflects his own experience of growing up in London, seen

through the eyes of fictional characters and fills a gap in the market for Welsh literature based in an urban environment.

Ifor was born in Hornsey in 1961 but grew up in Pinner in North West London. His mother, Iona, was a teacher from Llanrwst and his father, Glyn Hughes, an accountant brought up in a London Welsh family in Tottenham. Ifor's paternal grandparents, Bill and Peggy Hughes, would also have been well-known to some of you I'm sure. Ifor was brought up speaking Welsh and, when he left school in London, he went on to study Welsh and Welsh History at University College, Cardiff.

Here's a short video clip of Ifor ap Glyn at work at the Hay Festival two years ago. In this clip Ifor leads a walk to the Brecknockshire valley where in 1939 T J Morgan, father of the late First Minister Rhodri Morgan and historian Prys Morgan, made field recordings of its last native Welsh speakers:

Wayfaring – Hay Festival 2019



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K2GpTn-BfgU>

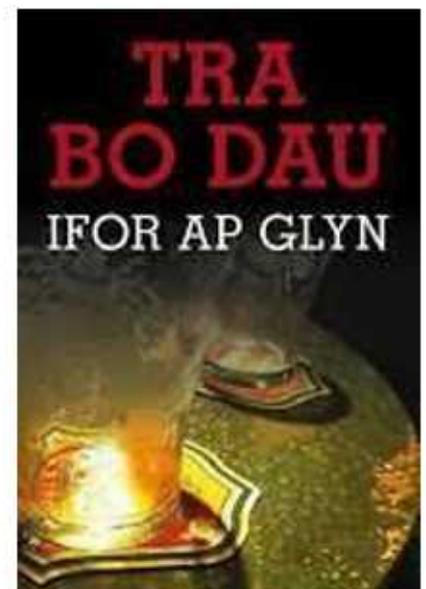
After graduating, Ifor moved to North Wales, where he founded a very successful television company, Cwmni Da, in Caernarfon, with whom he produced and presented a

number of acclaimed documentaries including a series in Welsh and English about Holy Places. He was Wales' Children's Poet Laureate in 2008/09, he won the Crown at the National Eisteddfod in 1999 and 2013 and was appointed National Poet of Wales in 2016.

Tra Bo Dau was eventually published later that year. I went to its London launch at the London Welsh Centre as I know so did some of you. And Ifor just happens to be a good friend and rugby pal of our very own Dafydd Emrys, also known as David Evans, son of the inestimable Megan.

The reason I want you to listen to this short extract from *Tra Bo Dau* will soon become clear. So here is its author, Ifor ap Glyn, to read it now.

Ifor ap Glyn *Tra Bo Dau* (excerpt)



Nofel gyfoes, ddoniol ac unigryw am berthyn, ac am beidio â pherthyn. Cydblethir straeon am ddau gymeriad a dau ddegawd yn Llundain, gan greu darlun lliwgar o'r ddinas honno drwy lygaid un a fagwyd yno.

A contemporary, witty and unique novel about belonging and not belonging. As it weaves together the stories of two characters and two decades in London, we are presented with a colourful portrayal of the city through the eyes of author Ifor ap Glyn, who was raised there.

Tra Bo Dau

Publisher / Cyhoeddwr:

Gwasg Carreg Gwalch, 2016

Dros Gymru'n gwlad, O Dad, dyrchafwn gri,

*Y winllan wen a roed i'n gofal ni;
D'amddiffyn cryf a'i cadwo'n
ffyddlon byth,
A boed i'r gwir a'r glân gael
ynnddi nyth;
Er mwyn dy Fab a'i prynodd
iddo'i hun,
O! crea hi yn Gymru ar dy lun.*

*O! deued dydd pan fo awelon
Duw
Yn chwythu eto dros ein herwau
gwyw,
A'r crindir cras dan ras
cawodydd nef
Yn erddi Crist, yn ffrwythlon
iddo ef;
A'n heniath fwyn â gorfoleddus
hoen
Yn seinio fry haeddiannau'r
Addfwyn Oen.*

*For Wales our country, O Father I
raise a wail,
This pure vineyard which was given
to us to care for;
May You protect it vigorously and
keep it forever faithful,
And let the true and the pure find in
her a nest;
For your Son who bought it for
himself,
Oh! create a Wales in Your image.*

*Oh! Let there come a day when the
breezes of God*

*Are once again blowing over our
wilted acres,
And the awful wasteland under the
grace of showers from heaven
Gardens of Christ, fruitful to Him;
And her old sweet language with a
cheerful vigour
Ringing out on high, the deserves of
the Gentle Lamb.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ow3IfaqNe2o>

Prayers and reflection

As we turn the corner into 2021, there is much to consider. We draw inspiration from God, Jesus, and our saints doing God's work here on earth, our chapels and churches, our communities, our heroes. We give thanks for the remarkable sacrifice given by such heroes as the world's care givers in the face of almost unimaginable grief and fear. We give thanks for wise leadership. We give thanks for the costly acts of generosity given by neighbour to neighbour. And we pray for a world where the needs of the poorest and most vulnerable are given top priority.

We look to scripture for guidance through conflict and change. We look to scripture for wisdom as we let go of the old and embrace the new – being aware that letting go can be painful and that embracing the new means adopting new behaviours that in turn, with practice, will lead to culture change.

Scripture for this week traditionally focuses on the baptising work of John as he anticipates the ministry of Jesus that is about to unfold. It leads us

through the themes of birth, death and re-birth. But what are the themes of birth and death in our lives? We are still living through a pandemic that has killed millions. The end may be in sight, but the impact may live on for decades, generations even. Our service today has been about resilience and how in the past we have come together in our communities whether that be Wales or London or anywhere else to recover from disease, terrible events, war and division.

Leaders of church and state have inspired people through calls for unity and just as important is the response of our artists, musicians and writers. Ifor ap Glyn, National Poet of Wales, has shared with us his personal memories of the past and showed us how things have changed or how we have adapted to change. But he also has shown empathy in such commissions as those to mark the Armistice and how we commemorate those we have lost in war and the impact of life changing events such as the collapse of the Berlin Wall, today's Covid pandemic and his incredibly moving monologue *Mamgu's Letter* for the Aberfan Memorial Concert in 2016.

But he has also responded to joyous events such as Wales's performance at the UEFA Euro 2016 football tournament and, as we will hear at the close of our service this morning, how he has chosen to mark the centenary of the London Welsh Association by looking at the happy memories of generations overcoming adversity through a metaphor of one never-ending glorious dance. It is all about resilience.

What do we have to learn from the resilience of our young generation who are carrying the wisdom of their experience into leadership for the future? This in itself is a kind of new birth and in any new birth hope comes out of a time of lament, or grief (look at the passion of Christ); followed by a time of not knowing (think of the waiting of Holy Saturday). And after all, labour preceded birth; hard work. Often physical sacrifice is needed in order for life to be born.

In Genesis 1:1-5 it says: "In the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth, the earth was a formless void and darkness covered the face of the deep, while a wind from God swept over the face of the waters. Then God said, 'Let there be light'; and there was light. And God saw that the light was good; and God separated the light from the darkness. God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And there was evening and there was morning, the first day."



In Psalm 29 (The voice of God in a Great Storm,) 'The voice of the Lord' speaks seven times connecting with the seven creation movements, or days/night, in Genesis:

"The voice of the Lord is over the waters;

the God of glory thunders, over mighty waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty."

In that psalm 'The voice of the Lord is over the waters' finds a parallel with 'the wind of God swept over the face of the waters' in Genesis 1. The wind and the voice of God both point to the same root – breath, or source of life. The breath is the invisible power that enables us to breathe. But what is the invisible source that enables the whole of creation to breathe?

The majesty of nature, of the whole of creation which contains those things which bring both life and death, is ascribed to the Lord. There is no intrinsic strength in nature other than that which already dwells in the creator. In so far as all strength comes from the creator, so this strength is shared with the people, who are also blessed with peace.

Let us pray.

We hold in God's light all across the world who yearn for deep peace and unity.

We pray for Simon Hughes's brother David, as they both join us today from Pembrokeshire. David has become unwell so as we join together let us pray that David can feel stronger in the days to come. God, in your mercy, hear our prayer.

We hold in God's light all who live with anxiety, fear, dread or despair across our globe.

We pray for those struggling with Covid, or in the caring professions

We hold in God's light this one fragile planet which we inhabit.

We pray for justice for the poor and the persecuted.

And we pray that the Prince of Peace may remind us and remind us that our task is to be His hands and hearts on this earth. Amen

Gweddi'r Arglwydd

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZzF49HPfQzM>

Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus,

Aur y byd na'i berlau mân:
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus,
Calon onest, calon lân.

Cytgan:

Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.

Pe dymunwn olud bydol,
Hedyn buan ganddo sydd;
Golud calon lân, rinweddol,
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd.

Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad
Gwyd i'r nef ar edyn cân
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy
Ngeheidwad,
Roddi i mi galon lân.

*I don't ask for a luxurious life
the world's gold or its fine pearls,
I ask for a happy heart,
an honest heart, a pure heart.*

Chorus:

A pure heart full of goodness
Is fairer than the pretty lily,
None but a pure heart can sing,
Sing in the day and sing in the night.

If I wished for worldly wealth,
It would swiftly go to seed;
The riches of a virtuous, pure heart
Will bear eternal profit.

Evening and morning, my wish
Rising to heaven on the wing of
song
For God, for the sake of my Saviour,
To give me a pure heart.

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

Blessing

Go in peace;
may this day, this year unfold as it
should;
may you find solace in scripture
and spirit;
and may your journey into this
new year
be filled with the hope and
promise of God
for the sake and the peace of the
world.
Amen

Closing video:

Ifor ap Glyn

Dawns 100 / Dance 100

Cerdd i ddathlu canmlwyddiant

Cymdeithas Cymry Llundain

*A poem to mark the centenary of
the London Welsh Association*

The Welsh have danced a
century through this city,

terrace house congas,
dizzy wartime swing,



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

Readers:

Ifor ap Glyn

Hen gapel

David Evans

Ifor ap Glyn

Medi 1917

Catrin Treharne

Ifor ap Glyn

Communing

Glyn Pritchard

A talk by John Jones on

Ifor ap Glyn

John Jones

Ifor ap Glyn

Tra Bo Dau (excerpt)

In conversation with John Jones

Ifor ap Glyn

Prayers and Blessing

Neil Evans

Producer Mike Williams

We would like to thank Ivor ap Glyn for reading to us, for joining us in conversation, and for his support and assistance in making this service possible

Ifor ap Glyn's commissioned poems as National Poet of Wales can be found on the Literature Wales website in Welsh and English:

<https://www.literaturewales.org/our-projects/national-poet-wales/>
