

# ***Roath News***



***SUMMER 2016***

*Free but donations always welcome*

## THE PARISH OF ROATH, CARDIFF

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<b>Parish Website:</b>	www.roath.org.uk

***The Clergy*** are always available to minister to the sick and dying. ***Please inform the clergy of sickness. Holy Communion may be received at home by those who are unable to come to church.***

***The Parish Surgery*** is open on Mondays (except Bank Holidays) between 6.00.p.m. and 7.00.p.m. in Roath Church House to arrange ***Baptisms and Weddings.*** (Contact no. 20484808).

*Confessions and the Sacrament of Healing by arrangement.*

**Copy date for the next magazine is September 5<sup>th</sup>**

## **From the Vicar of Roath, the Reverend Canon Stewart Lisk**

My dear Friends

Some of you may be aware that I have been very involved in the recent First World War commemorations. Six months of planning brought together a National Vigil Service in Llandaff Cathedral on Thursday 30<sup>th</sup> June to remember the first day of the Battle of the Somme when 20,000 British soldiers lost their lives. Our service included the lighting of a trench lantern which was placed on a plinth surrounded by a drum head and flags and flanked throughout the night by sentries. Four young men and women from the Royal Navy, Army and Airforce changed guard every half an hour in the silence of the Cathedral until 4.30 am. The Archbishop, Dean and myself offered prayers at intervals and then as dawn came up the Lantern was moved. A short ceremony took place at the Llandaff War Memorial and then the Lantern was taken with military escort to the National War Memorial at Cathays Park. I conducted a service there at 5.00 am as the morning light took over from the darkness and rain of the night before. The sentries continued their watch and I offered prayers at intervals. The events culminated with a service attended by dignitaries and military senior officers and many others at 7.00 am. Cardiff Blues choir sang 'Aberystwyth' just as the Welsh Soldiers did that first morning, a barrage of guns were fired and whistles were blown recalling those men going over the top. The service concluded with a lone piper playing a lament in the mist and smoke of the morning.

Journalists, radio and television announcers present at these events often ask me why we should still take so much trouble in remembering these events 100 years on? A sound bite answer is never really enough. We need to learn the lessons of war so that we will try not to repeat the actions of the past.

The 'War to end all wars' as 1914-1918 was called, did not as we now know end war. The defeat of Germany led to the abdication of the Kaiser, but the German officer class were smarting at their fate and many supported the rise of Adolf Hitler and the Nazis. Even before the Nazis began the Second World War their evil intents were well under way. They not only wanted to conquer Europe but also wished to remove any one who they did not like or who opposed them. Six million Jews were murdered in the Holocaust. However the Nazis also

exterminated others such as Christians who stood up to them, trade union leaders, some black people and Romany peoples, Jehovah's Witnesses and Freemasons, and they cruelly killed the mentally and physically disabled. Surely one of the lessons of war is that a country led by a group such as the German Fascists should never be allowed to wield power.

On the same day as the nation marked the anniversary of the Somme I was privileged to be at another ceremony in Cathays Park at the unveiling of the U.K. National Thalidomide Memorial. Many of you have met Rosie Moriarty-Simmonds who has campaigned tirelessly and energetically for those affected by thalidomide and to help families of those who have died as a result of their condition. It was a deeply moving ceremony again attended by dignitaries and politicians, and prayers were offered. I was very impressed by the many people present who had overcome their disabilities to lead fulfilled and useful lives. It made me think that the sacrifices of those who died in both the World Wars made a difference to all sorts of people not least those who are disabled or whose lifestyles do not align with the aggressive and dictatorial.

We have had much to be thankful for in Europe since those wars. Friendship between nations and developing the care of **all** our people have improved in the last 70 years. However we must not be complacent as we begin a new era in the life of our nation. We all have a part to play within the Church and parish, in Roath and wherever we live or work throughout our diverse city to be worthy of all the sacrifices that were made.

Events are moving quickly and as our Queen recently reminded us we need time to reflect before acting. I cannot predict outcomes but it may be interesting to note that soon we may have the daughter of a German Lutheran pastor discussing with the daughter of an Anglican Vicar the future of Britain in Europe. Let us pray for them and all our leaders at this momentous time.

May God bless you, our families and loved ones.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Stuart', with a long, sweeping horizontal stroke extending to the right.

## GIVING GOD A HAND IN HIS ACRE AND A NEW CoE INITIATIVE William Mathias June 2012

Birds in the great yew tree aside, we didn't find much animal life at ground level in the churchyard that morning, but it wasn't for want of searching, for our speaker from earlier in the church itself was quite assiduous in her temporary removal of stones from a rock pile in a corner of the yard and in her lifting of grave digger's wood boards from a pile of them further along the wall. She only didn't risk sliding her hand down between the rocks and the wall ! But then again, a hiding **adder** is not often found in a churchyard, and again its bite is more often 'dry' than poisonous.

Use of the poison comes with energy cost for the adder, so it's reserved for the search for its food prey, our lady speaker had earlier explained.

As if in compensation foreseen in the event of failure to find animals, **Erica**, for this was her name, had brought along her pet **hedgehog, Polly**, in her plastic dog or cat 'carry-kennel.' Polly is a rescue hog and is blind and, tut tut, overweight from the good life in Erica's care. Her little black, moist nose was very active in sniffing us all out from the vantage point of Erica's supporting hand.

The occasion was a talk and subsequent walk for an event called "Go wild in your churchyard ! For anyone with an interest in caring for and enhancing their churchyard." Leader **Erica Dixon**, Barry Docks-based County Ecologist at the Vale of Glamorgan Council. At the village church, **St Grallo's**, in **Coychurch**, Welsh name **Llangrallo**, Friday 10 June.

Your reporter was the last to arrive at this event. His excuse was that he was bus-dependent. Taking the first available bus from Cardiff, at 5 to 8, the next bus from Bridgend to Coychurch wasn't till 9.30. Nevertheless he got there with 10 minutes to spare for the start which also got going some 10 minutes after the scheduled 10 a.m. Such was the level of interaction and enjoyment of the coffee/tea and biscuits/cake provided in welcome to the already assembled participants for the event.

Among visitors already there, it was lovely to be greeted by **Kathy Mayer** from **St Edward's** who was there for any ideas as to St Edward's grounds which are not in fact a burial ground.

Called to attention, we observed Erica by her screen on its stand, a tallish lady of good stature, with brown eyes under shoulder-length brown hair, and in brown heels. Her dark blue dress setting off the browns made up for the grey sky of that June Friday.

As Erica said in her intro, we have a choice between a churchyard as a productive haven for wildlife and its conservation or a barren waste. We need, she said, to strike the optimum solution, the so-called '**Goldilocks level**.' To use her choice of description, "not too salty, not too sweet."

Erica's talk actually preceded by a couple of days a news story in one Sunday paper about a **Church of England** scheme to conduct a wildlife census of all its churchyards. Part of an initiative to see churchyards as a springboard to spread

biodiversity beyond the churchyard. An initiative in association with a charity called the **Conservation Foundation**, the creation of **David Shreeve**, CoE national environment adviser:

**John** Bingham, Religious Affairs Editor, Churchyards hold secret to biodiversity, *The Sunday Telegraph*, June 12.

What to make of our churchyard example to hand, St Grallo's ? As well as animals, wildflowers were also scarce that day. That said, the same corner as contains the rock pile also contains a small bed of bushes, among which some purple **granny's bonnet** or **nightcap**, *Aquilegia*. Food source for the **garden bumblebee**. And one attendee recognised also at a corner of the bed a flower called **spotted lungwort** with its hermaphrodite flowers that open lilac changing through blue to white, among marbled or spotted leaves (edible but slimy / mucilaginous) that are said to have the appearance of diseased lung and therefore once taken to indicate a treatment for such (under the '**Doctrine of Signatures**,' early 1600s). Also food plant of larvae of some **moths**. And ingredient of **Vermouth** wine !

Of course, part of the problem about the seeming paucity of wildlife at St Grallo's is the tidiness of the yard, all cut grass and though now out of season, not even **primroses**, a common feature of churchyards like those in profusion at **St Mellons** on its sea-view hill and, first village inland from there, at **Michaelston-y-Fedw** (the beautiful **orange hawkweed** there too, small number on graves, but classified a 'sleeper' weed).

Among Erica's recommendations for St Grallo's, she suggested the making of wildflower verges either side of the path from the gate nearest the bus-stop. By digging out the path-adjointing turf and replacing it with combined compost-wildflower seed mixture. Removed turf available for ground levelling.

Erica's talk comprised a review of church habitats, of which she listed **eight**, together with a consideration of life-forms associated with each of them. Finally she drew attention to some of the 40 or so plants found wild in the UK that have biblical connections.

First habitat is of course the church building itself, including the tower and belfry. In the church it is fascia boards (below the roof) and soffits (undersides of structures like lintels over portals, doors, windows) that afford primary habitats underneath them. Think **bats** and **sparrows**.

“'Cheap' said the sparrow. / . . . ” — Children's hymn, 1999.

The tower is actually more important than the belfry for creatures. As sensible critters, the belfry is too noisy for the bats, and too draughty. Whereas the enclosed tower provides the choice: a top roost in cold weather (heat rises), a bottom roost when it's hot.

Habitat no. 2 is the suite of gravestones. Especially for the stone-coating **lichens**, those composite dual (rarely tripartite) organisms that comprise fungi containing algae (plus **blue-green bacteria**, so-called 'algae,' large bacteria, not algae, in the rare cases) that all cooperate for the good of the community organism (and classified according to the fungal partner, i.e. in Kingdom Fungi, with scientific name as the fungus). Some lichens are exclusive to gravestones, no where else.

The lych-gate is the third habitat. With the underside of the roof often exposed to the open, as opposed to its shutting indoors in the church (and by a ceiling in **St Margaret's** lych-gate), the roof beams afford open invites as it were to the bats and sparrows.

While another bird, the neighbourhood or churchyard **screech owl** aka **barn owl**, carries another name in **lych owl** from its screech likened to the cry of death (Old English / Anglo-Saxon lych or lic = corpse or body).

The habitat list now continues with boundaries as stone walls, which bear their own characteristic plants in the **stonecrops** / **sedums**, **ferns**, and in the intros the **wallflower** and the red, pink or white '**red**' or **spur valerian** beloved of **butterflies** and **day-flying moths** that adorn rocks in June-September. Homes too and hiding and basking places for **lizards** or a countryside adder.

Boundaries as hedges and shrubs and bushes, then trees, and then grass make up three successive habitats (not Erica's order of discussion9999999 but an order of plant types which also reflects order of appearance in Earth history and evolution, with grass last). Erica lists these after "unkept sites" because oft containing stones, she puts stones and rubble next after stone walls. If last here, not least because such sites can hide **slow-worms** under boards, lizards among stones, and so on.

Hedges and bushes are like miniature woodlands for wildlife and indeed often represent relic woodland boundaries. As such their shady bases can harbour woodland flowers like primroses, **violets**, **wood anemones**, **bluebells**, **red campion**, **yellow archangel**, **greater stitchwort**, **foxgloves**, and **cuckoo-pints** with their green funnels. Also **woodland snails**. Hedge shrubs may serve as butterfly and moth caterpillar foodplants (**larval hostplants**). And **berry shrubs**, fruit (berry) bearing, are the most bird-appreciated. More than 30 British bird species too nest in hedges (which therefore shouldn't be cut during April-August).

Trees, which can be in hedges, may also be valuable as caterpillar and bird homes.

Some of the grass cover can provide 'conservation' areas or strips, their cover allowed to grow tall throughout the summer as refuges for insects like countryside **grasshoppers** and **bush-cricket**s (thus 'grasshopper strips'). Or provide 'meadow' areas, especially if sown with **yellow** or **hay rattle** ("Nature's lawnmower," Plantlife conservation charity) to weaken the grass, reduce mowing need and thereby welcome other wild flowers to come in.

Even the cutting of cut areas can be delayed to allow the flowering of the **dandelion**, the **pissalit** (wet-the-bed) of the French, a source of food, Erica pointed out, for the earliest bumblebees.

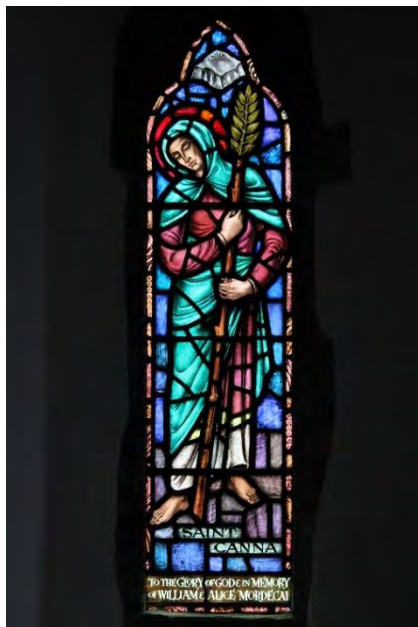
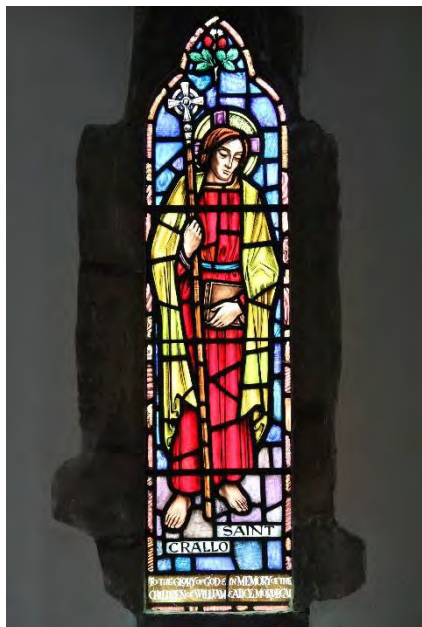
Later weeds too can be larval hostplants.

"Caterpillar, caterpillar, feeling sleepy, fixed up a silken bed. / . . . ." — Children's hymn, 1986.

Our speaker further pointed out that some regularly mown, low nutrient input areas can be a haven for some of our rarest fungi like the colourful **waxcaps**, such as **scarlet waxcap** and the larger, less common **crimson waxcap**, the '**Tellytubby toadstools**' (both called edible).

During our talk we were washed in the light of the local saints from the beautiful stained glass images of **St Grallo** (in candy red and yellow) and of his mother **St Canna** (in maroon and seafoam green). The staff which, like **St Joseph of Arimathea**'s, St Canna — eponymous saint of **Canton**, St Canna's Town, and **Pontcanna**, St Canna's Bridge — carries, miraculously sprouts leaves. What an apt metaphor for the potential of our churchyards to sprout called-for biodiversity.

Happy birthday Erica for July! Welcome to a new decade.





## **St Edward's Grounds. June 2016**

As the church building sits in the centre of quite a large area, there is scope to achieve a variety of different things.

Ideas put forward include using the grounds to create a Bible plant area, a sensory area, accessibility to all or most parts, a 'wild managed' area, a contemplative area, a memorial area, gardening as therapy area.

**Phase 1** tackled overgrown and damaged trees, rusty broken railings, collapsed drains, to name but a few. During the tree phase all we could get on with was painting the railings to which we are very grateful to the members who provided the paint and carried out the work. There is still work on the railings to be done to the lane end of the grounds, hopefully a working party can be got together to complete this.

The Bell Cotte was planted and 'landscaped'

Regular mowing of the grass, scattering of wild flower seed, planting daffodil bulbs, as well as various spring bulbs has helped in not only the appearance but also the movement away from a sterile environment which would not encourage bugs, bees and butterflies.

**Going now into Phase 2** we have very good lawn care, some trees have been removed, a managed wild area to the Blenheim road side has been started and a couple of experts have been consulted [free of charge] as to how we can progress.

Probably at the moment our ground rules require that nothing can be high maintenance. No formal flower beds, etc.

Mr Sean McHugh of the botanical survey has done a plant count! He was introduced to us at a diocesan course recently run at Coychurch.

A lady who has been looking after St Anne's garden for a few years and who worked for Bristol parks department and has set up and advised on many community garden projects, is happy to give us advice on how we can manage & maintain the rear grounds. She also lives locally.

We have also been joined by a significant number of our friends from St Anne's and, as in the church building we are incorporating many of the artefacts & things they have brought from St Anne's, we would also like to bring some of the plants and their ideas as to how to manage the outside.

### **Jobs to be done:**

Remove unwanted things such as rubbish, surface roots, stones, debris, seedlings and create a sown grass path which can undulate & wind through the area at the rear.

At the same time clear plant growth from the immediate area next to the building and replace chippings. Alongside this we will erect bird boxes, butterfly boxes, bee boxes, make a bug hotel and have a wood pile for beetles and maybe even a slow worm hiding place.

We can plant up with easy maintenance or no maintenance plants such as Mint, Sage, Lavender, Rosemary, Hydrangea, Hardy Fuschias. None of these plants or design will compromise any future plans.

The time scale for completing **Phase 3** could be our four year commemoration of the end of WW1 as well as our 100 years of worship on this site. As we are looking into the maintenance of the building and in particular the windows, the garden project will complement this in an on-going project.

**Phase 4** of accessibility, other use by groups for therapy, contemplation, Memorial garden can take us into the future.

## ST EDWARD'S NOTES - SUMMER 2016

**WELCOME** to Cecilie Fflur Elizabeth Roberts and her family, who have recently moved into the area. Cecilie was baptised at the Eucharist on Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> July. *You have received the light of Christ; walk in this light all the days of your life.*

**JAZZ:** Many thanks to Jayne Thomas who organised the 2016 Jazz Month. All four concerts were greatly enjoyed by an enthusiastic and plentiful audience, roll on next year!

**VOLUNTEER NEEDED** to write St Edward's Notes for the Parish magazine, approx. 7 times a year, or even just once or twice a year if that is more convenient. Please speak to Sue Mansell or any member of the committee.

**ST EDWARD'S COMMITTEE** recent discussions included the plans for the replacement bell; a staged series of work on the windows; estimates for a new boiler (due to changes in regulations); a phased plan for the grounds; a quotation for the installation of a hearing loop; and a soft fabric report from Beverley Williams. Thanks to all those who give their time and expertise to keep our buildings and fabric in good repair.

*"Flowers appear on the earth; the season of singing has come, the cooing of doves is heard in our land." Song of Songs 2:12*

## **NEWS FROM THE LYCHGATE**

At the end of June two events came powerfully together in Wales. Firstly the National Service of Commemoration for Wales for the Battle of the Somme in 1916, conducted by our vicar, Stewart Lisk as Chaplain for the City of Cardiff. Cory Gleision was also there as we remembered the beginning of that terrible battle, and the sacrifice of all those young men. On the same day in 2016 the Wales Football Team went through to the semi-finals of the European Championship.

Two great events so different, are sad and are happy yet both speak for the people of Wales. To come back to St Margaret's! The work of the Parish goes on with the Fayre at Roath Church house which raised over £1200. Many thanks to all who contributed in time and goods and money for this happy event. Thanks are also due to everyone who supported the Christian Aid Appeal, especially those twenty-eight people who collected door to door, and to Jean Rose who co-ordinated St Margaret's efforts. The splendid sum of £1162 was raised.

We send our love and sympathy to Julie Randall and her family on the passing of her father. She writes:

"My immediate family is a small one, Richard, our girls Rachel and Cari, my sister, brother-in-law and nephew and my mother and father. Recently my father passed away, however instead of my family decreasing I realised that I have a very large embracing church family. You have always been there congregation and clergy alike in over thirty years of worshipping in the parish of St Margaret. My father had been a stroke sufferer for twenty eight years and my mother had a stroke four and a half years ago, they have been difficult emotional times. When daddy died you were all very comforting with your letters and card of condolences and hugs. Many thanks to my fellow 8 o'clockers, Wednesday morning people, paradise people and discussion groupers.

Thank you all and God bless

DIOLCH YN FAWR Tangnefedd yr Arglwydd a fo bob amser gyda chwi

D. Ewan Thomas 4.11.1929 ----7.5.2016"

We are happy to announce the Diamond Wedding Anniversary of Lynnette and Allen Frampton. They were married sixty years ago on 7<sup>th</sup> July 1956 at St. John's Church in Cardiff. We send them love and congratulations, and wish them many more years of happiness together

Continuing on the wedding theme, we are happy to mark two weddings of significance to members of our congregation. On 28<sup>th</sup> May Barbara Beavis's granddaughter, Victoria, was married to Robert. Then on June 4<sup>th</sup> Sue Oxenham's daughter Sally was married to Andrew. We send the young people our good wishes for long and happy married lives.

To every person on our long prayer list and to all who cannot attend church we send our love and kind thoughts. We remember Peter Leech who now lives at Penylan Residential Hotel. We wish him well. Dear Father Harold Clarke is still in Heath Hospital where he likes to have the Magnificat read to him. We must also mention Maggie Griffiths who has been in the Heath for five weeks with a broken leg.

It was nice to see John Katchi back in church with us recently. He has been away since January with an operation on his foot. I remember so well how good it is to be able to come to church again.

On June 12<sup>th</sup> we welcomed a good little boy called Alex, with his family, to the service of Holy Baptism. We send him on his journey with our love.

We celebrate two birthdays at this time. (Please let us know of any significant birthdays). Firstly Cynthia Mckinty, from the choir, was 86. I'm not sure the the choirmaster was supposed to mention her age when we sang "Happy Birthday"! Also a dear little girl called Amelia much loved by St Margaret's Wednesday congregation was 3 in May. Many happy returns to both of them

ally Reports: "In our choir at St Margaret's we have a talented member Allen Frampton who has played Captain Von Trapp in the Stage version of The Sound of music and is of the opinion that for him, this version of the song "These are a few of my favourite things", is now up to date for a lot of people. Here is the song that if you sing it, it's especially good.

Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting,  
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,  
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,

These are a few of my favourite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses,  
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,  
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,

These are a few of my favourite things.

When the pipes leak, When the bones creak,  
When the knees go bad,  
I simply remember my favourite things,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions,  
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,  
Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring,

These are a few of my favourite things.

Back pain, confused brains and no need for sinning,  
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinning,  
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,  
When we remember our favourite things.

When the joints ache, when the hips break,  
When the eyes grow dim,  
Then I remember the great life I've had,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

Also as promised by myself in the last magazine here are the two poems "Blame the Vicar" and "Diary of a Church Mouse" to make you laugh and smile, which were kindly given to me by Lynnette and Allen Frampton.

## Blame the Vicar



"When things go wrong it's rather tame  
To find we are ourselves to blame,  
It gets the trouble over quicker  
To go and blame things on the Vicar.  
The Vicar, after all, is paid  
To keep us bright and undismayed.  
The Vicar is more virtuous too  
Than lay folks such as me and you  
He never swears, he never drinks  
He never should say what he thinks  
His collar is the wrong way round  
And that is why he's simply bound  
To be the sort of person who  
Has nothing very much to do  
But take the blame for what goes wrong  
And sing in tune at Evensong

For what's a Vicar really for  
Except to cheer us up? What's more?  
He shouldn't ever, ever tell  
If there is such a place as Hell,  
For if there is it's certain he  
Will go to it as well as we.  
The Vicar should be all pretence  
And never, never give offence.  
To preach on Sunday is his task  
And lend his mower when we ask  
And organize our village fetes  
And sing at Christmas with the waits

And in his car to give us lifts  
And when we quarrel, heal the rifts.  
To keep his family alive.

He should industriously strive  
In that enormous house he gets  
And he should always pay his debts  
For he has quite six pounds a week,  
And when we're rude he should be meek  
And always turn the other cheek.

He should be neat and nicely dressed  
With polished shoes and trousers pressed,  
For we look up to him as higher  
Than anyone, except the Squire.

Dear People, who have read so far,  
I know how really kind you are,  
I hope that you are always seeing  
Your Vicar as a human being,  
Making allowances when he  
Does things with which you don't agree.  
But there are lots of people who

Are not so kind to him as you.  
So in conclusion you shall hear  
About a parish somewhat near,  
Perhaps your own or maybe not,  
And of the Vicars that it got.

One parson came and people said  
'Alas! Our former Vicar's dead!  
And this new man is far more "Low"  
Than dear old Reverend so-and-so,  
And far too earnest in his preaching  
We do not really like his teaching,

He seems to think we're simply fools  
Who've never been to Sunday Schools'  
That Vicar left, and by and by  
A new one came. 'he's much too "High",'



The people said. 'too like a saint.  
His incense makes our Mavis faint.'

So now he's left and they're alone  
Without a Vicar of their own.  
The living's been amalgamated  
With one next door they've always hated.

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### Diary of a Church Mouse



Here among long-discarded cassocks  
Damp stools, and half-split open hassocks,  
Here where the Vicar never looks  
I nibble through old service books.  
Lean and alone I spend my days  
Behind this Church of England baize.

I share my dark forgotten room  
With two oil-lamps and half a broom.  
The cleaner never bothers me,  
So here I eat my frugal tea.  
My bread is sawdust mixed with straw;  
My jam is polish for the floor.

Christmas and Easter may be feasts  
For congregations and for priests,  
And so may Whitsun. All the same,

They do not fill my meagre frame.  
For me the only feast at all  
Is Autumn's Harvest Festival,

When I can satisfy my want  
With ears of corn around the font  
I climb the eagle's brazen head  
To burrow through a loaf of bread  
I scramble up the pulpit stair  
And gnaw the marrows hanging there.

It is enjoyable to taste  
These items ere they go to waste,  
But how annoying when one finds  
That other mice with pagan minds  
Come into church my food to share  
Who have no proper business there

Two field mice who have no desire  
To be baptized, invade the choir.  
A large and most unfriendly rat  
Comes in to see what we are at.  
He says he thinks there is no God  
And yet he comes. . . it's rather odd.

This year he stole a sheaf of wheat  
(It screened our special preacher's seat),  
And prosperous mice from fields away  
Come in to hear the organ play  
And under cover of its notes  
Ate through the altar's sheaf of oats.

A Low Church mouse, who thinks that I  
Am too Papistical and High  
Yet somehow doesn't think it wrong  
Too munch through Harvest Evensong  
While I, who starve the whole year through,  
Must share my food with rodents who

Except at this time of the year  
Not once inside the church appear.

Within the human world I know  
Such goings-on could not be so,  
For human beings only do  
What their religion tells them to.

They read the Bible every day  
And always, night and morning, pray,  
And just like me, the good church mouse,  
Worship each week in God's own house,

But all the same it's strange to me  
How very full the church can be  
With people I don't see at all  
Except at Harvest Festival

"That's it for now folks!" Until the next time.

Take Care and God Bless. Sally Atzei & Julia Griffiths

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**SIGN SEEN OUTSIDE A WELSH CHURCH**  
**THIS IS A HOSPITAL FOR SINNERS**  
**NOT**  
**A MUSEUM FOR SAINTS**

*Thanks to Jean Gough*

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Seen or heard something you'd like to share with others?

Please advise Sue Mansell St Edward's or Jean Gough St Margaret's  
Or email to [rgellis@ntlworld.com](mailto:rgellis@ntlworld.com)

## FAVOURITE SAYINGS??

Do you have a favourite proverb, or saying?

Email your favourites to [jeanmargaretrose@yahoo.com](mailto:jeanmargaretrose@yahoo.com);

[rgellis@ntlworld.com](mailto:rgellis@ntlworld.com); or [smmansell@icloud.com](mailto:smmansell@icloud.com), or hand in at church for publication in Roath News

*Tell me, and I'll forget.*

*Show me and I'll remember.*

*Involve me and I'll be changed forever*

*Japanese Proverb*

The hand will not reach what the heart does not long for  
Welsh Proverb

*Every man for himself, and God for us all*

*C16th English Proverb*

Writing is a picture of the writer's heart  
Chinese Proverb

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## Sometimes

Sometimes things don't go, after  
all, from bad to worse.

Some years, muscadel faces down  
frost; green thrives; the crops  
don't fail, sometimes a man aims  
high, and all goes well.

A people sometimes will step back  
from war; elect an honest man;

decide they care enough, that they  
can't leave some stranger poor.

Some men become what they were born for.

Sometimes our best efforts do not  
go amiss; sometimes we do as we  
meant to. The sun will sometimes  
melt a field that seemed hard  
frozen; may it happen for you.

Sheila Pugh, Independent Manchester

## St Margaret's Low Wray

This little church dedicated to St Margaret stands amid oak trees on the side of Windermere in the Lake District. In our long years of camping in Low Wray, and later in the caravan, we came to know the church very well. It was built by a wealthy industrialist as part of his estate and castle, Model farm, cottage school and the church, during the reign of Queen Victoria. Beatrix Potter was a frequent visitor to the castle.

It is a solid little church of gray stone with a sturdy tower. Inside it is whitewashed with stained glass windows. There are the memorials to its history over the past one hundred and fifty years. Two are especially worthy of mention. Firstly the memorial to three young men of the same family, Crossley, who sadly died in the First World War. We often wondered if this family had anything to do with our local Scout Group who are 'Bishop Crossley's Own'. Secondly a tablet commemorating a young man who was swimming across Windermere one January but who died in the attempt. Outside is a little graveyard. This included the grave of a couple of eighty eight years of age who died within three days of each other. The Vicar said it was the first double funeral he had conducted for a married couple.

We had to trail up the hill every Sunday to come to the church when we were camping, through the nineteen eighties and nineties. The views were lovely with the Langdale Pikes in the distance. In the hedgerows grew Welsh yellow poppies ( I brought a root for our front garden. It grew briefly but departed for the garden next door but one, where it flourishes every year). There were a lot of us, our five children together with friends, girlfriends, cousins and assorted French exchanges. This resulted in a persistent misconception that Teifion was a vicar on holiday! On another occasion one lady asked if we were an orphanage!

The church was part of the parish of Hawkeshead. Sometimes we had the vicar but more often a reader took the service. The congregation was never large, a few from the village, a few from the campsite. It included an old man, John, who was the last one alive from the school room picture when the school closed down. Another was an internationally known philosophy Professor, Errol Harris who turned ninety when we knew him, He later lived to be 101. He used to welcome us to his house for coffee after the services.

Sadly it became impossible to sustain this church as a going concern. Firstly the services became seasonal, then monthly. Finally the church was closed and became a redundant church.

In the latter years when we had the blessing of a caravan at Low Wray Teifion and I used to attend together and Teifion played the organ. We had happy times and were always made to feel welcome in the little church of St Margaret.



**SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAY WORSHIP  
IN THE PARISH OF ROATH**

(For Holy Day Celebrations see Weekly Newsletter)

**ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH WATERLOO ROAD**

**Sun: 8.00 am Holy Eucharist**  
**9.30 am Sung Eucharist**  
**9.30 am Sunday School R.C. House**  
**(each Sunday except 1<sup>st</sup>)**  
**6.00 pm Sung Evensong**  
**1<sup>st</sup> Sunday in month – Evensong/Holy Eucharist**

**Wed: 9.30 am Holy Eucharist**

**ST. EDWARD'S CHURCH BLENHEIM ROAD**

**Sun: 11.00 am Sung Eucharist & Sunday School**  
**7.00 pm Choral Evensong**  
**Wed: 10.15 am Holy Eucharist**

**Conventional District of Tremorfa**  
**ST PHILIP'S COMMUNITY CHURCH**  
**TWEEDSMUIR ROAD**

**Sun: 9.30 am Family Communion**  
**Tues: 3.15 pm 'Messy Church' (in term-time)**

**Copy date for the Michaelmas magazine is Monday September 5<sup>th</sup>**

Please send hard-copy (typed, hand-written or cut-out) to the Parish Office; email contributions to Jean Rose, [jeanmargaretrose@yahoo.com](mailto:jeanmargaretrose@yahoo.com) or Sue Mansell, [smmansell@icloud.com](mailto:smmansell@icloud.com) or Gwynn Ellis, [rgellis@ntlworld.com](mailto:rgellis@ntlworld.com), (preferably using Arial font 12)



The Memorial of Mametz and its Red Dragon (the emblem of Wales) was dedicated on 1 July 1987. It glares at Mametz wood taken by the 38<sup>th</sup> Welsh Division on 12 July 1916.

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**Articles in this magazine reflect the views of their authors, and not necessarily those of the editors, or the official teachings of the Church.**