

Roath News



Remembrance Day November 13th

November 2016

Free but donations always welcome

THE PARISH OF ROATH, CARDIFF

The Vicar: Curate:	Rev. Stewart Lisk Tel: 20484808 Rev. Dr Rhys Jenkins
Reader:	Mr Geoff Smith Tel: 20499498.
Parish Wardens:	Parish Vicar's Warden Mr Robert Hyett Tel: 20471247 Parish People's Warden Mrs Gill Day Tel: 20495496
Parish Treasurer:	Mr Geoff Moore Tel: 20493095
Parish Secretary:	Vacant
Parish Office: (RCH bookings)	Roath Church House Tel: 20484808 email: office@roath.org.uk 9.30 am – 12.30 Monday – Friday
Parish Website:	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 December 5th

From the Vicar of Roath, the Reverend Canon Stewart Lisk

My dear Friends

With every good wish and blessing

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Shirley", is positioned above a solid horizontal line that spans the width of the page.

The Aberfan Disaster 21st October 1966

Some memories fifty years on

Fifty years on, this Remembrance issue of Roath News is a fitting place to recall and recollect the terrible disaster which occurred in the village of Aberfan in 1966. Just after 9.15am on that fateful Friday, tip no.7, a tip containing coal waste from the nearby Merthyr Vale Colliery, without warning slipped at an alarming speed down the mountain side. Around 40,000 cubic metres of slurry engulfed a farmhouse and then demolished 20 houses before hitting Pantglas Junior School. There was no time to warn anyone or to raise the alarm on that damp, grey misty October morning. The lives of the residents of Aberfan were irrevocably changed in an instant. Crushed by torrents of coal waste the deadly slide of slurry claimed the lives of 116 children and 28 adults.

As I watched the programmes being shown on television in the past weeks, sharing accounts of bereaved parents; of children who survived (and who are still suffering nightmares of that day); and helpers who dug with their bare hands to try and save the children, I was struck by their stoicism and dignity. It brought back memories of that day to me and I asked a few friends, where were you and what were you doing on that day?

Bob Hyett remembers he was working on his car in his brother's garage near St Margaret's Church, and had the radio on all day, listening as the dreadful news came through. Steve Rowson was a teenager at school in Cardiff and remembers discussing the news with his friends on the bus on the way home, and the Bishop of Llandaff appearing on television and offering prayer cards. Only this weekend Steve met a gentleman who was a fireman in Maesteg at the time, heard the news at 11am and was told to be prepared to go to Aberfan to help. He subsequently worked setting up the lights so that the search work could continue through the night. Mal Rowson (nee Disney) was living in Devon, but remembers the news coming through to them and, like most people, had this dreadful feeling of helplessness.

Alec McKinty was a Staff Reporter on the South Wales Echo. He went to Aberfan on that Friday morning after the Echo received a call saying 'a school had been buried'. They were mystified: 'How can you bury a school?' When he arrived at Aberfan he saw what had happened and witnessed at first had the horrifying event. Miners were digging with their bare hands trying to get the children out. Lifting roofs, walls, moving bricks, no areas cordoned off, no health and safety rules in operation, just everyone working desperately trying to save the children and teachers. An eerie feeling had enveloped the village. Every so often the digging stopped when a whistle sounded. Everyone listened for calls from survivors; there were none, and the digging continued. The bodies were taken to a room at a local church and Alec remembers vividly a woman coming out after identifying her child. Her face was almost obliterated with grief. It was, and still is, the worst disaster involving children in this country.

I was working in the University Science Library in Newport Road, and strangely the news did not get through to us. The first I knew was when I went over to Queen Street Station at 5pm to get my train home to Barry. The Echo placards reported a disaster in Aberfan and signs announced there were no valley trains running. The station was almost deserted and I had to ring home for my aunt to drive in to collect me. As I waited in the cold and damp dusk I thought of a hot bath, but sadly I was soon disappointed when my aunt arrived. Barry had no water; the reservoir serving it was polluted with coal dust due to the disaster. When eventually on Sunday evening it came back on, we had to boil it before drinking. I remember watching the reports on television over the weekend and the fact that we only had black and white pictures in those days made the events seem bleaker and more tragic.

A friend who worked in the Cardiff Royal Infirmary told me the hospital was put on Red Disaster Alert that Friday morning; sadly their help was not needed. In the immediate aftermath of the disaster, Cynthia McKinty who worked for the Post Office was

seconded to Merthyr Post Office for a week or so to deal with the hundreds of telegrams that were being received sending messages of sympathy to the people of Aberfan. The messages came in on ticker-tape, which then had to be stuck onto the telegram forms before being sent out to the grieving families.

How did the bereaved cope, I wonder? The families decided the children would all be buried together at just one funeral. It was heartbreaking to re-watch the procession of tiny coffins. A few years ago I was travelling to Merthyr Tydfil and saw from the main Cardiff to Merthyr road the memorial in light marble visible across the valley. The memorial garden is built on the site of the old school with rows of arches behind the graves and a front wall with inset plaques. Trees and seats are set out in a lawned area surrounded by low walls which have been built to resemble the classrooms at the school.

The last weeks of sad reminders of this tragic event link us to Remembrance Sunday and those we lost in World Wars One and Two. “At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them.”

Gill Day

Postscript: Karl Jenkins, a noted Welsh composer, has written ‘Cantata Memoria’ in memory of the children of Aberfan. It was premiered at the Millennium Centre a few weeks ago, and is a moving piece for choir and orchestra, now available on CD. Louise Walsh, a Welsh author, has published a novel based around the Aberfan disaster, entitled ‘Black River’. The novel focuses on the events of that day and the aftermath a year later

Memorial Tablet

**Squire nagged and bullied till I went off to fight
(Under Lord Derby's scheme). I died in hell –
(They called it Passchendaele); my wound was slight,
And I was hobbling back, and then a shell
Burst slick upon the duck-boards; so I fell
Into the bottomless mud, and lost the light.**

**In sermon-time, while Squire is in his pew,
He gives my gilded name a thoughtful stare;
For though low down upon the list, I'm there:
'In proud and glorious memory' – that's my due.
Two bleeding years I fought in France for Squire;
I suffered anguish that he's never guessed;
Once I came home on leave; and then went west.
What greater glory could a man desire?**

Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967), one of our foremost war poets, won the Military Cross for bravery in 1916. Severely wounded, he was taken to Craiglockhart Hospital near Edinburgh, was treated for shell-shock, and met Wilfred Owen whose poetry he encouraged and influenced. He had joined up, full of patriotic ideals, but became quickly disillusioned with the horrors he witnessed, and wrote many poems such as this one, satirising the pretensions of those, such as the Squire, who bullied young men into unspeakable conditions, whilst themselves sitting comfortably at home.

NEWS FROM THE LYCHGATE

We have had a lovely autumn so far this year, calm and peaceful. The trees which surround our church are shedding their leaves and the churchyard is golden. Again the year is turning. "The Last Night of the Proms" tells us that the summer is ending. Does anyone else remember Tim Johns dressing up in his gear with whistles and flags to show us, after he had been to the last night of the proms in the eighties? Anyway we have had the Heritage Weekend, the Harvest Festival, The Cardiff Half Marathon in procession. Soon it will be Guy Fawkes and Remembrance Sunday.

We remember with sadness the funeral of a young mother, Sarah Louise Hall on the 15th September. She was a teacher who had spent time in Africa and who died while on holiday in France. We send love and condolences to her family.

Ros Jones has kindly contributed this article from the magazine of the National Museum of Wales part of which we reproduce here "This is the second of a series of articles on the wall paintings in the church of St Teilo now at St Fagans National History Museum, one of which is a female figure with flowing hair and a long staff held diagonally across her body. This we thought was probably St Margaret, stabbing a dragon with her cross. St Margaret of Antioch was one of the most popular saints in medieval Europe. The legend of St Margaret is typical of the stories of the early virgin martyrs. She was the daughter of Theodosius, pagan patriarch of Antioch. Converted to Christianity by her nurse, she was forced to leave home and become a shepherd. Smitten by her beauty, the local ruler, Olybius, wanted to marry her but she refused to give up her faith. So he had her tortured, flayed, burned and boiled (not a very successful seduction strategy, you might think) and thrown into prison. There the devil appeared to her in the form of a dragon and swallowed her, but she burst out of his belly by making the sign of the cross, threw him to the

ground and trampled on him. Eventually Olybius had her beheaded. In spite of her heroic defence of her own virginity she was regarded as the patron saint of women in childbirth, her escape from the dragon's belly paralleling the child's escape from the mother's womb. According to later versions of the legend, as she died, she prayed that women who called on her in childbirth would be safe and a dove came down from heaven to declare that her request had been granted. Intriguingly at the end of the Welsh version of her story, she promises certain salvation to those who copy, read or look at the text of her life, so even the illiterate were expected to use and derive benefit from the written word. As elsewhere in Europe, Margaret was one of the most popular saints in medieval Wales. Her life had been translated into Welsh by the middle of the fourteenth century and the poet Thomas Derllysg (fl. 1460-90) even claimed she had been buried in Wales, at Llanfaches near Caerwent." Our stained glass window at St Margaret's is in the South Aisle of the church.

We are happy to report on the wedding of Dannika Elizabeth Kendal and James Michael Day, who is the grandson of Gill Day, our Parish People's Warden. This was solemnized on the 10th September and was a lovely occasion. We send the young people our best wishes for a long and happy marriage. The beautiful flowers in the church were arranged by members of the congregation.

Pat Hyett had a significant birthday. She was 70 in September. Happy Birthday Pat. Let us know, please of any birthdays we should mention.

We welcomed a little baby boy into our congregation on 16th October, when Henry Thomas David was baptized. His smiles enchanted us all.

The Harvest celebration was on 2nd October, with the church looking fine. The generous donations of food were sent to The Wallich Centre.

Again we remember with love those of our congregation and others who are not able to join our services. We think especially of those on the prayer list. It's always nice to think that if we ourselves don't recognise the names, then someone does. This time we are thinking especially of Joy Stephen who has had a fall. We hope to see her again soon. Maggie is still in hospital, but making progress.

Sally reports that Sue Jewell and a local charity called Grandparents Raising Grandchildren are holding a skittle evening at the Crofts pub, Crofts Street on 15th November 2016 and tickets are £5 and bring a plate of food. Tickets can be purchased from Sue Jewell (St Edwards) or Sally Atzei (St Margaret's). Please come and support this wonderful charity and have an enjoyable evening.

Barbara Brett has kindly contributed the following poem which I share with you all here.

AS I AGE I REALISE THAT:

I talk to myself because sometimes I need expert advice.

Sometimes I roll my eyes out loud.

I don't need anger management; I need people to stop
annoying me off.

My people skills are just fine. It's my tolerance of idiots that
needs work.

The biggest lie I tell myself is "I don't need to write that down,
I'll remember it".

When I was a child I thought nap time was punishment. Now
it's like a mini vacation.

The day the world runs out of wine is just too terrible to think
about.

Even duct tape can't fix stupid, but it can muffle the sound!

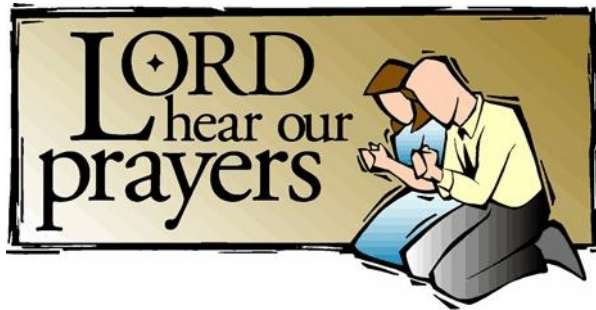
If God wanted me to touch my toes he would've put them on my knees.

At my age "Getting Lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I came in there for.

Also Sally reports here is another poem written by a 15 Year Old School Kid who got an A+ for this entry (Totally Awesome) "New School Prayer" and to make you laugh and smile, which were kindly given to me by Allen Frampton.

TOTALLY AWESOME

The Lord's Prayer is not allowed in most Public schools in America anymore because the word 'God' is Mentioned....A kid in WINNIPEG wrote the attached:



NEW SCHOOL PRAYER

Now I sit me down in school
Where praying is against the rule
For this great nation under God
Finds mentioned of Him very odd.
If scripture now the class recites,
It violates the Bill of Rights
And anytime my head I bow
Becomes a Federal matter now.
Our hair can be purple. Orange or green,
That's no offense; it's a freedom scene..

The law is specific, the law is precise.
Prayers spoken aloud are a serious vice.
For praying in a public hall
Might offend someone with no faith at all...
In silence alone we must meditate,
God's name is prohibited by the United States.
We're allowed to cuss and dress like freaks,
And pierce our noses, tongues and cheeks...
Guns are allowed, but Not the Bible
To quote the Good Book makes me liable.
We can elect a pregnant Senior Queen,
And the 'unwed daddy,' our Senior King...
It's 'inappropriate' to teach right from wrong,
We're taught that such 'judgements' do not belong...
We can get our condoms and birth controls,
Study witchcraft, vampires and totem poles...
But the Ten Commandments are not allowed,
No word of God must reach this crowd.
It's scary here I must confess,
When chaos reigns the school's a mess.
So, Lord, this silent plea I make:
Should I be shot; My soul please take!
Amen

If you aren't ashamed to do this, please pass this on...Jesus said 'if you are ashamed of me, I will be ashamed of you before my Father.'
Not ashamed. Pass this on.

Finally a mention of The Heritage Weekend, ably organized by Pat Hyett. This was very successful as usual, reminding us all, not just our visitors of the wonderful church which we have inherited. We were particularly delighted to see Diane Walker who once again came to make her contribution. Thank you to everyone who helped or gave items to sell. Over £600 was raised for church funds.

Let us know if there is anything you would like us to include or be included in the next issue of the parish magazine.

God Bless and until next time,
Julia & Sally

ABOUT SANCTAIDD

Sanctaidd has evolved from CTNW (Churches Tourism Network Wales) after three years of discussions in Wales and elsewhere. This organisation is dedicated to supporting places of Worship in Wales. These discussions have been coordinated by The National Churches Trust, The Church in Wales and Churches Tourism Network Wales.

Sanctaidd will:

- Provide support and training in caring for Welsh places of worship
- Raise money for Welsh places of worship, and make grants to help give them a better future (including, but not limited to, repair grants)
- Increase public understanding and appreciation of Welsh places of worship, and raising their profile (including using them for educational purposes)
- Promote Welsh places of worship to visitors
- Where appropriate, inform and influence policy makers and opinion formers in the Welsh Government and its agencies, the National Assembly for Wales, the media and work closely with other stakeholders
- Act as a conduit for knowledge sharing amongst those who have a concern for the future of Welsh places of worship whether individuals or organisations

SANCTAIDD - <http://www.sanctaidd.org/>

ST EDWARD'S NOTES – Remembrance/Advent 2016

FESTIVAL Our music and arts festival this year was a bumper one, with concerts every day, a beautiful exhibition with paintings by John Schauerman in church and a Made in Roath ceramics exhibition in the Schoolroom. The church was open most days for visitors, and was very welcoming to all who visited. Thanks to all involved, performers, visitors, those who cleaned and tidied, opened the church each day and dealt with the many emails and texts to arrange the concerts and the extra rehearsals.

CONGRATULATIONS to everyone celebrating a birthday, especially Kathie Mayer and Heather Doe, who both have extra special birthdays this month.

CAROL SERVICES. Advent Carols on Sun 27 Nov at 7pm. Christmas Carols with St Edward's Choir and Orchestra at 3pm on Sun 18 Dec.

SPECIAL EVENSONG with The Cathays Consort on Sunday 11th December at 7 pm.

THANKS to everyone who helped on Saturday 29th October on our Clean Up Day. Lots was achieved – some more of St Anne's Treasures were brought over and lots of cleaning and tidying was done. Also an amazing transformation in the grounds at the Blenheim Road end!

CONDOLENCES to the family of Clive Canton whose funeral took place on the 21st October.

PRAYER by Clive Canton

Lord God, we adore you because you have come to us in the past,
You have spoken to us in the Law of Israel,
You have challenged us in the words of the Prophets,
You have shown us in Jesus what you are really like.

Lord God, we adore you because you still come to us now,
You come to us through other people
and their love and concern for us,
You come to us through men and women who need our help,

You come to us as we worship you with your people.

Lord God, we adore you because you will come to us at the end,

You will be with us at the hour of our death,

You will still reign supreme when all human institutions fail,

You will still be God when our history has run its course.

We welcome you, the God who comes.

Come to us now in the power of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

HEATHER DOE WRITES: At the (recent) Diocesan Conference I was privileged to have been elected to the Governing Body of the Church in Wales, and also to the Electoral College.

This means that I will be one of the people helping to shape the laws for our church, and select our future Bishops.

In this role I have a great responsibility to represent your views as parishioners in Roath but also across Llandaff Diocese.

I believe we should use our wonderful diverse gifts to ensure our church, as the face of Jesus Christ, works in the real world to bring earth closer to heaven.

I suggested that the Church In Wales priority should be for us all to commit to individual pilgrimage, shown by 3 areas of action.

1. To engage with the real world's problems and develop supports for our neighbours, such as dementia friendly communities;
2. Make better use of our church buildings as spaces to bring people together as communities;
3. Support our clergy to do what only they can do, through practical administrative help and nurture of their vocation.

To represent your views effectively, I need to hear from you, so please contact me if there is anything you would like discussed in debate at the Governing Body. I will be involved in the election for the next Bishop of Llandaff, early next year – so please let me know what purpose and direction you feel this individual should embody. As always, please keep me and this responsibility towards our collective mission, in your prayers.

Laughlines

Child: Is it true Mum, that we come from dust and go to dust?

Mother: Yes, it says so in the Bible.

Child: In that case, lots of people are either coming or going under my bed!

‘Daddy, what’s that?’ said a small boy, looking up from his pew at a memorial plaque on the church wall. ‘That’s in memory of all the brave men who died in the services.’ The boy looked at the long list of names and said: ‘Did they die in the morning or evening services?’

Dad: Father Christmas brings toys for good boys and girls, but what does he bring for the bad ones?

Son: Clothes.

‘Bertha Belch, a missionary from Africa, will be speaking at tonight’s service. Come along and hear Bertha Belch all the way from Africa.’

Sadly, Barbara remains in hospital awaiting tests. She is also having trouble sleeping, and has requested tapes of the Vicar’s sermons.

St Edward's Bell

A faithful bell has called us to services at St Edward's ever since we can remember. For two years it has fallen silent, and this is the story of that pause.

An excerpt from an old inventory at St Edward's tells the start of a long journey

About S. Edward's Bell+. The Rev. Rees Davies, Rector of Bedwellty writes in Nov. 1921 and says: "The Bell was one of three which up to the year 1895 were in the tower of Bedwellty Parish Church, at which time, one was whole and the other two cracked. The Three were sold in the year 1895 during the incumbency of the Rev. Richard Jones and six new Bells were hung in the same year: two more were added last March. The Three original bells which were sold in 1895, so I am informed, were used for many years even prior to 1815. It is quite possible that this particular one was the only one here for many years and that in 1815 it was recast, and that this accounts for its better preservation than the other two." The bell was bought by Mr P.H.Coward on behalf of the S. Edward's Building Committee from Mrs Jones of Penderyn in 1921. It was hung on the lawn in front of her house. This inscription runs on it "Cast by Jasper Westcott and Sons Bristol 1815".

And so the 'Waterloo' bell came to St Edward's. It was so called because of the date and being just a street away from the newly developed Waterloo Road. There are stories linking it to being founded from a cannon from the Battle of Waterloo, but even though that cannot be corroborated it is a nice story and even has had a poem written about it.

St Edward's Bell by Alan Davies [Port Talbot] 14th Jan 2014
*From a cannon which
Belched forth smoke and flame
Was cast a bell of
Greater fame, which
told the message
loud and clear that
Jesus Christ is near - is near*

*There are those who object
To its great sound
Upsetting them on their
Daily round
To them I ask what's best to hear
The cannon with its deadly blast
Or the bell's message
Proclaiming peace at last?*

The next chapter:

During the storms of October November and December 2013, we had to have several slates put back onto the roof at St Edward's and whilst doing the repairs it was noticed that the bell cote or turret was leaning at an alarming rate of over 6 inches and much of the brick work was crumbling.

An expert was called to have a look and sure enough, it was deemed unsafe. The 'lean' had now grown to nearly 10 inches and was in imminent danger of crashing to the floor or through the church roof onto the organ depending on which way the next stormy wind blew!

So it had to come down without delay. The building firm could do the business with the bell cote and a specialist bell hanger was called upon to take down and care for the bell.

This all unfortunately but inevitably cost a great deal of money but many thanks to generous donations and fund raising events, the money was found.

The bell was found to be in a rather sorry state as the coating and treatment done in 1922 was not of the best quality and the bell had sustained substantial damage over the years. The cost to refurbish it would be in the region of thousands of pounds. The cost to replace it, bearing in mind that it is a chiming bell too large for a cote, which was made to be hung in a tower and rung, would be in the region of £20,000. The roof would have to be reinforced and internal beams would have to be replaced with Rolled Steel Joists [RSJs]So it was with a sad and heavy heart that we put the bell into storage and were left bell-less.

The firm Matthew Higby & Co were the specialist bell hangers and an arrangement was made for them to look after our bell for a cost of £30 a year.

Two years later in December 2015, my annual phone call to Matthew to make sure the bell was behaving and to ask him to invoice me for its rental [which he had not done at all] was one of those conversations you never forget. I had called him just after he had had a conversation with a PCC member of a church in Somerset who were looking for the 6th bell to complete their ring of 5 which had been founded by Jasper Westcott. Our bell was the very bell they have been looking for. So negotiations began. Their PCC are fortunate to have a member who is a keen campanologist and has the means to pay for the restoration work on the bell.

Knowing our financial restraints we further negotiated that Higby and Co would give us a 15 inch bell- which is the maximum size that can be on a bracket - and make the bracket and fit the bell and make it ringing ready for no cost! All we needed was to be granted a Faculty by the Diocesan Advisory Committee and to pay for the scaffolding. Generous donations from 2 choirs who rehearse at St Edward's and a great raffle organised by Janice Goble and the Wednesday Eucharist coffee congregation soon paid for that.

Tuesday 27th September 'James Wells Albourn Wills fecit 1816' arrived with Julian & Matthew of Higby bells and was secured into its place.

On Tuesday the 4th October the bell was rung for the first time for Evening Prayer

We will not forget our old Waterloo bell and wish it well for its onward journey, now to be restored rehung and rung with its brothers [or sisters] in the way it was originally meant to be. There is a small piece of it which was rescued when it fell off in the process of bringing it down, which will be kept in our archives as a memento along with the photographs.
Katherine Mayer October 2016

Way Back in Westminster

Reading the magazine item about the re-naming of the USPG, I was reminded of my first job: editorial assistant at the (then) headquarters of the SPG in Westminster. This was near the Abbey, opposite the Mary Sumner House, home of the Mothers' Union – where you could get a good meal for two shillings and threepence, old money.

My job was mainly to sub-edit the reports from the overseas representatives of SPG and help with the lay-out of the monthly paper. Later, I wrote a series of children's booklets about the lives of the Society's Victorian pioneers. I tried to make these as snappy and lively as I could – no mean task.

Reports would come in from SPG outposts all over the world: hospitals, schools, parishes, clinics, from India, Africa, Australia, Japan . . . One place sticks in my mind especially: Tristan da Cunha, a tiny mid-ocean island with a few hundred people, mainly descendants of Napoleon's Elba garrison. It had only 5 surnames, thousands of sea-birds and an Anglican church and chaplain.

During that period in the 1940's the Society was aiming to educate and build up the indigenous clergy to take over responsibility for the SPG ventures.

During my stint there, the Lambeth Conference, a 10-yearly event, took place. Then it was wall-to-wall purple as bishops from all over the Anglican Communion descended on Westminster and the Office. I recall particularly the "Bishop of Gambia and the Rio Pongas".

I lived a short walk away in a hostel run by the Girls' Friendly Society where young women of modest income were comfortably and cheaply housed and fed,. It was fairly spartan, but on our doorstep – Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the exciting West End. Some compensation.

London, still bruised from the war, was a gentler, quieter city in those days. True, there were food shortages, and smog, but a Lyons Corner House was never far away and we were at the very heart of the capital. We had a day off to cheer Princess Elizabeth on her way to and from her wedding.

I sampled several local churches: St Thomas' Regent Street where there were sometimes more clergy at the altar than people in the pews; St Anne's Soho, a centre for earnest theological discussion, mostly above my head; All Saints Margaret Street, so 'high' it separated men's and women's seats; St Stephen's Gloucester Road, where the poet T.S.Eliot sometimes took the plate round.

From early imperial roots through new functions and changing titles the Society still plays a valuable part in the worldwide Anglican Communion. I remember with pleasure the brief period when I was a small cog in its large wheels, still productively turning.

Barbara Leech (St Margaret's 8 o'clock)

Cat Stories from Rozmogz Cat Rescue

I am the sacristan and assistant church warden at St Margaret's and I have worked with animals all my life. I recently opened a cat rescue centre called Rozmogzs. I help stray, abandoned, abused and feral cats and kittens in south Glamorgan. We have re-homed 450 cats in the last 11 months and have at present 72 cats and kittens in care, all looking for homes. I have found cats in appalling situations: some tied up in carrier bags dumped in the rubbish, some covered in bleach, some have been shot and others have just given birth in the rain. So many cats are dumped, on average over 3000 a year, and only three rescue centres deal with this area. The

RSPCA do not help with stray cats, and that's why my bank balance is very low. Vets bills alone cost me £1500 a month.

Rozmogz is a Cardiff based cat rescue run by 3 friends - [Roslynd Thomas](#), [Sheena Stobart](#) and [Anna Mason](#). All 3 ladies work tirelessly to rescue sick or abandoned cats and kittens with the hope of finding them all loving permanent homes. Rozmogz would not exist without you, their kind supporters. If you would like to help Rozmogz with their amazing work, you can make donations as follows:-
Paypal - www.paypal.me/rozmogz Every penny goes towards care of the cats, including veterinary bills, medical supplies and other essentials.

Amazon - - you can purchase items from Rozmogz wishlist, which gets delivered directly where it's needed and frees up funds for vets' bills and other supplies. On behalf of the 3 mogateers and ALL the mogz in their care, a million thank you's for your continued support 🙏🙏🙏🙏🙏🙏

This is Sasha, one cat with a story this week. She is currently being looked after at the Rozmogz centre in Rumney, Cardiff. She came in to Rozmogz around two months ago as a stray with two beautiful but undernourished 7 week old kittens in tow.



She is only a baby herself, so of course was having the full care and attention of the Rozmogz team. After a routine visit to the vets, we were all shocked to find out that not only had she not long given birth, but the poor thing had actually come in to

the centre pregnant again! Unfortunately this is what happens when cats are not neutered and spayed and although new born kittens are cute as buttons, the whole experience of conception, pregnancy, giving birth and raising kittens is extremely stressful and difficult for the mother, especially for one so young and would have been 100 times worse for her, had she not been brought to Rozmogz.

Sasha is due to give birth any day now and once she has weaned her kittens, she will be able to put her old life behind her and finally learn to be loved. Considering what she has been through in her short life, she is the most friendly, affectionate lady you could hope to meet.

Please consider helping Rozmogz with their amazing work by donating much needed funds which are used to cover vital vets' fees and specialist care. It really doesn't matter how much you can spare, every penny helps.

UPDATE ON SASHA: she had 9 babies in total, 5 which we think were from a previous pregnancy and all dead and infected. We managed to save two kittens by C section. Sasha is on antibiotics and she's in my bedroom with these



two beauties.

Just one story - we have over 20 stories a week which you can follow on facebook

xxx Anna Mason

Light the First Advent Candle and Waitit'll be worth it
Credo - The Very Rev Ian Bradley The Times 28th Nov 2015

Advent, the opening season of the Christian year which begins [on 27th November 2016] and runs up to Christmas, is more than anything else, a time of waiting. For Christians, it is about getting ready for the second coming of Christ, as much as looking forward to the celebration of Christmas.

Although the Creed is unequivocal in its affirmation that Jesus “will come again in glory to judge both the living and the dead” many Christians are uneasy about the doctrine of the second coming with its apocalyptic overtones and strong emphasis on judgement. Yet the great Advent hymns which will be sung in churches over the coming four Sundays, such as *O Come O Come Emmanuel* and Charles Wesley’s *Come Thou Long Expected Jesus*, are looking forward as much, if not more, to the second coming of Christ as to his first appearance as a baby in Bethlehem. This theme is even more explicit in Wesley’s other great Advent hymn, *Lo He Comes With Clouds Descending*, which pictures the crucified, resurrected and ascended Christ, his body still bearing the scars of his passion, returning to Earth to reign and establish the Kingdom of God.

Strictly speaking, hymns and carols about Jesus’s birth should only be sung after the period of Advent is over, but there will of course be many renditions of the Christmas message and story in churches and elsewhere long before December 24. We are not keen on waiting for things and Christmas is the supreme example of this as anyone venturing down a high street over recent weeks can testify. Our spiralling debt culture is based on the principle of “taking the waiting out of wanting”.

Yet waiting is an inescapable part of the human condition and a state we all find ourselves in at various times of our lives. Indeed we all do a lot of waiting - and it’s a time of anxiety and stress - waiting for an overdue bus or train, a phone call we fear may bring bad news, a hospital

appointment of the results of a blood test, an exam, or a job interview. We often feel at our most vulnerable and helpless when we are waiting.

A great classic of 20th-century Christian devotional literature is *The Stature of Waiting*. In it, the Anglican priest William Vanstone argued that it is when we are in the state of waiting for something or someone outside our control that we are closest to Christ. The divine image that we bear then is one of passive suffering - of waiting and letting things be done to us, as they were to Jesus in his Passion.

Vanstone suggested that those immobilised by strokes or hooked up to life support machines, along with those facing unemployment, depression or dementia, share in some way what Jesus experienced when he was handed over by Pontius Pilate to be crucified - a switch from active to passive living where life becomes a matter of waiting on the decisions and initiatives of others and on external events over which we have no control. Yet it was precisely when he was in this “stature of waiting” that Jesus was closest to God and achieved his costly work as Saviour of the world through his passion and suffering.

The waiting to which Christians are called through Advent is not passive. It is to actively anticipate both the good news of Christmas, with its message of God’s presence in and concern for the world, and the ultimate victory of Christ and the values of his Kingdom in terms of a reign of peace, righteousness and justice.

Advent waiting is valuable. Rather than putting up the “no waiting” sign and rushing straight ahead to Christmas, let us take the opportunity this season provides to ponder. Let us take stock of our lives, look forward in hope and assurance and resolve to do what we can to help the coming of that reign of peace and goodwill to all, about which so many will be singing lustily in the coming weeks. Let us indeed wait with quiet hearts for the one to whom all are dear, and who has made his home with us.

**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 1st)
6.00 pm Sung Evensong
1st Sunday in month – Evensong/Holy Eucharist

Wed: 9.30 am Holy Eucharist

ST. EDWARD'S CHURCH BLENHEIM ROAD

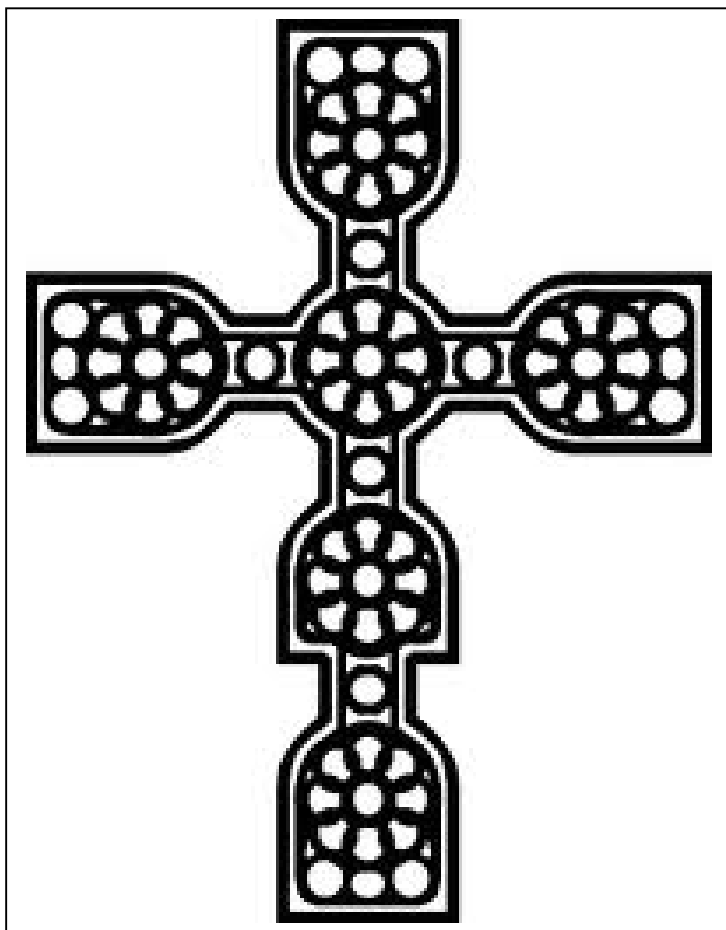
Sun: 11.00 am Sung Eucharist & Sunday School
7.00 pm Choral Evensong
Wed: 10.15 am Holy Eucharist

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 5th December

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



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