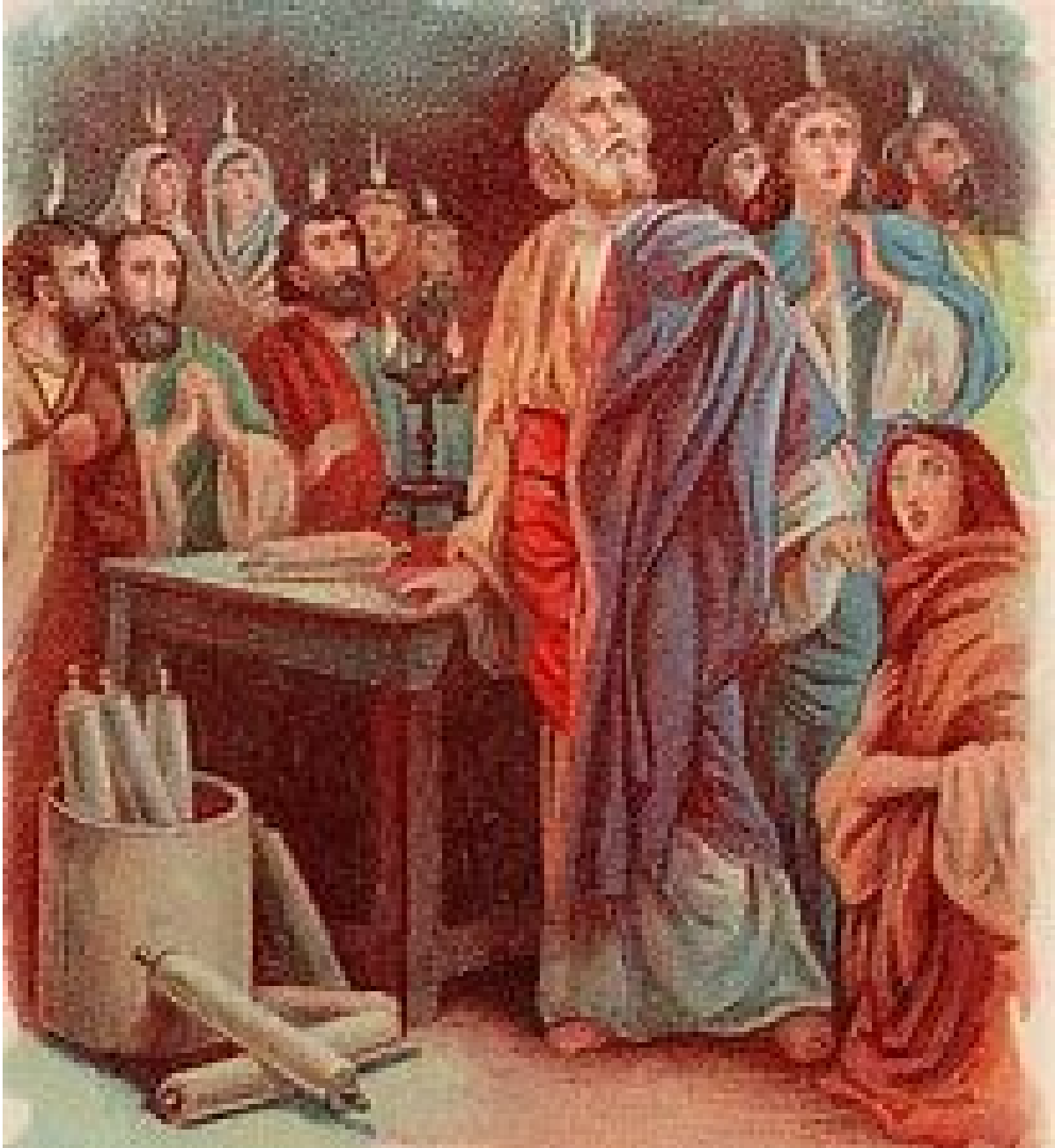


Roath News



Pentecost 2018

Free but donations always welcome

THE PARISH OF ROATH, CARDIFF

The Vicar:	Rev. Stewart Lisk Tel: 20487854; 07794157604 email: stewartlisk@live.co.uk
Curate:	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 Jim Bendon Tel: 20482082
PCC Minutes Secretary:	Mrs Anita White Tel 02920 491340
Roath Church House bookings	RCH Booking Secretary Mrs Anna Mason Tel: 07720641653
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. 20487854).*

Confessions and the Sacrament of Healing by arrangement.

**Copy date for the next magazine (Summer) is
25th June**

From the Vicar of Roath, the Reverend Canon Stewart Lisk

My dear Friends,

I was recently very privileged to conduct a service to mark the Centenary of the Royal Air Force. Serving and veteran members of the R.A.F. together with Air Cadets gathered on the Bastion of Cardiff Castle for a flag raising ceremony with the Lord Mayor and H.M. Lord Lieutenant witnessing the event. Air Commodore Williams, Air Officer Wales, addressed the gathering and spoke of Cardiff men who had distinguished themselves as flying aces in the First and Second World Wars. They were examples of many who showed great courage and devotion to duty. The ceremony concluded with the raising of the R.A.F. ensign and the Blessing. It was fortunately a fine day and the wind blew waving the R.A.F. colours high above the city.

Such an event would not have been so successful if it had poured with rain or there had been no breeze and the ensign would not have been seen. As it was we were blessed with a mighty rushing wind, that made a difference. Many of you would have read that poem as children “Who can see the wind, neither you or I”. It is true we cannot see the wind but we see its effects, we can feel its strength. Sometimes it can wake us up with a start if it is chilly, if it is very strong it can blow you over, sometimes in summer we feel a refreshing but warm breeze. Always invisible, the wind nevertheless makes its presence felt.

At Pentecost the disciples experienced a mighty rushing wind but not on a castle wall, or at the coast or country but within a closed room. It was also accompanied by tongues of fire that did not consume them. Perhaps most remarkably of all they were able to speak in divers languages, enabling them to preach the word of God to all nations. It must have been an extraordinary experience for these simple men who were thrown into a high calling that began the task of spreading the Gospel and baptising all nations as our Lord had commanded them.

As we look back on the past we are often impressed with the courage of soldiers and saints, with the bravery of apostles and airmen and sailors and missionaries who in very different ways were called to service. They often however were faithful to their cause even unto death.

Fortunately today few of us are in danger of death or martyrdom for our faith. A few will find themselves in critical situations if they work in the emergency services and the armed forces. All of us are called to stand up for what we believe in and do our part in proclaiming the love of God for his world. We might not think we have the strength or skill to do that but remember that God's invisible Holy Spirit is always with us when we seek to do his work. As we feel the gentle breeze of spring let that sensation remind us of God's real presence in the world today as we are inspired to follow Him and be His people.

With every blessing and good wish



OBITUARY – Fr Harold Clarke, 1929-2018

(The following is an edited version of the eulogy given by Prof. Thomas Watkin at Fr Clarke's funeral at St Martin's Church in April)

“I am come that they should have life, and have it in its fullness”.
(John, x. 10)

It is within the octave of Easter, as we celebrate Our Lord's revelation of that abundant life in his resurrection, that we come together to give thanks to God for the life and ministry of one who gave himself to that task – Harold George Clarke, priest – to pray for the repose of his soul, to mourn his passing, and to plead Our Lord's Sacrifice for his benefit.

Many here this morning will have very personal memories of his ministry. Some will have been baptized by him, some prepared and presented for Confirmation, some for Holy Matrimony. Many will have received the Blessed Sacrament at his hands. Some will have known him as a spiritual director and confessor; most as a convivial companion and friend.

Harold Clarke was born on 29 November 1929, and according to his own account he was ‘born wearing a biretta’. Historians will attach different weight to those two statements – but the second merits consideration, and the reasons for that are threefold. First and foremost, it tells us how he perceived himself. For him, his vocation and priesthood were part of his very being, were of his very essence. He did not choose the priesthood; he was chosen for it. He agreed with the Psalmist in seeing such things shaped from the womb. Not that predestination led him towards Calvinism. The second thing that being ‘born wearing a biretta’ tells us about him is that he regarded his spiritual home as being within what can perhaps best be described as the on-going Catholic tradition of the Church in these islands. There he found both the beauty of holiness and the rock of spiritual discipline. There can scarcely have been a priest who followed more closely the Apostle Paul's enjoinder that everything should be done decently and in order. A strong sense of vocation combined with an unflinching devotion to discipline could make for a very daunting individual, were

it not for the third thing his oft-cited claim reveals – his warm and lively sense of humour. His claim of being ‘born wearing a biretta’ tells us a lot about the man.

With or without a biretta, he was born in 1929 in the village of Rede near Bury St Edmunds in Suffolk. It was there that he was brought up and received his early education before undertaking military service in the Royal Air Force. He served in the Middle East and rose to be a Senior Non-Commissioned Officer. While serving in Egypt, he formed what would become a life-long friendship with Colin Hector who is here today and to whom and to whose family we offer our condolences. Colin recalls how, in those years, the two friends would on occasion say the office of Compline together in the station chapel, with Colin singing the hymns and Harold playing the organ. On return to the United Kingdom, it was to south Wales that Harold came, with his mind set upon training for ordination. He entered St David’s College, Lampeter in 1958 and was ordained deacon in Monmouth diocese in 1961 and priested the following year. He served his title first as a curate at Christ Church, Ebbw Vale, and then moved to Llandaff diocese for his second curacy at St German’s here in Cardiff.

He would often reminisce about his time at St German’s. It appeared a golden period in his ministry – and those to whom he ministered speak with affection as well as respect about his years there. One, now in her nineties, who taught at St German’s school at that time, still speaks fondly of his visits and the children’s regard for him. Another, a former patient at the Royal Infirmary where he ministered, and who was later to become a home communicant in this parish, spoke with lasting appreciation of his pastoral care during her very lengthy time of need. It was at St German’s also that he nurtured Fr. Christopher Fry’s vocation to the ministry, and also while there that, having introduced the couple, he officiated at Colin’s marriage to Valerie. He would later baptize all three of their children, officiate or assist at the children’s weddings, and baptize some of the grandchildren.

The Ebbw Vale and the Adamsdown where he served were at that time still communities based on heavy industry, albeit set to decline. By the

time he moved to his first incumbency at St Mary's Glyntaff in 1973, that decline was changing the economic face of south Wales. Profound changes were also taking place in the social life of Britain and in its moral outlook, with consequences for the traditional place of church and chapel in the life of the people. It was a challenging time to be a parish priest, whether in Pontypridd, Cardiff or anywhere else, but it was a challenge which devotion, dedication and discipline could meet.

It was to Cardiff and to this very parish that Fr. Clarke returned for his second and final incumbency, teaching the faith by preaching the word and by his example of devotion to the sacraments, dedication to the daily offices and observances, and personal spiritual discipline. His gifts were recognized in election by his fellow clergy to serve on the Governing Body of the Church in Wales, and his appointment as a Residentiary Canon of Llandaff Cathedral in 1991. During his final decade at St Martin's, he also served as Rural Dean of Cardiff. The Church, like the RAF earlier, recognized the worth of his doing everything decently and in order.

There was indeed a military precision to his planning and execution of the liturgy, and many here will know that his plans for this funeral stretch back decades rather than years. Some, myself included, were originally recruited as reserves on the bench rather than principal players on the field, winning our caps only as the first choices were transferred to the premier league. One cannot help suspecting that many of the departed fellow-priests who will now greet Fr. Clarke may begin by offering their apologies for absence.

Yes, we laugh, and it is fitting that we do so, because it honours his lively sense of humour. More than once some minor mishap in the sacristy would produce a devastating one-liner leaving servers and sacred ministers struggling to recover their composure. The sparkle in his eyes that would presage some apt remark was still to be seen occasionally until very recently.

His was a lively faith, and its centre was the life-giving Sacrament of the altar. As Rural Dean, he organized the Lenten Quiet Day for the

Deanery clergy, conducted by Bishop Roy Davies. One of Bishop Roy's addresses at the 1994 Quiet Day hosted at All Saints, Llandaff North by Fr. Fry, spoke of those who strove to keep the altar at the centre of their lives. Canon Clarke was one such. I was privileged to celebrate Solemn High Mass with him here at St Martin's on literally hundreds of occasions in the last decade of his incumbency. He was always at his most relaxed, least stressed, most at home, at the altar. For him fulfilling Our Lord's commission to do this in remembrance of him and thereby give ourselves up to his service *was* life in its fullness, and it brought him joy.

Having to retire at 70 did not, but he remained active in ministry while his health allowed, officiating regularly at first in St German's and later in the parish of Roath, as well continuing to act as a spiritual director to many. In the last 4-5 years in Roath, when he couldn't walk so well, he attended St Margaret's, often accompanied to and from by members of the congregation. At first on Wednesdays and later also Sundays, he joined the congregation, made many new friends and found a happy home there.

Retirement also coincided – cruelly – with the loss of several of those dear to him. The early death of Fr. Fry in 1994 had been a severe blow, and within a short space of his retirement, he faced the death of his sister, Ruby, her husband, and one of their sons. The friendship group from early days in south Wales was also diminished by the loss of his great friend and fellow priest, Fr. Dewi Davies, as well as Valerie Hector. The last years saw a gradual decline in his physical health, borne with a mixture of frustration and humour at first, but less easily after his protracted if not atypical stay in hospital robbed him of the hope of any meaningful independence. His one final piece of good fortune was the warm care and attention he received at Willowbrook in St Mellons during his final months, for which all who visited him there will ever remain grateful.

The Post-communion Prayer of Thanksgiving speaks of us offering ourselves as a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice to God. Originally, the word used was not *living* but *lively*. Neither in modern English

conveys exactly what is intended. The Welsh, *bywiol*, which needed no change, perhaps conveys the meaning better – that our giving of ourselves, our souls and bodies, should be ‘full of life’ – so full of life that it gives life to others. Our Lord’s sacrifice was not merely *living* but life-giving. He died that we might live, and live that life in its fullness which he stated to be the purpose of his coming amongst us. For Fr. Clarke, living a life that was dedicated to proclaiming the fullness of life which faith in Christ affords and bringing others to that faith and sustaining them within it *was* to live life in its fullness.

On the eve of his retirement from this parish, as we gave thanks for the life, example, fellowship and prayers of St David on the eve of *Gwyl Dewi*, I said in my homily that it would be an empty sham for us to praise virtues in those we had never known if we were not prepared to recognize them in those whom we did. Today we thank God for the life, example, fellowship and prayers of Harold George Clarke, Priest, and ask that Our Lady and the saints join their prayers to ours as we commend his soul into the hands of the God who made him, redeemed him and continues to sanctify him as he enters the next phase of life in its fullness. We commend him to God, and leave it to God to decide the most appropriate headgear for his arrival on this occasion.

May he rest in peace ✠ and rise in glory. **Amen.**



The Centre of the World

What do you do on a day off? A friend of mine goes fishing. I used to go with him. We'd spend hours upon hours upon hours on the sea shore catching not a lot. But it was peaceful, and I realised years later that all those hours were actually connecting with the moment – finding peace with the world. I call that prayer these days.

But during Holy Week I took a day off to try something different - pilgrimage has replaced fishing!

I went to Hereford Cathedral. A two hour journey (should have been one and a quarter but for the tractors) landed me in a traffic jam of old Testament proportions. But eventually I found myself in the great cathedral that houses the Mappa Mundi.

If you've never seen it, or never heard of it, check it out on Mr Google. It is a map of the world painted on a single piece of calf skin (vellum) drawn in approximately 1300. In fact, Mr Google won't do it justice. It is amazing to see right up close. An image of paradise tops the circular world in which Noah's Ark, the Red Sea, the Ganges river, and Mount Olympus are carefully drawn. England and Scotland are on the wild outskirts of the bottom left hand corner along with even more distant Ireland. Wales isn't mentioned (grrrr) but St Davids is (which just about makes up for it).

But most striking of all is the centre of the circle – Jerusalem. It is Jerusalem that is the centre of the world according to medieval wisdom. Christ's place of passion and resurrection is at the centre of the physical world, and the spiritual world. The temple in Jerusalem, the centre of the Jewish world, is now the new temple of Christ. His seat is in Jerusalem this is the focus of the intellectual and spiritual world in the beginning of the 14th century.

It's so worth a visit. Avoid the tractors if you can. Pretty good coffee in the coffee shop and Eucharist at 12 o'clock.

As I was driving home (the tractors seemed to have gone home as well) I was thinking of what one of the guides said. It seems that Tim Peake, the British astronaut who spent some time in the international space station, took a postcard of the Mappa Mundi into space with him. He took a photograph of the Mappa Mundi in the foreground and in the background was ... guess what the real world. Planet earth was juxtaposed against the Mappa Mundi - reality against quaint medieval perception. Tim Peake tweeted the picture with the caption "A copy of one of the oldest maps in Britain, now exploring the newest frontier here in space." - <http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-hereford-worcester-35553858>

And it's true that we are expanding our horizons and our knowledge of space. We are certainly peering deeper and deeper into the universe and further and further back in time. What else will we find? How much more can we know?

Whatever we find will be fascinating. But there is a truth to the Mappa Mundi that will not change. Jerusalem may not be the physical centre of the observable world and certainly not of space. But Christ will always be the centre – wherever you are. Christ, the physical presence of the invisible God, will be before you, behind you, to your left and to your right. And Christ will be your centre in joy and in pain, in life and in death.

The intuition of medieval scribes isn't undermined by pictures from space. Quite the opposite. The resurrection of the incarnate and crucified Lord means that Christ will forever be at the centre of our lives.

Go and see the Mappa Mundi – and see Christ at the centre of your life.

Fr Rhys

St Edwards Notes Pentecost 2018

Looking back Holy week and Easter were a blessed time, with many services in the Parish. The choir and orchestra gave a meditative performance of Mozart's Solemn Vespers which was much appreciated, and Easter day was a suitably joyful occasion, with many visitors. The church looked beautiful, with extravagant flowers thanks to many generous donations and some inventive gleaning!

Events and bookings the church and schoolroom are now busy most days, with services and rehearsals and other activities. The website has recently been updated, thanks to Alan, and contains a Google Calendar
<http://www.roath.org.uk/StEdward/calendar.html>
You can also follow St Edward's on twitter.

Forgetmenot café 1st Anniversary party was quite an occasion, with some special guests including Bishop June and The Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress. As always, those who attend to enjoy the very special atmosphere created by the regular visitors and helpers had a wonderful time.





The 'Ukulele Nights' entertaining the participants at the Forgetmenot café 1st Anniversary party

Thanks to Trish Cassidy who has been a regular member of our Forget Me Not group, with her mother Ann, since May 2017. Trish has researched the names on our war memorials, adding to the work carried out by Bill Berry, who visited and photographed many of the war graves in Europe. She has published a book under the name of Amy P. Stinson, her Grandmother and there is a copy in both churches in the Parish. Thanks Trish, for this comprehensive and thorough record.

Megan Martin was delighted to receive flowers from the Parish on the occasion of her 102nd birthday.

New Altar Kneelers thanks to Kathie Mayer we now have more comfortable kneelers at the altar. Thanks also to Janice Goble, as some of the cost was raised by her most recent wonderful raffle.

Saying goodbye in February we paid our respects as we said goodbye to Nell Williams, a faithful member of St Edward's for many years. Other friends whose funerals took place recently include, Beryl O'Donovan in February and Bernard Davies in April. Our condolences to their families and our grateful thanks for all they did and gave to St Edward's and the Parish over many years.

Residents of a south Wales valleys town celebrate a centuries old tradition

Beating the Bounds began in 1346 with the presentation of a royal charter creating freemen of Llantrisant. Every seven years thousands of people walk the seven mile boundary of the borough to mark the anniversary. The walk was created to ensure that anyone who wasn't a freeman wasn't trading within the boundary. Over the centuries the rural boundary has been replaced by developments including the Royal Mint, the Royal Glamorgan Hospital, factories, shops and houses. However residents and businesses don't let the changing landscape get in the way of this ancient tradition.

The Master of the Mint allows the walkers to march alongside the Mint, while the chief executive of the Royal Glamorgan Hospital and captain of Llantrisant Golf Club also grant free passage. One resident in Cross Inn will welcome hundreds into their garden so the sons or grandsons of freemen can be bounced on the boundary stone - the Maen Llwyd - which sits on their property. The walk is led by the bearer of the mace who undertakes the walk carrying the Llantrisant mace. It dates back to 1633 and is older than the mace at the Houses of Parliament.

Beating the Bounds is a wonderful celebration of the ancient traditions of Llantrisant. It begins with a service at the Parish Church before the Llantrisant Town Trust lead a parade, including a marching band, along Swan Street for the commencement of the walk. This traditional walk takes place next in 2024.

See www.llantrisant.net for more details



NEWS FROM THE LYCHGATE



After our dreary winter, spring has come upon us all at once. The daffodils are flowering with the bluebells and all of a sudden the green leaves are appearing. Our churchyard is beautiful and the squirrels are out in force.

The church was full of flowers for Easter, and it was, as usual, a great festival. (Even if, at 9.30, we didn't sing "Jesus Christ is Risen Today!") Sheila, our dear octogenarian, wore a lovely Easter bonnet to delight us all. Here are a couple of photos taken by our esteemed organist/choirmaster Gary to show the delightful bonnet.



We have two birthdays, of note to report. Mary Griffin was presented with flowers at the 9.30 Eucharist on the 15th April, in honour of her 90th birthday. Her daughter Liz, and granddaughter, Lauren, were in church with her as usual. This was followed the next day by a party at the Knitting and Crochet Club. We also send our warm congratulations to Jean Hooper who has had her 80th birthday.

We note that it has been another great month for the choir. Their anthem on Easter morning "This Joyful Eastertide" was much appreciated as was "The Vicar of Dibley" last Sunday!

Father Clarke had a lovely funeral mass on 7th April in St Martin's Roath. This was fittingly within the octave of Easter. There was also some fine sacred music. Several of St Margaret's congregation were present, as were our Vicar and

Curate. There was an acknowledgement that Father Harold had spent his later years, coming to St Margaret's on Sunday and Wednesday. He seemed happy to be among us and was greatly loved. Rest in Peace Father Harold. Requiescat in Pace!

We send our thoughts and best wishes, as usual, to those of you at home, poorly or in hospital.

Sally reports that once again the Spring Fayre is upon us on Saturday 26th May 10am-12:30pm this is a wonderful day and there are items which are still required for the following stalls: Books, Toys, Bric-a-Brac, Jewellery, Red White and Blue items for the Tombola Stall, Toiletries, Scarves, Handbags, CDs, DVDs, Plants and Cakes. if you would like to help out on a stall or even setting up then contact Anna Mason on 07720641653, Gill Day on 20495496 or Pat Hyett on 20471247 for further information or details.

Also once again the time for giving for Christian Aid is upon us on 13-19th May. The day before, 12th May, there is a Christian Aid Afternoon Tea from 3pm-5pm at Roath Church House. Any food contributions would be appreciated. These can be brought to Roath Church House from 1pm-2pm on the day.

We would like to extend our thanks to Mari Mcneill for her address about the workings of Christian Aid on the fifth Sunday of Easter (29th April). It was well worth listening to and it made you see that there are people who are worse off than you. We pray that the work of Christian aid continues and helps those people who are left with nothing after the terrible hurricanes etc.

Also on the 9th June our esteemed Organist and Choirmaster Gary Mullins and friends will be giving a charity concert celebrating the Queen's birthday and is in aid of "Believe" (raising awareness for organ donation and church funds) at St Margaret's Church at 7.30pm. Hope you will all come and support this event.

That is all from us for now.

God Bless and until next time.

Julia & Sally



A poem chosen by Bishop Jim Thompson when he retired as Bishop of Bath and Wells in 2001.

Cathedral Builders

They climbed on sketchy ladders towards God,
With winch and pulley hoisted hewn rock into heaven,
Inhabited sky with hammers, defied gravity,
Deified stone, tool up God's house to meet Him,

And came down to their suppers and small beer;
Every night slept, lay with their smelly wives,
Quarrelled and cuffed the children, lied.
Spat, sang, were happy or unhappy,

And every day took to the ladders again;
Impeded the rights of way of another summer's
Swallows, grew greyer, shakier, became less inclined
To fix a neighbour's roof of a fine evening.

Saw nave sprout arches, clerestories soar,
Cursed the loud fancy glaziers for their luck.
Somehow escaped the plague, got rheumatism,
Decided it was time to give it up,

To leave the spire to others; stood in the crowd
Well back from the vestments at the consecration,
Envied the fat bishop his warm boots,
Cocked up a squint eye and said, 'I bloody did that.'

John Ormond

Notes from the North number 31

I tender my apologies for missing the last magazine. I am going to request an extension to the hours in a day!!! It is selfish I know, but how can I fit IN all these 'things' we are having to do?

I had given a set of keys for the bungalow to the Agent to show prospective buyers round. I had decided being off the premises was the best thing to do. Hearing casual comments about the place are best avoided really.

That first day of viewing, we had gone shopping, and as we emerged from the car, my mobile rang. "Mr Hanks, I cannot unlock the front door. The key has got 'Timpson' on it!!"

I did not panic (Much!). I said I would be with him in 15 minutes. Ha,ha. The traffic had different ideas. 20+ minutes later we arrived at Manor Lane. He was quite correct, it would not open the door, but as I had given them 3 keys on a key ring, and they were not there, I wondered what had happened to them!! I supplied another set, and we left the scene.

After lunch, we went to the agent's office to enquire what had happened. Kath. had become a little agitated and was prepared to 'enquire' why the 'lad' had not contacted the office instead of us – but the lady agent greeted us with – "Oh Mr. Hanks these two people have made an offer to buy your Bungalow". AT THE ASKING PRICE. !!!!!!!

We felt elated at the speed of the sale, but mixed with puzzlement!! We are still in the clouds!!! Now the paper trail has commenced!!! I had forgotten just how much paper is going to be consumed, and the detail needed to fill all the spaces.

Kath is getting a little!!, concerned as to the size of her expectations/doubts, when we start the exercise with her house. We shall see, but hope springs eternal!!

The rules and regulations for house sale and purchasing have changed considerably since Maureen and I left Cardiff. I do not want to have to go back to school and learn all these new requirements. I admit that I have met a lot more people in the course of the exercise, but I am not sure that is what I had expected.

Our ideas as expressed in the last letter, seemed to be relatively straight forward. I think we are going to learn quite a lot before the dust eventually settles.

Since the news of our wedding has spread, (by the jungle telegraph?), many people have approached us and expressed delight!!/encouragement!!!/disbelief!!/envy!!/.

The church may be filled by many of Kath's friends and my widening circle of friends, on the day of the 'event', and outnumber the guest list which we have invited by a large amount!!!!. We did not anticipate such an interest.

The vicar had been asked to book a wedding on the same date as ours, and he has/had given them a time of 12:00. Unfortunately the advice was accompanied by details of the couple's address. The documents have been mislaid and there have been requests in the weekly newsletter and the Parish magazine for the couple to contact him!! So far without success. When Kath asked what would happen if the couple DO eventually emerge, and are at all late in the day, would we still have the scheduled time honoured. He has promised that any delay would be taken out of the length of their ceremony!!

Latest situation to follow in next issue!! David and Kath.

Laughlines

A woman went to the police station, with a neighbour, to report her husband missing. She described him as 35 years old, 6 foot tall, with dark eyes, dark wavy hair, an athletic build, weighing 12 stone, softly spoken and good to the children. Her neighbour protested! 'Your husband is 5 foot 4, chubby, bald, has a big mouth and is mean to your children!'

'Yes', replied the wife, "but who wants him back?"

Two men were discussing how easily credit cards were being stolen. One said, 'Yes, mine got stolen last month, but I didn't report it.' The other asked, 'Why not?'

'Why not? The thief's spending less than my wife!'

A man was telling his neighbour, 'I just bought a hearing aid. It cost me £4,000, but it's state of the art.' 'Really', said the neighbour, 'what kind is it?' 'Twelve thirty".'

An elderly woman walked into a country church. The friendly usher greeted her at the door and helped her up the steps. 'Where would you like to sit?' 'Oh, the front row please,' she replied. 'You really don't want to do that, the Vicar is really boring,' said the usher.

'Do you know who I am?' she asked. 'No,' he said. 'I'm the Vicar's mother!'

she replied indignantly.

'Do you know who I am?' he asked. 'No'. 'Good,' he answered, 'Let me show you to the front pew.'

A woman in a diet club had gained weight. She'd made her family's favourite cake and they'd eaten half of it at dinner. Next day, she gazed at the other half, until finally she cut herself a slice. One slice led to another, until the whole cake was gone. She was very disappointed, and knew her husband would be too! 'What did he say when he found out you'd eaten it?' someone asked. 'Oh, he never found out. I made another cake and ate half!'

The Robin

by Hazel Williams

She had always been such a plain
little bird,
Her feathers dull and brown.
She little knew that on that day
She would perch upon a crown.

That day she flew in springtime
trees,
Tending well her young.
She fetched and carried food for
them,
Yet not a song was sung.

'Twas then she heard the angry
sounds,
The lash, the cries of pain.
She heard them chanting
'CRUCIFY'
Again and yet again.

She flew above the dusty streets,
She saw Him with the cross,
She watched Him fall, a gentle
man,
She sensed His fear and loss.

She followed Him to a hillside
Where they nailed Him to a tree.
The sky turned black, the
thunder roared,
How could they let this be?

Her little heart beat faster
As she stepped upon his crown,
A cruel thing, of thorn was made,
His life-blood flowing down.

She tried so hard to help Him,
The little frightened thing,
She caught the thorns and
tugged and pulled,
No time for her to sing.

She felt so weak and weary,
Such pain was in her breast.
She paused and saw a dark red
stain
Where on the thorns she
pressed.

Then soon it was all over,
His suffering was done.
He had paid the price of sin,
God's beloved son.

The little bird winged homeward,
So sadly to her nest,
But she and all those after her
Have his mark upon their breast.

So when you spy a robin,
Singing merrily in the snow,
Remember Christ in agony
So very long ago.

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

Wed: 9.30 am Holy Eucharist

ST. EDWARD'S CHURCH BLENHEIM ROAD

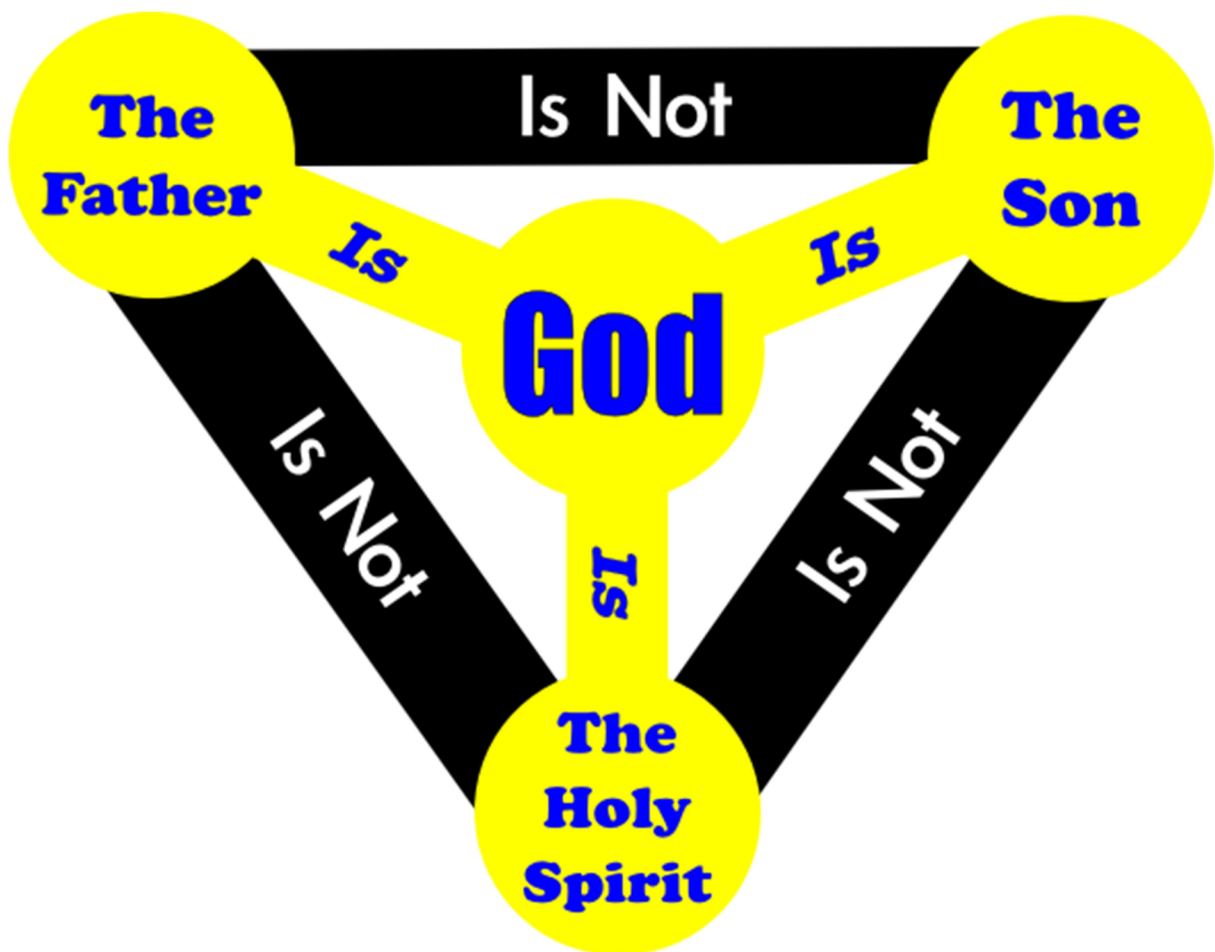
**Sun: 11.00 am Sung Eucharist & Sunday School
7.00 pm Choral Evensong
Wed: 10.15 am Holy Eucharist**

**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 next magazine (Summer) is Monday 25th June

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



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