

Roath News



Christmas / Epiphany 2018 / 2019

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
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 (Lent) is 4th
February**

From the Vicar of Roath, the Reverend Canon Stewart Lisk

My dear Friends,

Perhaps by the time you read this, Christmas will have arrived and you might be exhausted by all the preparations that seem to start earlier and earlier each year. I heard one exasperated shopper exclaim the other day “All this fuss and just for one day!” The fuss she was talking about was, of course, the buying of vast quantities of food, purchasing presents and spending a lot of money.

A purist might respond “Well it isn’t just for one day, there are twelve days of Christmas.” Indeed that old Christmas song is still popular today. We in the Church still keep those twelve days as celebrations from Christmas Day until the feast of the Epiphany. On that day we remember the arrival of the Wise Men from the East who had followed the Star and looked for the coming Messiah. We also use the Epiphany season as the period when we recall that Christ was shown forth to the world.

So many of these traditions do not have a basis in Scripture. It was only from around the third century that 25th December was settled upon as a day to recall the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was preceded nine months before by the Annunciation on the 25th March for obvious reasons! Some have said that this dark and cold time of the year was chosen because it was a period when many pagan or irreligious festivals took place so people wanted to celebrate at such time. Certainly the world whether Christian or secular still does enjoy celebrations at December and January and why not?!

However for many people this season also renews feelings of sadness or loneliness and a regret that a loved one is no longer around to celebrate any more. If we are fortunate enough to be able to rejoice at this time let us also make an effort to bring some joy and love to others. This is not always easy but brings its own reward.

May the blessings of the Christ Child be with you all this
Christmastide and for evermore

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Stewart Lisk', with a stylized, flowing script.

In Memoriam Audrey Lisk

Below are the words I spoke at my mother, Audrey's, funeral in Llandaff Cathedral on Monday 10th December.

A huge thank you from us all for the cards, letters and messages you have sent. We were very grateful to see so many at the service. Our very special thanks must go to the Directors of Music and choir members from Roath Parish who sang so beautifully.

Audrey loved coming here to services, events and fairs and was always so warmly welcomed. Thank you all for your kindness as we begin life without her with us here on earth



"Ten years ago I stood here as we said farewell to Clive our dear father. I remember saying then that I owed a debt to him as he had helped me with public speaking skills from my youth. However, it was from my mother Audrey that I was always told to have (in her phrase) "bags of confidence" in order to do anything. I hope today I will be able to live up to the trust they placed in me.

May I begin by thanking you all for joining us here, Mum would be amazed to see so many of you present. We are also overwhelmed by the number of cards, letters and messages we have had which help us remember so much that was good about Audrey.

We have come here to recall a long life that was well lived. A life which began when Audrey was born to Ann Elizabeth and Ernest George Martin in the old family house in Wood Street in the centre of Cardiff. A few years later the houses were demolished to make way for the new bus station! The family moved to Leckwith, Sloper Road. Our mother had fond memories of growing up with her brothers and sisters Philip, Margaret, Doris and David. She loved and cared for them all, especially the youngest, David.

Audrey was a bright and able scholar, always coming first in her class in English and History. Sadly there was no money to enable her to go on to Grammar School, so she left school at 14. Never daunted, she went to work at Currans as an office junior. In order to improve her skills and prospects, she went to Miss Davies' commercial school on evenings and Saturdays, paid for out of her own wages, where she learned Pitmans Shorthand. She then went to a post at International Paints with offices in the Coal Exchange. She was reputedly the first woman on the 'Exchange Floor' even though women weren't allowed, but she didn't know!

At home, family life centred around the Church, they worshipped at St Dyfrig's, Wood Street, where her elder brother Philip was a chorister and altar boy. After they moved to Sloper Road, they were regulars at St John the Evangelist in Canton, where her younger brother David was Head Chorister. Girls weren't allowed in the choir then, but Audrey had memories of helping her mother and aunt wash, starch and iron all the choir surplices!

In the war years, she recalled running from school to home during air raids and sheltering in the Anderson Shelter, and her teacher staying with the family for cups of tea!

Young Audrey had joined the Junior Air Corps, and on one occasion on the way to an important event at the City Hall she got soaked. The only available dry uniform was an officer's, so she ended up smartly leading her contingent in the parade!

Sadness came to the family with the premature death of her father at the age of 51, but the love and support of her mother carried them through. Happier times were to come. Mum was a member of Cymru'r Groes (Welshmen of the Cross, a youth organisation). She arrived at a harvest thanksgiving supper and there were no seats, but a handsome young fellow found a child's chair for her, and much to everyone's amusement she sat on it! That young fellow, of course, was Clive. Their romance soon became an engagement and they were married at St John's in Canton by Canon

Bill Winters on 5th August 1955. They impressed family and friends by honeymooning in Switzerland.

Dad's job in engineering had him moving around, working for 3M in Tredegar, but then came a posting to Paris. Although they said they would fly him home every three weeks as they understood he was newly married, he refused. Instead, Mum flew out to Paris, enjoying long weekends and holidays in that most romantic city.

Dad's next post, however, was Birmingham, and they bought their first home in Solihull. By this time, Ruth had been born in 1960, and I arrived in 1962. It wasn't long, however, that hiraeth and family ties brought us back to Wales. We were soon established at 7 Vaughan Avenue, which has become a much-loved family home for the last 56 years.

After I was born, Mum had passed her driving test, and was bought her first car, a red Mini. This was a lifeline for her, as she spent many hours ferrying us children around – and our friends – to all our activities. And as time went on, taking her ageing mother, aunt Minnie, her in-laws Mabel and Lewis, to all their appointments, and it seemed doing shopping for everyone!

Ruth and I have lovely memories of home life, Mum loved to sing around the house as she went about her chores. She had a great sense of humour and fun, which endeared her to our friends, who recall incredible birthday teas and impromptu picnics in the tree house overlooking the park.

We had countless family holidays together in Worthing and West Wales, and touring all over the UK. National Trust-ing was a pastime. Our parents gave us every support and encouragement, and were very proud when Ruth was the first member of our family to go to Oxford University to read English, and equally so when I followed her there to read Law three years later. They loved visiting us at Oxford, we loved seeing them and all the goodies they would bring and the fabulous meals out we would enjoy together!

Audrey and Clive were delighted when Ruth married Richard here in 1981, and were thrilled with the arrival of two grandchildren, Jonathan and Phoebe. They were very involved with their early lives, enjoying taking them to Victoria, Thompsons and Roath Park, and spoiling them with treats at Christmas and birthdays. Mum came to every school production and concert that Phoebe sang and danced in, and was interested in all Jonathan's achievements in rugby and cricket. And of course, she was thrilled when Jonathan gained a degree in Physics and Phoebe in Maths.

Mum and Dad were equally delighted when I married Karen in 1997, and had a second go at grandparenting with Lydia and Sophie. They were always interested in their ballet, athletics and academic achievements, and Mum was delighted with Lydia's recent excellent GSCE results.

Mum especially enjoyed twice-yearly trips to Solva up until this Summer, paddling in the sea at Whitesands and dinner on the terrace with "oceans of food"!

At home, Mum loved to read (often late into the night) novels with an historical setting, and knitting. She read the newspaper every day and was well up on the news nationally and locally. We always knew, however, not to telephone during 'The Archers'!

Recently, she was so pleased to see Phoebe become engaged to Christopher, and then the Summer before last, she had a wonderful day when Jonathan was married to Rebecca at St Margaret's. She was in her element on a glorious summer day at Manor Parc with family and friends. Only this September she was blessed with her first great-grandchild Jacob, who will be told many stories about Nanny Audrey.

There is so much more to say about Audrey, but we have been touched and heartened by the many kind things you have said in your messages and cards. Friends have described her as a lovely lady whom it was a privilege to know, and she was loved and respected by all she met. She was a valued and helpful member of the Mothers'

Union and St Teilo's Guild, where she always welcomed new members with a friendly smile and chat. She was kind and thoughtful to friends and neighbours when they were ill or bereaved, ever ready with a well-chosen card and genuine good wishes. Young and old enjoyed her company at home, in church and round and about, and she always managed a cheerful, smiling demeanour. She was described as a shining example and a good Christian lady.

She was well known in Llandaff and Cardiff, being resident here for all her life. She was a weekly communicant here and a stalwart of the Cathedral, and was a familiar figure in Vaughan Avenue, always concerned for and friendly to her neighbours. The home and garden that she loved were always a place of welcome.

We all know Audrey endured periods of ill health, suffering cancer 39 years ago requiring major surgery and, more recently, Hodgkins' Lymphoma, blood cancer, cancer in the mouth last Christmas, and heart disease. Through all this she showed bravery, courage, determination and an unfailing spirit to soldier on. She has given us a wonderful legacy of love, values and countless memories that we shall always treasure.

The day before Audrey died, we went to the bank, the pharmacist and the podiatrist, and after lunch we went to the UHW audio clinic for her first ever hearing aid. As we sat waiting for the appointment, she said to me "I do miss your Dad".

Well, Mum, we now know and believe that you are reunited with Clive and all those you loved that have gone before. We shall miss you, but can sincerely pray today, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the glory of thy Lord".

May Audrey rest in peace and rise in Heaven in glory. Amen."

The Pantheon – Love of all Kinds

I was in Rome last week. Rome in December is like June in Britain. At least it was this week. We had sunshine and warm weather for a whole week. The warm coat I took proved useful only for when I got off the plane again in Bristol.

Rome is a place where old ways meet new – where the ancient civilisation of the Roman empire speaks to you alongside the renaissance magic. Where Julius Caesar and Augustus are cheek to cheek with Michael Angelo, Carravagio and all the modern designer labels.

But the place where old meets new most spectacularly for me is the Pantheon – a huge circular dome of a space into which you can wander, filled with awe, and when you look up you see the heavens through a hole in the ceiling.

It was built by the ancient Romans as a temple to all the Gods – the pantheon of Gods. In the Pantheon all manner of animals were killed and burned. The smoke rose and exited through the hole in the ceiling presumably to the satisfaction of Gods who were then placated. Such sacrifice meant that your crops would grow and the Gods wouldn't send any thunderbolts / earthquakes / diseases or anything else that ancient Romans feared.

After Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire (much debated thanks to Emperor Constantine) the old Gods were outlawed and the Christian God was worshipped in the Pantheon instead.

Wandering round the streets of Rome in Advent you can certainly get the impression that Christmas is coming. Just as in Cardiff, the Christmas trees and decorations are out in abundance and your senses are assaulted by the lure of consumerism.

Christmas time has become a festival of shopping. It's certainly true that we buy a lot for other people rather than for ourselves alone. But we can't escape the reality of the excesses that occur at Christmas time – the excesses that are accepted by a culture that is almost defined by consumerism. A culture in which materialism and the unending desire for more is what drives an economy but also breeds dissatisfaction as no sooner do we have what we thought we wanted, we want more of it or different stuff again.

Is constant consumerism like worshipping the old pantheon of pagan Gods? Are we continually placating the Gods of ‘stuff’ by continually sacrificing our desires on things that will not satisfy?

Or am I being Scrooge? (Maybe a bit!)

What’s so fascinating about the Pantheon is how it changed its whole purpose – from worshipping pagan gods to worshipping the God of Love who was born into our lives and is continually reborn.

What’s so important about Christmas is the way God’s unconditional love becomes so real, so immanent – so satisfying.

At Christmas we celebrate God’s coming. At Christmas we rejoice as God is born in us. We worship the God who loves us enough to be part of us in this world – not the pagan gods of excess.

During Advent we have an opportunity to change our purpose – and to rejoice in the coming of the God of love.

But don’t forget to enjoy yourselves as well. Nadolig Illawen!

Fr Rhys



Interior of the Pantheon, Rome

ST EDWARDS NOTES – CHRISTMAS 2018

GOOD NEWS Our congregation is expanding and we're delighted to have some new families sharing the regular Sunday Eucharist service.

ANNIVERSARY It's now two years since the Church in Wales has welcomed anyone who is already baptised to receive communion, and since then many new communicants have been welcomed at the altar. Confirmation too remains an important sacrament in our Christian life.

OUR GRATITUDE to Canon Stewart, Rev Dr. Rhys, Canon Woodward, and Canon Doxey for ministering to us throughout the year; to our 'meeters and greeters' who add a very special welcome on Sundays and special occasions; also to our choir and organist/deputies, servers, committee and church officers, who give their free time to help church life run smoothly.

THANKS to all the musicians who have contributed to the many musical events that give us a distinctive place in Roath community life. Alison, who conducts the orchestra and Jayne who curates the monthly coffee concerts, amongst many, many others.

SAYING GOODBYE our combined choirs were privileged to sing at Llandaf for the funeral of Mrs Audrey Lisk. May she rest in peace and rise in heaven in glory.

The **SUNDAY SCHOOL** are already planning their presentation for Christmas morning, one of the highlights of the season. During the year they meet in the schoolroom in the first half of the morning service and **THANKS** to Jane, and all the Sunday School Team who are there to guide our youngest members.

CARDIFF CHURCHES HOMELESS NIGHTSHELTER Jesus said: 'I was a stranger and you welcomed me'. The shelter runs into the new year, please help us help them. For more information contact Fr Phelim O'Hare 22-411229 or phelimohare@gmail.com

ST EDWARD'S MUSIC & ARTS CENTRE DIARY

13 Jan. 3pm. Cardiff Friendly Strings.

19 Jan. Coffee Concert: Nori Hirano (violin) & Alision Dite.

19 Jan. 7pm. Constanza Ladies Choir Concert.

16 Feb. Valentine's Opera: Walton's "The Bear".

19 Feb. Choir of St Peter's, Geneva NY (USA).

23 Feb. Giordano Ferla & Emma Cayeux.

13 Apr. 11.30am. Conservatoire de Rouen/Spectrum Singers

WELCOME to all visitors at this very special time of the year.

A BLESSED and HAPPY 2019



NEWS FROM THE LYCHGATE



Bleak November is upon us as we embark on the Sundays of Advent. The beautiful quiet Autumn with the changing colours of the leaves is now past. All of a sudden the trees are bare. Where did all the leaves go? People in Cardiff can answer that. They went into the drains so that the rain water could not drain away, thus causing floods in roads and car parks.

One of the features of late autumn, the Christmas Fayre, was a great success. The efforts, and spending of many people meant that a total of £1,700 was realized. A great result for those who organized the event and those who manned the stalls. And yes, Sheila Rowe's 86th birthday was acknowledged! "Happy Birthday" was sung to Sheila, at her place behind the bric-a-brac stall.

An unexpected bonus was provided by a mammoth gift of homemade jams, marmalade and chutneys. This was given to us by Astra, a lady from Swansea who is Nick's landlady. Nick is the gentleman who tends our organ. This together with other donations raised a total of £260 towards final Fayre total. We are grateful to Astra for the donation. It represented a lot of work, to say working of the raw material needed. We send her our thanks and love.

By now everyone will know that our vicar has suffered a loss in his family. His mother Audrey Lisk passed away at the end of November. This is a terribly sad for him and Karen, Lydia and Sophie. Everyone is anxious to send condolences and assure them of our loving thoughts at this time.

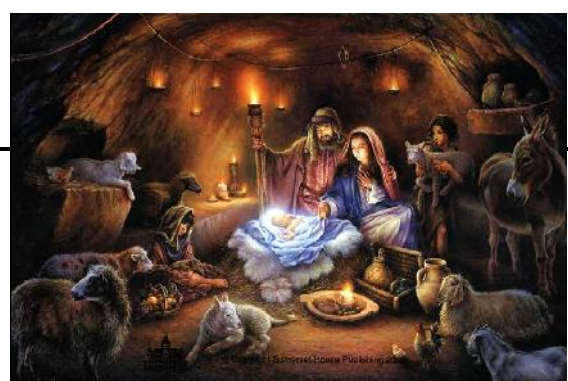
The other Sunday, when Stewart was chatting to the children of the Sunday School about what they had been doing, he asked a little boy what he had thanked God for in his prayer. The little boy said "Thank you for my cat." Many people in the congregation must have thought "Yes, I can go along with that." Thank you for all our pets.

I am sure that everyone will wish to congratulate Frank Hyett, a member of our choir who has this year celebrated 80 years as a chorister. As a little boy of seven he was coming back from Sunday School through the churchyard when the new choirmaster (no-body now remembers his name), came out of the vestry door, and asked Frank if he would like to join the choir. That would be in 1938, and he has been a member of the choir ever since. Even when he did his National Service in the Navy, he came home to the choir whenever he could. This is a fine achievement, Frank, and a service to God and to St Margaret's. He is still in fine voice.

Christmas Greetings to all the friends of St Margaret's who are unable to be with us in the congregation this Christmas time. There will be many thoughts for absent friends. But, wherever we are, we will be united in the singing of traditional hymns and carols. Julia's favourite lines from the hymn are "O Little Town of Bethlehem" (a verse which is now only rarely sung). "The dark night wakes the glory breaks and Christmas comes once more."

Sally reports that she has nothing to report at this time other than she would like to wish all our friends and absent friends from St Margaret's a very merry Christmas and a prosperous new year. Have a very joyous time,

Seasons Greetings to you all
Julia & Sally



Notes from the North number 35

Nearly the end of another year. It has been a really special one, and there is potential for the next one already, because next year, we hope to buy a bungalow after or while selling Kath's house.

Ideally we would aim to sell this house, and then purchase another property at the same time.

Although if we could buy the new first and then purchase the other it would need a bit more finance. OPTIMISTIC?????. We shall see. Sometimes that can be quite an ordeal, but hope springs eternal.

I help out on a Friday at our local Food Bank. I was a little surprised by a remark from a lady who had recently been married. Instead of wedding presents, she and her husband had asked friends and family to donate food for the Food Bank. The lady had brought some of the gifts to the community hall, and we were sorting them out to take back to the store. I was lifting one of the boxes, and Julie, the organiser mentioned about Kath and I having just been married in July. I said it had been rather different from your usual wedding, as we are both in our 80's. The lady paused and then said "I find that rather difficult to believe, the way you lifted that box",!!

I mentioned about luggage earlier, and we have decided to take it on the coach with us.

We are preparing for the cruise, working out what to wear etc., and are making sure we have the appropriate kit for the GALA evenings!!!!!!!. It is making me a little nervous, but My wife reassures me that it will be alright on the nights!!!. I believe her!!, although neither of us is going to splash out on clothes we may never wear again.

As you know, I was born and first married in Warwickshire. My best man passed away in the year before last, but I have kept in touch with his second wife. I sent a Christmas card to her, and included the note about the cruise. The card had reached Olive on her return from a holiday, and she had just popped round to see her neighbours. She opened the card when she got there, When she told them of our cruise plans and they were more than a little surprised especially when she mentioned our plans to them. Guess what!! They are going on a cruise in December too, (and wait for it), it is on the same ship we have booked on. They are boarding a coach at Warwick Motorway service station. So we may be meeting

them even before we embark on the ship. We are still getting over the, rather an unusual coincidence!!

We recently realised that Christmas cards from me should have to include details of my new address. I have tried to include a note of some of the events that have occurred this year, plus the new address. I have today, Dec. 1st., just completed the exercise.

The report on our latest escapades will appear in the next edition.

Meanwhile, we wish all our readers the very Happiest Christmas, and a prosperous New year.

David and Kath.

The Times 31-10-18

CHURCH MILITANT Patrick Kidd

Two more entries for our series on ecclesiastical misprints.

Michael Perkins was not thrilled to read on one pewsheet that the choir would be signing a *Tedium*, while Sharon Puckering recalled a church board meeting that had “warship committee” on the agenda. She felt this was an aggressive way to launch a campaign of Evangelism.

Pewsheet notices The Times 22-11-18

Seen at Christchurch Swindon, by Brian Harris.

“There will be a talk entitled ‘From Cannibalism to Christianity’ followed by a finger buffet.”

A Simple Stable

And so, another Christmas Eve. The year was 2018, and nothing much had changed – the woman was alone. Yet the room was warm and bright. The logs on the fire crackled and hissed, and sparks shot high up into the soot-blackened chimney. A little green tree stood in a corner shimmering with lights, red bows and golden tinsel. Beneath it, sheltered by its branches, was a little wooden crib complete with shepherds, an array of animals and a tiny baby lying in a manger. A young mother watched over him and nearby stood a man overlooking the scene with love and compassion.

This is the night of the blessed Saviour's birth, remembered for all of 2000 years. God as man, sent to redeem the world from sin.

The woman, standing in the silence, pondered these thoughts, as Mary too had pondered in her heart, when the angel told her that she was to carry in her womb the Holy One, the Son of the Father, and she still a virgin, betrothed to Joseph the carpenter. Their faith had uplifted and supported them during that difficult time and had brought them to that place.

There was no room for them then, as there is still no room, in so many hearts. Cast Him out, or offer Him a place apart. A cold dark place – yet today as it was then, His love and truth will shine like a beacon out of the darkness.

The strangers came, the poor, the rich and learned, who worshipped and placed gifts before Him – gold and frankincense and myrrh. The trappings of a king, the promise of the Cross.

Yet here he lay, in the warmth, the twinkling lights brightening up the recesses of the meagre stable, the cattle standing by, chewing the sweet hay.

The woman thought how wonderful it looked; she marvelled at its simplicity and yet the wonder of it filled her with deep emotion. She felt the tears pricking her eyes – a log shifted in the hearth, a shower of sparks leapt upward, the fire a living thing. She paused and then looked back at the manger scene – she caught her breath – for then she saw tears in the eyes of the mother too.

Hazel Williams

Jesus – a Revolutionary Biography

John Dominic Crossan (1994)

This is quite a difficult, but interesting, book, looking at Jesus' life and the society he lived in, in a systematic dispassionate way. What was his world like? Why did he make the impact he did? JDC is not writing as a 'believer' – he is not interested in the Christ figure created later by the church, but the radical words and actions which reveal Jesus' idea of the 'kingdom of God'.

Jesus lived in a segregated society – a tiny literate elite and a vast majority of illiterate peasants. Jesus himself, says JDC, was most probably illiterate! We have four gospels – though he reminds us there are several others, rejected by those who compiled the New Testament in the second century, but discovered by scholars later, in Egypt. The gospels we know are all, he says, theological interpretations of Jesus' life and words, produced between 40 and 70 years after his death. They are not history or biography, but 'good news' to inspire the early church. He looks at other writings from the ancient world, especially the Jewish historian Josephus, to get a clearer picture of just what that world was like, and at some of the figures within it such as Pilate and Herod.

The gospels with infancy stories, Matthew and Luke, both affirm the virgin birth, because, JDC says, they are writing with the later understanding of the adult Jesus, his death and resurrection, and projecting back to a miraculous birth. In reality, he probably had brothers and sisters, mentioned casually in the gospels, one of whom, James, became a leader of the early church in Jerusalem. Did he inherit this position, as the eldest?

Two things about Jesus he stresses above all else; they are – wait for it – 'open commensality' and 'radical egalitarianism'. Don't be put off by these technical terms; the first phrase means sharing a table with people of all classes, as in Jesus' parable of the banquet and his own actions, causing his critics to call him a glutton and a drunkard. Shared table fellowship was unheard of in first century Palestine, where honour and shame governed who ate with whom. Egalitarianism, or equality, Jesus stressed in his behaviour towards those diseased or unclean, touching lepers and a woman with an issue of blood, and of course his parable of the good Samaritan. His 'kingdom of God' cut across all the hierarchies and taboos of the Jewish society of his time.

Of course, 300 years later, Christianity was taken over and absorbed into the Roman Empire under Constantine, and the new hierarchies of emperor, bishop and priest were back, sidestepping Jesus' radical message. To some extent we still have them – Archbishop/bishop, bishop/priest, clergy/laity. Recently, the Church in Wales has admitted all baptised Christians to Holy Communion – unbaptised still left out! – and there are still churches who discriminate between members and non-members, between those who can sign up to the core beliefs and those who can't. Jesus' radical equality has never fitted with how we like to live, where we place ourselves, like with like. Is it just too hard for us? When will the churches, who talk so much about Christ, son of God, second person of the Trinity, think again and take the WAY of Jesus really seriously?

If you like a challenge, give this book a try.

JMR

PRAYER OF AN ELDERLY PERSON

Lord, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing old. Keep me from getting talkative, and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject, and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all – but you know, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end. Keep my mind from the recital of endless details. Give me wings to come to the point.

I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of others' pains. But seal my lips on my own aches and pains – they are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. Help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that, occasionally, it is possible that I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint, some of them are so hard to live with, but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. And give me, O Lord, the grace to tell them so.



When God Made Mothers

When the good Lord was creating Mothers, he was into his sixth day of overtime when an Angel appeared & said, “You’re doing a lot of fiddling around on this one”.

And the Lord said “Have you read the specifications on this order? She has to be completely washable, but not plastic... have 180 moveable parts – all replaceable, run on black coffee & leftovers, have a lap that disappears when she stands up, a kiss that can cure anything from a broken leg to a disappointing love affair, and six pairs of hands”

The Angel shook her head slowly & said, “Six pairs of hands, no way”. “It’s not the hands that are causing me the trouble” says the Lord “It’s the three pairs of eyes that Mothers have to have”

That’s on the standard model? asked the Angel.

The Lord nodded. “One pair that sees through closed doors when she asks *what are you kids doing in there*, when she already knows. Another in the back of her head that sees what she shouldn’t but what she has to know. And of course. the ones in front that can look at a child when he gets himself into trouble & say, I understand & I love you, without uttering so much as a word”.

“Lord”, said the Angel touching his sleeve gently “Go to bed, tomorrow is another....”

I can’t” said the Lord, “I’m so close now. Already I have one who heals herself when she is sick, can feed a family of six on half a kilo of mince, and can get a nine year old to stand under a shower”.

The Angel circled the model of a Mother very slowly “It’s too soft”, she sighed “But tough” said the Lord excitedly “you cannot imagine what this mother can do or endure”

“Can it think?” “Not only think, but it can reason & compromise” said the Creator.

Finally the Angel bent over & ran her finger across the cheek “There’s a leak” she pronounced.

“It’s not a leak”, said the Lord “It’s a tear”.

“What’s it for?”

“It’s for joy, sadness, disappointment, pain, loneliness, & pride”.

“You’re a genius”, said the Angel.

The Lord looked somber, “I didn’t put it there”.

Colouring pages for children – OF ALL AGES





WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE



dailycoloringpages.com

**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 (Lent) is Monday 4th February

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)



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