

**Capel y Boro Service
Sun 26 April 2020 at 11am**

**Replay: St Mungo / Power of
the Resurrection**

**Complete texts, readings,
hymns with links, and
translations**



Intrada and welcome

Blessed Assurance (F J van Alstyne)

Talk on St Mungo I (John Jones)

1 Thessalonians: 2

Talk on St Mungo 2 (John Jones)

Psalms 16

Talk on St Mungo 3 (John Jones)

Rho d'arweiniad Arglwydd tirion
(Rhuddlan, Timothy Rees)

W H Auden Refugee Blues
followed by a Prayer

Jamie Smith Me, myself and I
followed by a Celtic Blessing

The Lord's my Shepherd
(F Rous, rev. for Scottish Psalter)

Rhydwen Williams
Pan ddaw fy nhro

Philippians 3

Dof fel yr wyf, 'does gennyf fi
(Charlotte Elliott, cyf. Eliza Evans)

**Power of the Resurrection –
Message by Geraint Tudur**

Mawr oedd Crist yn
nhragwyddoldeb, (Bryn Myrddin, 1,
3 Titus Lewis, 2 Anad.)

Blessing and closing music

Intrada

Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,
disgyn arnom ni; Ysbryd y
tragwyddol Dduw, disgyn arnom
ni: plyg ni, trin ni, golch ni, cod ni:
Ysbryd y tragwyddol Dduw,
disgyn arnom ni.

*Spirit of the eternal God, descend
upon us; Spirit of the eternal God,
descend upon us:
fold us, treat us, wash us, raise us:
Spirit of the eternal God, descend
upon us.*

**Blessed Assurance, Jesus is
mine!**

O what a foretaste of glory
divine:
heir of salvation, purchase of
God;
born of his spirit, washed in his
blood.

Refrain:

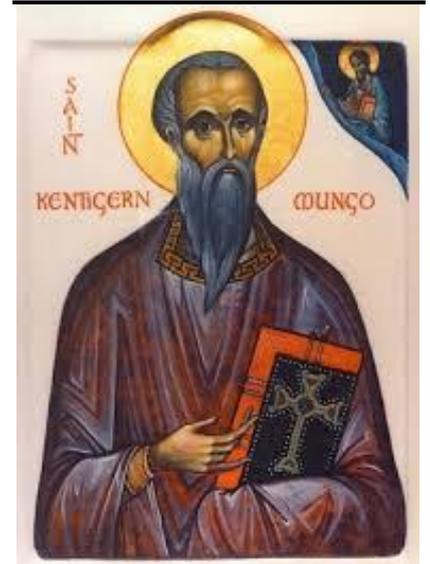
This is my story, this is my song,
praising my Saviour all the day
long;
this is my story, this is my song,
praising my Saviour all the day
long.

Perfect submission, perfect
delight,
visions of rapture burst on my
sight;
angels descending bring from
above
echoes of mercy, whispers of
love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and
blest;
watching and waiting, looking
above,
filled with his goodness, lost in
his love.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n4pzveNsANw>

**A talk on St Mungo by John
Jones – I**



This is a great opportunity to remind ourselves of our great friends and near neighbours at Capel y Boro, St. Mungo's, a refuge that provides essential shelter for the homeless of Southwark who we have been supporting for some years with collections of toiletries. It dates back to the 1960s and has been doing great work for over 50 years. But it has to be said that its work is largely invisible and it is always good to remember the charitable work going on under our noses.

I have done a little research about St. Mungo and was rather astonished by what I found out. He was a sixth-century apostle in the kingdom of Strathclyde, an area in Glasgow which was formerly part of *Yr Hen Ogledd*, the Old North. The name Strathclyde was actually from the Welsh – *Ystrad clud*. The Old North was a region that became Scotland and was inhabited by Celtic Britons in the early Middle Ages. Its people spoke a variety of the Brittonic or Brythonic language known as Cumbric, closely related to Old Welsh and

usually referred to as Early Welsh. The region loomed large in Welsh literature and traditions for centuries after its kingdoms had long disappeared. It was conquered by the Anglo Saxons in the ninth century with Strathclyde incorporated into what became the kingdom of Scotland in the eleventh century. Many Welsh texts were attributed to the men of the North such as Taliesyn, Aneirin and the Cynfeirdd poets. The earliest Welsh poem is the sixth century *Y Gododdin* by Aneurin about the battle of Catraeth which is present day Catterick in North Yorkshire. The name Carlisle was from the Welsh *Caer Luel* and Gododdin was a kingdom in what is nowadays the Lothian region around Edinburgh.

Mungo's ancestry is recorded in *Bonedd y Saint*, a genealogy of saints dating from the 13th century. His birth name was Kentigern or Cyndeyrn, Mungo being his pet name derived from the Cumbric equivalent of Welsh "fy nghy" – my dear one. There's a Llangyndeyrn in Carmarthenshire that some of you may know. His mother, Denyw or Dwynwen, was the daughter of King Lleuddyn who ruled around the Lothian district of the kingdom of Gododdin in the Old North. The word Lothian is a form of *Lleuddyn*. She apparently became pregnant after being raped by Owain mab Urien of Rheged, the region north of Cumbria and fled further north. Legend has it that when they discovered she was pregnant before marriage, her family threw her off a cliff. She survived unharmed and was soon met by an unmanned boat. She knew she had no home to go to so she

boarded the boat and sailed across the Firth of Forth where she landed at Culross. In that respect, we can describe them as refugees. Mungo was brought up by his uncle, St. Serf, in Culross, a village on the River Forth on the east of Scotland and began his missionary work in the Clyde area where Glasgow Cathedral now stands.

We now hear chapter 2 of the first epistle to the Thessalonians in which we hear Paul writing to the Thessalonians. He writes as someone who has suffered greatly for the gospel and travelled far in order to tell people about Jesus. He has been persecuted on his journeys but he responds to that persecution with tenderness and love rather than revenge and violence.

I Thessalonians: 2



You yourselves know, brothers and sisters, that our coming to you was not in vain, but though we had already suffered and been shamefully maltreated at Philippi, as you know, we had courage in our God to declare to you the gospel of God in spite of great opposition. For our appeal does not spring from deceit or impure motives or trickery, but just as we have been approved by God

to be entrusted with the message of the gospel, even so we speak, not to please mortals, but to please God who tests our hearts. As you know and as God is our witness, we never came with words of flattery or words of a pretext for greed; nor did we seek praise from mortals, whether from you or others, though we might have made demands as apostles of Christ. But we were gentle among you, like a nurse tenderly caring for her own children. So deeply do we care for you that we are determined to share with you not only the gospel of God but also our own selves, because you have become very dear to us.

You remember our labour and toil, brothers and sisters; we worked night and day, so that we might not burden any of you while we proclaimed to you the gospel of God. You are witnesses, and God also, how pure, upright, and blameless our conduct was towards you believers. As you know, we dealt with each one of you like a father with his children, urging and encouraging you and pleading that you should lead a life worthy of God, who calls you into his own kingdom and glory.

We also constantly give thanks to God for this, that when you received the word of God that you heard from us, you accepted it not as a human word but as what it really is, God's word, which is also at work in you believers. For you, brothers and sisters, became imitators of the churches of God in Christ Jesus that are in Judea, for you suffered the same things from your own compatriots as they did from the Jews, who killed both the Lord Jesus and the prophets, and drove us out; they displease God and oppose everyone by hindering us from speaking to the Gentiles so that they may be saved. Thus they have constantly been filling up the measure of their sins; but God's wrath has

overtaken them at last. As for us, brothers and sisters, when, for a short time, we were made orphans by being separated from you – in person, not in heart – we longed with great eagerness to see you face to face. For we wanted to come to you – certainly I, Paul, wanted to again and again – but Satan blocked our way. For what is our hope or joy or crown of boasting before our Lord at his coming? Is it not you? Yes, you are our glory and joy!

A talk on St Mungo by John Jones – 2



A strong anti-Christian movement in Strathclyde forced Mungo to leave the district and come to Wales, staying for a while with St. David in St. David's. Mungo was a great traveller and clearly cultivated friendships with those whom he met. He was much loved by St David in Wales and his fame was such that St Columba came visiting. When they met, it is said that they "hastened to unite in mutual embraces and holy kisses, and having fattened themselves first with a spiritual feast of divine words, they afterwards restored themselves with bodily food." It isn't difficult to imagine them relaxing over food and conversation at the end

of the day – their common task of building the church giving them an instant and enduring bond of friendship and affection. And I'll give thanks for the great twin miracles that seem to have been part of his life. The miracle of friendship and of being much loved. Mungo thereafter travelled to North Wales where he founded a monastery in Llanelwy (the church on the river Elwy) or St. Asaph. I have a personal connection here as my paternal grandparents lived in St. Asaph and I have many happy memories of the place, in particular wandering up the hill to visit the cathedral. How little I knew about it then. While Mungo was there he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. Apparently he went to Rome seven times in all. An inveterate traveller.

The monastery in Llanelwy was described as being built in smoothed wood "seeing that they could not yet build in stone". There were almost 1000 people attached to it; 300 working the land, 300 worked in the offices attending the diocese and 365 (the number corresponding with the days of the year) attended to the divine services. There were three choirs and it was documented that as soon as one choir had finished its service in church, immediately another followed it.

Legend has that Kentigern frequently prayed in the icy cold river Elwy. The truth is, we don't know a huge amount about what worship was like in those days. However, it is reasonable to presume that Mungo did what Christians have always done – praying as the sun came up and praying as the sun went down

and using the psalms to shape his offering of praise. On one occasion, having suffered from this endurance, he sent the boy Asaph who was then attending him, to bring a blazing wood to burn and warm him. Asaph instead brought him live coals in his apron, and the miracle revealed to Kentigern the sanctity of his disciple. The King of Strathclyde, Rhydderch Hael, invited the elderly Mungo to return to his kingdom, appointing St. Asaph, one of Mungo's followers, as Bishop of Llanelwy in his place. There in Strathclyde, Mungo lived a saintly life, attracting many followers and performing four miracles, represented in Glasgow city's coat of arms.



He also probably became the first bishop of Glasgow. On the spot where he died now stands the cathedral dedicated to his honour. His feast day is 13th January. We will now hear in Welsh Psalm 16 which is associated with the feast of St. Mungo.

Psalm 16

*Y dewis gorau - Trystio Duw
Wedi ei chofnodi gan Dafydd.*

Amddiffyn fi, O Dduw;
dw i'n troi atat ti am loches.
Dywedais wrth yr Arglwydd,
"Ti ydy fy Meistr i;
mae fy lles i yn dibynnu arnat ti."

Y bobl dduwiol yn y wlad ydy fy
arwyr, dw i wrth fy modd gyda
nhw.
Ond bydd y rhai sy'n dilyn
duwiau eraill yn cael llwyth o
drafferthion!
Dw i eisiau dim i'w wneud â'u
hoffrymau o waed.
Dw i ddim am eu henwi nhw hyd
yn oed!
Ti, Arglwydd, ydy'r un dw i eisiau.
Mae fy nyfodol i yn dy law di.
Rwy'ti wedi rhoi tir da i mi;
mae gen i etifeddiaeth hyfryd.

Bendithiaf yr Arglwydd am fy
arwain i; ac am siarad gyda mi yn
y nos.
Dw i mor ymwybodol fod yr
Arglwydd gyda mi.
Mae'n sefyll wrth fy ochr, a fydd
dim byd yn fy ysgwyd.
Felly, mae fy nghalon i'n llawen!
Dw i'n gorfoleddu!
Dw i'n gwybod y bydda i'n saff!

Wnei di ddim gadael i mi fynd i
fyd y meirw, na gadael i'r un sydd
wedi cysegru ei hun i ti bydru yn
y bedd.
Rwy'ti wedi dangos y ffordd i
fywyd i mi; bydd bod gyda ti yn fy
llenwi â llawenydd a hyfrydwch
diddiwedd bob amser.

*Song of Trust and Security in God
A Miktam of David.*

Protect me, O God, for in you I
take refuge.
I say to the Lord, 'You are my
Lord;
I have no good apart from you.'

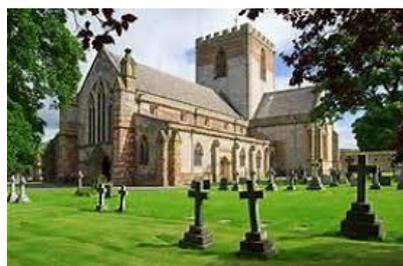
As for the holy ones in the land,
they are the noble, in whom is all
my delight.

Those who choose another god
multiply their sorrows; their
drink-offerings of blood I will not
pour out or take their names
upon my lips.

The Lord is my chosen portion
and my cup; you hold my lot.
The boundary lines have fallen
for me in pleasant places; I have a
goodly heritage. I bless the Lord
who gives me counsel; in the
night also my heart instructs me.
I keep the Lord always before
me; because he is at my right
hand, I shall not be moved.
Therefore my heart is glad, and
my soul rejoices; my body also
rests secure.

For you do not give me up to
Sheol, or let your faithful one see
the Pit. You show me the path of
life. In your presence there is
fullness of joy; in your right hand
are pleasures for evermore.

A talk on St Mungo by John Jones – 3



St. Asaph cathedral claims to be
the smallest Anglican cathedral in
Great Britain: Geoffrey of
Monmouth was bishop in the
12th century and William
Morgan, the first translator of the
Bible into Welsh was bishop in
the 16th century.

The charity was named by its first
warden, who was Scottish, in the

hope that Glasgow Cathedral,
whose patron saint is St. Mungo,
might be persuaded to make a
large donation to the
homelessness project.

We will now sing a hymn written
by Timothy Rees, appointed
Bishop of Llandaff in 1931, and
the first member of a monastic
community to be appointed to
the church in Wales for over
three centuries.

Rho d'arweiniad, Arglwydd tirion,

i'th lân Eglwys yn ein tir;
i'w hofferiaid a'i hesgobion
dyro weledigaeth glir:
gwna'i haelodau yn ganghennau
ffrwythlon o'r Winwydden wir.

Boed i gadarn ffydd ein tadau
gadw d'Eglwys rhag sarhad:
boed i ras ein hordinhadau
buro a sancteiddio'n gwlad:
boed i'w gwyliau a'i hymprydiau
chwyddo'r mawl yn nhŷ ein Tad.

Gwna dy Eglwys yn offeryn
l'th fawrygu drwy'r holl fyd:
ymhob gwlad doed corff y werin
i'th foliannu o un fryd
yng ngweledig ac unedig
gorff dy Fab, ein Ceidwad drud.

*Give thy leading, tender Lord,
to thy holy Church in our Land;
to her priests and her bishops
give a clear vision;
make her members fruitful
branches of the true vine.*

*Let the firm faith of our fathers
preserve thy Church from insult:
let the grace of our ordinances
purify and sanctify our land:
let its festivals and its fasts swell the
praise in our Father's house.*

Make thy Church a means

to magnify thee throughout the whole world: in every land let the body of people come to praise thee with one mind in the visible and united body of thy Son, our precious Saviour.

W H Auden *Refugee Blues*



Say this city has ten million souls,
Some are living in mansions,
some are living in holes:
Yet there's no place for us, my dear,
yet there's no place for us.

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,
Look in the atlas and you'll find it there:
We cannot go there now, my dear,
we cannot go there now.

In the village churchyard there grows an old yew,
Every spring it blossoms anew:
Old passports can't do that, my dear,
old passports can't do that.

The consul banged the table and said,
"If you've got no passport you're officially dead":
But we are still alive, my dear,
but we are still alive.

Went to a committee; they offered me a chair;

Asked me politely to return next year:
But where shall we go to-day, my dear,
but where shall we go to-day?

Came to a public meeting; the speaker got up and said;
"If we let them in, they will steal our daily bread":
He was talking of you and me, my dear,
he was talking of you and me.

Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky;
It was Hitler over Europe, saying,
"They must die":
O we were in his mind, my dear,
O we were in his mind.

Saw a poodle in a jacket fastened with a pin,
Saw a door opened and a cat let in:
But they weren't German Jews, my dear,
but they weren't German Jews.

Went down the harbour and stood upon the quay,
Saw the fish swimming as if they were free:
Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees;
They had no politicians and sang at their ease:
They weren't the human race, my dear,
they weren't the human race.

Dreamed I saw a building with a thousand floors,
A thousand windows and a thousand doors:
Not one of them was ours, my dear,
not one of them was ours.

Stood on a great plain in the falling snow;
Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro:
Looking for you and me, my dear,
looking for you and me.

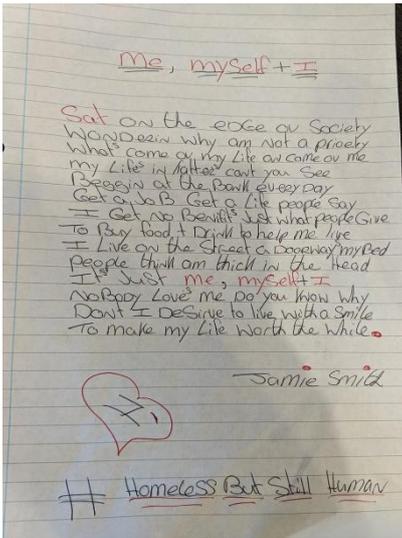
Refugee Blues is a poem by W. H. Auden, written in 1939, one of a number of poems Auden wrote in the mid- to late-1930s in blues and other popular metres, for example the meter he used in his love poem "Calypso", written around the same time. The poem dramatizes the condition of Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany in the years before World War II, especially the indifference and antagonism they faced when seeking asylum in the democracies of the period. In some later editions of Auden's poetry, the poem is not identified by name but is the first of ten poems grouped together in "Ten Songs", which also includes the above-mentioned "Calypso" and the popular *Funeral Blues* ("Stop all the clocks.") Some of these were set as cabaret songs by Benjamin Britten.

Prayer (read in English and Welsh)

Eternal God,
remembering all on the run from war and violence
and all who journey to seek safety,
you call us to welcome your people
and to work for a world of justice, equity and peace.

O Arglwydd ein Duw, wrth feddwl am bawb sy'n ffoi rhag rhyfel a thrais a phawb sy'n chwilio am loches, rwyf Ti'n galw arnom i roi croeso i dy bobl ac i weithio dros fyd o gyfiawnder, tegwch a heddwch.

Jamie Smith Me, myself and I



Sat on the edge of society,
Wonderin' why am not a
priority.

What's come of my life and come
over me, my life's in tatters can't
you see.

Beggin' at the bank everyday, get
a job, get a life people say.

I get no benefits, just what
people give, to buy food + drink
to help me live.

I live in the streets, doorway's my
bed, people think am thick in the
head.

It's just me, myself and I, nobody
wants me, do you know why.

Don't deserve to live with a
smile, to make my life worth the
while.

Written by Jamie Smith, homeless,
Manchester, 2018

Celtic Blessing (read in English and Welsh)

May the blessed sunlight shine on
you

Like a great peat fire,
So that strangers and friends may
come
And warm themselves at it.
And may light shine out of the
two eyes of you,
Like a candle set in the window
of a house,
Bidding the wanderer come in
out of the storm.
And now may Spirit bless you,
And bless you kindly.

Bendith Geltaidd

Boed i'r heulwen sanctaidd
lewyrchu arnoch. Fel tân mawn
enfawr, Fel y gall diethriaid a
ffrindiau ddod A thwymo o'i
flaen. Boed i oleuni ddisgleirio
o'ch llygaid, Fel kannwyll yn
ffenestr aelwyd, Yn gwahodd y
crwydryn i ddod i mewn o'r
storm. Ac yn awr boed i'r
Arglwydd eich bendithio, A'ch
bendithio'n gynnes.

Welsh translations of Prayer and
Celtic Blessing by Mair and Alun
Treharne

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;

he makes me down to lie
in pastures green; He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.
My soul He doth restore again,
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for His own name's sake.

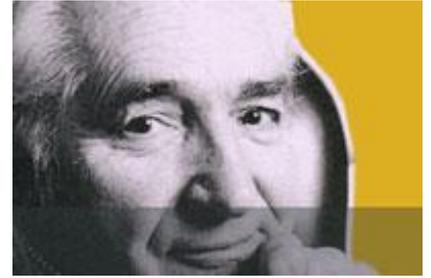
Yea, though I walk through
death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill;
for thou art with me, and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
my head thou dost with oil
anoint, and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me, and in
God's house for evermore my
dwelling-place shall be.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p05nldyd>

Rhydwen Williams Pan ddaw fy nhro



Pan ddaw fy nhro, fy Nuw, yn
falch neu'n flin,
I ddiosg hyn o wisg yr enaid
tlawd,
Mi rof ffarwel yn rhwydd wrth
groesi'r ffin
I ddifyr, ddarfodedig bethau'r
cnawd.
A bodlon fyddaf pan ddaw niwl y
glyn
I lwyr anghofio miri'r bywyd hwn,
A'm hebrwng draw lle nad oes
bren na bryn,
Na lloer na sêr i roddi balm neu
bwn.
Popeth a welodd llygad gynt yn
gain,
Pob lliw a roed i wanwyn, hydref,
haf;
Popeth a glywodd clust, pob ias,
pob sain,
Ildiaf y cwbl yn llon, pe'n siŵr y
caf
Ryw hen gwmniaeth wiw mewn
arall fyd
A wnaeth baradwys im yn hwn
gyhyd.

When it comes to my turn, my God,
delighted or sorry to discard this
from the garment of the poor soul,

*I will say goodbye with ease, when
crossing the border, to pleasant,
obsolete things of the flesh
And I shall be satisfied when the
mist of the valley comes
To completely forget the merriment
of this life
And escort me where there is no
wood or hill,
No moon or stars to soothe or
burden
Everything the eye used to see
looked fine
All colours given to spring, autumn,
summer;
Everything the ear heard, every
shiver every sound.
I will joyfully surrender it all if I were
sure that
Some worthy companions in another
world
That created paradise for me in this
world for so long.*

Translation by Marian Evans

*Robert Rhydwenfro Williams (born
Pentre, Rhondda, 29 August 1916 –
died Merthyr Tydfil 2 August 1997)
was a Welsh poet, novelist and
Baptist minister. His work is mainly
written in his native Welsh
language, and is noted for adapting
the established style and context of
Welsh poetry from a rural and
bygone age to that of a modern
industrial landscape, while retaining
traditional prosody and metre.*

*During World War II, in the midst
of the Liverpool Blitz, Williams
served in a Quaker relief unit,
having been a conscientious objector
as both a pacifist and a Welsh
nationalist. Additionally, for his gifted
speaking voice, comparable with
that of Welsh actor Richard Burton,
he would often read poetry for the
Welsh version of the Home Service
on the BBC and found popularity as
a minister, despite his anti-war pro-
Wales stance. As a member of the*

*Cadwgan Circle, he mixed with
fellow members J. Gwyn Griffiths,
Pennar Davies and Gareth Alban
Davies, and was especially close to J.
Kitchener Davies. From this informal
group of like-minded intellectuals,
Williams developed a style of writing
and literal ethic opposed to
eisteddfodic tradition. Amongst his
heroes were writers Aldous Huxley,
W H Auden and George Orwell.
Although Williams' poetry was not
in keeping with the tradition of the
National Eisteddfod, he was still
embraced by it. In 1946, at
Mountain Ash, he won the Crown
competition for the poem 'Yr
Arloeswr' (English: 'The Pioneer')
and again in 1964 for 'Yr
Ffynhonnau' (English: 'The Springs').*

*Leaving Ynyshir in 1946 he travelled
Wales until 1959, before spending
a year at Rhyl. Williams later moved
from his ministry to accept a post at
Granada Television in Manchester,
presenting Welsh language
programmes, in which his skills as a
communicator came to the fore. He
wrote television scripts; one about
Dietrich Bonhoeffer was the first
Welsh-language television play to be
broadcast on a foreign network. Of
all Williams' work, his trilogy 'Cwm
Hiraeth' is seen by many as his
finest achievement; the three books
form a prose epic of life in the
depression hit Rhondda.*

Philippians 3



Finally, my brothers and sisters,
rejoice in the Lord. To write the
same things to you is not
troublesome to me, and for you
it is a safeguard. Beware of the
dogs, beware of the evil workers,
beware of those who mutilate
the flesh! For it is we who are
the circumcision, who worship in
the Spirit of God and boast in
Christ Jesus and have no
confidence in the flesh — even
though I, too, have reason for
confidence in the flesh.

If anyone else has reason to be
confident in the flesh, I have
more: circumcised on the eighth
day, a member of the people of
Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a
Hebrew born of Hebrews; as to
the law, a Pharisee; as to zeal, a
persecutor of the church; as to
righteousness under the law,
blameless.

Yet whatever gains I had, these I
have come to regard as loss
because of Christ. More than
that, I regard everything as loss
because of the surpassing value of
knowing Christ Jesus my Lord.
For his sake I have suffered the
loss of all things, and I regard
them as rubbish, in order that I
may gain Christ and be found in
him, not having a righteousness
of my own that comes from the
law, but one that comes through
faith in Christ, the righteousness
from God based on faith. I want
to know Christ and the power of
his resurrection and the sharing
of his sufferings by becoming like
him in his death, if somehow I
may attain the resurrection from
the dead.

Not that I have already obtained
this or have already reached the
goal; but I press on to make it my
own, because Christ Jesus has

made me his own. Beloved, I do not consider that I have made it my own; but this one thing I do: forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead, I press on towards the goal for the prize of the heavenly call of God in Christ Jesus. Let those of us then who are mature be of the same mind; and if you think differently about anything, this too God will reveal to you. Only let us hold fast to what we have attained.

Brothers and sisters, join in imitating me, and observe those who live according to the example you have in us. For many live as enemies of the cross of Christ; I have often told you of them, and now I tell you even with tears. Their end is destruction; their god is the belly; and their glory is in their shame; their minds are set on earthly things. But our citizenship is in heaven, and it is from there that we are expecting a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He will transform the body of our humiliation so that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, by the power that also enables him to make all things subject to himself.

Dof fel yr wyf, 'does gennyf fi

ond dadlau rhin dy aberth di,
a'th fod yn galw: clyw fy nghri,
'rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n
dod.

Dof fel yr wyf, ni thâl parhau
I geisio cuddio unrhyw fai;
ond gwaed y groes all fy
nglanhau:
'rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n
dod.

Dof fel yr wyf, er ofnau lu,

a gallu y tywyllwch du
yn curo arnaf o bob tu;
'rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n
dod.

Dof fel yr wyf, syrthiodd i'r llawr
bob cadwyn gref, 'rwyf finnau
nawr
yn eiddio i'r Gwardwr mawr;
'rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n
dod.

Dof fel yr wyf, caf brofi'n llawn
dy gariad - O anhraethol ddawn!
- a chanaf mwyach am yr lawn;
'rwy'n dod, Oen Duw, 'rwy'n
dod.

*I come as I am, I have nothing
but to argue the virtue of thy
sacrifice, and that thou art calling:
hear my cry,
I am coming, Lamb of God, I am
coming.*

*I come as I am, it is not worth
continuing
to try to cover any fault;
but the blood of the cross can
cleanse me:
I am coming, Lamb of God, I am
coming.*

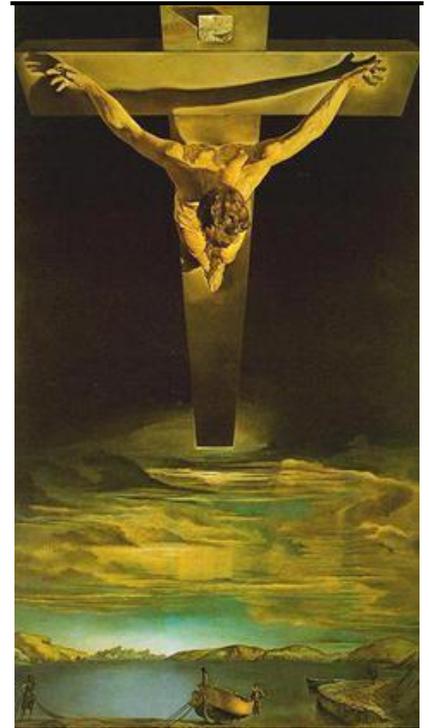
*I come as I am, despite a host of
fears,
and the power of the black
darkness beating against me from
every side; I am coming, Lamb of
God, I am coming.*

*I come as I am, fallen down has
every strong chain, I myself now
belong to the great Deliverer;
I am coming, Lamb of God, I am
coming.*

*I come as I am, I may experience
fully thy love - Oh inexpressible gift!
- and I will sing evermore of the
ransom; I am coming, Lamb of God,
I am coming.*

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

Power of the Resurrection – Message by Parch Dr Geraint Tudur



When the Apostle Paul wrote his letter to the Philippians, it seems that he was eager to tell them what his deepest wish was at that time. In the third chapter, verse 10, he wrote:

“I want to know Christ and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of sharing in his sufferings, . . .”

“Rwyf am ei adnabod ef [Iesu Grist], a grym ei atgyfodiad, a chymdeithas ei ddiodefiadau, . . .”

To what exactly was he referring when he wrote ‘the power of his resurrection’? Let’s begin by saying that the resurrection is a powerful event in that it both signals and brings about change. Let’s convert that statement into three headings:

1. The power of the resurrection signals a change made for us.
2. The power of the resurrection brings about change in us.

3. The power of the resurrection brings about change through us.

First, the resurrection signals a change made for us. Jesus knew why he had come into the world; to secure salvation. Simply put, people were in great danger, but God, in his love, wanted them to be saved. The way he chose to do that was to send his Son, Jesus Christ. It was his task to secure salvation for humankind. However, as the Bible tells us, humankind rejected the one that God sent, and set about plotting how to get rid of him. That's how Jesus' ministry led to the cross, but God turned what appeared to be a tragic failure into a resounding victory. Jesus explained in John 12:24 what was going to happen:

"I tell you in truth, unless an ear of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds."

"Yn wir, yn wir, rwy'n dweud wrthy ch, os nad yw'r gronyn gwenith yn syrthio i'r ddaear ac yn marw, y mae'n aros ar ei ben ei hun; ond os yw'n marw, y mae'n dwyn llawer o ffrwyth."

Jesus himself was, of course, the seed. By offering himself as a voluntary sacrifice, and being, in the words of Peter, 'a lamb without blemish or defect' (1 Peter 1:19), by taking upon himself the sins of the world, it is claimed that he fulfilled the task that was entrusted to him and secured forgiveness, salvation and a new start for humankind. But the question is, what proof have we? Is there any evidence that he succeeded?

The answer is 'Yes'! The resurrection is the evidence and the proof! It is the event that validates the claims of Christianity, the event that shows that Jesus is the Saviour of the world. As Paul said in 1 Corinthians 1:17, 'if Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile; you are still in your sins.' What he's saying is, if the resurrection is a lie, if it's a myth, we have nothing. So that's one aspect of the power of the resurrection; it validates the rest of our faith.

The second thing we said about the power of the resurrection was that it brings about change in us. Knowing that our Saviour is alive and well leads us to yearn for one thing in particular – to be like him. In the words of the hymn,

"O na bawn yn fwy tebyg i Iesu Grist yn byw, yn llwyr gysegro 'mywyd i wasnaethu Duw"

"To be like Jesus, to be like Jesus, All I ask – to be like Him. All thro' life's journey, from earth to Glory, All I ask – to be like Him."

Once we've come face to face with Jesus, as Saul did, there is a deep desire to know him properly, not just to know of him, but to know him personally, to become like him and to serve him. Sin and evil become abhorrent, and much of our energy goes into trying to overcome them. But this is not something we do independently of Christ, in our own strength. The risen Lord and Saviour is at work in us; it is the process of sanctification which

follows our acceptance, through grace, by God.

We learn, as part of this process, that we should now display the fruits of the Spirit, not our weaknesses and faults, and though we often disappoint ourselves and each other as we fail in our efforts and fall short, the one thing that encourages us to persevere, to keep at it, is the power of the resurrection, the knowledge we have that Jesus is alive, that he is at work in us, and that he wants us to do this. After all, when Jesus said, 'Repent', what he was really saying was, 'You need to change', and change is one thing to which we are committed as Christians.

And as the Holy Spirit not only comforts us but also strengthens us, we do not lose heart. On the contrary, we learn to trust Jesus and find that all the power and the strength that we may need is to be found in him. It is indeed the power of the resurrection that brings about change in us. It is all the work of grace.

Lastly, the power of the resurrection brings about change not only in us but through us, in the lives of others, in society, and in the world. It turns us into campaigners and warriors! We remember the constant cry of God's prophets in the Old Testament that there should be social justice, care for the poor and needy, food for the hungry, water for the thirsty, refuge for those who are distressed and shelter for those who are homeless. We see the same emphasis in the teachings of Jesus; 'I tell you the truth,' he said in Matthew 25:40:

". . . whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me."

“Yn gymaint ag ichwi ei wneud i un o’r lleiaf o’r rhain, fy nghymrodyr, i mi y gwnaethoch.”

That means that we cannot remain silent or inactive while injustices and inequalities undermine society. We can no longer turn a blind eye to wickedness nor ignore the things that ruin people’s lives. We realise that, while there are people around us who are ignorant of what God has done for us and know nothing of what he expects of us, there is work to be done – mission and outreach.

That being so, we know that we must raise our voices; we must speak truth to power. How do we do that? Through the power of the resurrection!

After the two men who were walking to Emmaus (Luke 24: 13-35) realised that it was the risen Christ who had walked with them, they said:

“Were not our hearts burning within us while he talked with us on the road and opened the Scriptures to us?”

“Onid oedd ein calonnau yn llosgi o’n mewn wrth iddo siarad â ni ar y ffordd, pan oedd yn egluro’r Ysgrythurau i ni?”

That is how it should be with us; through being with Jesus, the resurrected Lord, through hearing his voice, learning from him what we must do, our hearts should be burning within us, and we should be passionate about seeing things around us change for the better.

It’s true that we often feel weak and helpless when we see the challenges the world throws at us, but if we remember that our Lord is a risen Lord and that he

is with us as we seek to serve him and turn his words into actions within the framework of our own day-to-day life, then the power of his resurrection, his presence with us, will not only motivate us but give us the strength to persevere.

Finally, let me encourage you to let your mind dwell from time to time on ‘the power of the resurrection’. Let us remember how it validates the rest of our Christian faith, how it enhances our desire for change within us and brings about that change, and how it motivates and encourages us to strive for change in the world, making us, as I said, campaigners for equality, warriors for justice, workers in God’s vineyard and Kingdom people, aiming at abundant life, life in all its fulness, not just for ourselves but for everyone. And to God be the glory. Amen.

Gweddi'r Arglwydd / Lord's Prayer

Ein Tad yn y nefoedd,
sancteiddier dy enw; deled dy
deyrnas; gwneled dy ewyllys, ar y
ddaeare fel yn y nef. Dyro inni
heddiw ein bara beunyddiol, a
maddau inni ein troseddau, fel yr
ym ni wedi maddau i'r rhai a
droseddodd yn ein herbyn; a
phaid â'n dwyn i brawf, ond
gwared ni rhag yr Un drwg.
Oherwydd eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas
a'r gallu a'r gogoniant am byth.
Amen.

*Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;
thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass
against us.*

*And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.*

Mawr oedd Crist yn nhragwyddoldeb,

mawr yn gwisgo natur dyn,
mawr yn marw ar Galfaria,
mawr yn maeddu angau'i hun;
hynod fawr yw yn awr,
Brenin nef a daear lawr.

Mawr oedd Iesu yn yr arfaeth,
mawr yn y cyfamod heddiw,
mawr ym Methlem a Chalfaria,
mawr yn dod i'r lan o'r bedd;
mawr iawn fydd ef ryw ddydd
pan ddatguddir pethau cudd.

Mawr yw Iesu yn ei Berson,
mawr fel Duw, a mawr fel dyn,
mawr ei degwch a'i
hawddgarwch,
gwyn a gwridog, teg ei lun;
mawr yw ef yn y nef
ar ei orsedd gadarn, gref.

*Great was Christ in eternity,
great wearing human nature,
great dying on Calvary,
great vanquishing death itself;
especially great now,
King of heaven and earth below.*

*Great was Jesus in his purpose,
great in the covenant of peace,
great in Bethlehem and Calvary,
great coming up from the grave;
very great will he be some day
when hidden things are revealed.*

*Great is Jesus in his Person,
great as God, and great as human,
great his fairness and his beauty,
bright and ruddy, fair his
appearance; great is he in heaven
on his firm, strong throne.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P265Zfsxh3o> (from 0:49)

**Blessing and closing music
Cor y Boro singing from
Haydn's *The Creation* at the
National Eisteddfod**

Readers:

Talk on St Mungo John Jones
I Thessalonians: 2 Dewi Griffiths
Psalm 16 Megan Evans
W H Auden *Refugee Blues*
Glyn Pritchard
Prayer Catrin Treharne
Jamie Smith *Me, myself and I*
Mark Salmon
Celtic Blessing Catrin Treharne
**Rhydwen Williams *Pan ddaw fy
nhro*** Marian Evans
Philippians 3 Neil Evans
Power of the Resurrection –
Geraint Tudur

Piano: John Jones
Producer: Mike Williams

Pictures (from top):

St Kentigern (St Mungo) Icon

*Saint Paul, by Bartolomeo Montagna, 1482;
Fondazione artistica Poldi Pezzoli "Onlus"*

St Mungo mural, Glasgow

*Glasgow Coat of Arms showing St Mungo
legends*

St Asaph Cathedral

*W H Auden by Howard Coster, 1937 ©
National Portrait Gallery, London*

*Original of Jamie Smith's poem *Me, Myself
and I**

Rhydwen Williams; Photographer unknown

*St Paul by El Greco, c1612;
El Greco Museum, Toledo, Spain*

*Christ of St John of the Cross by Salvador
Dali, 1951; Kelvingrove Art Gallery and
Museum, Glasgow*