

**Capel y Boro Service
Sun 10 May 2020 at 11am**

**Service of thanks to
Doctors, Nurses and
Health Care workers
for Florence Nightingale
Bicentenary, World
Nursing Day and all
affected by Covid 19**



**Opening Music:
Verdi La Vergine**

Intrada and welcome

O Grist fffisigwr mawr y byd
(D R Griffiths)

**Medical pioneers 1:
Dame Cicely Saunders**

Cicely Saunders musical choice:
**Spiritual Swing Low, Sweet
Chariot (sung by Paul Robeson)**

**Medical pioneers 2:
Professor David Nott**

David Nott musical choice:
**Joseph Parry Myfanwy (sung by
Treorchy Male Voice Choir)**

**Bernard Pearson
Reboot Resurrection**

O love that will not let me go
(George Matheson)

Côr y Boro tribute to health workers:

Max Boyce

When Just the Tide Went Out
followed by

**Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
Fel y Brefa'r Hydd ("Sicut Cervus")**

Côr Dinas tribute to health workers:

**Nurse Catie Harris on the
legacy of Florence Nightingale**

followed by

Ffosfelen

(Arrangement: Ildid Anne Jones)

Dragwyddol, hollalluog Ior
(R J Derfel)

**Dylan Thomas
And Death Shall Have No
Dominion**

**Kerry Weber
Prayer for the Coronavirus
Pandemic**

**Interlude:
John Rutter
The Lord Bless you and Keep you**

Salm 41

**Luke 10: 25-37
The Good Samaritan**

Abide with me!
(H F Lyte)

**Message, prayers and Lord's
Prayer – Eiri Jones**

Ti fu gynt yn gwella'r cleifion
(Elfed)

Blessing

**Closing music:
Spiritual, Steal Away**

**Opening Music:
Verdi La Vergine from La forza
del destino**

Glenys Roberts (soprano); Côr
Meibion Gwalia

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.*

O Grist fffisigwr mawr y byd,
down atat â'n doluriau i gyd;
nid oes na haint na chlwy' na chur
na chilia dan dy ddwylo pur.

Down yn hyderus atat ti,
ti wyddost am ein gwendid ni;
gwellhad a geir ar glwyfau oes
dan law y Gŵr fu ar y groes.

Anadla arnom ni o'r nef
falm dy drugaredd dawel, gref;
pob calon ysig, boed yn dyst
fod hedd yn enw Iesu Grist.

Aeth y trallodus ar eu hynt
yn gwbl iach o'th wyddfod gynt;
Fffisigwr mawr, O rho dy hun
i'n gwneuthur ninnau'n iach bob
un.

*O Christ, the great Physician of the
world,
we come to you with all our sorrows;
there is no infection or disease
do not hide under your pure hands.*

*Come confidently to you,
you know our weakness;
a cure for life-long wounds*

*under the hand of the man who was
on the cross.*

*Breathe on us from heaven
balm your quiet, strong mercy;
every rock heart, be it a witness
that peace be in the name of Jesus
Christ.*

*The distressed went their way
totally healthy from your former brain;
Great physician, Oh give yourself
to make us all healthy.*

Medical pioneers I: Dame Cicely Saunders



Dame Cicely Saunders OM (1918-2005), founded St Christopher's hospice in Sydenham, the world's first teaching hospice.

But Cicely Saunders said: 'I did not found hospice; hospice found me.' No matter what she said, the obituaries were unanimous: Dame Cicely Saunders was the Founder of the modern hospice (or palliative care) movement: 'She transformed the way we look at death and dying.'

'She transformed the care and treatment of the terminally ill.' By her attitude, she conveyed a message to those she cared for: This is what she said: 'You matter because you are you, and you matter to the end of your life. We will do all we can not only to help you die peacefully, but also to live until you die.'

Before Saunders if you were terminally ill there was nothing doctors could do for you.

Saunders trained to be a doctor to give her the medical and scientific credentials needed to advocate her clinical vision for the lot of the dying.

But what was she really like? One visiting professional described her surprise when she first met Cicely: 'I had somehow expected someone gentle, and was struck by her dynamism and force of character. This was clearly someone who had battled.'



When I started work as a press officer in 2005 at the National Portrait Gallery the first new portrait unveiling I released to the media was a painting of Cicely Saunders (above) not long before she sadly died from cancer. When at the unveiling press briefing the artist Catherine Goodman said she tried to capture a look of love and steel in her portrait of Saunders, Dame Cicely said: 'Love and steel, how kind. Anyone doing hospice work will need plenty of both.' And by all accounts Cicely Saunders possessed both love and steel – compassion and determination. How else could she have struggled to reverse an initial rejection by Oxford University? Or coped as a student nurse with the limitations imposed by chronic back pain? Coped with the need to start all

over again as a Social Work student? How else could she have coped with the need to go to Medical School because only as a doctor would she be listened to by doctors?

Then, in the early 1960s, Cicely suffered a series of bruising bereavements. First Antoni Michniewicz – the second Polish émigré in her life, then Mrs G – a very special patient with whom she had a mutually supportive friendship over many years – and then her father. Cicely was very much 'a wounded physician', and was thus enabled more readily to empathise with and support the patients and families who came under her care.

The opening of St Christopher's Hospice in 1967 was a major milestone in Cicely's life. But it came almost 20 years after her initial decision to build a special home for people with terminal illness - when David Tasma, the first dying Polish émigré in her life, in 1948, left her £500 so that 'I can be a window in your Home'. Her cause was greatly helped in the 1980s when the World Health Organisation adopted its Comprehensive Cancer Control Programme, which emphasised the need for both pain relief and palliative care.

Her teaching model of 'total pain' took people, almost without effort, from a narrow physical outlook to a holistic approach, in which concern for the physical aspects of suffering was supplemented by and integrated with concern for psychological, social and spiritual aspects. The unit of care became the family.

But this was clearly anchored in a scientific approach to the use of analgesics, other symptom relief drugs, and non-drug measures. In an article in the *British Medical Journal*, entitled *A personal*

therapeutic journey, Cicely mentioned a handout she prepared to accompany her lectures: *Drugs most commonly used at St Joseph's and St Christopher's Hospice*. It was 4 pages and covered 2 sides of folded A4 paper. It was later updated and remained a key handout for many years. Now, the handout has been superseded by the 1244 pages of the *Oxford Textbook of Palliative Medicine*, and numerous other books – such as befits a full-blown medical specialism. But whether just 4 pages or 1244, the need for a thorough holistic evaluation of the patient remains essential. Cicely disparaged 'tender loving care'; she championed 'efficient loving care' in which attention to detail is the constant watchword.

In Cicely's autobiography, a slender volume called *Watch with me*, the last chapter, 'Consider Him', is dated 2003. In little over 10 pages, Cicely recounts in this the salient points on her pilgrimage through life, and tells again the constant inspiration of her faith. She quotes from a book by one of her favourite theologians: 'The crucified Jesus is the only accurate picture of God that the world has ever seen, and the hands that hold us in existence are pierced with unimaginable nails'.

Saunders truly followed the Way of Jesus. Indeed, it is clear from her writings, and from her diaries, that her faith was a major, possibly the major, force in her life which sustained her.

She was an inspiration to thousands, indeed to hundreds of thousands of nurses, doctors, and other health professionals in Britain and elsewhere.

As one of her closest colleagues said:

"Cicely didn't just talk the talk, She walked the walk.

She stayed the course, and in doing so she changed the world,

And is changing it still.

Although physically she has left us, her vision lives on."

To honour Cicely, we too must not just 'talk the talk,'

But, like her, we must 'walk the walk,' And 'stay the course', and continue the task of changing the world.

Fear of death is instinctive, so the task is unending. For each new generation, the same battles to fight and to win. So may it please God to allow Cicely's mantle to fall on us collectively as we honour her as the founder of the modern hospice, as the founder of palliative care – and also as the one who was found by hospice.



A few years before I attended the unveiling of her portrait at the National Portrait Gallery, I had interviewed Cicely Saunders for a classical music magazine I worked on. We had a back page feature which was basically *Desert Island Discs* where we asked all sorts of famous people to share their favourite recordings. Sony Music was releasing a new CD of Handel's *Messiah* with proceeds going to St Christopher's Hospice. I asked the publicist at Sony if Dame Cicely might agree to an interview for this feature and I was over the moon when I heard back that she would do it. She was already an icon of mine, ever since

I had read her book *Living with Dying*. I went to St Christopher's Hospice and though I was there to ask her about classical music I was much more interested in asking her about her extraordinary life and vision that you could argue did more than anything to help reverse western society's taboo of death. When I told of her I was really interested in this she said "Why!" But nevertheless she answered all my questions with care outlining her reservations about euthanasia and the concerns around movements to legalise the ending of life in some circumstances. And also her worries that so much funding was being channelled into research into terminal illnesses and not enough into the hospices and the improving of care and pain control for those suffering from them. I asked her what qualities did she share with people who changed society like Chad Varah who founded the Samaritans and Leonard Cheshire who founded his homes. She said they were all Christians and that was her answer.

What music did she like? Well as a Christian, she unsurprisingly perhaps, named lots of oratorios and like Kathleen's Ferrier singing in the Bach *St Matthew Passion*. But her favourite was a spiritual by Paul Robeson a man who was a giant in civil rights as well as a great singer, and one who was well known for his visits to South Wales. I asked why Robeson and she said she remembered it as part of her childhood in which she wasn't particularly happy. She said her unhappiness at school and at home perhaps helped her to understand the unhappiness felt by other people about themselves something she would experience in lots of her patients. But she said there were some happy times and Paul Robeson's *Swing Low, Sweet*

Chariot, which we will hear now, reminded her of those.

Dame Cicely Saunders' musical choice: **Spiritual Swing Low, Sweet Chariot (sung by Paul Robeson)**

View it here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gsb273c9tm4>

To hear Dame Cicely Saunders on BBC Radio Four's *Desert Island Discs* please click here:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programme/s/p0093qyn>

Medical pioneers 2: Professor David Nott



Born in Carmarthen, south Wales, in 1956 Professor David Nott is a consultant surgeon who works mainly in London hospitals, but also volunteers to work in disaster and war zones. He has performed operations in conflict locations such as Afghanistan, Bosnia, Chad, Darfur, Gaza, Haiti, Iraq, Libya, Sierra Leone and opposition-held areas of Syria. Having recognised that training others could greatly increase his capacity to help, Nott established the David Nott Foundation, along with his wife Elly, to organise training in emergency surgery for others working in war and disaster zones. He has been honoured for this dangerous work.

Perhaps David Nott was destined to be a medic. His mother was training to be a nurse at the Royal

Gwent Hospital in Newport when she met his father, an Indo-Burmese doctor. David was born soon after.

His mother wanted to complete her training, and the newly-wed pair didn't have time to raise their son, so David was left with his maternal grandparents in Carmarthenshire for four years of a "completely magical" Welsh childhood.

Once his mother had finished training, his parents were ready to have him back, and leaving the remote village of Trelech was quite a trauma.

He recalls looking out the back window of the car at the sad faces of his grandparents as he was driven away to England and what was to be a very lonely childhood. His heart ached for Wales and his family there. Every time he returned he says it felt like heaven and he never wanted to leave. He said: "I know it sounds morbid but I told my wife the other day that when I die, I want my ashes to be poured into a little river in Trelech. That's where I want to be, it's where my heart is," he says.

His parent's marriage was turbulent, and they did not know what to do with their young son. But that changed when his father brought his son an Airfix model. The joy David showed in putting together the Second World War plane finally gave them something to connect over. His father started buying three or four at a time and soon he had hundreds hanging from the ceiling of his bedroom. This hobby no doubt helped hone the steady hands that would serve him so well in makeshift operating rooms around the world. However, it also fed into his sense of isolation. Having grown up in west Wales, his first language was Welsh. In school, he failed to get much attention from teachers and, as a result, suffered academically.

His father would often tell stories of how he escaped Burma from the Japanese invasion during World War Two.

"He was always going on about war," he recalled. "He and I used to love watching war films together."

Not surprisingly David harboured dreams of becoming a pilot, though his father was adamant he would be a doctor.

However, he failed his A levels. After resitting them, he went to St Andrews for pre-clinical training, and then onto Manchester for the next three years of his training and to start working with live patients. It was here that he fell in love with surgery, and where a trip to the cinema to watch *The Killing Fields* with his father focused his career path. There are scenes in the film in which a doctor works in a makeshift hospital with hundreds of patients.

"It had an enormous impact on me," David said. "I went back the following day and I realised I wanted to be that surgeon."

Eight years later, he was. It was the early nineties, and the war in Sarajevo was dominating the news. "A man was walking around looking for his daughter, and he found her under the rubble. He picked his daughter up and took her to a hospital, and there were no surgeons there to help his daughter," he recalled. "As I watched this I thought 'right this is my moment, I am going to go and be that surgeon'. I had only started my job in November, and in December I went to the hospital managers and said 'I am sorry, I have a job in Sarajevo.'" His first job was in "the Swiss Cheese Hospital", so-called because it was full of bullet holes. It was a baptism of fire, but several weeks into his mission he had an operating theatre to himself with his own staff.

One night a teenage boy was brought in with fragmentation wounds. David started to operate, and his hand was on the largest piece of fragment that was stuck in the boy's abdomen when there was a massive crash.

"The hospital moved side to side. My feet moved, the operating table moved, and then suddenly everything went pitch black," he says.

"But that happened quite often, then you would wait for a man with a wheelbarrow to come with a battery and a big light, and you continue operating

"But then there was another enormous crash and again then everything moved, and I wondered if it was going to all fall down. It was completely pitch black. I had my hand on this boy's tummy, and I was waiting and waiting for the man to come, but he didn't come." David could feel the boy slipping away. He called for the anaesthetist but there was no answer.

When the lights eventually flickered back on, David found he was alone with the dead boy. He walked out of the room and saw his operating team down the corridor huddled under sandbags. "It was at the moment I realised that in war you probably should look after yourself more than the patients in front of you," he said. "If you are going to operate on more patients you need to save yourself."

Years later, he was to have a number of run-ins with Islamic State. David was in theatre, his fingers on a pulmonary vein stopping the bleeding, when six or seven black-clad figures came in with AK47s pointing at his surgical team. The man on the operating table was an Islamic State fighter, from the Chechen Brigade. The group's leader told the surgeons: "This is one of our

brothers, you should have told us that you were operating on him."

He pointed to David and asked another surgeon: "Who's this?"

"I was trying to control the bleeding and shaking at the same time," says David.

"Thinking 'Dear oh dear, this is the way it ends if they find out I am a Brit and if he dies on the operating table I am really in the stucco'. But we put the stitches in the right place and the boy, a 19-year-old man, survived the operation."

But how could he save the life of somebody who could go on to do terrible things to people?

"You just have to have the mantra that you are a humanitarian surgeon, and you've got to save the life of a human being," he says. "Try and do your best for that person in front of you no matter who he is.

"And the way I look at it he might realise his life was saved by a Christian surgeon and he may change his mind at a later date. I don't know what he is going to do, but my role is to save his life."

On his return to Syria, David was shocked at the change in Aleppo. Buildings had gone. The population was down to 350,000 from two million the previous year. US air strikes against Islamic State are taking place, Western hostages are being executed. Civilians are being killed and maimed in the crossfire and David began to feel antipathy from some of the other doctors. "I became obsessed with the internet," he explains.

"I began looking to see what was happening with Alan Henning, the Salford taxi driver. I was watching James Foley being beheaded. I was thinking 'Gosh, I am only 40 kilometres away. I am deep in Syria and no-one can get me out'. I really felt then I began to lose it a bit." When Mr Henning was beheaded, someone was "happily" showing David the footage on his phone.

"Of course, I had to sit and watch it, and that just sent me over the top," he says.



A few days later, after landing back in the UK in October 2014, David received word from his secretary that the Queen wanted to have lunch with him.

So, within a week of escaping Aleppo, he found himself in Buckingham Palace. The Queen and Prince Philip walked in, and they all went into the dining room.

"The Queen was sitting on my right, and someone else was sitting on her right. The order is that the Queen speaks to the person on the right for half the lunch then speaks to the person on the left for the other half," he says.

"Here I am having just survived Aleppo. Having been totally deranged sitting there thinking this is the worst place I could ever be, realising that it was about to be the time the Queen was going to talk to me. I was maybe going into an anxiety attack."

The Queen turned to David.

"Of course, at the time I didn't know what to say to her, and I sat there. I said 'Well, Aleppo was dreadful, it was really, really terrible' and the memories came back of the bombs, the dust, and everything else and I really started to go. I felt the bottom lip going and thought I am not going to be able to get through this. I can't talk.

"Then she turned round to one of the courtiers, who came across, and then went and opened the doors and all of a sudden and all these corgis ran in. Four or five

corgis ran into the room, and they went under the table.”

The Queen then had a small, silver box brought to her, which contained biscuits and for the next 20 minutes, David fed the corgis with the Queen.

“Then that was the end of the dinner. I didn’t eat any of the food in front of me. She didn’t eat any of her food in front of her,” he says..

“I was told the Queen always wore gloves, but this day she didn’t wear gloves, and she put her hand on my hand and said, ‘It’s much better than talking, isn’t it?’” David Nott was bowled over by the sheer warmth and humanity of the Queen. This time he had his wife Elly to help put the pieces back together.

Elly also set up the David Nott Foundation raising funds to train doctors for what David believes are 50 operations a medic needs to know to be ready for anything in a conflict situation. The foundation also goes out to train people already working on the front line.

David didn’t just have a lonely childhood. As an adult, his life revolved around the missions, and that impacted on all relationships. “So, when I met Elly I was totally blown apart. I didn’t know what I was doing, suddenly I fell in love with somebody, this shouldn’t have happened and that emotion I couldn’t cope with. In one respect I was lucky... to spend most of life doing this and then, at the very end, get married and have the children, so I was extremely lucky to do it the wrong way round, but the right way round for me.”

It was the right way round for the thousands of lives saved, improved, changed by this remarkable man. And ultimately the right way round for the man who has found the happy home life that seems to have eluded him since those magical

days in Carmarthenshire. His choice of music, like Cicely Saunders’ comes from his childhood and it is *Myfanwy*, sung here by the Treorchy Male Voice Choir. It is what his Mamgu and Datcu used to sing to each other in their Austen A10 as he sat on the back seat in the car driving around Carmarthenshire. Let’s hear it now.

David Nott musical choice:

Joseph Parry Myfanwy (sung by Treorchy Male Voice Choir)

View it here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4FFaxOv3nnU>

To hear David Nott on BBC Radio Four’s *Desert Island Discs* please click here:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b07djzyq>



Professor Jamie Hacker Hughes is a clinical psychologist and psychological psychotherapist, who has worked with trauma and disaster survivors and in military and veteran psychological health. He has a past career in the NHS and the Army, and academically, Jamie is Visiting Professor of Psychology at the University of Hertfordshire, Visiting Professor at Northumbria University and Honorary Professor of Psychology at Lomonosov Moscow State University. He is a past President of the British Psychological Society, was founder director of the UK Psychological Trauma Society and the Veterans and Families Institute at Anglia Ruskin University and is now a director of the Child and Family Practice in London. He also works on a voluntary basis with refugees, asylum seekers and migrants. Educated in Wales, he lives in

Chelmsford, Essex. Jamie I going to read to us a poem by a friend of his and he will tell us a little about it before reading us the poem.

Bernard Pearson
Reboot Resurrection

The poem I’d like to read is by my oldest and dearest friend, Bernard Pearson (we met in the first year of infants school in Cowbridge) who has spent most of his life in South Wales and recently moved to Oswestry in the Welsh Borders.

This poem, ‘Reboot Resurrection’, reminds us all of the consequences of the empty cross.



Reboot Resurrection

Upon a fossil Cross
He sags there still,
No victory won
Over death
Through his
Own free will.

For it is we, who
Would have him
Back on that tree.
Out of the way
Where he ought
To be.

Re robed in flesh

And crowned
In thorn.
On calvary hill
Where there
Is no dawn.

He's safer up there
In our line
of sight,
Not worrying
At our souls
In the dead of night.

Don't lift him down,
don't stem
the flow.
Just leave him
To the birds
And simply go.

If you take him down
you'll be sorry
you'll see.
There'll be trouble
If you let the likes
Of him go free.

For once you
Weaken and tend
to the wounds
Of this or any other man
You'll find that you're
Part of his master plan.

O love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed
ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through
pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the
rain,
And feel the promise is not vain

That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there
blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

*The author was inspired to write this
hymn in five minutes during a time of
distress.*

View it here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nt69WDtYNLo>

Côr y Boro tribute to health workers:
Max Boyce
When Just the Tide Went Out



When just the tide went out

Last night as I lay sleeping
When dreams came fast to me
I dreamt I saw Jerusalem
Beside a tideless sea.
And one dream I'll remember
As the stars began to fall
Was Banksy painting Alun Wyn
On my neighbour's garage wall.
And dreams like that sustain me
Til these darkest times have passed
And chase away the shadows
No caring night should cast.
But times like this can shine
a light
As hardship often can
To see the best in people
and the good there is in man.
And I remember Swansea with
nobody about
When the shops were closed like
Sunday

And just the tide went out.
And I remember Mumbles with
the harbour in it keep
And the little boats at anchor
that fish the waters deep.
And I heard the seabirds calling
As the gulls all wheeled about
But all the town was sleeping now
And just the tide went out.
And when these days are over
And memories remain
When children painted rainbows
And the sun shone through the
rain
And the thought of all the nurses
who stretchered all the pain
And I hope the carers never see
a time like this again.
And I prayed last month for Boris
who knocked on heaven's door
And I thought of voting Tory
which I'd never done before.
And though the sun is shining now
have no immediate plans
So I'll write a book on 'Staying in'
And 'Ways to Wash your Hands.'
And now more days of lockdown
Five weeks of staying in
And I'm running out of vodka
So I've started on the gin.
And my neighbours are
complaining
I've heard them scream and shout
At the sound the bins are making
when I take the empties out.
And when all this is over and
our fragile world survives
I hope that God is caring now
for the ones who gave their lives.
And I'll pray we'll find an answer
For my faith is cast in doubt
And God draws back the heavens
And all the stars come out.
And I'll remember mornings with
nobody about
When the shops are closed like
Sunday
And just the tide went out.

*Written by Max Boyce a few weeks
ago and dedicated to "our
magnificent NHS."*

followed by

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina Fel y Brefa'r Hydd
("Sicut Cervus")

View it here:

<https://youtu.be/KLLBveW-YQ8>

Côr Dinas tribute to health workers:
Nurse Catie Harris on the legacy of Florence Nightingale



200 years after Florence Nightingale's birth, Catie Harris, Registered Nurse and teacher in the United States, reveals to some trainee nurses her three favourite quotations from the Lady with the Lamp. And says why they are still so relevant today:

1 "People say the effect is only on the mind. It is no such thing. The effect is on the body, too"

Nursing can intervene emotionally on behalf of the patient and allow them to discover their imbalance through exploring their fears. Nurses know that anxiety, pain and suffering are as detrimental to the body as any disease process. They also know that these qualities can accelerate disease. Florence was a century or two before her time in reflecting on the mind-body connection.

2 "If there were none who were discontented with what they have, the world would never reach anything better."

Discontented nurses have changed the world.

Florence Nightingale was devastated by the death of soldiers from minor wounds in the Crimean War, so she mandated a clean environment. She was one of the first to recognize that mortality rates of patients inside the hospital were actually higher than those who received care outside the hospital.

Teaching simple things such as hand washing and maintaining a sanitary environment proved to save more lives than any medicine or medical intervention was able to do.

In the 1930s Nurse Elizabeth Kenny disagreed with casting limbs in patients with polio. She used warm compresses and Passive Range of Motion with exponentially improved results. She became the founding mother of physical therapy.

In 1950 Nurse Jean Ward was heartbroken by the high rate of infant death due to jaundice. She discovered that a few hours in the sun could cure this condition.

In 2014 Nursing Student Fatu Kekula was about to lose her family to the ebola virus because no medical personnel would come near her house. She discovered the "trash bag method" - she did not have access to standard PPE from the highly-contagious disease, so she placed trash bags over her socks and tied them off at the calf. She would then put on rubber boots, over which she added another layer of trash bags. Her family all survived the ebola crisis thanks to her and now other ebola patients receive treatment.

In 2015, Nurse Rebecca Koszalinski was moved when patients with cerebral palsy lost their ability to communicate, so she developed an app that gave them their voice back.

3 "Live life when you have it, Life is a splendid gift – there is nothing small about it"

During the Crimean war, Florence developed a strange unknown disease that would confine her to bed for 30 years upon her return to England. She still had remarkable accomplishments and was no stranger to the beauty of life. Nurses everywhere have the privilege of seeing the preciousness of life at various stages. It's a gift to be a part of other people's life, if it's at the beginning, the middle or towards the end. Every patient you care for provides you with the gift of the glimpse into just how splendid life is.

followed by

Ffosfelen

(Arrangement: Ildid Anne Jones)

View it here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W05o5A-Nw0I>

Dragwyddol hollalluog Ior,

Creawdwr nef a llawr,
O gwranddo ar ein gweddi daer
ar ran ein byd yn awr.
O'r golud anchwiliadwy sydd
yn nhrysorfeydd dy ras,
diwalla reidiau teulu dyn
dros wŷneb daear las.

Yn erbyn pob gormeswr cryf
O cymer blaid y gwan;
darostwng ben y balch i lawr
A chod y tlawd i'r lan.

Bendithia holl dylwythau dyn
Â rhyddid pur a hedd,
a gad i bawb gael byw heb ofn
dan nawdd
dy ddwyfol wedd.

Ymostwng atom yn dy ras,
O gwranddo ar ein cri,
ac mewn trugaredd, Arglwydd Iôr,
Yn dirion ateb ni.

*Eternal, almighty Lord,
Creator of heaven and earth,
O listen to our earnest prayer*

On behalf of our world now.

Oh, the light unsearchable which is
As treasuries of thy grace,
Satisfy the needs of the family of man
Across the face of the blue/green
earth.

Against every strong oppressor
O take the side of the weak;
Bring down the head of the proud
And raise up the poor.

Bless all the tribes of man
With freedom pure and peace,
And grant that all may live without
fear
Under the protection
of thy heavenly countenance.

Condescend to us in thy grace,
O listen to our cry,
And in mercy, Lord Master,
Tenderly answer us.

Robert Jones Derfel, the writer of this hymn, (1824 –1905) was a Welsh poet and political writer. Born Robert Jones on a farm in Merionethshire he became a travelling salesman employed by a Manchester firm. He also became a Baptist preacher. With John Ceiriog Hughes and two other Welshmen, he formed a literary society in Manchester, taking the surname "Derfel" at that time, from the name of his home village, Llandderfel. His political views were heavily influenced by Robert Owen, and he wrote the first articles on Socialism in the Welsh language, campaigning for causes such as a university for Wales. In 1865 he bought a bookshop in Manchester, with a printing press, and afterwards produced "Derfel's School Series" on Welsh-interest topics. In his later years he wrote more in the English language, particularly on the subject of Socialism.

Dylan Thomas And Death Shall Have No Dominion



And death shall have no dominion.
Dead men naked they shall be one
With the man in the wind and the
west moon;
When their bones are picked clean
and the clean bones gone,
They shall have stars at elbow and
foot;
Though they go mad and shall be
sane,
Though they sink through the sea
they shall rise again;
Though lovers be lost love shall
not;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
Under the windings of the sea
They lying long shall not die
windily;
Twisting on racks when sinews
gave way,
Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall
not break;
Faith in their hands shall snap in
two,
And the unicorn evils run them
through;
Split all ends up they shan't crack;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
No more may gulls cry at their
ears
Or waves break loud on the
seashores;

Where blew a flower may a flower
no more
Lift its head to the blows of the
rain;
Though they be mad and dead as
nails,
Heads of the characters hammer
through daisies;
Break in the sun till the sun breaks
down,
And death shall have no dominion.

Written by Dylan Thomas (1914–53) 'And death shall have no dominion' takes its title from St. Paul's epistle to the Romans (6:9). In early 1933 Thomas befriended Bert Trick, a grocer who worked in the Uplands area of Swansea Trick was an amateur poet who had several poems published in local papers. In spring 1933 Trick suggested the two men both write a poem on the subject of 'immortality'. Trick's poem, which was published in a newspaper the following year, contained the refrain "For death is not the end." In 1933, in a notebook marked 'April', Thomas wrote the poem 'And death shall have no dominion'. Trick persuaded him to seek a publisher and in May of that year it was printed in 'New English Weekly'.

On 10 September 1936, two years after the release of his first volume of poetry ('18 Poems'), 'Twenty-five Poems' was published. It revealed Thomas's personal beliefs pertaining to religion and the forces of nature, and included 'And death shall have no dominion'.



A former chair of the Friends of King's College Hospital, Rowenna Hughes trained as a physiotherapist at Guy's Hospital and went on to specialise in working with disability. For thirty years she managed a team of physiotherapists at King's College Hospital working with young adults and children with disabilities and then

served as Staff Governor on the Council for Governors at King's College Hospital NHS Foundation Trust. In 2012 Rowenna was awarded the MBE for her work with disabilities. Rowenna is a trustee of Capel y Boro and her connections with the chapel go back a long way, she was christened there and is still a loyal member and deacon today and she is also a member of Cor y Boro. Rowenna's daughter Cerys followed her into the profession and is also a physiotherapist. Having been on the board for ten years, Rowenna is still involved with Kings and she says seeing the work and dedication of all the staff everyday is extraordinary; and she tells me how the chapel there is a haven for all staff and that they are lucky to have such a large chapel with chaplains who face the issues of life with all patients, staff and relatives. Rowenna has chosen a prayer by Kerry Weber, the executive editor of the American magazine 'The Jesuit Review,' which she tells me is used a lot by staff at King's. So here to read Prayer for the Coronavirus Pandemic is Rowenna Hughes,

Kerry Weber Prayer for the Coronavirus Pandemic



Jesus Christ, you travelled through towns and villages "curing every disease and illness." At your command, the sick were made well. Come to our aid now, in the midst of the global spread of the coronavirus, that we may experience your healing love. Heal those who are sick with the virus. May they regain their strength and health through quality medical care.

Heal us from our fear, which prevents nations from working together and neighbours from helping one another.
Heal us from our pride, which can make us claim invulnerability to a disease that knows no borders.
Jesus Christ, healer of all, stay by our side in this time of uncertainty and sorrow.
Be with those who have died from the virus. May they be at rest with you in your eternal peace.
Be with the families of those who are sick or have died. As they worry and grieve, defend them from illness and despair. May they know your peace.
Be with the doctors, nurses, researchers and all medical professionals who seek to heal and help those affected and who put themselves at risk in the process. May they know your protection and peace.
Be with the leaders of all nations. Give them the foresight to act with charity and true concern for the well-being of the people they are meant to serve. Give them the wisdom to invest in long-term solutions that will help prepare for or prevent future outbreaks. May they know your peace, as they work together to achieve it on earth.
Whether we are home or abroad, surrounded by many people suffering from this illness or only a few, Jesus Christ, stay with us as we endure and mourn, persist and prepare. In place of our anxiety, give us your peace.
Jesus Christ, heal us.

Interlude: John Rutter The Lord Bless you and Keep you

The Lord bless you and keep you:
The Lord make His face to shine upon you,
To shine upon you and be gracious, and be gracious unto you

The Lord bless you and keep you:
The Lord make His face to shine upon you,
To shine upon you and be gracious, and be gracious unto you
The Lord lift up the light
Of His countenance upon you,
The Lord lift up the light
Of His countenance upon you,
And give you peace
Amen
View it here:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IzN1mryHEnQ>



Marian Howell works as an activities and welfare officer and she used to be an Intensive Care Sister at Guys Hospital just round the corner from the Boro and in fact she was part of the team that recovered Eiri's father after an operation he had there 30 years ago. Marian is secretary of the Welsh Church in Central London in East Castle Street. She is going to read to us in Welsh Psalm 41.

Salm 41

Gweddi am iachâd

Mae'r un sy'n garedig at y tlawd wedi ei fendithio'n fawr.
Bydd yr Arglwydd yn ei gadw'n saff pan mae mewn perygl.
Bydd yr Arglwydd yn ei amddiffyn ac yn achub ei fywyd,
A bydd yn profi bendith yn y tir.
Fydd e ddim yn gadael i'w elynion gael eu ffordd.
Bydd yr Arglwydd yn ei gynnal pan fydd yn sâl yn ei wely,
ac yn ei iacháu yn llwyr o'i afiechyd.
"O Arglwydd, dangos drugaredd ata i," meddwn i.
"Iachâ fi. Dw i'n cyfaddef mod i wedi pechu yn dy erbyn di."
Mae fy ngelynion yn dweud pethau cas amdana i,

“Pryd mae'n mynd i farw a chael ei anghofio?”

Mae rhywun yn ymweld â mi, ac yn cymryd arno ei fod yn ffrind; ond ei fwriad ydy gwneud drwg i mi, ac ar ôl mynd allan, mae'n lladd arna i.

Mae fy ngelynion yn sibrdw amdana i ymhlith ei gilydd, ac yn cynllwynio i wneud niwed i mi.

“Mae'n diodde o afiechyd ofnadwy; fydd e ddim yn codi o'i wely byth eto.”

Mae hyd yn oed fy ffrind agos — yr un roeddwn i'n ei drystio, yr un fu'n bwyta wrth fy mwrdd i —

wedi troi yn fy erbyn i!

Felly, O Arglwydd, dangos drugaredd ata i;

gad i mi godi eto, i mi gael talu'n ôl iddyn nhw!

Ond dw i'n gwybod fy mod i'n dy blesio di:

a fydd y gelyn ddim yn bloeddio ei fod wedi ennill y fuddugoliaeth.

Rwy'ti'n fy nghynnal i am fy mod i'n onest gyda ti.

Dw i'n cael aros yn dy gwmni di am byth.

Ie, bendith ar yr Arglwydd, Duw Israel,

o hyn ymlaen ac i dragwyddoldeb! Amen ac Amen.

Assurance of God's Help and a Plea for Healing

Happy are those who consider the poor; the Lord delivers them in the day of trouble.

The Lord protects them and keeps them alive;

they are called happy in the land.

You do not give them up to the will of their enemies.

The Lord sustains them on their sickbed;

in their illness you heal all their infirmities.

As for me, I said, 'O Lord, be gracious to me;

heal me, for I have sinned against you.'

My enemies wonder in malice when I will die, and my name perish.

And when they come to see me, they utter empty words,

while their hearts gather mischief; when they go out, they tell it abroad.

All who hate me whisper together about me;

they imagine the worst for me.

They think that a deadly thing has fastened on me,

that I will not rise again from where I lie.

Even my bosom friend in whom I trusted,

who ate of my bread, has lifted the heel against me.

But you, O Lord, be gracious to me, and raise me up, that I may repay them.

By this I know that you are pleased with me;

because my enemy has not triumphed over me.

But you have upheld me because of my integrity,

and set me in your presence for ever. Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel,

from everlasting to everlasting. Amen and Amen.



And now Capel y Boro trustee Howel Jones is going to read on behalf of his daughters who are both nurses and on the frontline. Bethan, is a senior Sister at Lewisham Hospital in South East London, and is working on a Covid-19 Ward. Delyth, works as a specialist paediatric dietitian at The Royal Brompton Hospital in Kensington treating very sick babies and children. They have both been working extremely long and unscheduled hours over the last six weeks and we send them all our love and support. While both were unable to join us this morning due to their

schedules we are delighted that Howel is here to read on their behalf the parable of The Good Samaritan.

Luke 10: 25-37 **The Good Samaritan**



Just then a lawyer stood up to test Jesus. ‘Teacher,’ he said, ‘what must I do to inherit eternal life?’ He said to him, ‘What is written in the law? What do you read there?’ He answered, ‘You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbour as yourself.’ And he said to him, ‘You have given the right answer; do this, and you will live.’

But wanting to justify himself, he asked Jesus, ‘And who is my neighbour?’ Jesus replied, ‘A man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell into the hands of robbers, who stripped him, beat him, and went away, leaving him half dead. Now by chance a priest was going down that road; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. So likewise a Levite, when he came to the place and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a Samaritan while travelling came near him; and when he saw him, he was moved with pity. He went to him and bandaged his wounds, having poured oil and wine on them. Then he put him on his own animal, brought him to an

inn, and took care of him. The next day he took out two denarii, gave them to the innkeeper, and said, "Take care of him; and when I come back, I will repay you whatever more you spend." Which of these three, do you think, was a neighbour to the man who fell into the hands of the robbers?' He said, 'The one who showed him mercy.' Jesus said to him, 'Go and do likewise.'

Abide with me!

Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens —
Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail,
and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless,
oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close
ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim,
its glories pass away;
Change and decay
in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not,
abide with me!

I need thy presence
every passing hour,
What but thy grace
can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself,
my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine,
oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe
with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight,
and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting?
Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if
Thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross
before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom,
and point me to the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks,
and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord,
abide with me!

View it here:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programme/s/p02h1n37>



And now we welcome Eiri Jones who as well as being a minister and until recently our church leader at the Boro, has had a distinguished career in nursing with over 40 years of service in health care. She has, among her many posts, been regional Director for a health project for South West England, Director of Nursing in Bedford Hospital NHS Trust and was a Chief Nursing Officer providing professional leadership, advice and support to the nursing and midwifery workforce across all hospitals, facilities and national services in the Hamad Medical Corporation Qatar, based in Doha. Her training included experience at Rhydfelin, Guys Hospital and Great Ormond Street.

Message, prayers and Lord's Prayer – Eiri Jones



As Neil outlined in the email with details about today's service, this year was meant to be a special year for nursing. To celebrate the bicentenary of Florence Nightingale's birth, the year 2020 had been designated as the International Year of the Nurse and Midwife.

It was to be a year of celebrating, with many events planned and a large international conference in September. Most of these are now cancelled, however we are celebrating the profession every day at present. Every nurse is doing the best he or she can. Importantly, he or she is doing it as part of a great team of people all working together to manage this pandemic.

You will all be aware that the world changed again at the start of the year, and for the UK in March. Changed at both the micro and macro levels.

As with all things, there are many different perspectives. For some, life appears to be a bit like a long holiday, for others, these are grim times.

To quote Dickens, who was closely connected to the borough of Southwark, though wrote this about the French revolution "it was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness....."

Whatever your personal circumstance, and despite most of us being able to remember other world tragedies, nothing has quite prepared us for the impact Coronavirus or Novel Covid-19 has had on our normal lives and will have for some time to come.

I belong to a group called a 'key worker' - gweithiwr allweddol.

These are not only nurses and doctors and other health workers but cover a wide range of roles. For those of us able to shop still, the cashiers and shelf stackers at our supermarkets and the petrol attendants at garages put themselves at risk still every day and for a very small hourly wage. Other individuals also going out of their way to keep things running include teachers, administrative staff, the police, lorry drivers, bank staff and many, many more. Each and every person following the rules is also playing a key part.

A conversation on twitter this week from a medic to other health care professionals asked us how we felt about being called heroes. I discussed this with colleagues this week. Overwhelmingly, we don't feel like heroes. We have chosen the career paths we have, we do our roles willingly but can't sadly fix this problem for everyone we care for. Whilst this is the biggest challenge most health professionals have faced in their career, it has also brought about the most amazing teamwork and interconnection with other key workers and our communities as a whole.

I guess I didn't really need to say that as we already know the huge death toll from this virus at 31,587 (as of the 8th) with at least 203 health and social care workers having died. We also know though that many, many more have had the virus and recovered. Something for us to be incredibly thankful for.

So when I thought about what to say today, that could help keep hope alive for us at this time, I wondered what Florence herself would have said. She was an incredibly clever and studious woman, an expert statistician and a strong leader.

I have captured a few of her quotes, which are as relevant to now as to the period when she nursed in the field during the Crimean War.

The first 2 are about the art of nursing:

'Wise and humane management of the patient is the best safeguard against infection'

We are seeing this is spades at present, from across the whole health community and more. The simplest and most effective thing we can do as a person is to wash our hands more frequently.

'Let us never consider ourselves finished nurses..... we must be learning all our lives'

This has always been my approach as a nurse and I know many colleagues believe this too. Before I had read Florence's works, I knew I would never know everything there was to know about nursing. For new nurses and many experienced nurses, the pandemic has meant we've all had to learn new things and learn them fast. A surgeon, whose own speciality has virtually ceased during the pandemic has been working in a nursing type capacity on a critical care unit. He has written widely about his experience, recognising that he previously didn't appreciate the breadth and depth of what nurses do. Florence had to fight this view all through her professional life.

I have witnessed much in recent weeks, not least the kind becoming kinder and some not too nice people becoming worse. Overwhelmingly though, I believe we have become a kinder world.

How you have lived your lives through lockdown will be key to

how you cope when lockdown eases and eventually ends. Many have been productive, you may have cleaner homes, you may be growing fruit and vegetables, or baking more (if you can get flour). Neighbours have helped neighbours, we've made more contact with friends and families in different ways – imagine if this was 20 years ago without our current technology.

For some, however, this period has been one of the most challenging. We will all have to play a part in managing the long-term impact of this present time on the future.

These are scary times but we are strong as individuals, as communities and as Christians. The many more fantastic things that have happened during this time will help us bear the tragedies and come through this together. As the Queen said on Friday night in her message for the 75th Anniversary of VE Day 'Never give up, never despair'.

I saw this tool this week and thought how helpful it was during lockdown. It posed 6 questions:

1. What am I grateful for today?
2. Who am I checking in on or connecting with today?
3. What expectations of normal am I letting go of today?
4. How am I getting outside today?
5. How am I moving my body today?
6. What beauty am I either creating, cultivating or inviting today?

A book that is in current circulation is full of wise words about the present – a coincidental thing as the book was written before the pandemic was declared. It is by someone called Charlie

Mackesy and is titled *The Boy*, the mole, the fox and the horse.

I wonder how many of you have seen it? It is full of the most amazing and inspirational quotes and in recent weeks, he has been producing more drawings and quotes to support the NHS. One of my favourites will probably resonate with us all at present:

'Sometimes I don't feel very brave' said the boy. 'That was brave of you to say' said the horse.

So what of the future and post Covid-19 life. It will of course be different as had happened with every other world changing event.

My favourite Florence quote sums this up....

'Live life when you have it. Life is a splendid gift – there is nothing small about it'

That too is what Christ taught us.

I would like to finish these few words with a poem by John Greeleaf Whittier. Elin Angharad has done a Welsh translation if anyone would like to read it I can send it via Neil.

Don't quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh
When care is pressing you down a bit
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is strange with its twists and turns
As every one of us sometimes learn

And many a failure comes about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;

Don't give up though the pace seems slow

You may succeed with another blow.

Success if failure turned inside out

The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,

And you never can tell just how close you are,

It may be near when it seems so far;

So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit

It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

In his name, always
Amen

Ti fu gynt yn gwella'r cleifion,

Feddyg da,
dan eu pla
trugarha wrth ddyinion.

Cofia deulu poen, O Iesu:
ymhob loes
golau'r groes
arnynt fo'n tywynnu.

Llaw a deall dyn perffeithia,
er iachâd
a rhyddhad,
Nefol Dad, i dyrfa.

Rho dy noddod, rho dy gwmni
nos a dydd
i'r rhai sydd
ar y gwan yn gweini.

Dwg yn nes, drwy ing a phryder,
deulu poen,
addfwyn Oen,
at dy fynwes dyner.
*You formerly healed the patients,
Good doctor,
under their plague
have mercy on men.*

*Remember the family of pain, O
Jesus:
at every ache*

*the light of the cross
upon them shining.*

*Perfect hand and understanding man,
for healing
and relief,
Heavenly Father, to a crowd.*

*Protect yourself, give your company
night and day
for those who
on the weak serve.*

*Bring nearer, through agony and
anxiety,
pain family,
Gentle Lamb,
to your gentle bosom.*

**Spiritual Steal Away
London Welsh Male Voice
Choir**

Readers:

Medical pioneers Neil Evans
Bernard Pearson
Reboot Resurrection
Professor Jamie Hacker Hughes
**Max Boyce When Just the Tide
Went Out** James Prideaux
**Nurse Catie Harris on the
legacy of Florence Nightingale**
Sian Eleri Jones
Dylan Thomas
**And Death Shall Have No
Dominion**
Mark Salmon
**Kerry Weber Prayer for the
Coronavirus Pandemic** Rowenna
Hughes
Salm 41 Marian Howell
**Luke 10: 25-37 The Good
Samaritan** Howel Jones
Message and Prayers Eiri Jones
Piano John Jones
Producer Mike Williams

Images from top:

Poster, *Thank you NHS* by Sir Michael
Craig-Martin, 2020

Cicely Saunders visits a patient at St Christopher's Hospice, Sydenham, London; photographer unknown

Dame Cicely Saunders by Catherine Goodman, 2005 © National Portrait Gallery, London

Dame Cicely Saunders in her office at St Christopher's Hospice, Sydenham, London; photographer unknown

David Nott in Aleppo on the frontline; photographer unknown

David Nott with a patient on the photograph for the front cover of his 2019 book *War Doctor*

Graham Sutherland *A Thorn Tree*, 1978 © Private Collection

Max Boyce; photographer unknown

'Florence Nightingale receiving the Wounded at Scutari' by Jerry Barrett, 1856 © National Portrait Gallery, London

Dylan Thomas; photographer unknown

A woman praying during the outbreak of the Coronavirus pandemic photographer unknown

Eugene Delacroix *The Good Samaritan*, 1849 © Private Collection

Florence Nightingale; photographer unknown
