

**Capel y Boro Service
Sun 31 May 2020 at 11am**

**Service for Pentecost and
International Prayer
Week**



Opening music:

Bach/Gounod Ave Maria

Yo-Yo Ma (cello); Kathryn Stott
(piano)

Intrada

Sung by Llanelli Male Voice Choir

**Talk on Ye choirs of new
Jerusalem by John Jones**

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem
(Henry Gauntlett, *St Fulbert*)

Actau 2: 1-8 / John 3: 1-8

Jessie Penn Lewis
from *The Awakening in Wales*

O anfon di yr Ysbryd Glân
(John Hughes)

T S Eliot
from *Little Gidding*
(‘Four Quartets’)

R S Thomas
Suddenly

**Ti Dduw unig ddoeth y goleuni
a'th gël**

(T Gwynn Jones, *Joanna*)

T Gwynn Jones
Ystrad Fflur

Taliesin
Alexander's breastplate prayer

Andrew Cusworth
yn un rith, a choir still
Côr ABC and Côr Dinas

Max Ehrmann
Desiderata

Prayer of St Francis of Assisi

Sioned Williams
Arr. Robat Arwyn
O Nefol Arddfwyn Oen
(William Williams)
Côr y Boro

A prayer by Cardinal Newman

Mother Teresa on Prayer

**Intercessions for the period of
the Coronavirus pandemic
by the Church of Wales**

Come down, O Love Divine
(Bianco da Siena trans R F
Littledale, *Down Ampney*)

**Message on Pentecost and the
Holy Spirit by Parch Peter
Dewi Richards followed by the
Lord's Prayer**

**O Arglwydd, dyro awel,
a honno'n awer gref**
(Dafydd William, *Llangloffan*)

Blessing (Peter)

Closing music:
Pererin wyf mewn anial dir
(*Amazing Grace*)
Iris Williams, Rhys Meirion,
Côrddydd, Treorchy Male Voice
Choir

Opening music:

Bach/Gounod Ave Maria

Yo-Yo Ma (cello); Kathryn Stott
(piano)

Gounod's sung setting of the well-loved Latin prayer *Ave Maria* which the nineteenth-century French composer set within his own arrangement of a Bach keyboard prelude is rightly popular. This is his first version of the piece written for cello and piano. The English words to the *Ave Maria* prayer are below:

Ave Maria

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, Mother of God,

pray for us sinners,

now and in the hour of our death.

Amen

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nt7EZDj89fk>

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.

**Talk on Ye choirs of new
Jerusalem by John Jones**

Today is Whit Sunday, also known as Pentecost, 50 days

after Easter, a period of rejoicing which marks the birth of the Christian Church. The origins of the word Whit is unclear though it may refer to the tradition of wearing white as part of the celebration. Traditionally, it was a time of fairs, parades and pageants. In Gloucestershire, it's known as Bread and Cheese Day because of an old tradition that involves throwing bread and cheese and, in the border counties of Shropshire, Worcestershire and Herefordshire, it was marked by Morris dancing.

According to the Bible, Pentecost was the time when the apostles prayed together and the Holy Spirit descended on them. They received the "gift of tongues" and began to preach about Jesus to the people who flocked to Jerusalem for the Jewish harvest festival of Shavout. It's not certain when Christians started observing Pentecost, but it may have been as early as the first century. According to church tradition, the Holy Spirit is represented in symbolic language by flames, fire, wind and a dove. The Easter hymn, *Ye Choirs of New Jerusalem*, originates from the medieval period, the work of St. Fulbert of Chartres.



We know little about him except that he was Bishop of Chartres in Northern France in 1007. And there's evidence that his hymn was taken up in England during his lifetime, which makes it over a thousand years' old. It was translated from Latin into English in the late 1840s by a Scotsman named Robert Campbell.

The reference in the first verse to a New Jerusalem is a biblical one, as I mentioned a few weeks ago when we sang "And did those feet in ancient times".

Notice the curious description in the second verse of Christ as the lion of the "tribe of Judah" which is described in the book of Revelation, and also as the serpent, as described in Genesis.

The hymn tune is called St. Fulbert, after the author, and is by Henry Gauntlett, an organist from Shropshire who became organist of St. Olave's Church in Tooley St. from 1826, when John Stainer was a lad in nearby Broadway, as I recently talked about. Since Stainer's father was a local organist, it's more than likely that they would have known each other.

Gauntlett designed and installed a new grand organ for St. Olave's and altogether wrote over 1000 hymn tunes during his lifetime. The church, which was mentioned in the Domesday Book, is no longer there but now the location of St. Olave's House, an Art Deco office block and part of the London Bridge Hospital on the river.

The turret from the church tower was relocated to Tanner Street Park near

Bermondsey St. where it was converted into a drinking fountain and is still standing.



Ye choirs of new Jerusalem
your sweetest notes employ,
the paschal victory to hymn
in strains of holy joy.

How Judah's Lion burst his
chains,
and crushed the serpent's head;
and brought with him, from
death's domains the long-
imprisoned dead.

From hell's devouring jaws the
prey alone our leader bore;
his ransomed hosts pursue their
way where he has gone before.

Triumphant in his glory now
his sceptre ruleth all;
earth, heaven and hell before him
bow and at his footstool fall.

While joyful thus his praise we
sing, his mercy we implore,
into his palace bright to bring
and keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be,
all glory to the Son,
all glory, Holy Ghost to thee,
while endless ages run.

View here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xKVQ8JUZWJU>

Actau 2:1-8

Yr Ysbryd Glân yn dod ar y Pentecost

Ar ddiwrnod dathlu Gŵyl y Pentecost roedd pawb gyda'i gilydd eto. Ac yn sydyn dyma nhw'n clywed sŵn o'r awyr, fel gwynt cryf yn chwythu drwy'r ystafell lle roedden nhw'n cyfarfod. Ac wedyn roedd fel petai rhywbeth tebyg i fflamau tân yn dod i lawr ac yn gorffwys ar ben pob un ohonyn nhw. Dyma pawb oedd yno yn cael eu llenwi â'r Ysbryd Glân ac yn dechrau siarad mewn ieithoedd eraill. Yr Ysbryd oedd yn eu galluogi nhw i wneud hynny.

Bryd hynny roedd Iddewon crefyddol o wahanol wledydd wedi dod i aros yn Jerwsalem. Clywon nhw'r sŵn hefyd, ac roedd tyrfa fawr wedi casglu at ei gilydd i weld beth oedd yn digwydd. Roedden nhw wedi drysu, am fod pob un ohonyn nhw yn clywed ei iaith ei hun yn cael ei siarad. Roedd y peth yn syfrdanol! "Onid o Galilea mae'r bobl yma'n dod?" medden nhw. 8 "Sut maen nhw'n gallu siarad ein hieithoedd ni?"

The Coming of the Holy Spirit on Pentecost

When the day of Pentecost had come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly from heaven there came a sound like the rush of a violent wind, and it filled the entire house where they were sitting. Divided tongues, as of fire, appeared among them, and a tongue rested on each of them.

All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other

languages, as the Spirit gave them ability.

Now there were devout Jews from every nation under heaven living in Jerusalem. And at this sound the crowd gathered and was bewildered, because each one heard them speaking in the native language of each. Amazed and astonished, they asked, 'Are not all these who are speaking Galileans? And how is it that we hear, each of us, in our own native language?'

John 3:1-8

Nicodemus Visits Jesus

Now there was a Pharisee named Nicodemus, a leader of the Jews. He came to Jesus by night and said to him, 'Rabbi, we know that you are a teacher who has come from God; for no one can do these signs that you do apart from the presence of God.' Jesus answered him, 'Very truly, I tell you, no one can see the kingdom of God without being born from above.' Nicodemus said to him, 'How can anyone be born after having grown old? Can one enter a second time into the mother's womb and be born?' Jesus answered, 'Very truly, I tell you, no one can enter the kingdom of God without being born of water and Spirit. What is born of the flesh is flesh, and what is born of the Spirit is spirit. Do not be astonished that I said to you, "You must be born from above."

The wind blows where it chooses, and you hear the sound of it, but you do not know where it comes from or where it goes.

So it is with everyone who is born of the Spirit.'

Jessie Penn Lewis

from *The Awakening in Wales*



Prayer preceded the first Pentecost, and prayer must precede the wider outpouring of the Spirit in the last days, therefore the true members of Christ all over the world must be drawn by the Spirit within them into one accord in asking God to pour forth His Spirit according to His word.

Has there has been in recent years any indication of the special preparation of the Church for the wider fulfilment of Joel's prophecy? If we find this to be so, our faith will be strengthened, and our vision cleared, to see that the Revival in Wales may be the beginning of the "latter rain" which shall prepare the Church of God for the Lord's appearing, and draw into the kingdom all who willeth to be saved.

In 1901 we look into the great city of Melbourne, and see fifty missionaries holding services in fifty different centres of the city, whilst 40,000 praying souls meet in two thousand homes for "home" prayer meetings, encircling the city with prayer. Many meet for half nights of

prayer, and Melbourne is moved from end to end by the mighty movings of the Spirit of God.

In 1902 the Holy Ghost had drawn His people to pray for a World-wide Revival, and in 1903 the Eternal Spirit broke forth upon the people of God gathered from the ends of the earth, and leads them back to Calvary. Moreover, in this same year of 1903, in far-away India the Spirit of God unveiled to one of His honoured servants the Cross of Calvary in new and vivid power, revealing to him that for forty years.

Yes, truly prayer must prepare God's people for the moving forth of the Spirit in Pentecostal power, and when the Holy Spirit comes forth He bears witness to Calvary, as in the days of the first Pentecost in Jerusalem.

Jessie Penn-Lewis (1861–1927) was a Welsh evangelical speaker and the author of a number of Christian evangelical works. Her religious work also took her to Russia, Scandinavia, Canada, the United States, and India. Penn-Lewis was born in Victoria Terrace, Neath in 1861. Her father was an engineer and her grandfather a Calvinist Methodist minister. She was involved in the 1904–1905 Welsh Revival, one of the largest Christian revivals ever to break out.

O anfon di yr Ysbryd Glân
yn enw Iesu mawr,
a'i weithrediadau megis tân
O deued ef i lawr.

Yn ôl d'addewid fawr ei gwerth,
O Arglwydd, tywallt di
dy Ysbryd Sanctaidd gyda nerth
i weithio arnom ni.

O'th wir ewyllys deued ef
i argyhoeddi'r byd
ac arwain etifeddion nef
drwy'r anial maith i gyd.

Yn ôl d'addewid, Iesu mawr,
yr awron anfon di
y gwir Ddiddanydd yma i lawr
i aros gyda ni.

*O send you the Holy Spirit
in the name of the great Jesus,
and its operations such as fire
O come it down.
According to your great promise,
O Lord, pour out
your Holy Spirit with strength
to work on us.*

*From your true will he comes
to convince the world
and lead the heirs of heaven
through the long desert all.*

*According to your promise, great
Jesus, now send you
the true Entertainer down here
to stay with us.*

T S Eliot
from **Little Gidding**
(**'Four Quartets'**)



The dove descending breaks the
air
With flame of incandescent
terror
Of which the tongues declare
The one discharge from sin and
error.
The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or
pyre-

To be redeemed from fire by
fire.
Who then devised the torment?
Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot
remove.
We only live, only suspire
Consumed by either fire or fire.

'Little Gidding' is the fourth and final poem of T. S. Eliot's (pictured below) 'Four Quartets', poems that discuss time, perspective, humanity, and salvation. It was first published in September 1942 after being delayed for over a year because of the air-raids on Great Britain during World War II and Eliot's declining health. The title refers to a small Anglican community in Huntingdonshire, established by Nicholas Ferrar in the 17th century and scattered during the English Civil War.

The poem uses the combined image of fire and Pentecostal fire to emphasise the need for purification and purgation. According to the poet, humanity's flawed understanding of life and turning away from God leads to a cycle of warfare, but this can be overcome by recognising the lessons of the past. 'Little Gidding' focuses on the unity of past, present, and future, and claims that understanding this unity is necessary for salvation.



R S Thomas
Suddenly



Suddenly after long silence
he has become voluble.
He addresses me from a myriad
directions with the fluency
of water, the articulateness
of green leaves; and in the genes,
too, the components
of my existence. The rock,
so long speechless, is the library
of his poetry. He sings to me
in the chain-saw, writes
with the surgeon's hand
on the skin's parchment
messages
of healing. The weather
is his mind's turbine
driving the earth's bulk round
and around on its remedial
journey. I have no need
to despair; as at
some second Pentecost
of a Gentile, I listen to the things
round me: weeds, stones,
instruments,
the machine itself, all
speaking to me in the vernacular
of the purposes of One who is.

*The Welsh poet and Anglican priest
R S Thomas evoked his Pentecostal
moment in this poem published in
1983 in which he discovers that the
Holy Spirit comes down to us in all
sorts of mysterious ways,
manifesting itself in both the
mundane and the sublime.*

**Ti Dduw unig ddoeth y
goleuni a'th gël**
Tragywydd wyt Ti,

nid oes lygad a'th wël.
Dy rym a'th ogoniant
byth bythoedd yn bod,
Bendigaid, goruchel,
i'th enw rhown glod.

Heb orffwys, heb frysio,
mor dawel â'r dydd,
Heb brinder, heb orfod,
a fynni a fydd;
Cadarnach dy farn na'r
mynyddoedd mawr iawn;
A daw o'th gymylau
bob cariad a dawn.

Tydi a rydd fywyd
i fychan a mawr,
Tydi ym mhob bywyd
yw'r bywyd bob awr;
Blagurwn, heneiddiwn,
fel dail ar y coed,
Heneiddiwn, diflannwn,
a Thi fel erioed.

Ti, Dad y Gogoniant
a'r golau uwch ben,
Fe'th fawl yr angylion,
a'u golau tan len;
Dod gymorth, pob moliant
a roddwn i Ti,
Ysblander y golau
a'th gudd rhagom ni.

*Immortal, invisible,
God only wise,
In light inaccessible
hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious,
the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious,
Thy great name we praise.*

*Unresting, unhalting,
and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice, like mountains,
high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains
of goodness and love.*

To all, life Thou givest,

*to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest,
the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish
as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish -
but naught changeth Thee.*

*Great Father of glory,
pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
all veiling their sight;
Of all Thy rich graces
this grace, Lord, impart
Take the veil from our faces,
the veil from our heart.*

T Gwynn Jones
Ystrad Fflur



Mae dail y coed yn Ystrad Fflur
Yn murmur yn yr awel,
A deuddeg Abad yn y gro
Yn huno yno'n dawel.

Ac yno dan yr ywen brudd
Mae Dafydd bêr ei gywydd,
A llawer pennaeth llym ei gledd
Yn ango'r bedd tragwydd.

Er bod yr haf, pan ddêl ei oed,
Yn deffro'r coed i ddeilio,
Ni ddefry dyn, a gwaith ei law
Sy'n distaw ymddadfeilio.

Ond er mai angof angau prudd
Ar adfail ffydd a welaf,

Pan rodiwyf ddaear Ystrad Fflur
O'm dolur ymdawelaf.

*The forest leaves at Ystrad Fflur
Are rustling in the breeze,
And a dozen Abbots underground
Are sleeping there at peace.*

*And there beneath the solemn yew
Is Dafydd, sweet his song,
And many a chief whose blade was keen
In the grave's oblivion.*

*Though summer, when its time has come,
Wakes leaves within the tree,
Man does not wake, and his handiwork
Is crumbling tranquilly.*

*But though I see upon faith's ruins
Sad death's oblivion,
When I walk the earth of Ystrad Fflur
It eases me of pain.*

Translated by Joseph P Clancy

The ruined Cistercian abbey of Stata Florida in mid Wales traditionally contains the grave of Dafydd ap Gwilym, the fourteenth century poet, marked by an ancient yew-tree.

T Gwynn Jones (1871–1949), the author of this poem and the hymn that preceded it, was a leading Welsh poet, scholar, literary critic, novelist, translator, and journalist who did important work in Welsh literature, education, and the study of folk tales in the first half of the twentieth century. Born in Betws-yn-Rhos, Denbighshire, Wales he was educated at Denbigh and Abergele. He won the Chair at the National Eisteddfod in Bangor in 1902 for his ode, 'Ymadawiad Arthur.' T. Gwynn Jones's writings had a significant influence on Robert Graves in his study 'The White Goddess.'



Taliesin **Alexander's breastplate prayer**



This lorica (breastplate) prayer is called "Alexander's Breastplate" because it is between two poems about Alexander the Great in the Welsh Book of Taliesin.

On the face of the earth
his equal was not born,
Three persons of God,
one gentle Son
in the glorious Trinity.
Son of the Godhead,
Son of the Manhood,
one wonderful Son.
Son of God, a fortress,
Son of the blessed Mary,
Son, Servant, Lord.
Great his destiny,
great God supreme,
in heavenly glory.

Of the race of Adam
and Abraham,
and of the line of David,
the eloquent psalmist,
was he born.
By a word he healed
the blind and deaf
from every ailment;
the gluttonous, vain
iniquitous, vile, perverse,
to rise toward the Trinity
by their redemption.
The Cross of Christ
is our shining breastplate
against every ailment.
Against every hardship
may it certainly be
our city of refuge.

One of our earliest prayers this morning, this is from the Welsh sixth-century poet Taliesin whose writings were collected in middle Welsh in the 'Book of Taliesin' from the tenth century onwards.

Andrew Cusworth **yn un rhith, a choir still**



Er o bell, roedd herio byd heno'n gân

yn y gwaed, yn fywyd,
pob tôn yn fonllef hefyd,
yn un rhith, yn gôr o hyd.

Yes, from a distance, but we fought back tonight,

*our song being lifeblood,
every note we sang, a cry,
virtually one, a choir still.*

This new piece written by composer Andrew Cusworth in the first few weeks after the introduction of movement restrictions due to Covid-19 was premiered on Friday 22 May at a YouTube premiere event by Aberystwyth's ABC Choir, and one of Capel y Boro's resident choirs, Cor Dinas. Back in March, weekly choir rehearsals came to an abrupt halt due to the pandemic lockdown and as a result, ABC and Côr Dinas began to meet and rehearse remotely, giving members the opportunity to maintain their social connections, as well as continue to sing and create music.

These exercises themselves became the inspiration for a new choral piece and a virtual choir project. After one of the ABC Choir's rehearsals, one of the members, Dafydd John Pritchard, wrote an 'englyn' about the experience and posted it on Twitter. After reading the poem, Andrew Cusworth, one of his fellow members and conductor of Côr Dinas, set it to music, creating a piece for the two choirs to sing together in virtual reality.

View here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HA1ehR1odWA>

Max Ehrmann
Desiderata



Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the

noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

Prayer of St Francis of Assisi



Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love,
Where there is injury, pardon
Where there is doubt, faith,
Where there is despair, hope,
Where there is darkness, light,
Where there is sadness, joy.
O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much
seek to be consoled as to console,
not so much to be understood as to understand,
not so much to be loved, as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive,
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
it is in dying that we awake to eternal life.

Sioned Williams
Arr. Robat Arwyn
O Nefol Arddfwyn Oen



O nefol addfwyn Oen,
lachawdwr dynolryw,
Doed pawb yn wir ddiboen,
I foli'th Enw gwiw;
Mae'th ddawn, a'th ras,
a'th gariad drud,
Yn llanw'r nef yn llanw'r byd.

Noddfa pechadur trist
Tan bob drylliedig friw,
A phob euogrwydd llym,
Yn unig yw fy Nuw;
'Does enw i'w gael o tan y nef
Yn unig ond ei Enw Ef.

Ymgrymed pawb i lawr
I enw'r addfwyn Oen;
Yr enw mwya mawr
Eriod a glywyd sôn:
Y clôd a'r nerth,
y parch a'r bri
F'o fyth i enw'n Harglwydd ni.

*O heavenly, gentle Lamb,
the saviour of humankind,
let all come truly without pain,
to praise thy worthy name;
thy gift, and thy grace,
and thy precious love, are
filling heaven, filling the world.*

*The refuge of a sad sinner
under every broken bruise,
and every sharp guilt,*

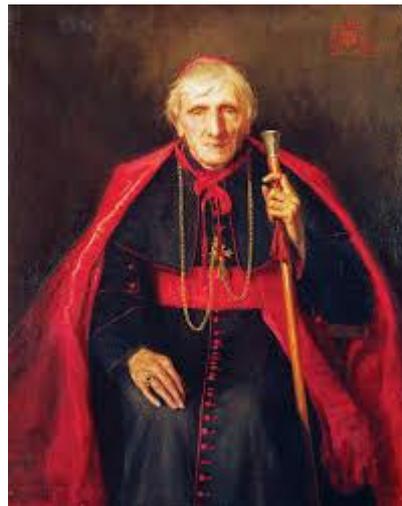
*is my God alone;
there is no name to be had under
heaven
except his name alone.*

*Let everyone bow down
to the name of the gentle Lamb,
the name most great
ever whose sound was heard!
The exaltation, the praise,
the respect and the honour
be ever to the name of our Lord!*

View here:

<https://www.facebook.com/149727908721430/videos/836292060178574/>

**A prayer by Cardinal John
Henry Newman**



Dear Jesus, help us to spread
Your fragrance everywhere we
go.

Flood our souls with Your Spirit
and Life.

Penetrate and possess our whole
being so utterly
that our lives may only be a
radiance of Yours.

Shine through us and be so in us
that every soul we come in
contact with may feel Your
presence in our souls.

Let them look up, and see no
longer us, but only Jesus!

Stay with us and then we shall
begin to shine as You shine,
so to shine as to be a light to
others.

The light, O Jesus, will be all from
You; none of it will be ours.

It will be You, shining on others
through us.

Let us thus praise You in the way
You love best, by shining on
those around us.

Let us preach You without
preaching, not by words but by
example,

by the catching force, the
sympathetic influence of what we
do,

the evident fullness of the love
our hearts bear for You. Amen.

Mother Teresa on Prayer



Prayer is the mortar that holds
our house together.

When I was crossing into Gaza, I
was asked at the check-post
whether I was carrying any
weapons. I replied: Oh yes, my
prayer books.

Prayer is not asking. Prayer is
putting oneself in the hands of
God, at His disposition, and
listening to His voice in the depth
of our hearts.

I do not pray for success, I ask for faithfulness.

The beginning of prayer is silence. If we really want to pray we must first learn to listen, for in the silence of the heart God speaks.

I used to pray that God would feed the hungry, or do this or that, but now I pray that he will guide me to do whatever I'm supposed to do, what I can do. I used to pray for answers, but now I'm praying for strength. I used to believe that prayer changes things, but now I know that prayer changes us and we change things.

Prayer in action is love, and love in action is service. Try to give unconditionally whatever a person needs in the moment. The point is to do something, however small, and show you care through your actions by giving your time ... Do not worry about why problems exist in the world - just respond to people's needs ... We feel what we are doing is just a drop in the ocean, but that ocean would be less without that drop.

Intercessions



Trusting in God's care for his children, we pray in the name of Christ and in the power of the Holy Spirit.

For those who are sick:

Your steadfast love, O Lord, extends to the heavens, your faithfulness to the clouds. Psalm 36:5

We pray for those who are unwell due to the coronavirus: in your compassion, grant them strength and healing.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For our health workers:

In the day of trouble you answer us, O Lord, and you protect us; you send us help and give us support. Psalm 20:1-2

We pray for all who minister to the sick throughout our health service, that they may renew their strength in you and be channels of restoration and renewal for those who suffer.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For the anxious:

You are near to the broken-hearted, O Lord, and you save the crushed in spirit. Psalm 34:18

We pray for all who are anxious about loved ones, friends and neighbours: enable them to trust in you and be steadfast in hope.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For the lonely and the isolated:

Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I fear no evil; for you are with me. Psalm 23:4

We pray for all those who feel isolated or alone, that they may experience your loving presence.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For the strong and the vulnerable:

Lord, you raise the poor and lift the needy. Psalm 113:7

We pray that you would inspire those who are strong to care for the vulnerable and to serve them in love.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For the Church:

How can we sing your song, O Lord, in these strange times? (cf. Psalm 137:4)

We pray for your Church who longs to praise you throughout this strange and confusing time; through your creative Spirit fire our imaginations to proclaim your unchanging love in new ways.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For those in authority:

We cast our burden upon you, O Lord, and you sustain us. Psalm 55:22

We pray for all in authority who face difficult decisions that affect the lives of many; grant them wisdom and courage.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For those engaged in research:

O Lord, you are great and abundant in power; your understanding is beyond measure [Psalm 147:5](#)

We pray for all engaged in research, who are seeking to develop a vaccine and remedies for coronavirus: grant them wisdom, understanding and effectiveness in their endeavours.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For traders and employees:

Lord, you are our light and our salvation; whom shall we fear? You are the stronghold of our life; of whom shall we be afraid? [Psalm 27:1](#)

We pray for traders and employees who are fearful of the future, that businesses may be secured, jobs protected and families supported.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For those who face hardship:

The eyes of all look to you and you give them their food in due season. [Psalm 145:15](#)

We pray for all those facing financial hardship that you would support and sustain them. We remember also those who seek to fulfil Christ's command to love one another through the work of foodbanks and charities and through acts of simple kindness.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For those in education:

Lord, you give strength to your people and you bless them with peace. [Psalm 29:11](#)

We pray for all in education at this uncertain time: inspire those who feel bored or directionless, protect the vulnerable and give fresh hope to the dismayed. Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For the departed:

Lord, you show me the path of life. In your presence there is fullness of joy; in your right hand are pleasures for evermore. [Psalm 16:11](#)

With sadness, we remember those who have lost their lives. Give us thankful hearts for the privilege of knowing them and strengthen our faith in your Son who died for us and rose again in glory that we might share in his victorious life.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

For the grieving:

O God, for you alone my soul waits in silence, for my hope is from you. You alone are my rock, my salvation and my fortress. [Psalm 62:5-6](#)

We pray for those who weep and mourn, that they may find comfort and hope in you.

Lord, in your mercy: hear our prayers.

Lord of life, in this time of crisis for our families and communities,

our nation and our world, we turn to you in faith, to seek your guidance and receive your blessing, knowing that nothing in all creation can separate us from your love made known to us in your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. We ask this in the name of him who took our infirmities and bore our diseases, who suffered the cross and rose again triumphant, for he lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Come down, O Love Divine,
seek out this soul of mine,
and visit it with your own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

There let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
and let your glorious light
shine ever on my sight
and clothe me round, the while
my path illuming.

Let holy charity
mine outward vesture be
and lowliness become my inner clothing;
true lowliness of heart
which takes the humbler part
and o'er its own shortcomings
weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong
with which the soul will long,
shall far surpass the power of
human telling;
for none can guess its grace
till we become the place
wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

View here:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p04t75f8>

Message on Pentecost and the Holy Spirit by Parch Peter Dewi Richards followed by the Lord's Prayer



Pentecost - The Holy Spirit comes like the wind

Text: John Chapter 3. Verse 8.

Roedd yn naturiol i'r Iddew gymharu yr Ysbryd Duw fel y gwynt. Yn Hebraeg defnyddir yr un gair i son am y gwynt a'r ysbryd. In root form the same Hebrew word can be used to describe 'the wind' and 'the Spirit' 'Ruach.' Gellir hefyd uniaethu y gair hwn i son hefyd am anadl.

So within this one Hebrew word we can convey thoughts of Wind, Spirit and Breath.

As the hymn says 'Breath on me Spirit of God'

In the context of our text we read that Jesus was in conversation with Nicodemus. Having visited the Mount of Olives I can confirm that it can be very windy there. It lies on the side of the mountain and the wind can be very refreshing but it can also be very strong; depending on its direction.

Pan oedd yr Iesu yn siarad a Nicodemus roedd hi yn nos neu o leiaf yn nosi ac yr oedd awel yn chwythu ac mewn ymateb i nifer o gwestiynau gan Nicodemus y mae Crist yn defnyddio y gwynt fel esiampl a nodweddion yr Ysbryd.

Although the lyrics of the well-known song doesn't fit into my thoughts, the title does. 'The answer is 'blowing in the wind'. This is how Jesus responds to Nicodemus's questions.

I Mae'r gwynt yn chwythu. The wind blows.

Awgrymaf yma gwaith a bywyd di-flino yr Ysbryd. The ceaseless work and action of the Spirit. Mae y beibl yn frith o engreifftiau o'r Ysbryd ar waith.

Looking through the bible there are many references to God's Spirit at work.

We read in Genesis of God's Spirit moving over the face of the earth. We turn also to the Book of Revelation and again we read of the Spirit at Work. The Spirit encourages us to get moving; to be involved, and challenging us to remember that God never loses sight of us.

Mae'r ysgrythurau dweud yn glir Nad yw Duw byth yn colli gafael

ynom na chwaith yn colli golwg arnom.

God never lets us go and doesn't lose sight of us. God's Spirit keeps life together; it is ceaseless.

Beth i ni yn darganfod wrth ddarllen hanes dyfodiad yr Ysbryd Glan yn Llyfr yr Actau ye fod yr Ysbryd yn meddiannu'r disgyglion gan roi bywyd a chyfeiriad newydd.

The Spirit of God never stops blowing. Sometimes it is like a light breeze but other times it is like a hurricane, not doing damage but building a new life of hope and trust.

At times, especially when we feel downhearted, the Spirit no longer blows; not even like a light breeze. Credu fod ein Duw yn dawedog.

When we lose sight of God we might feel like Thomas Carlyle, 'that dumb thing that turns the screw of life.'

Yr her i ni yw 'gwrando ar y gwynt' -yr ysbryd

2. The Spirit blows where it wishes - chwythu lle y mynno.

This reminds us of the Sovereign freedom of the Spirit, Rhyddid Arglwyddiaethol yr Ysbryd.

Mae'n amhosibl rheoli y gwynt er ein bod wedi ceisio gwneud hynny.

The wind farms dotted around the country are both on land and sea but even with all this advanced technology it is difficult to control the wind.

Yn Uckfield mae'r ty lle rwyf yn byw ar hyn o bryd wedi ei adeiladu ar darn o dir weddol uchel ac yn ymwybodol o natur gwynt. In Uckfield I experience how suddenly the wind can change direction. To begin with it might blow from the North Downs but at other times from the South Downs. In other words it blows where it wishes.

No church or individual has a monopoly of the Spirit. Sometimes I tune into some of these religious programmes on television. So many of them seem to think that it is only them who have that monopoly of God's Spirit.

Perygl Cyfunderfn Eglwysig ac eglwysi unigol yw ceisio corneli neu rhwystro rhyddid yr Ysbryd rhag gweithredu yn unol ag arweiniad Duw ac er budd gwaith y Deyrnas.

We should always remember that we are instruments of the Spirit; enabling the Spirit to work through us. The Spirit has no boundaries and your calling is to let it flow; and offer ourselves as its channel.

3. Clywir ei swm.

You can hear the sound it makes. Evidence of the Spirit.

Tystiolaeth o'r ysbryd. Pan mae'r gwynt yn chwythu fe wna ei bresenoldeb yn hysbys i bawb. Clywir ei swm Felly hefyd yr Ysbryd. Cynan sydd yn son am yr Ysbryd yn rhuo fel y gwynt.

When the spirit comes it wakes us from our slumber be it as individual Christians or as churches. It is that kind of experience that brought

Nicodemus to Jesus. He wasn't a disciple. He was a Pharisee and a member of the Sanhedrin. Yet he was seeking something else in his life - Rhaid dweud o ddarllen yr hanes ei fod yn gwbl gonest ac agored gyda'r Iesu - and sought to find Jesus.

Seeking Jesus.

Perhaps some would say that there isn't much evidence of the Spirit's action in our country. There are some but what I would call 'hot spots' but on the whole actions are at a low ebb. In other countries we see evidence that God's Spirit is at work transforming the lives of people to enable them to change their society.

In conclusion I gather my thoughts with these headings:

The spirit is like the Wind:

- i The power of the Holy Spirit - Change happens
- ii When the Holy Spirit comes - an energy is produced
- iii It empowers us to do what we cannot do on our own

Amen

Before we sing our final Hymn *O Arglwydd dyro awel a honno'n awer gref* (*O Lord give a breeze that is a strong breeze*) let us now say together the Lord's Prayer in the language of our hearts whether that be Welsh or English:

Ein Tad, yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd,

sancteiddier dy enw.

Deled dy deyrnas.

Gwneler dy ewyllys,

megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear hefyd.

Dyro i ni heddiw ein bara beunyddiol.

A maddau i ni ein dyledion, fel y maddeuwn ninnau i'n dyledwyr.

Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth, eithr gwared ni rhag drwg. Canys eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas, a'r nerth, a'r gogoniant yn oes oesoedd. Amen.

O Arglwydd, dyro awel,

a honno'n awel gref,
i godi f'ysbryd egwan
o'r ddaear hyd y nef;
yr awel sy'n gwasgaru
y tew gymylau mawr;
mae f'enaid am ei themlo:
o'r nefoedd doed i lawr.

Awelon Mynydd Seion
sy'n cynnau nefol dân;
awelon Mynydd Seion
a nertha 'nghamre 'mlaen;
dan awel Mynydd Seion
mi genais beth cyn hyn;
mi ganaf ronyn eto
nes cyrraedd Seion fryn.

*O Lord send a breeze,
and that a strong breeze,
to raise my feeble spirit
from the earth as far as heaven;
the breeze which scatters
the great, thick clouds;
my soul wants to feel it:
let it come down from heaven.*

*Breezes of Mount Zion
which kindle heavenly fire;
breezes of Mount Zion
which strengthen my steps ahead;
under the breeze of Mount Zion
I have sung somewhat already;
I shall sing a little longer
before I reach mount Zion.*

Closing music:

***Pererin wyf mewn anial dir
(Amazing Grace)***

Iris Williams, Rhys Meirion,
Côrddydd, Treorchy Male Voice
Choir



Pererin wyf mewn anial dir,
yn crwydro yma a thraw,
ac yn rhyw ddisgwyl bob yr awr
fod tŷ fy Nhad gerllaw.

Ac mi debygaf clywaf sŵn
laidd rai o'm blaen,
wedi gorchfygu a mynd drwy
dymhestloedd dŵr a tân.

Tyrd, Ysbryd Sanctaidd, Iedia'r
ffordd,
bydd imi'n niwl a tân;
ni cherdda' i'n gywir hanner cam
oni byddi di o'm blaen.

Mi wyraf weithiau ar y dde
ac ar yr aswy law;
am hynny arwain, gam a cham,
fi i'r baradwys draw.

Mae hiraeth arnaf am y wlad
lle mae torfeydd di-ri'
yn canu'r anthem ddyddiau'u hoes
am angau Calfari.

*A pilgrim am I in a desert land
wandering hither and yon,
and in a kind of hope every hour
that my Father's house is at hand.*

*And I shall most likely hear
some heavenly sound before me,
having overcome and gone through
tempests of water and fire.*

*Come, Holy Spirit, widen the way,
be to me cloud and fire;
I will not walk correctly half a step
except thou be before me.*

*I veer at times to the right
and to the left hand;
therefore lead, step by step,
me to the paradise yonder.*

*I have a longing for the land
where multitudes without number
are singing the anthem the days of
their age
about the death of Calvary.*

*This recording was made for a
documentary by the tenor Rhys
Meirion on Welsh singer Iris
Williams for S4C in 2016. Williams
was born in Tonyrefail, South
Wales. Brought up in a children's
home, she won a scholarship to the
Royal Welsh College of Music &
Drama. In 1979, she had her
biggest UK hit, "He Was Beautiful",
a song based on the theme from
'The Deer Hunter.' In Wales,
however, she had already had major
success, particularly with this song
"Pererin Wyf" (1971), a Welsh-
language version of "Amazing
Grace". She sings in cabaret
throughout the USA including New
York and now lives in California.*

View here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nt7EZDj89fk>

Readers:

**Talk on Ye choirs of new
Jerusalem** John Jones

Actau 2: 1-8 / John 3: 1-8
Megan Evans

**Jessie Penn Lewis
from The Awakening in Wales**
Rowenna Hughes

**T S Eliot
from Little Gidding
(‘Four Quartets’)** Tudor Owen

R S Thomas Suddenly
Joshua Games

T Gwynn Jones Ystrad Fflur
Catrin Treharne

**Taliesin
Alexander's breastplate prayer**
Glyn Pritchard

Max Ehrmann Desiderata
Mark Salmon

Prayer of St Francis of Assisi
Cai Pritchard

A prayer by Cardinal Newman
Anthony Weaver

Mother Teresa on Prayer
Andrew Cusworth

**Intercessions for the period of
the Coronavirus pandemic
by the Church of Wales**
Jenny Thomas and Stephen Thomas

**Message on Pentecost and the
Holy Spirit followed by the
Lord's Prayer and Blessing**
Parch Peter Dewi Richards

Pictures (from top):

St Fulbert of Chartres
Turret from St Olaf's Church, Tanner Street
Pak, Bermondsey, London
Jessie Penn Lewis, photographer unknown
Piero della Francesca *The Baptism of Christ*,
The National Gallery
Church and gardener, location and
photographer unknown
Strata Florida Abbey, Ceredigion, mid Wales
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Taliesin, illustration
Cor Dinas and Cor ABC, *yn un rhith, a choir
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