

**Capel y Boro Replay
Sun 5 July 2020 at 11am**

**A Service of
Remembrance for the
Departed and
Thanksgiving for the NHS**



Opening music:

Joseph Parry

Jesu, lover of my soul

(Charles Wesley, Aberystwyth)
Treorchy Male Voice Choir

Intrada

Sung by Huw Rhys-Evans (tenor)

Lord of all hopefulness

(Jan Struther)

**William Wordsworth
from *The Excursion* and
*Intimations of Immortality***

**Waldo Williams
*Cofio***

***Rhagluniaeth fawr y nef*
(David Charles)**

I Corinthians 15: 50-57

Mathew 5: 3-10 (*Y Bendithion*)

**Musical interlude - *Suo Gân*
Anthony Way (treble); St Paul's
Cathedral Choir**

I Thessalonians 4: 13-18

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson
*Crossing the Bar***

***The day thou gavest, Lord, is
ended***

(John Ellerton)

**John Donne
*Death be not proud***

**Message from HRH The
Prince of Wales**

**Meditation and prayers from
The Very Reverend Dr David
Ison – Dean of St Paul's
from St Paul's Cathedral**

**Felix Mendelssohn
Elijah – 'Lift thine eyes'
St Paul's Cathedral Choir**

**Maya Angelou
The pulse of morning (excerpt)**

***Rho im yr hedd na wŷr y byd
amdano*
(Elfed, Rhys)
Stuart Burrows (tenor)**

**Prayers and reflections from
hospital chaplains**

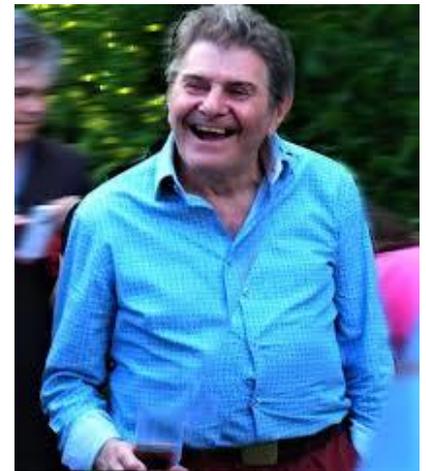
***Bydd yn wrol, paid â llithro*
(Norman Macleod cyf. Ben Davies)**

Blessing

**Closing music:
Daniel Protheroe
Nidaros (excerpt)
(Henry Longfellow)
Treorchy Male Voice Choir**



Welcome to our service this morning at Capel y Boro which is dedicated to health-care workers on the NHS's birthday and as the nation gives thanks today with an annual clap for carers. But our service is also one of thanksgiving for the departed and remembrance for the consolation of the bereaved and grieving. We will reflect on the work of doctors, nurses and hospital chaplains and also how we thank and support them and how we memorialise those who have sadly departed.



On Thursday 30th June we lost a great friend of the Capel y Boro video services who was with us every week, the chorister **Graham Roberts.... universally known as Newport** (pictured above.) Graham died of cancer, and his family were with him when he passed.

Mike Williams says: "Newport gave the London Welsh Male Voice Choir over 42 years of dedicated service. He was a fine bass, a linguist, a conductor on occasion, ever present and an absolute legend. He was always one of the first to make new members of the choir feel welcome. One of his many hobbies was keeping licenced premises in business. He was also a long standing and devoted

member of the London Welsh Rugby Club Choir, and for those with longer memories, he was a star performer at the Mid-Surrey Bowls Club whether there was rugby on at Old Deer Park or not.” Our opening and closing music this morning – *Aberystwyth* and *Nidaros* – were two of his favourite pieces, and we dedicate them to Graham’s memory.

Opening music:

Joseph Parry

Jesu, lover of my soul

(Charles Wesley, *Aberystwyth*)

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall —
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold, I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
Source of all true righteousness;
Thou art evermore the same,

Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=moMRIdCwx8M>

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.*

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,

whose trust, ever childlike, no
cares could destroy:
Be there at our waking, and give
us, we pray,
your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at
the break of the day.

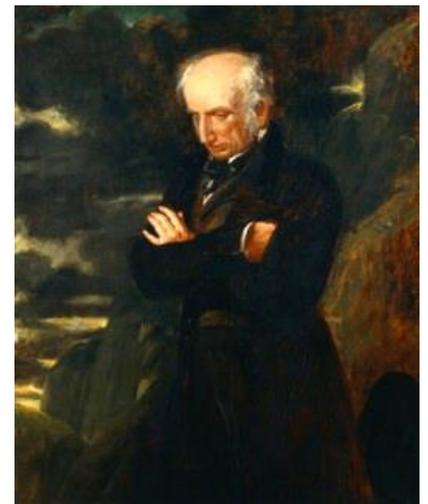
Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all
faith,
whose strong hands were skilled
at the plane and the lathe:
Be there at our labours, and give
us, we pray,
your strength in our hearts, Lord,
at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindliness, Lord of all
grace,

your hands swift to welcome,
your arms to embrace:
Be there at our homing, and give
us, we pray,
your love in our hearts, Lord, at
the eve of the day.
Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all
calm,
whose voice is contentment,
whose presence is balm:
Be there at our sleeping, and give
us, we pray,
your peace in our hearts, Lord, at
the end of the day.

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

William Wordsworth from *The Excursion* and *Intimations of Immortality*



What though the radiance which
was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my
sight,
Though nothing can bring back
the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of
glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.

And when the stream that
overflows has passed,
A consciousness remains upon
the silent shore of memory;

Images and precious thoughts
that shall not be
And cannot be destroyed.

Waldo Williams
Cofio



Un funud fwyn cyn delo'r hwyr
i'w hynt,
I gofio am y pethau anghofiedig
Ar goll yn awr yn llwch yr amser
gynt.

Fel ewyn ton a dyr ar draethell
unig,
Fel cân y gwynt lle nid oes glust a
glyw,
Mi wn eu bod yn galw'n ofer
arnom –
Hen bethau anghofiedig dynol
ryw.

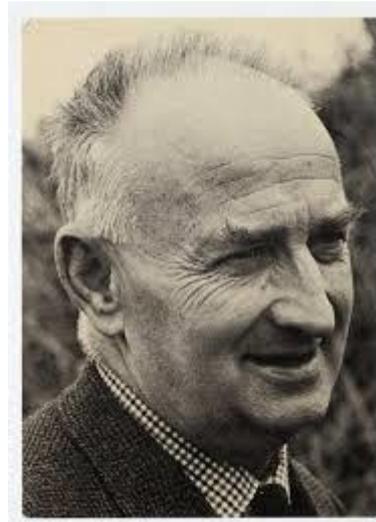
Camp a chelfyddyd y
cenhedloedd cynnar,
Anheddau bychain a neuaddau
mawr,
Y chwedlau cain a chwalwyd ers
canrifoedd
Y duwiau na w'yr neb amdanynt
'nawr.

A geiriau bach hen ieithoedd
diflanedig,
Hoyw yng ngenau dynion
oeddynt hwy,
A thlws i'r clust ym mharabl plant
bychain,
Ond tafod neb ni eilw arnynt
mwy.

O, genedlaethau dirifedi daear,

A'u breuddwyd dwyfol a'u
dwyfoldeb brau,
A erys ond tawelwch i'r calonnau
Fu gynt yn llawenyachu a thristáu?

Mynych ym mrig yr hwyr, a mi yn
unig,
Daw hiraeth am eich 'nabod chwi
bob un;
A oes a'ch deil o hyd mewn Cof
a Chalon,
Hen bethau anghofiedig teulu
dyn?



*One short minute before the sun
goes from the sky,
One gentle minute before the night
starts on its journey,
To remember the forgotten things
Lost now in the dust of times gone
by.*

*Like the foam of a wave that breaks
on a lonely shore,
Like the wind's song where there is
no ear to hear,
I know they call in vain upon us –
The old forgotten things of
humankind.*

*The achievement and art of early
generations,
Small dwellings and great halls,
The fine-wrought legends scattered
centuries ago,
The gods that no one knows about
by now.*

*And the little words of transient
languages,
They were gay on the lips of men,
And pleasant to the ear in the
chatter of little children,
But no tongue calls upon them any
longer.*

*Oh, unnumbered generations of
earth,
And their divine dreams and brittle
divinity,
Does nothing but silence remain to
the hearts
Which used to rejoice and grieve?*

*Often in the evening, when I am
alone,
A longing comes to know you every
one;
Is there anything which can keep
you still in Heart and Memory,
The old forgotten things of the
human family?*

*Waldo Williams trans. R Gerallt
Jones*

Rhagluniaeth fawr y nef,
mor rhyfedd yw
esboniad helaeth hon
o arfaeth Duw:
mae'n gwylio llwch y llawr,
mae'n trefnu lluoedd nef,
cyflawna'r cwbul oll
o'i gyngor ef.

Llywodraeth faith y byd
sydd yn ei llaw,
mae'n tynnu yma i lawr,
yn codi draw:
trwy bob helyntoedd blin,
terfysgoedd o bob rhyw,
dyrchafu'n gyson mae
deyrnas ein Duw.

Ei th'wyllwch dudew sydd
yn olau gwir,
ei dryswch mwyaf, mae
yn drefen glir;
hi ddaw â'i throeon maith

yn fuan oll i ben,
bydd synnu wrth gofio'r rhain
tu draw i'r llen.

*Great providence of heaven,
so wonderful it is
this plenteous exposition
of God's purpose:
it watches over the dust of the
earth,
it marshals the hosts of heaven,
it fulfils the entirety
of his counsel.*

*The extensive leadership of the
world
is in his hand,
He brings down here,
builds up there:
through all the troubling affairs,
tumults of every kind,
constantly rising is
the kingdom of our God.*

*Its thick darkness is
as true light,
its greatest perplexity, is
as clear order;
it will bring its lengthy turnings
soon all to an end.
It will be amazing on remembering
these
Beyond the curtain.*

I Corinthians 15: 50-57

What I am saying, brothers and sisters, is this: flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on

immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

'Death has been swallowed up in victory.'

'Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?' The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mathew 5: 3-10 (Y Bendithion)

'Mae'r rhai sy'n teimlo'n dlawd ac annigonol wedi'u bendithio'n fawr,
oherwydd mae'r Un nefol yn teyrnasu yn eu bywydau.
Mae'r rhai sy'n galaru wedi'u bendithio'n fawr,
oherwydd byddan nhw'n cael eu cysuro.
Mae'r rhai addfwyn sy'n cael eu gorthrymu wedi'u bendithio'n fawr,
oherwydd byddan nhw'n etifeddu'r ddaear.
Mae'r rhai sy'n llwgu a sychedu am gyfiawnder wedi'u bendithio'n fawr,
oherwydd byddan nhw'n cael eu bodloni'n llwyr.
Mae'r rhai sy'n dangos trugaredd wedi'u bendithio'n fawr,
oherwydd byddan nhw'n cael profi trugaredd eu hunain.
Mae'r rhai sydd â chalon bur wedi'u bendithio'n fawr,
oherwydd byddan nhw'n cael gweld Duw.
Mae'r rhai sy'n hyrwyddo heddwch wedi'u bendithio'n fawr,
oherwydd byddan nhw'n cael eu galw'n blant Duw.

Mae'r rhai sy'n dioddef erledigaeth am eu bod yn byw'n gyfiawn wedi'u bendithio'n fawr,
oherwydd mae'r Un nefol yn teyrnasu yn eu bywydau.'

*'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.
Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.
Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled.
Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.
Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'*

Musical interlude - Suo Gân

Huna blentyn ar fy mynwes,
Clyd a chynnes ydyw hon;
Breichiau mam sy'n dynn
amdanat,
Cariad mam sy dan fy mron;
Ni chaiff dim amharu'th gyntun,
Ni wna undyn â thi gam;
Huna'n dawel, annwyl blentyn,
Huna'n fwyn ar fron dy fam.

Huna'n dawel, heno, huna,
Huna'n fwyn, y tlws ei lun;
Pam yr wyt yn awr yn gwenu,
Gwenu'n dirion yn dy hun?
Ai angylion fry sy'n gwenu,
Arnat ti yn gwenu'n llon,
Tithau'n gwenu'n ôl dan huno,
Huno'n dawel ar fy mron?

Paid ag ofni, dim ond deilen
Gura, gura ar y ddôr;
Paid ag ofni, ton fach unig
Sua, sua ar lan y môr;
Huna blentyn, nid oes yma

Ddim i roddi iti fraw;
Gwena'n dawel yn fy mynwes.
Ar yr engyl gwynion draw.[

*Sleep child upon my bosom,
It is cosy and warm;
Mother's arms are tight around you,
A mother's love is in my breast;
Nothing shall disturb your slumber,
Nobody will do you harm;
Sleep in peace, dear child,
Sleep quietly on your mother's
breast.*

*Sleep peacefully tonight, sleep;
Gently sleep, my lovely;
Why are you now smiling,
Smiling gently in your sleep?
Are angels above smiling on you,
As you smile cheerfully,
Smiling back and sleeping,
Sleeping quietly on my breast?*

*Do not fear, it is nothing but a leaf
Beating, beating on the door;
Do not fear, only a small wave
Murmurs, murmurs on the
seashore;
Sleep child, there's nothing here
Nothing to give you fright;
Smile quietly in my bosom,
On the blessed angels yonder.*

*And now on the 72nd birthday of
the NHS we have readings from
two of its employees.*

*Firstly we welcome Taz Ebenezer
who is Senior Intern Nurse at
Barking, Havering and Redbridge
University Hospital NHS Trust. Taz
was recently one of the subjects in a
BBC documentary series 'Saving our
Nurses' and we learnt from that not
only all about Taz's nursing work
but also her work in training,
supporting and mentoring her team.*

Here is a clip from the programme:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/iplayer/episode/m000jyhd/saving-our-nurses-series-1-episode-1>

Clip from 4:38 to 5:44



*Taz joins us now to read from
1 Thessalonians 4:*

1 Thessalonians 4: 13-18

We do not want you to be uninformed, brothers and sisters, about those who have died, so that you may not grieve as others do who have no hope. For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have died.

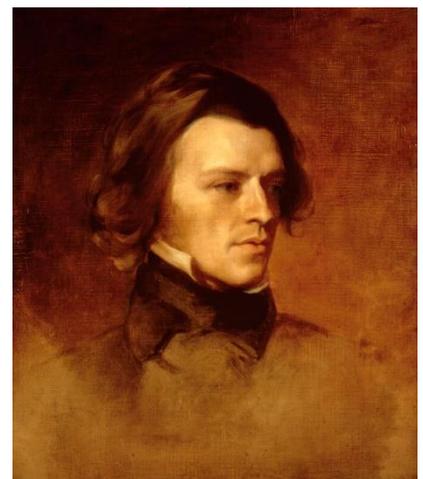
For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will by no means precede those who have died. For the Lord himself, with a cry of command, with the archangel's call and with the sound of God's trumpet, will descend from heaven, and the dead in Christ will rise first.

Then we who are alive, who are left, will be caught up in the clouds together with them to meet the Lord in the air; and so we will be with the Lord forever. Therefore encourage one another with these words.



And now we welcome Chris Smith who is a trauma and orthopaedic surgeon at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital. Chris deals with fractures and has treated elderly patients with Covid 19 who have had falls and have usually broken their hips and so he has had to undertake this surgery with the full precautions around Covid 19. He says that the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital has a large elderly local population, but fortunately it has missed the worst of the pandemic so far. Chris joins us now to read 'Crossing the Bar' by Alfred, Lord Tennyson:

Alfred, Lord Tennyson Crossing the Bar



*Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of
the bar,
When I put out to sea.*

But such a tide as moving seems
asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out
the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of
farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of
Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to
face
When I have crossed the bar.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,

darkness falls at your behest;
to thee our morning hymns
ascended,
thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy church
unsleeping,
while earth rolls onward into
light,
through all the world her watch
is keeping,
and rests not now by day or
night.

As o'er each continent and island
the dawn leads on another day,
the voice of prayer is never
silent,
nor dies the strain of praise
away.

The sun, that bids us rest is
waking
our brethren 'neath the western
sky,
and hour by hour fresh lips are
making
thy wondrous doings heard on
high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall
never,
like earth's proud empires, pass
away;
thy kingdom stands, and grows
forever,
'til all thy creatures own thy
sway.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p06zpnxk>

We now come to the part of our Service focusing on the work of St Paul's Cathedral which is just across the Thames from Borough Chapel. On 22 May St Paul's announced that they were going to create an online book of remembrance to commemorate those who have died from coronavirus. It now has over 5000 tributes with photographs and very moving inscriptions from loved ones of all faiths, and none, from around the UK. Later we will hear more about the project from the Cathedral's patron HRH Prince Charles, and the Dean of St Paul's, the Very Reverend Dr David Ison. One of Dr Ison's predecessors as Dean of St Paul's was the great sixteenth and seventeenth-century poet and preacher John Donne who is buried in the cathedral.

John Donne Death be not proud



Death, be not proud, though
some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art
not so;
For those whom thou think'st
thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet
canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but
thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee
much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with
thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's
delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance,
kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and
sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make
us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why
swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake
eternally
And death shall be no more;
Death, thou shalt die.



Message from HRH The Prince of Wales on the St Paul's Cathedral Remember Me Book of Remembrance

<https://www.rememberme2020.uk/>

Meditation and prayers from The Very Reverend Dr David Ison, Dean of St Paul's Cathedral

from inside St Paul's Cathedral:



Greetings to Borough Welsh Chapel from St Paul's and it is a privilege to be able to share with you something about the *Remember Me* project which St Paul's has been involved in for the last few months. I was talking with the Bishop of London early April about how difficult it was to help people when we couldn't meet together as churches and to encourage one another and she suggested well what about having a book on line that people can share the names of those they have lost and we can view that together and they know that they will be remembered so we worked together with a number of partners to make it possible for that book to come into existence and we are highly grateful to those who we worked with that made it able to happen. And the idea of the book is it is open to anyone right across the UK who have died as a result of the Covid 19 pandemic to have their name nominated by a family member or friend to put their name into the book so they can be remembered going forward and that loss, and that sense of loss, can be shared right across our community. The hard thing about the pandemic is that often people have been left to grieve pretty much on their own, they

have not been able to come together even to attend funerals or memorial services and so having somewhere online where people can do that has been a very important contribution we have been able to make. And somewhere that is not just simply up there in the ether but is rooted in and held in a particular place and a particular institution. We have been here for over 1400 years and part of our role is to remember and help people to remember what happened in the past as we go forward into the future.

We are also looking at how we might be able to make a physical memorial in St Paul's because we are not just mental, spiritual beings, we are also deeply rooted in the physical and we need places that remind us of those we have lost. And so we are looking at how we might be able to do that going into the future and the idea is that memorials won't just be for those who have died because of the virus, important as that is; it will also be to remind all of us of what we have been through, and future generations, of the fact that what has taken place has had a major impact on the life and history of our country so we will be able to come together and remember that into the future. It is open to everyone to have their names put forward. You don't have to be a Christian, you can be of any faith or none. But this is rooted in our Christian belief and faith that God made each one of us and loves us all equally and want each of us to respond to that love which he offers to us. And so we don't simply just put people's names in a book, we also pray for them, that they may know God's

love and that they who mourn their loss may know God's love and comfort too.

I've got a couple of prayers to share with you as we think together what this book represents, what it means to people who have lost those who they love. And to commend those who died because of the virus into God's care. So let us pray.

Heavenly Father

By your almighty power you gave us life;
in your love you have given us new life in Jesus Christ your son. We now entrust those who have died, who we remember through the *Remember Me* book, into your merciful keeping in the faith of Jesus Christ,
Your son, our Lord, who died and rose again to save us and is now alive and reigns with you in the Holy Spirit, in glory for ever,
Amen

We pray for those who mourn, those who grieve, particularly those who grieve without hope:

Oh God of hope and giver of all comfort
we commend to your tender care those who mourn the loss of the ones that they love.
Give them the peace that passeth all understanding
and help them to know that neither death nor life can separate them from your love in Jesus Christ our Lord
Amen.

And so unto him that is able to keep us from falling and to present us faultless in the presence of his glory with exceeding joy

to the only wise God our
saviour, the glory and majesty,
dominion and power both now
and forever.
Amen

May God's love and peace be
with you.

Felix Mendelssohn
Elijah – 'Lift thine eyes'
St Paul's Cathedral Choir



Lift thine eyes oh lift thine eyes
To the mountains
Whence cometh whence cometh
whence cometh help
Thy help cometh cometh
From the Lord
From the maker of heaven and
earth
He hath said thy foot shall not be
moveth
Thy keeper will never slumber
Never will never slumber
Lift thine eyes oh lift thine eyes
to the mountains whence cometh
Whence cometh whence cometh
help
Whence cometh whence cometh
help.

Based on Psalm 121:1, 3

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2td8phBfHec>



If you would like to know more
about 'Remember Me' or would like
to donate go to
www.rememberme2020.uk or
<https://www.stpauls.co.uk/support/st-pauls/donate-to-us> and funds go
towards a physical memorial which
will also be part of welcoming
people through the new equal
access entrance that is in the
process of being built.

We are delighted to be joined now
by five times Olympic medallist and
Chairperson of UK Sport Dame
Katherine Grainger, who is
supporting the Together Coalition to
celebrate the 72nd birthday of the
NHS today and to thank all those
who have helped, and are
continuing to help, the nation
through this Covid crisis. Among the
activities, there is a nationwide clap
at 5pm today.



Today's service has been about
thanking our health care workers
but also how we remember those
who have left us and how we
support those left behind. This is
expressed through our memorials.
A virtual book of remembrance that
hopefully will also become a physical
one; it is one way we can remember
people. There are many ways. There
are names of loved ones on park
benches, street names, trees
planted in someone's honour,
scholarships and bursaries in a

person's memory. Two of the most
powerful memorials in the Capel y
Boro area are memorials for the
Second World War and both of
them simply have lines of text. In
the permanent Holocaust exhibition
at the Imperial War Museum in
Lambeth Road at the end of your
visit you are confronted by a huge
frieze in stone with large letters
reproducing the philosopher
Edmund Burke's statement that:
"The only thing necessary for the
triumph of evil is for good men to
do nothing."

And down the road from there is
Kennington Park where you will see
a tall and narrow rectangular stone
commemorating the civilians that
were killed when a bomb fell on a
nearby air raid shelter in May 1940.
What is remarkable about the
memorial, erected in 2006, is its
inscription of lines from a poem
called 'The Pulse of morning' by the
American writer and civil rights
campaigner Maya Angelou (1928-
2014). They are from a poem she
read at the first inauguration of
President Clinton in 1993. The line
from it on the Kennington memorial
about history, and how we come to
terms with the past no matter how
difficult, and make something
positive from it for the future, opens
the last few verses of the poem
which Katherine will read for us:

Maya Angelou
The pulse of morning (excerpt)



History, despite its wrenching pain,
Cannot be unlived, and if faced
with courage,
Need not be lived again.
Lift up your eyes upon
The day breaking for you.
Give birth again
To the dream.
Women, children, men,
Take it into the palms of your
hands.
Mould it into the shape of your
most
Private need. Sculpt it into
The image of your most public
self.
Lift up your hearts.
Each new hour holds new
chances
For new beginnings.
Do not be wedded forever
To fear, yoked eternally
To brutishness.
The horizon leans forward,
Offering you space to place new
steps of change.
Here, on the pulse of this fine
day
You may have the courage
To look up and out upon me,
The rock, the river, the tree,
your country.
No less to Midas than the
mendicant.
No less to you now than the
mastodon then.
Here on the pulse of this new
day
You may have the grace to look
up and out
And into your sister's eyes,
Into your brother's face, your
country
And say simply
Very simply
With hope
Good morning.

**Rho im yr hedd na wŷr y byd
amdano,**

hedd, nefol hedd, a ddaeth drwy
ddwyfol loes;
pan fyddo'r don ar f'enaid gwan
yn curo
mae'n dawel gyda'r Iesu wrth y
groes.

O rho yr hedd na all y stormydd
garwaf
ei flino byth na chwerwi ei
fwynhad
pan fyddo'r enaid ar y noson
dduaf
yn gwneud ei nyth ym mynwes
Duw ein Tad.

Rho brofi'r hedd a wna im
weithio'n dawel
yng ngwaith y nef dan
siomedigaeth flin;
heb ofni dim, ond aros byth yn
ddiogel
yng nghariad Duw, er garwed
fyddo'r hin.

O am yr hedd sy'n llifo megis
afon
drwy ddinas Duw, dan gangau'r
bywiol bren:
hedd wedi'r loes i dyrfa'r
pererinion
heb gwmwl byth na nos, tu hwnt
i'r llen.

*Give me the peace that the world
does not know about,
peace, heavenly peace, which came
through a hurtful divine;
when the wave upon my weak soul
beats
it is silent with Jesus at the cross.*

*Grant the peace that the harshest
storms can
never grieve or bitter its enjoyment
when the soul on the blackest night
makes its nest in the bosom of God
our Father.*

*Experience the peace that makes
me work quietly*

*in the work of heaven under angry
disappointment;
fear nothing, but remain ever safe
in the love of God, though love be.*

*O for the peace that flows like a
river
through the city of God, under the
gangs of the living wood:
peace after the sorrow to the
pilgrim crowd
without a cloud for night and night,
beyond the curtain.*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mOOCLJ37kZ8>

Prayers and reflections from hospital chaplains

*And now we are going to look at the
work of two hospital chaplains who
have been working through the
Covid pandemic. First we are going
to hear from Father James Mackay,
Priest of the Parish of Our Lady of
Walsingham in London's Docklands,
who was one of the chaplains at the
specially constructed Nightingale
hospital in the Excel Centre in the
Docklands:*

Father James Mackay, Chaplain at the NHS Nightingale hospital, Docklands, London



https://www.huffingtonpost.co.uk/entry/what-its-like-to-be-a-priest-at-the-london-nhs-nightingale-hospital_uk_5ea1c532c5b6aa97d17c8548

**Reverend Rachel Lewis,
Chaplain at the Cardiff and
Vale University Health
Board**

And now as our service comes to a close we are going to the chapel of Llandough Hospital in South Wales to join the Rev Rachel Lewis who is one of the chaplaincy team at the Cardiff and Vale University Health Board. Before ordination as Deacon in 1986, she was a teacher, and her passion for creative human learning is a constant in her life. When women were ordained priests in 1994, Rachel was ordained in Bristol, to continue her ministry in Dioceses in the Churches of England, Ireland and in Wales. We join Rachel for our prayers now which will be followed by a minute's silence.



Good morning to you all at Borough Welsh Chapel from all of us at Cardiff and the Vale University Health Board. I am speaking to you from the Chapel at Llandough Hospital, Cardiff, on a wild morning so you may well hear the seagulls and life going on around us. Thank you for inviting me, for inviting us, to join you in worship. Thank you for your prayers with and for us. They *matter* and we so appreciate them, diolch. The ministry of the

chaplains has been constant during this time of Covid 19 although the shape of that ministry and of our vesture has been different. We have been praying with, and for, people who have been suffering from, and recovering from, this disease as well as for those who have a care of them whether that's here in the hospital or in their homes.

Robes are replaced by hospital scrubs and gowns and our prayers are spoken through masks and visors. Our blessings shaped through layers of latex gloves. Comfort and support of those who are at home, of loved ones, is often over the telephone or through small screens and electronic devices. Walking alongside others is necessarily different when it's socially distanced because lives depend on it. It is not new for words to fail us in times of trauma and shock, and pandemic is not a word that fits easily or comfortably into our prayers. We are used to less menacing and immediate terms when we pray. But if we believe in an incarnate God, and I do, if God really is as God is revealed to us through the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ then we can trust that God knows and God forgives and God loves. And I have come to know and trust through these difficult times, these last few months, that even when we have no words God hears our heart-beat prayers, for they are heartfelt. So now let us pray.

Oh Lord of light and life and love
be with us;
Hold us in love with all those
that we love
and all those who love us;

Lord we are unused to this uncertain future so we pray for help to ease this fear and help us identify with every sign of hope, encourage it and to show it through our lives.

Lord, we can feel savaged by the trauma of illness and the untimely death of loved ones;
loneliness and grief, already unpredictable, seems to be more sharply cruel and so we pray for the goodness and the kindness of others encouraging every angel of mercy who appears in the human form. Lord be with them.
Be with our medical staff and carers,
be with all who keep our hospitals safe and clean;
in difficult times keep them strong and compassionate and at the end of their shifts be with them;
be with them in their weariness and their fears,
O lord be with those who suffer in body in mind or spirit, contain the frightened and hold fast to those who are in pain. Give patience and strength to those who are recovering and ever, ever, hold the vulnerable close in your love, strong enough to be gentle. Lord in your kindness hear our prayers.

And now we shall have a minute's silence for all those who have departed and to their memory and to their loved ones.

Bydd yn wrol, paid â llithro
er mor dywyll yw y daith
y mae seren i'th oleuo:

cred yn Nuw a gwna dy waith.
Er i'r llwybyr dy ddiffygio,
er i'r anial fod yn faith,
bydd yn wrol, blin neu beidio:
cred yn Nuw a gwna dy waith.

Paid ag ofni'r anawsterau,
paid ag ofni'r brwydrau chwaith;
paid ag ofni'r canlyniadau:
cred yn Nuw a gwna dy waith.
Cei dy farnu, cei dy garu,
cei dy wawdio lawer gwaith;
na ofala ddim am hynny:
cred yn Nuw a gwna dy waith.

*Be brave, do not slip,
although dark is the journey
there is a to guide thee:
believe in God and do thy work.
although the path tires thee,
although the desert is long,
be valiant, weary or not:
believe in God and do thy work.
Do not fear the difficulties,
do not fear the battles either;
do not fear the consequences:
believe in God and do thy work.
Thou shalt be judged, thou shalt be
loved,
thou shalt be mocked many times;
care not about that:
believe in God and do thy work.*

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

Blessing

Keep us, good lord
under the shadow of your mercy
in this time of uncertainty and
distress,
Sustain and support the anxious
and fearful
and lift up all who are brought
low;
that we may rejoice in your
comfort
knowing that nothing can
separate us
from your love

in Christ Jesus our Lord.
Amen.

Closing music: Daniel Protheroe *Nidaros* (excerpt)

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Kneelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind,
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of someone who answered
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

“It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

“Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

“As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,

Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

“So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

“Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdued!

“Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

“The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and

His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!

*The 'Nun of Nidaros' by Henry
Longfellow.*

[www.ts-
parfum.ru/video/E49WrNDswtc](http://www.ts-parfum.ru/video/E49WrNDswtc)

Readers:

**William Wordsworth from *The
Excursion and Intimations of
Immortality***
Glyn Pritchard

Waldo Williams
Cofio
Catrin Treharne

I Corinthians 15: 50-57

Debra Williams

Mathew 5: 3-10 (Y Bendithion)

Megan Evans

I Thessalonians 4: 13-18

Taz Ebenezer

*The Very Reverend Dr David Ison
St Paul's Cathedral Choir recording 'Lift
thine eyes' from 'Elijah' from homes during
lockdown
St Paul's Cathedral at night
Dame Katherine Grainger
Maya Angelou
Father James Mackay
Reverend Rachel Lewis*

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Crossing the Bar

Chris Smith

John Donne

Death be not proud

Wyn Davies

Message

HRH The Prince of Wales

Meditation and prayers

*The Very Reverend Dr David Ison –
Dean of St Paul's Cathedral*

Maya Angelou

The pulse of morning (excerpt)

Dame Katherine Grainger

**Prayers and reflections from
hospital chaplains**

Father James Mackay

Reverend Rachel Lewis

Blessing *Neil Evans*

Producer *Mike Williams*

Pictures: (from top):

St Paul's Cathedral

*NHS Nightingale Hospital, Excel Docklands,
London*

Graham Roberts ('Newport')

*William Wordsworth by Benjamin Robert
Haydon, 1842 © National Portrait Gallery,
London*

Waldo Williams's Memorial, Pembrokeshire

Waldo Williams

Taz Ebenezer © BBC

Chris Smith

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson by Samuel Laurence,
and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, circa 1840*

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HRH The Prince of Wales