



Glamorgan Heritage Coast Parish Magazine



September 2021

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Parish Magazine

The Rectorial Benefice of the Glamorgan Heritage Coast comprises the Parishes of: St Bridget's, St Brides; St Michael and All Angels, Ewenny; St Giles, Gileston; St Cattwg's, Llanmaes; St Michael and All Angels, Llanmihangel; St Illtud's, Llantwit Major; Holy Trinity, Marcross; St Mary's, Monknash; St Donat's, St Donats; St Tathan, St Athan; All Saints, Southerndown; St James, Wick.



This magazine serves them all.

Contributions to be in by 22nd of the month please.

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Please don't forget to pass on this edition of the magazine to people who would otherwise not receive it.

This Month's Cover

What on earth is a photograph of the Television Chefs, known as 'The Hairy Bikers', doing on the front cover of the Parish Magazine? You might well ask! Parish magazines usually confine themselves to reporting parish events and leave it to the larger press to report the news. Well, this month, the Glamorgan Heritage Coast Parish Magazine has launched out into uncharted waters. If you turn to page 3 you will find out all about it.

Footnotes

There is a petrol station in Gauteng, South Africa, which has a notice board by the roadside. Motorists go out of their way to see the sayings which are written on this board and changed each day. They have been used as the Footnotes on each page this month so many thanks to David and Julia Jenking for passing them on to me.

Services

The schedule of services is back again, see page 20.

Don't do something permanently stupid because you are temporarily upset.

From the Editor

Dear Friends,

The letter printed on this page was addressed to the editor of SAGA magazine and won a prize in their August edition. I am sure that you will agree that it tells a lovely story of compassion, and it is reproduced here without any alteration, and with the permission of the SAGA Editor and the author of the letter.

Ed

Dear Editor,

There has been a lot in the media about forced adoption in the past, and how babies were taken away from unmarried mothers who did not know what had happened to their children. Hopefully, my story about adopting a baby in the 1960s might give them some home comfort.

My husband and I were married in 1957, but after four years of painful miscarriages, our doctor suggested adoption. We were visited and approved by an understanding lady and were soon told that a baby boy was ready for us to adopt.

The traffic was crawling as we headed towards Ashton-under-Lyne that special spring morning in 1965. Something drew my eyes towards a bus shelter in which a young girl was holding something tightly in her arms - a baby wrapped in a blue blanket.

Eventually we reached the nursing home and had to wait in the empty lounge trying not to imagine the heart-breaking separation taking place nearby.

The door opened and the nurse smiled as she placed the little bundle in my arms. He was wrapped in a blue blanket - I recognised it at once. I shall never forget seeing that mother at the bus stop, waiting to give her son away for ever, to another woman, to me.

When our son turned 18, I told him that if he wished to find his birth mother we would quite understand. But he shook his head. My mother gave him some money and he settled in America, having contacted some friends of ours in Florida. A few years ago, when he brought over our two grandchildren, I showed them the blue blanket and told them its history.

"May we take it home?" they begged, close to tears, and of course, we agreed. They will treasure it and one day show it to their children and reveal its special history.

Carol Reeve Courage
Porthmadog, Gwynedd.

It is better to walk alone than with a crowd which is going in the wrong direction.

Llantwit Major 'Castle'

The Old Place has often, incorrectly, been referred to as Llantwit Major Castle. It is not a castle, even though it is situated in Castle Street, it is, in fact, an Elizabethan manor house which was built in 1596 but the family died out in 1695 and the house was abandoned, rapidly becoming a derelict.



Over recent years, Anton Jones has rendered the North-west corner of the building habitable and made safe the rest of the building. Living opposite, we have had a grandstand view of the work and admired the greatly improved appearance. This last month, we have also had a great chance to see the site being useful again.



It all started with a couple of vans taking up station in the 'Castle' grounds. Being inquisitive, we asked the people there what was happening and learned that they were from the BBC and were setting up to record an episode of a cookery programme making use of the interior as well as the exterior of the 'castle'. It later transpired that the chefs who were going to be on the programme were the Hairy bikers, Si King and Dave Myers, whom we met. They were very friendly and came across as two charming men who chatted to us very affably for several minutes and posed for the photographs. They now have two extra fans for their down to earth programmes. I tendered my services to the crew in the capacity of quality controller, but they declined my offer. They did, however, borrow a ladder, so you might see my name on the credits at the end of the programme when it goes out next year. Keep watching, but don't hold your breath!



If you see someone without a smile, give them one of yours.

Father Edwin's Page

Dear Friends,

As Western troops leave Kabul Airport in Afghanistan, they have inevitably left behind many Afghan nationals to face a new political and religious regime, administered by the Taliban, with all the fear and uncertainty that brings. We've seen shocking images of great crowds flocking to the airport, facing bombs and gunfire, while infants are passed over razor wire fences to, maybe, reach safety; and all this has been accompanied by political and prayerful pleadings, that the new regime might be merciful in its dealings, and that peace might be possible for the future.

Many in Afghanistan fear the welcome they'll receive from the Taliban: if they're women who don't define themselves solely by the men in their families; if they're gay or trans-gender; or if they want their bright-spark teenage daughters to flourish in their learning and careers.

As our churches start to rebuild up their life and witness after the intensity of lockdown over the last 18 months, I've had many conversations about what it means to say 'welcome'. Crucially, it involves much more than putting a sign outside, showing the way in because we need to imagine ourselves in the shoes of a visitor approaching any of our churches, and wonder what they might imagine or expect as they approach the door. Suddenly, the heart of our 'welcome' has to deal with the worries about what might lie behind the creak big wooden door. Some might be visiting to look for a historical gem, while many others are simply looking for some stillness and peace at a challenging time in life.

The welcome of authentic faith was once described as being "as though you were expecting me"; in other words, it's a welcome that's honest and joyful, and never judgmental. So I find myself drawn to a Croatian Christian writer named Miroslav Volf, who watched his family and neighbours persecuted, excluded and even executed, because they held to a different creed and tradition, during the Balkan War, 3 decades ago. He wrote, powerfully, about 'the other': the person who is different to us because of their skin colour, creed, denomination, gender or sexuality, and he proclaimed the challenge of Christian faith to be our willingness to love that person, just as God loves each one of us.

The fear of many in Afghanistan is that the Taliban and their supporters will bring a blend of faith and politics that lifts selective phrases of Islamic teaching from the rich script of the Qur'an, transforming everyday life into convenient sacred soundbites, that suddenly speak of hierarchy, power, division and subjugation. May they, and we, be reminded that faith, at its best, seeks to proclaim God who is merciful, just and, above all, forgiving. When that faith is lived out authentically, its gift is mercy and peace. In the words of Miroslav Volf,

It is not love that is blind but jealousy.

“Love, properly understood, is God - the font of all creation and the ultimate goal of all desires. God, properly understood, is love.”

May the God of peace bless you, Edwin

Welcome to the Reverend Emma Street

Thursday 12th August saw the licensing and Service of Welcome for Revd Emma Street, as she joins the Ministry Team to serve across our 12 churches. Emma has been serving in parishes in the Vale of Neath for the last couple of years and her move to the Heritage Coast marks a new phase and a new challenge in her ministry. Emma and her family have moved into the Vicarage in St Brides Major and she will be getting to know our parish and its churches over the coming weeks and months.

The Service of Welcome was a great occasion, with a congregation of more than 50 people in St Illtud's in Llantwit Major, not to mention the many others who joined via Zoom, as the liturgy was broadcast for those unable to attend in person. Emma's colleague from the Vale of Neath, Fr Andrew Davies, was the preacher, and the service marked the importance of a priest's ministry.

The formal documents from Bishop June, licensing Emma to our parish were read out and she signed the necessary declarations. Emma was also presented with various symbols of her ministry, including a stole, a chalice and a Bible, representing the importance of her sacramental ministry, a jug of water to represent baptism and the Holy Oils to represent her pastoral ministry.

We look forward to Emma's ministry flourishing in our churches in the years ahead.

Reverend Rhian Prime

We were all very sad to say farewell to Rhian Prime in July. Rhian was a crucial part of our ministry team for more than three years and she became a trusted friend to people across our ministry area in that time. We are shortly to begin the process of appointing Rhian's successor who will be based in the rectory in Saint Athan with an obvious focus on the communities in the eastern part of the Heritage Coast but with a wider brief to work across the whole Ministry area as a core member of the Ministry Team.

Recruiting clergy has many similarities with other professions. There is a job description and a person specification setting out the main functions of the successful candidate. That is accompanied by a 'parish profile' which gives more general information about the parish and the context of the position on offer. It also contains important information about the house where the new priest will live along with more general information about local schools and transport links for applicants seeking information for their families at an early stage.

The process involves visits to the parish, informal meetings with the Church Wardens and other lay people and the Ministry Team before a formal interview with a panel and a member of the bishops' senior team.

When you forgive you heal, when you let go you grow.

This process is thorough, so it can take a number of weeks and is followed by the inevitable 'wrap up' of the successful person's current job not to mention planning for a house move. As all this will take place in the coming months, please keep the process and the people involved in your prayers; ask God to guide the process and raise up the right person to join our team and be part of our shared work and witness over the coming years. Please pray also for Rhian with thanksgiving for her ministry and all that she has done to prepare the way for this new appointment.

Saint Illtud's 100 Club

Look out for details of a new '100 club' raising funds to support some St Illtud's Church. It costs £5 to enter the monthly draw or a single payment of £60 for the year with cash prizes to the lucky winners. The first draw will be at the end of September. Details are available in a leaflet available through the church or on the website www.llantilltud.org.uk. St Illtud's 100 Club is a private lottery open to parishioners of St Illtud's Church Llantwit Major and anyone wishing to support the work, aims and objectives of St Illtud's Church. Names of winners will be announced at the draw and the winning numbers will be posted on the web and in the parish magazine.

Llantwit Major Mothers' Union.

Mary Sumner Day Joy!

Our branch meeting to remember our founder Mary Sumner was such a joyful occasion. We met in church before dispersing to either "Follow the Water" - a companionable treasure hunt, or to test our brains with a quiz about "Pilgrimage Places". Following these we met up again to join in with the worldwide Mary Sumner Service via YouTube on the big screen up in the mezzanine. Edwin very kindly assisted with the technology, and we were all socially distanced, while at the same time being very much together. To add more joy, we were joined by Shelagh, an MU member from Bristol, on holiday and visiting our church. She was delighted to be able to join us for the service and to chat afterwards. It was lovely to welcome her.

September meeting.

Our next meeting will be on Monday September 7th at 2.00pm in St Illtud's. Father Craig who (along with Edwin) is such a tremendous supporter of MU, will celebrate the Eucharist for us. We will be able to have refreshments afterwards in the West Church and will have a general meeting to plan our future activities.

All are welcome to join us as we pray and work to support families both near and far.
Sue Beetlestone.



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Old shoes, new brushes, cards and a ring

In the Parish Magazines for July, August and September 1972, both the Vicar and the Curate write about the above.)

After the death of Archbishop Glyn Simon, the Vicar added in the July issue what he called, one little odd memory to all the glowing appraisals of his life and work. *"Shortly after he was enthroned as Archbishop, a carefully posed photograph of him appeared in the window of a Cardiff photographers, the photograph showing a forbidding figure attired in the magnificent regalia which fitted his high office, but down below his purple cassock peeped out a pair of very old, well worn "Tuff's shoes. And I certainly shall remember him as an unpretentious, friendly, encouraging, very human man."*

The Curate, the Revd. Brian Bessant, was writing in the August Magazine about the proliferation of local of local artists in the exhibition in the Town Hall, saying it *"contained work from both young people and from really senior citizens, from beginners to the internationally known artists, Charles and Mary White. It also included a surprisingly wide variety of media, flower arrangements, wood carving, a variety of pottery and terra cotta sculpture, metal work and Eric Thomas' now famous walking sticks. There were over 150 paintings, drawings, prints and batiks, many of which were for sale, and even a clutch of poems for the literary minded."*

Looking ahead to the children returning to Sunday School in September, the Curate also welcomed back Mrs. Betty Sartain, after her recent illness, glad to know of her recovery. *"Parents whose children have been baptised in St. Illtyd's will know that they receive a card on the anniversary of the sacrament until the children are five years of age. This is much appreciated, especially by those who have moved away and like to know they are remembered. Mrs. Sartain is responsible for this, and she saw to it even when in hospital, when her family undertook the work."*

Among the couples recently married in St. Illtyd's, named in the same September issue, were Jill Everest to Michael Arthur Turvey. I remember Jill as the little girl living opposite me in Methodist Lane, when I was the Curate here in the mid-fifties. Her father, Ron, was the Station Master, and her mother, Minnie, was a teacher in the Junior School.

Postscript: in the December 1972 issue of "Welsh Churchman", the Provincial inset included in every copy of the Magazine, the name of one of our former Rectors, John Arthur Webber, was among those ordained as a priest in Llandaff Cathedral on 23rd September. So we will have to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary with him next year.

David G. Brunning

If you had to choose between being thin or drinking wine every day, which would you choose, red or white?

From the Registers

Baptisms

08 August Phoebe Cassidy Phillips

08 August Cerys Huish

Marriages

06 August David Yeong Chan Wong & Rebecca Ann Stanton

07 August Dewi Thomas Edwards & Laura Sneddon

14 August Kurt Cowdery & Karen Verena Hearnshaw

21 August Stephen Peter Ian Williams & Jayana Sky Sylvia Finlay

21 August Lee Richard John Danvers & Claire Krystina Williams

23 August Giuseppe Cerasuolo & Laura Maria Beegan

Burials

02 August Janice Morgan aged 63 years, Llantwit Major

10 August Stuart Noel Sloan, aged 50 years, Llantwit Major

13 August Lesley Joyce Wilson aged 88 years, Llantwit Major

17 August Rufus Budd aged 27 years, Wick

25 August Jennifer Ryan aged 74 years, Llantwit Major

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Your opening paragraph (page 2, July magazine) I treat with caution, mindful of the saying, current in our youth, that the Japanese produced the gentlest women in the world. Miss Osaka could be accused of total unworldliness. Tennis players are richly rewarded at, for example, Wimbledon where they receive around £33k for playing in one match – and losing. For winning 3 matches, a quarter of a million. Being part of the international scene she should be aware of the saying, “He who pays the Piper calls the tune”. But to take the money and disregard the conditions attached does not excite sympathy.

Yours faithfully, Bob Jameson

I went to Church!

I went to church on Sunday 22nd August. So what? you might ask. Well, what was different about it was that it was the first service at St Illtud's that I had received communion for about 18 months. The lockdown has meant that services have been restricted and only now are we able to move towards something like normality. Admittedly, social distancing was maintained, and masks worn but it had every appearance of the usual Eucharist.

EPS

If you have a gun, you can rob a bank, if you have a bank, you can rob everyone.

Humour

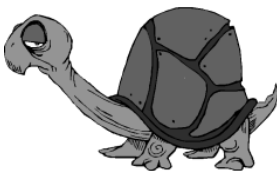
A young father took care of his toddler daughter while his wife went to town shopping. "I took her fishing," he said to his wife that evening, "but never again! I didn't catch a thing" "Oh next time I'm sure she'll be quiet and not scare the fish away" his wife said. "No, it wasn't that. She ate all the bait."

An old and decrepit £5 note and a similar distressed £50 note arrived at the Bank of England to be disposed of. As they moved along the conveyor belt to be burned, they struck up a conversation. The £50 note said, "I've had a pretty exciting life. I've been to London, Las Vegas, Hong Kong and I've even cruised in the Caribbean. "Well said the £5 note you've really had an exciting time." "So tell me," said the £50 note, "where have you been?" The £5 note replied, "Oh I've been to the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, the Anglican Church and the Roman Catholic Church." The £50 note interrupted, "What's a church?"

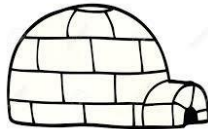
1 Boy: "The Headmaster is so dumb!" 2 Girl: "Do you know who I am?"
3 Boy: "No..." 4 Girl: I'm the Headmaster's daughter!"
5 Boy: "Do you know who I am?" 6 Girl: "No..."
7 Boy: "Good!" and walks away!

The family was at the dinner table and the boy asked his father, "Dad, are flies good to eat?" "That's disgusting. Don't talk about things like that over dinner," his dad replied. After dinner the father asked, "Now, son, what did you want to ask me?" "Oh, nothing," the boy said. "There was a fly in your soup, but now it's gone."

Question: What starts with E, ends with E, and has only 1 letter in it?
Answer: Envelope.



I've just finished all the toilet roll I bought when the lockdown started.



At least we don't have to do the social distancing any more.

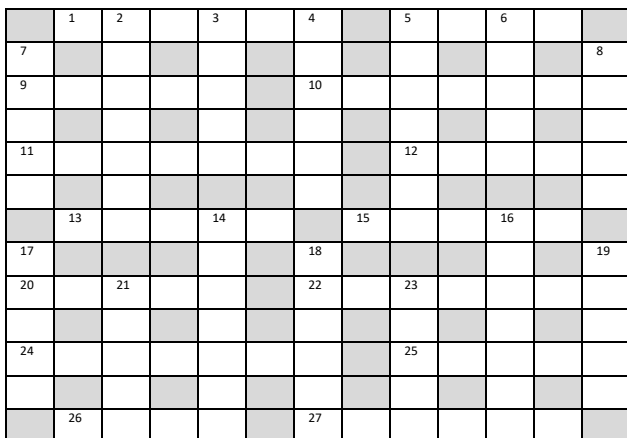


Our family bubble is much bigger than six.

Stop trying to make everybody happy you're not tequila.

Puzzle Page

Crossword No 107



Across

- 1 Hills
5 Saucy
9 Of them
10 Warning
11 Weapon store
12 Furniture
13 Saying
15 Extent
20 Herb
22 Overturn
24 Road edge
25 Minimum
26 Present
27 Eels

Down

- 2 Pushed
3 Pinny'
4 Placid
5 Marine
6 Ascend
7 Stubble
8 Table
14 Barrage
16 Seclusion
17 Grimace
18 Shriek
19 Quay
21 Perhaps
23 Less dark

Answers

*Across: 1.Upland 5.Arch 9.Their 10.Caution 11.Arsenal 12.Table 13.Adage 15.Scope 20.Cumin 22.Capsize 24.Wayside 25.Least 26. Here 27.Morays,
Down: 2.Pressed 3.Apron 4.Docie 5.Aquatic 6.Climb 7.Straw 8.Index 14.Gunfire 16.Privacy 17.Scowl 18.Scream 19.Jetty 21.Maybe 23.Paler.*

Mini Quiz

- 1 Coping, chain, fret and hack are all types of which tool?
2. Which Ford model was voted "Car of the century in 1999?
3. The brown pigment "Sepia" is obtained from which sea creature?
4. The term "Cataract" can refer to a large type of which geographical feature?
5. A normal adult set of 32 teeth has how many molars?

1 Saw, 2 Model T, 3 Cuttlefish, 4 Waterfall, 5 Eight.

Children's Word Ladder

Go from one word to the next by changing only one letter. The first three words

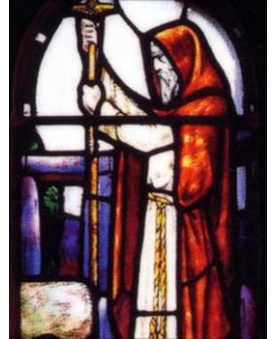
TOIL	LABOUR
TOOL	IMPLEMENT
FOOL	IDIOT
	HORSE
	AIM
	ANIMAL
	DEFENCE
	BEEF?
	FOOD
	CURE
HEAP	MOUND

When you make a commitment, you build hope, when you keep it, you build trust.

Saint of the Month

16 September: Ninian, Bishop

By the time you read this, Sheila and I should have visited Mount Stuart on the Isle of Bute, Scotland, where we spent a few days at the end of August before moving further north to Oban and the Inner Hebrides. Mount Stuart is the family home of the Crichton-Stuarts, created by John Crichton-Stuart, 3rd Marquis of Bute, in the late 19th century – and by now you should be realising why we wanted to visit – because of the connections with Cardiff, for he also built Cardiff Castle and Castell Coch, and of course the Bute family were responsible for the development of Cardiff as a coal-exporting port.



The 3rd Marquis called his son Ninian, and Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart helped finance the building of Cardiff City FC's former football ground. And why was he named Ninian? Because his father had a particular devotion to this month's saint, Ninian, and financed excavations centred on Whithorn Priory in Dumfries and Galloway. The Priory was built on or near the earliest Christian site in Scotland, claimed to be the cradle of Scottish Christianity in the same way we claim Llanilltud Fawr to be the cradle of Welsh Christianity – but Whithorn was founded a century before, probably by 400AD.

We know little about the life of St Ninian. The Venerable Bede, writing 300 years later, tells us that Ninian was “instructed in the mysteries of the Christian Faith in Rome”; that through his preaching the Picts of the lowlands of Scotland were converted to the “true Faith”; and that “Bishop Ninian” built a church of stone at Whithorn. Later medieval writers tell us that Ninian was born of noble parents on the banks of the Solway Firth in about 360 AD and that returning from Rome he visited Martin of Tours, one of the founders of monasticism which inspired him to found a community of prayer which drew people from all over the Celtic world, including St Patrick.

St Ninian is another of that great cloud of witnesses who ensured the flame of the Gospel was well and truly burning brightly in the so-called Dark Ages. Whithorn became a place of pilgrimage and the later medieval priory can still be visited, along with an impressive Visitors' Centre and Exhibition. To see the video Sheila and I made of Whithorn a few years ago, go to <https://youtu.be/mzTAIjpOjJw>

The best time to plant a tree was 20 years ago. The second-best time is today.

The Meaning of Funerals

Archaeologists have found evidence that even before Homo Sapiens came to the earth, there were ceremonial burials. Clearly, there was a form of regard for the dead 300,000 years ago by Neanderthal man and whether or not this constituted a religious observance is open to debate. The whole procedure of a funeral fulfils two purposes; to ease the passage of the deceased into the afterlife and to give the mourners a means of expressing their regard for that person.

Different religions have different beliefs about what is necessary in the funerary arrangements, ranging from the elaborated mummification of the Pharaoh in ancient Egypt, to the funeral pyre of the Hindu. This last even had, on occasions, the widow sacrificing herself in the flames.

The Christian concept is that there is life everlasting awaiting us after death and some sects take the biblical reference to the dead rising on the Day of judgement quite literally. This makes it essential that the body of the deceased is buried as opposed to being cremated so that it can, indeed, rise from the grave. It is unfortunate that this requires interment in consecrated ground which, in turn, has led to the space available becoming crowded. This in itself has led to an increased trend towards cremation.

The funeral service itself comprises prayers, scripture readings, a sermon and hymns, some parts being conducted by the officiating priest and some, perhaps, by a layman who is probably a member of the family or a close friend. A eulogy or narrative of the deceased's life is usually part of the ceremony and it is here that



those in attendance come to give thanks for that person's life. While there is sorrow because of the bereavement, there is joy that he or she lived in the first place.

If the body is to be buried, the service continues in the churchyard or burial ground and concludes with the coffin being lowered into the grave. If it is to be a cremation, people move on to the crematorium where another, shorter, service is said. The coffin then goes to the incinerator and the



ashes of the deceased may be buried in a place which has significance to the family.

Forgiveness does not change the past, but it does enlarge the future.

Angels in the First World War.

Taken from the book 'Angels' by Hope Price

Two remarkable events occurred during the First World War that afterwards were referred to by troops as 'The Angels of Mons' and 'The White Cavalry'. At the time, controversy raged as to whether the reports were true or false. Were they just the imaginings of battle-weary men, or fiction created by journalists?

The first of these events occurred near the town of Mons, Belgium, on 23rd and 24th August 1914. After sweeping aside all resistance, the German army had advanced right into the heart of Belgium and much of France. Serious defeat looked inevitable. Back home, churches had been crowded for a National Day of Prayer. Several remarkable incidents occurred in the following weeks, which slowed the German forces long enough to allow the British army to withdraw to comparative safety.

The Times correspondent prematurely telegraphed the alarming report that the British army had been 'annihilated at Mons'. However, next day, news came that a disaster had been averted by a miraculous turn of events.

The following account, taken from '*The Angels of Mons*' published by E. Austin & Sons in 1916, was written by two British officers:

The British expected annihilation, as we were almost helpless, when to our amazement the Germans stood like dazed men, never so much as touched their guns, nor stirred till we had turned round and escaped by some cross-roads. One man said he saw 'a troop of angels' between us and the enemy. He has been a changed man ever since. Another man was asked if he had heard the wonderful stories of angels. He said he had SEEN them himself. When he and his company were retreating, they heard the German cavalry tearing after them. They saw a place where they thought a stand might be made, with sure hope of safety; but, before they could reach it, the German cavalry were upon them. They therefore turned round and faced the enemy, expecting nothing but instant death, when to their wonder, they saw, between them and the enemy, a whole troop of angels. The German horses turned round terrified and stampeded. The men tugged at bridles, while the poor beasts tore away in every direction from our men.

There were other accounts which corroborated this version of events.

Many German prisoners were taken that day who surrendered when there was no need to do so. Some were asked afterwards why they had, 'for there were many more of you than of us; we were a mere handful.' The Germans looked amazed and replied, 'But there were hosts and hosts of you.' It was thought that the angels appeared to them as reinforcements of the Allied ranks.

As the forces were retreating from Mons over the next few days there were further sightings. A letter printed in *The Evening News* on 14th September from a distinguished lieutenant-colonel stated:

On the night of the 27th, I was riding along in the column with two other officers. As we rode along, I became conscious of the fact that, in the fields on both sides of the road along which we were marching, I could see a very large body of horsemen. These horsemen had the appearance of squadrons of cavalry, and they seemed to be riding across the fields and going in the same direction as we were going and keeping level with us. The night was not very dark, and I fancied that I could see squadron upon squadron of these cavalry men quite distinctly. I did not say a word about it at first, but I watched them for about twenty minutes.

The other two officers had stopped talking. At last, one of them asked me if I saw anything in the fields. I then told him what I had seen. The third officer then confessed that he, too, had been watching these horsemen for the past twenty minutes. So convinced were we that they were really cavalry that, at the next halt, one of the officers took a party of men out to reconnoitre and found no one there. The night grew darker, and we saw no more. The same phenomenon was seen by many men in our column. Of course, we were dog-tired and over-taxed, but it is an extraordinary thing that the same phenomenon should be witnessed by so many different people. I, myself, am absolutely convinced that I saw those horsemen: and I feel sure that they did not exist only in my imagination.

Three and a half years later in July 1918, the Allied troops were exhausted following the continued, relentless fighting in France.

In Britain everyone was asking 'Would the Germans get through to Paris?' 'Would the Americans arrive in time to check the advance?', 'Will the English ports be shelled shortly from France?' But then we remembered the 'Angels of Mons' and once again the whole British nation was called to prayer. The American people were summoned to do likewise, and united prayer went up from all the English-speaking peoples.

The enemy shell fire, which had been largely directed against the shattered town of Bethune, suddenly lifted and began to burst on a slight rise beyond its outskirts. The open ground was absolutely bare of trees, houses or human beings, yet enemy gunfire and then machine-guns raked it from end to end with lead. We stood looking in astonishment. The sergeant beside me said, 'Fritz has gone barmy, sir; what in the world can he be peppering the open ground for?' As suddenly as it started, the enemy's fire ceased and, in the complete silence, there rose a lark's trilling song of thankfulness. The dense line of German troops which had

Started to move forward to victory in mass formation halted dead. And as we watched, we saw it break! I saw my sergeant and his men standing on the edge of a shell-hole waving their tin hats, shouting, "Fritz is retiring!" Indeed, he was. Before our astonished eyes, that well drilled and seemingly victorious army broke up into groups of frightened men who were fleeing from us, throwing down anything which might impede their flight.

It was not long before my sergeant arrived with two German officer prisoners. The senior officer gave the following statement: 'The order had been given to advance in mass formation, when my lieutenant said, "Herr Kapitan, just look at that open ground behind Bethune, there is a brigade of cavalry coming up. They must be mad, these English, to advance against such a force as ours in the open. I suppose they must be the cavalry of one of their colonial forces, for see, they are all in white uniform and are mounted on white horses." "Strange," I said, "I never heard of the English having any white uniformed cavalry, whether colonial or not. They have all been fighting on foot and in khaki, not white." "Well, they are plain enough," he replied, "see, our guns have got their range now; they will be blown to pieces in no time." We saw the shells bursting amongst the horses and their riders, all of whom came forward at a quiet walk trot, in parade ground formation, each man and horse in his exact place. Shortly afterwards, our machine guns opened a heavy fire, raking the advancing cavalry with a dense hail of lead. But they came quietly forward, though the shells were bursting amongst them with intensified fury, and not a single man or horse fell. Steadily they advanced, clear in the shining sunlight; and a few paces in front of them rode their Leader – a fine figure of a man, whose hair, like spun gold, shone in an aura round his bare head. By his side was a great sword, but his hands lay quietly holding his horse's reins, as his white charger bore him proudly forward. Despite heavy shell, and concentrated machine-gun fire, the White Cavalry advanced, like the incoming tide over a sandy beach. Then a great fear fell on me, and I turned to flee; yes, I, an officer of the Prussian Guard fled, panic-stricken, and around me were hundreds of terrified men, whimpering like children, all running. Their intense desire was to get away from that advancing White Cavalry; but most of all from their awe-inspiring Leader. We are beaten. The German army is broken. There may be fighting, but we have lost the war. We are beaten – by the White Cavalry. I cannot understand.'

This account was put together by Bill Henderson, to whom many thanks. It is printed here without comment; draw your own conclusions about possible explanations. Ed

Why do we only rest in peace? Why don't we live in peace as well?



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Lateral Thinking

1. Two men get lost while walking in the woods. One starts to walk Northwards while the other walks in a Southerly direction. After 15 minutes they bump into each other. Explain.
2. Two men are sitting together at a table when two ladies walk in. One man says "Here are my wife and my daughter. " The second man says "Here are my wife and my daughter." How is this possible?
3. A man is found dead in his office, sat at the desk and the door is locked. There is a letter sealed in an envelope on the desk. Can you think of a possible reason for his death?
4. Alan has 5 bottles of lemonade; Bill has 3 bottles of lemonade and Carol does not have any. They share the lemonade equally between them. Carol then produces eight sweets to share between the two boys. What is the fairest division of the Sweets bearing in mind the contribution of lemonade?



Answers

1. The two men were not together. They started from opposite sides of the world and met in the middle
2. The two men are widowers and when they remarried, they each married the other man's daughter.
3. The glue on the envelope was poisoned so that when he licked it, it killed him.
4. Each child drank $2\frac{2}{3}$ bottles of lemonade. Thus Alan contributed $2\frac{1}{3}$ bottle of lemonade and Bill contributed $\frac{1}{3}$ bottle. Thus, Alan contributed seven times as much as Bill and so should receive seven sweets while Bill has one.

Me and my bed are made for each other, but the alarm clock tries to break up the relationship.

Benefice Directory

Parish Clergy

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The Rectory, High Street
Llantwit Major, CF61 1SS
edwin.counsell@ghcp.church

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The Vicarage, Trepit Road
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	Sue Moll 01446-719445 sue.moll@llanilltud.org.uk
	Bill Henderson 01446-750418 bill.henderson@llanilltud.org.uk

Parish Office	Alison Weston 01446-792439 St Illtud's Church, Church Street, Llantwit Major. CF61 1SB. office@ghcp.church
	9am -2.30pm Mon – Fri Website http://www.llanilltud.org.uk/

School	Mrs Ceri Thomas 01656 890253 Wick & Marcross Church in Wales Primary School Church Street, Wick, CF71 7QE
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School	Mr Duncan Mottram 01656 880477 St Brides Major, Church in Wales Primary Heol yr Ysgol St Brides Major, Bridgend, CF32 0TB
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SEPTEMBER 2021	Sunday 5th	Sunday 12th	Sunday 19th	Sunday 26th	
St Illtud 8.00am	Eucharist EC	Eucharist ES	Eucharist ES	Eucharist EC	
Wick 8.15am	Online CV	Online CV	Online CV	Online CV	
St Tathan 9.00am	10.30am Private Prayer	Eucharist MW	10.30am Private Prayer	Morning Prayer KB	
St Illtud 9.30am	Online & in person EC / ES	Online & in person ES	Online & in person ES	Online & in person EC	
Ewenny 9.30am	Morning Prayer PS	Eucharist CV	Eucharist CV	Eucharist CV	
Gileston 9.30am	Eucharist CV		Morning Prayer PS		
Llanmihangel 9.30am	Communion KB		Morning Prayer KB		
Llanmaes 11.00am		Eucharist ES		Morning Prayer KB	
St Brides 11.00am	Eucharist ES	Morning Prayer PS	Eucharist ES	Eucharist ES	
Wick 11.00am	Morning Prayer PS	Eucharist CV	Eucharist CV	Morning Prayer PS	
St Donat 11.15am			Prayer & Praise KB		
Marcross	Friday 3rd 9.30am Fri.Fellowship CV	3pm Community Service KB			
Monknash			Friday 17th 9.30am Fri.Fellowship CV		
Wick 8.30am	Thurs 2nd Morning Prayer on Zoom	Thurs 9th Morning Prayer on Zoom	Thurs 16th Morning Prayer on Zoom	Thurs 23rd Morning Prayer on Zoom	Thurs 30th Morning Prayer on Zoom
St Illtud 10am	Wed 1st Eucharist EC	Wed 8th Prayer & Praise KB	Wed 15th Eucharist CV	Wed 22nd Eucharist ES	Wed 29th Eucharist EC
St Tathan 11am	Wed 1st Eucharist ES	Wed 8th Eucharist CV	Wed 15th Eucharist ES	Wed 22nd Eucharist EC	Wed 29th Eucharist ES
Southerndown 3pm	Wed 1st Eucharist ES	Wed 8th Eucharist HN	Wed 15th Eucharist ES	Wed 22nd Eucharist ES / HN	Wed 29th Eucharist HN



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Please do not hesitate to get in touch if you have any concerns or need help.

Pleidiwch ag oedi cyn cysylltu â mi os oes gennych unrhyw bryderon neu os oes angen help arnoch.

Contact / Cysylltu



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