

Ann Griffiths
***- a celebration of her life
and work***



Llanfechan church

August 11, 2013

Welcome

Er mai cwbwl groes i natur
Yw fy llwybyr yn y byd,
Ei deithio a wnafl, a hynny'n dawel,
Yng ngwerthfawr wedd dy wyneb-pryd;
Wrth godi'r groes ei chyfri'n goron,
Mewn gorthrymderau llawen fyw;
Ffordd yn uniawn, er mor ddyrys,
I ddinas gyfaneddol yw.

Ffordd a'i henw yn 'Rhyfeddol',
Hen, a heb heneiddio, yw;
Ffordd heb ddechrau, eto'n newydd,
Ffordd yn gwneud y meirw'n fyw;
Ffordd i ennill ei thrafaelwyr,
Ffordd yn Briod, Ffordd yn Ben,
Ffordd gysegrwyd, af ar hyd-ddi
I orffwys ynddi draw i'r llen.

Ffordd na chenfydd llygad barcut
Er ei bod fel hanner dydd,
Ffordd ddisathar anweledig
I bawb ond perchenogion ffydd;
Ffordd i gyfiawnhau'r annuwiol,
Ffordd i godi'r meirw'n fyw,
Ffordd gyfreithlon i droseddwyr
I hedd a ffafor gyda Duw.

Ffordd a drefnwyd cyn bod amser
I'w hamlygu wrth angen-rhaid
Mewn addewid gynt yn Eden
Pan gyhoeddwyd Had y Wraig;
Dyma seiliau'r ail gyfamod,
Dyma gyngor Tri yn Un,
Dyma'r gwin sy'n abal llonni,
Llonni calon Duw a dyn.

Opening responses

We are met in the presence of God
and we do not meet alone.

With the Angels in highest heaven,

we gather to worship our God

with Ann Griffiths and poets and mystics of every age

we gather to worship our God

with the Church throughout the world

we gather to worship our God

By children and babes at the breast,

God's holy name is praised

with harps and organ and choir

God's holy name is praised

in field and Chapel

God's holy name is praised

and here with our hearts and our voices

God's holy name is praised

We are met in the presence of God

and we do not meet alone.

Hymn: 'Rhyfedd, rhyfedd gan angylion'

Wonder! wonder to the angels,

mighty wonder faith perceives:

see life's giver and sustainer,

ruler over all that lives,

lying swaddled in a manger,

with no resting place on earth,

yet the shining host in glory

now adores him at his birth.

Source of peace, and peerless sovereign:

see my soul, where he was laid,

-all creation moving in him-

in the tomb, and left for dead;

life of all the lost, their anthem,

wonder to the seraphim;
seeing God in flesh they worship,
all in chorus shout, 'To Him!'

Diolch byth, a chan mil Diolch,
Diolch tra bo ynwi chwyth,
am fod gwrthddrych iw addoli,
a thestyn can i bara byth;
Yn fy natur wedi ei Demptio,
fel y gwaela o ddynol ryw,
yn ddyn bach, yn wan yn ddinerth,
yn anfeidrol wir a bywiol Dduw.

There made perfect, in his image
by whom God's atonement came,
far beyond imagination,
I will glorify his name;
I will come into the mystery
opened by his wounds, and then
I will kiss the Son forever,
never turn from him again!
(Words: Ann Griffiths; Tune: Hyfrydol)

Prayers

Let us pray

Generous God, you gave us our voices, no two the same, no fine
instruments with which to praise you

For these we thank you, Lord

You gave us words and music, peculiar gifts, with which to wound or
wonder, bore or bless, inspire or disable

For these we thank you Lord

And in your church you have gathered us. In your community of
common folk and complainers, poets and puzzled people, you have
made a place for us.

For this we thank you Lord

So let what we say and do here, what we ponder and decide here,
the real for us and honesty you, and prepare us for the life of the
world in which you are praised

Amen

Psalm 147

Sing praise to the Lord who is good, sing to our God who is loving:

To God all praise is due

The Lord builds up Jerusalem and brings back Israel's exiles

**Women: God heals the brokenhearted, and binds up all their
wounds**

**Men: God fixes the number of the stars and calls each one by its
name**

The Lord is great and all knowing; God's wisdom can never be
measured

**Women: The Lord raises the lowly, and humbles the wicked to the
dust**

**Men: O sing to the Lord, giving thanks, sing psalms to our God with
the harp**

God covers the earth with clouds and prepares rain for the earth

**Women: God clothes the mountains with grass and with plants to
serve human needs**

**Men: God provides the beasts with their food, and tends to the
young ravens cry**

God takes no delight in weapons, no pleasure in warrior strength

**God delights in those who show reverence, in those who trust in
God's love**

Choir: Wholly counter to my nature

(Words: Ann Griffiths; Setting: David White)

Bible reading: 1 Corinthians 3:11-17

For no one can lay any foundation other than the one that has been
laid; that foundation is Jesus Christ. Now if anyone builds on the
foundation with gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, straw— the
work of each builder will become visible, for the Day will disclose it,

because it will be revealed with fire, and the fire will test what sort of work each has done. If what has been built on the foundation survives, the builder will receive a reward. If the work is burned, the builder will suffer loss; the builder will be saved, but only as through fire. Do you not know that you are God's temple and that God's Spirit dwells in you? If anyone destroys God's temple, God will destroy that person. For God's temple is holy, and you are that temple.

Reading from Ann Griffiths letter

Ann Thomas to Elizabeth Evans

Dearest sister in the Lord,

In accordance with your wish I have written these few lines to you, and I am very glad to have an opportunity to make known to you how things are with me.

Dear sister, the most outstanding thing that is on my mind at present as a subject has to do with grieving the Holy Spirit. That word came into my mind: 'Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in you?' And on penetrating a little into the wonders of the Person, and that he dwells or resides in the believer, I think simply that I have never been possessed to the same degree by reverential fears lest I should grieve him; and along with this I was brought to see one cause, and the chief cause, why this great sin has made such a slight impression and weighed so lightly upon my mind, on account of my base, blasphemous thoughts about so great a Person.

This is the flow of my thoughts about the Persons of the Trinity. (I hear my mind being seized by shame, yet bound to speak out on account of the harmfulness of it.) I thought of the Person of the Father and the Son as coequal; but as for the Person of the Holy Spirit, I regarded him as a functionary subordinate to them. O what a fanciful, misguided view of a divine Person who is all-present, all-knowing, and all-powerful to carry on and complete the good work which he has begun in accordance with the covenant of free grace and the counsel of the Three in One on behalf of those who are the

objects of the primal love. O for the privilege of being of their number.

... Dear sister, I see more need than ever to spend my remaining days in giving myself up daily and continually, body and soul, into the care of him who 'is able to keep that which is given unto him against that day'. Not to give myself once, but to live constantly giving myself, right up in the moment when I put away this tabernacle.

... Dear beloved sister, I particularly desire you to send to me with speed; do not refuse me; I shall not be able to help taking it unkindly if you do. Ruth wishes to be remembered kindly to you. I have nothing in particular to send to you by way of news except this, that there is abroad a certain spirit of 'hoping all things' to see signs of the restoration of Rachel Pugh.

And this from your dear sister, swiftly journeying through a world of time to the great world which lasts forever

Talk

Prayers

Hymn: Lo, beneath the myrtles standing

Lo, between the myrtles standing,
One who merits well my love,
Though His worth I guess but dimly,
High all earthly things above;
Happy morning! Happy morning!
When at last I see as He is!
When at last I see as He is!

Rhosyn Saron yw ei enw
Gwyn a gwridog, teg o bryd
Ar ddeng mil y mae'n rhagori,
O wrthddrychau pena'r byd;
Frind pechadur, Frind pechadur,
Dyma ei Beilat ar y mor!
Dyma ei Beilat ar y mor!

What concern of mine henceforward
Are vain idols of the earth?
One and all I here proclaim them,
Matched with Jesus, nothing worth;
O to rest me! O to rest me!
All my lifetime in His love!
All my lifetime in His love!
(Words: Ann Griffiths; Tune: Cwm Rhonda)

Closing responses

On the heavenly way, straight though tangled

Christ be beside us

On the old way, never aging

Christ be before us

On the hidden way, made bright by faith

Christ be beneath us

On the new way, wrought before creation

Christ be above us

Surround us with your presence, inspire us with your purpose,
confirm us in your love

Amen

Nunc Dimittis (sung)