



Cludiant Cymunedol

Llanwrtyd

Community Transport



NEWSLETTER

Edition 21

November 2020

Hello everyone

I hope all is well with you and yours, and how the year has hurried along, I can hardly believe we are almost at Christmas once more. Has the year flown for you? It certainly has for me and what a very strange year it has been, let's hope that 2021 will be much better for us all.

The Adorable Custom of Telling the Bees

Many years ago almost every rural British family who kept bees followed a strange tradition. Whenever there was a death in the family, someone had to go out to the hives and tell the bees of the terrible loss that had befallen the family. Failing to do so often resulted in further losses such as the bees leaving the hive, or not producing enough honey or even dying.

Traditionally, the bees were kept abreast of not only deaths but all important family matters including births, marriages, and long absence. If the bees were not told, all sorts of calamities were thought to happen, and this was known as "telling the bees".

Humans have always had a special connection with bees. In medieval Europe, bees were highly prized for their honey and wax. Honey was used as food, to make mead—possibly the world's oldest fermented beverage—and as medicine to treat burns, cough, indigestion and other ailments. I once read an article where a guy out in the jungle hurt his foot, so he spear honey on dock leaves and bound the wound which healed in no time. Candles made from beeswax burned brighter, longer and cleaner than other wax candles. Bees were often kept at monasteries and manor houses, where they were tended with the greatest respect and considered part of the family or community. It was considered rude, for example, to quarrel in front of bees.

The practice may have its origins in Celtic mythology that held that bees could span the void between our world and the spirit world. So if you had any message that you wished to pass to someone who was dead, you could tell the bees and they would pass the message on. Telling the bees was widely reported from all around England, and also from many places across



The bee friend, a painting by Hans Thoma (1839–1924)

Europe. Eventually, the tradition made their way across the Atlantic and into North America.

The typical way to tell the bees was for the head of the household, or to go out to the hives, knock gently to get the attention of the bees, and then softly murmur in a doleful tune the solemn news. Little rhymes developed over the centuries specific to a particular region. In Nottinghamshire, the wife of the dead was heard singing quietly in front of the hive—*"The master's dead, but don't you go; your mistress will be a good mistress to you."* In Germany, a similar couplet was heard—*"Little bee, our lord is dead; Leave me not in my distress"*.

In case of deaths, the top of the hive was covered with a piece of black fabric. If there was a wedding in the family, the hives were decorated and pieces of cake left outside so that the bees too could partake in the festivities. Newly-wed couples introduced themselves to the bees of the house; otherwise their married life was bound to be miserable.

If the bees were not "put into mourning", terrible misfortunes befell the family, or if the hives were sold, misfortune also befell the person who bought them. Victorian biologist, Margaret Warner Morley, in her book *The Honey-Makers* (1899), cites a case in Norfolk where a man purchased a hive of bees that had belonged to a man who had died. The previous owner had failed to put the bees into mourning when their master died, causing the bees to fall sick. When the new owner draped the hive with a black cloth, the bees regained their health. In another tale, an Oxfordshire family had seventeen hives when their keeper died. Because nobody told them about the death, every bee died.

The intimate relationship between bees and their keepers have led to all sorts of folklore. According to one it was bad luck to buy or sell hives, because when you sell one, you sell your luck with your bees. Instead, bees were bartered for or given as gifts. If bees flew into a house, a stranger would soon call. If they rested on a roof, good luck was on its way.



Telling the Bees, by Albert Fitch Bellows. circa 1882

Before them, under the garden wall, forward and back
Went, drearily singing, the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

And the song she was singing ever since in my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

John Greenleaf Whittier 1807 – 1892

But the relationship between bees and humans goes beyond superstition. It's a fact, that bees help humans survive. 70 of the top 100 crop species that feed 90% of the human population rely on bees for pollination. Without them, these plants would cease to exist and with it all animals that eat those plants. This can have a cascading effect that would ripple catastrophically up the food chain. Losing a beehive is much worse than losing a supply of honey. The consequences are life threatening. The act of telling the bees emphasizes this deep connection humans share with the insect.

(Information from Amusing Planet and Wikipedia)

Just been to Tesco's with the wife,
and totally out of the blue she said to
me "What a lazy sod you are".

I was so shocked I almost fell out of
the trolley.



HOW TO NOT BE HARD ON YOURSELF



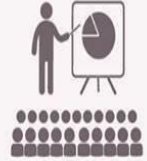
your mistakes are
part of your learning



don't compare
yourself to others
because you are not
them



there is no right way
to do anything



stand up for what you
believe, even if it's
unpopular



learn from people
who criticize you



accept your
weaknesses as your
"features"



look at your past as
an adventurous
biography



don't underestimate
your talent until you
apply it 100 times



every single problem
you have is not unique



intelligence is relative,
self-esteem is not



express your anger
in a creative way



surround yourself
with people who want
you to succeed

by Anna Vital

Colcannon Mash (serves two)

Take 2 medium sized potatoes, peel and cut into chunks. Rinse in cold water to remove excess starch and place into boiling salted water. Simmer for 15 - 20 minutes.

Take half a cabbage, I like savoy, dark spring or sweetheart but you could use kale. Remove outer leaves and shred finely. Remove any really tough stalks, rinse well and place into boiling salted water. Simmer for 10 minutes.

Meanwhile finely chop one small or half large onion plus a bunch of spring onions (including some of the dark green) and a couple of crushed cloves of garlic. Melt some unsalted butter in a small pan and gently fry the onions and garlic until soft and just beginning to caramelize.

Strain the cooked potatoes and mash with a generous amount of butter, cream, black pepper, ground nutmeg and a sprinkle of paprika.

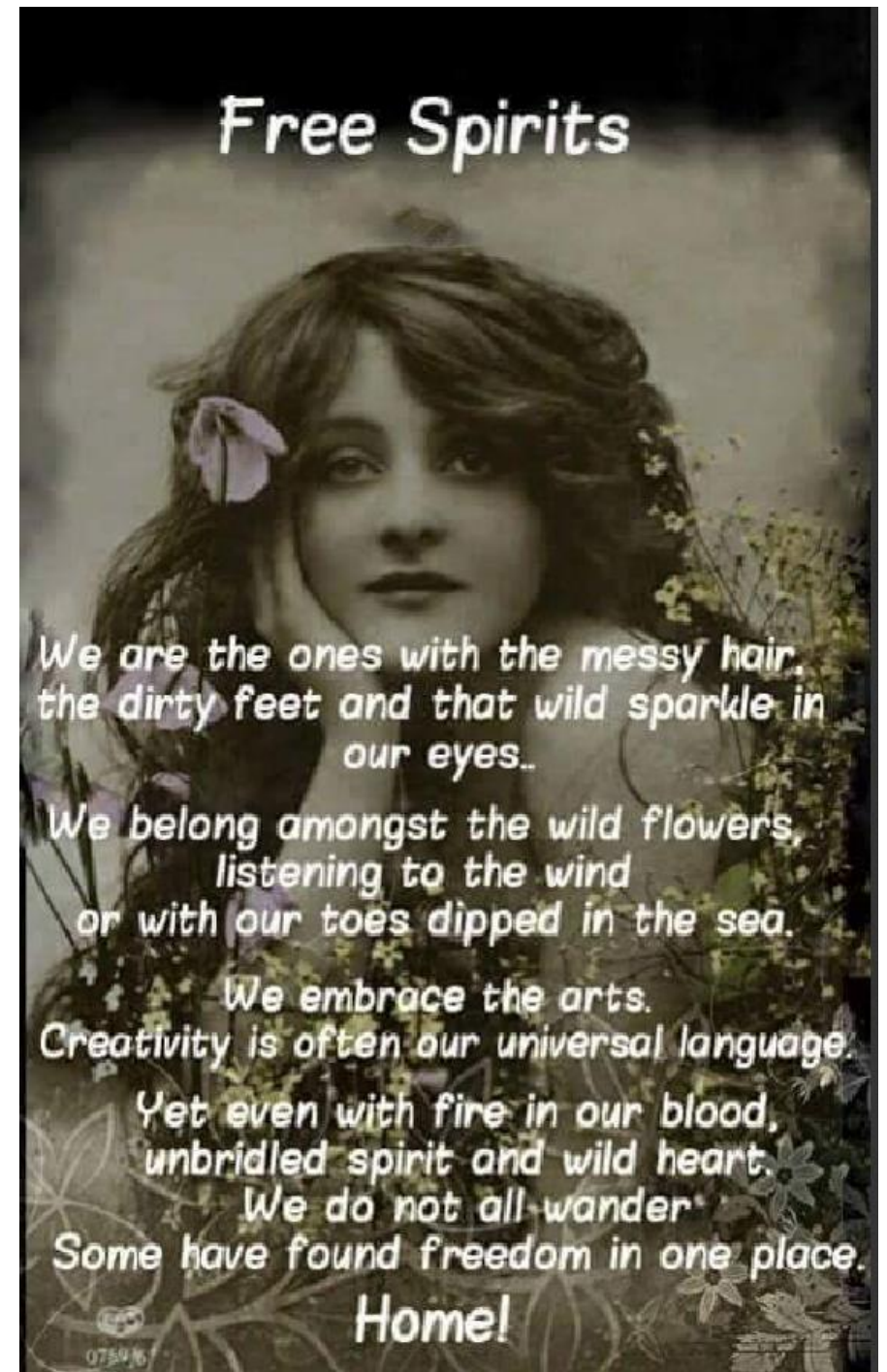
Strain the cabbage and press out all the water [which is best reserved for making gravy mmm]. Add to the potatoes with the cooked onion and mix well together. Taste and adjust seasoning as necessary, sprinkle with fresh chopped chives.

When you make this on subsequent occasions, you can adjust the ingredients, for instance you might prefer more cabbage than potato etc., it's a matter of personal taste. Some people also add a couple of rashers of finely chopped bacon, and if you want to add this I would fry it along with the onions.

It freezes well, or you can make any left overs into cakes and fry then in butter until golden. Hope you enjoy.

Rank Xerox Machine, Desk, Office Chair and Tall Cupboard

A big Thank You to Elaine Bolton and Helen Wood for kindly donation the above for our offices at Lion Garage. Elaine for her donation of this wonderful printer/scanner/stapler all singing all dancing machine, and Helen for the desk, office chair and cupboard. We are extremely grateful to you both for thinking of us, thank you so much for your kindness.



The Month of November

November is the last full month of autumn and the eleventh month of the year. It used to be the ninth month in the old Roman calendar, the Latin 'novem' meaning nine. The birthstones for November are the Topaz and Citrine, the flower for the month is chrysanthemum, which symbolises honesty, joy, and optimism.

Scorpio and Sagittarius are the astrological signs for November. Birthdays from November 1st through the 21st fall under the Scorpio sign. November 22nd through November 30th birthdays fall under the sign of Sagittarius.

The Celtic name for November 1st was Samhain, which marked the first day of winter. In the country year it was the previous eve (Halloween) when the herders led the cattle and sheep down from their summer pastures to the shelter of the stables. Those destined for the table were slaughtered. All the harvest must be gathered in by this date, barley, oats, wheat, turnips, and apples, for come November, the faeries would blast every growing plant with their breath, blighting any nuts and berries remaining on the hedgerows. With the rise in Christianity, November 1st became known as All Saints Day and the following day, All Souls Day.

November 5th of course is Guy Fawkes Day, in remembrance of his gunpowder plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament in London in 1605. It's also Bonfire Night which is a celebration of Guy Fawkes treasonous act.

**Remember, remember, the fifth of
November,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot,
I see of no reason, why gunpowder treason,
Should ever be forgot.**



If you're holding a bonfire this year, please do be careful with the fireworks, especially if there are animals nearby, some of them can be very spooked by loud bangs. Also if you've built your bonfire ready to light, please ensure no animals such as hedgehogs have gone in there for a little snooze zzzzzz

November 11th is of course Remembrance Sunday and although it's unlikely that there will be any church services allowed, I understand there will still be wreaths laid at the War Memorial Institute in Llanwrtyd Wells. We have so much to be grateful to our forefathers for, so many who went and never came back in both world wars and many other wars since. Not just the ones who didn't return, but the ones who came back mentally and physically damaged. I hope we can all think of these very brave men and women at the eleventh hour, on the eleventh day of the eleventh month.

In Flanders Field

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

By John McCrae, May 1915



*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

'Hedd Wyn...Blessed Peace' by Arthur Cole

On that bleak Western front, he took his last breath,
A Welsh man of peace, a Bard heaven blessed.
Prose was his passion, nature, religion, romance,
Default conscripted, to the battlefields of France.
Tending his flocks, poetry passionately flowed,
Like cool mountain springs, his legacy bestowed.

The 'Shepherd' of Passchendaele, is who he became,
A Welsh national treasure, now shrouded in fame.
At the Western front, 'Yr Arwr-The Hero' he finished,
During that futile war, passion never diminished.
His life was cut short, on the first day of battle,
At 'Pilckem Ridge' he fell, with brave comrades like cattle.

With brothers in arms, amongst gore engrained mud,
A shell to the stomach, released entrails and blood.
"Do you think I will live?" on his death bed he uttered,
No hope of survival, as bursting shells thundered.
The National Eisteddfod, 'Fleur De Lis' will you rise,
Your poem 'Yr Arwr' has won our ultimate prize.

Not many knew 'Fleur De Lis' had sadly fallen,
Tears and applause, was their ultimate calling.
The Bardic chair, was shrouded in black,
A posthumous honour, if only time could turn back.
Those poetic seeds sown, on pastures so green,
Creating a man of compassion, never again to be seen.

This once humble shepherd, a lifelong desire achieved,
Now laying peacefully at rest, in a far foreign field.
At 'Blessed Peace' our poetic Welsh prince lies alone,
His 'Black Bardic' chair, sits proudly, at his humble home.

I wrote this poem after one of the members mentioned in conversation the Welsh poet Ellis Humphrey Evans. aka 'Hedd Wyn' aka 'Fleur de Lis' 'Hedd Wyn' was killed on the first day of battle at Passchendaele, Belgium 1917, he had just finished his

manuscript 'Yr Arwr-The Hero'. He won the bardic chair at the 1917 National Eisteddfod, posthumously, where it was shrouded in black as a mark of respect, he had been killed six weeks before. Arthur Cole...2017...All Copyright Reserved (145)

Ffair Bont

Ffair Bont (Fair on the Bridge) used to take place in Llanwrtyd Wells on November 20th every year. It was originally a hiring fair (Ffair Logi) where people from all the farms and big houses came to trade workmen and servants for money. It was also bill paying day when local people settled their accounts with local shop keepers and tradesmen. Later it became a fun fair with bright lights, coconut shies, roll a penny and merry go rounds. There were china and fruit stalls, and you could get ice cream and candy floss. It was the highlight of the year for children and many adults too, but as the fair ride owners weren't receiving much money, it faded out, which is such a shame for the town.

Update on LWCT

All the necessary electrical work has now been completed at Lion Garage, plus we're fully decorated and carpeted thanks to our fantastic staff both paid and voluntary. The lift is fully operational so our Ace Mechanic Alan can service and do any necessary repairs on our vehicles. We have running water, both hot and cold so much better than at the Cilmerly site, so it's all systems go. We are still working to Covid-19 guidelines, so some of us are still working from home; however our telephone line and email is operational as is our website where you can view our monthly newsletters and other information and updates.

Just a reminder that we have changed our email address to office@lwct.org.uk and will soon be changing our website in light of our new management structure and focus, so watch this space. This has all been done courtesy of our Web Master David Harrison, yet another of our fantastic volunteers.

Our shoppa buses and the LWCT Heart of Wales Coffee Clubs are still on hold and unlikely to resume before 2021. We are however extremely sorry about this as we know that there are many people who really need to meet up regularly for a cuppa and a chat, but hope you can all understand this is the safest action in the

and would remind you that if you think we can help you in any way, even if only for someone to talk to, we are very happy for you to make contact with us.

I stress that the LWCT Heart of Wales Coffee Club **IS NOT CLOSED**, but is on hold due to government restrictions, neither is it relocating to the Zion Chapel. It is our intention to reopen the coffee club, once we get the go ahead from the government, at the station building, which we have spent a great deal of money renovating.

We are still able to collect and deliver prescriptions, shopping and pre-ordered take away food, courtesy of our wonderful volunteer drivers, and are also still taking people to medical appointments, either locally or further afield like Hereford, Cardiff and other places (don't forget that we do have a wheelchair friendly vehicle for if you're unable to get into a car). At present we are able to provide some of these services free of charge.

Now for some exciting news. We are very pleased to say we have now received a grant of £5,000 from the Social Value Development – Moving Forward Fund to provide a shopping bus, which will mean we can shop for several people at once.

The idea will be that members will phone or email their order to us; we then pick the goods and deliver them to you. This means we can do several people's shopping in one run, so it should be cheaper than our shoppa buses are. We have already approached Tesco and the Co-op, and intend to contact Aldi and more local shops too. The service will be primarily for the elderly and infirm, self isolating, people on the government's list of high risk conditions, however we will help as many people and age groups as possible.

To use this new service people will need to be registered with us, so if you or someone you know might be interested in being included, please let us know and we will send out an application form with a pre paid return envelope.

We have purchased a Fogging Machine, which is a machine you put in the vehicles and it emits a sanitizer which kills 99.9% of all viruses, bacteria etc. within about 15 minutes thereby making our vehicles safer for drivers and passengers alike.

We are here to support every one of you if you think there is absolutely anyway we can help during this difficult time, this includes all age groups, businesses and the

self-employed. Sincere thanks to all our lovely volunteers and supporters, we can and will get through this together.

If you would like to use the services of our volunteer drivers, or think we can help in any way, please contact Laura Burns on 01982 55272 or at office@lwct.org.uk.

Volunteer Drivers Needed

Now more than ever we need to recruit more volunteer drivers, so if you are at all interested please get in touch by calling Laura on 01982 552727 for a no obligation chat to find out more.

You would need a clean driving licence which we would need to see, and if you are willing to use your own vehicle, we would need sight of your insurance cover. We would provide all PPE like masks, gloves, sanitiser for you and your passengers, and you could bring your vehicle to the Lion Garage each week where we could use the fogging machine, which only takes about 15 minutes, so you can feel confident that your vehicle is safe for family use too. We do have a couple of company cars that you may be able to use if you prefer not to use your own vehicle. If you use your own vehicle we pay 45p per mile so you should not be out of pocket. Please have a think about it; we would love to welcome you on board.

New Logo

Did you notice our new logo on the front cover? If not, here it is, and we say a great big Thank You to [Joanne Oddie](#) for painting this lovely logo for us at extremely short notice. Jo took time off from doing her own commissions to help us out, and we are very grateful to her for her time and talents. Thank you Jo.





This is our Bait Room and if that confuses you as it did me, it's the Kitchen at Lion Garage mmmm now for a nice cuppa



Jerry Gary
School Run Driver



Paget Silvester
Volunteer Driver



Miss Nan Knockabout

Miss Nan Knockabout wouldn't wash her face
And everyone thought it was a real disgrace.
Mud, soot and marmalade smeared her cheeks and chin
And nobody would guess she had pretty nice skin.
One day a Chimney Sweep knocked on Nancy's door
And said "Oh pretty maid, you are the one that I adore".
"Please say you'll marry me, your face is just like mine,
We'll be a pair of Chimney Sweeps; I think that would be fine".
But Miss Nan Knockabout screamed and ran away
And ordered twenty pounds of soap that very same day.

Directors:

Pat Dryden
Stephen Hawkes
David Harrison

General Manager:

Laura Burns

Compliance Officer:

Stephen Hawkes

Webmaster:

David Harrison

Contact Details:

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