

Dear Friends,

I am setting this up at least on a free afternoon in October. The picture at the top was once sent to my father by Lorna, and right now seems so appropriate in our beautiful but oh so broken world. Tiny tiny pockets of prayer groups in Ukraine and Russia, Israel and Palestine

(Mid November!) Perhaps I will get another sentence done. Well I have asked for photos from the young ... I have lots of photos of me because a photographer has been coming to take pictures here And Mair took photos of me when she came here in June, for her friends in Germany.

This is the community's hundredth year at Tymawr, and we have celebrated it with lots of activity, (!) quiet days on 'women at prayer' which drew lots of people to the convent, a pilgrimage where some of our 'family' joined us, gatherings for Associates and Oblates. Oblates are a fast growing group (below, with the Oblate Sister) too as we have settled into our post-covid rhythm of life, which means silent meals for everyone and generally more silence around. I have been surprised that Associates and other guests who are used to chatting in the Guest Dining room actually like the new arrangements, but they do. We have a branch of our Companions in Canada, I think Marion and Maisie see each other more often than the British Companions do. (although they are meeting in December.)



We have (well, the royal we) planted trees, blessed orchards, and, quite different, had a lot of input from various fascinating people including monthly from Bishop Rowan, our Warden. A letter full of pictures of people, representing a year full of people.

We have more than doubled our guest numbers by going back to moving people around to meet as many requests as possible. It gives them such joy, they love it here, and that of course is encouraging for us, not that WE do it, but something happens here.

For our part we are trying to make this ramshackle building and its land be more sustainable ecologically and financially. It's a tall order in the building. The land is better, Vijay has rewilded it and instead of lawns we have grass, and butterflies and wild flowers. And twenty foot wide hedges

(for safe passage for little creatures). Wheelie walkers don't get around so easily and you need waterproof shoes, but it is well worth it. Our new cook loves gardening and uses everything possible from the garden. Victoria (who left) introduced really good vegetarian cooking, which Gregg is carrying on.



One day the inevitable happened, Sr Katharine had a week's retreat and Gregg got covid. Fortunately I had anticipated such an event, and Victoria had written what we call 'Mummy proof instructions!' And Gregg and Katharine had just tidied the freezer.



Part of our looking at insulation is to think about carpeting the sanctuary, which would limit Katharine's wonderful creations. This year she made a Mandala from beans, rice and lentils. After a while it began to fray at the edges, the mice must have thought they were in heaven!

Last year we planted beans round Advent candles and in due course they turned into palm trees for Epiphany!

I did get my retreat this year, on the North Coast of Wales, and on the way AND on the way back had lunch with Roger and Rosamund – once of Lincolnshire. They have found a glorious bit of hillside with a lovely house and lots of digging to be done in the steep garden.



Like us all I am getting older but we have been so non-stop busy I am feeling very well, and content! Naturally some bits of me work less well – 'I saw .. what is her name, I just saw her and know it so well' Very irritating

Mair has visited and been visited; She works as a translator, plays in a band, does Scottish dancing and plays for it




Catrin and family communicate with me via the computer. Catrin has changed workplace, they are both acquiring chauffeur's hats as the children grow up and go to dance classes and footie and joeys etc etc. Catrin still enjoys dancing regularly, mostly jazz, but sunflowers in a sunflower dress ...



We are constantly busy but I am content. So here is a peaceful photo of me walking down from Michaelgarth, where I had doubtless done the flowers! We do a lot, every guest room as well as the Refectory and chapel, and at Michaelgarth, hall and sitting rooms, perhaps nine vases. We are so very lucky just to be able to go out in the garden and pick them.



A large chunk of my time at Tymawr has been spent with Sr Gillian, and she was the last of the older Sisters, leaving a BIG gap.

<p><i>Please pray for the soul of</i> Sr. Gillian Mary SSC <i>who returned to her Creator and Redeemer</i> <i>on Wednesday 12th April 2023 at 1.50am</i></p>  <p>Sr. Gillian Mary was in her 49th year of profession and died peacefully at the heart of her community at Tymawr</p> <p>Please pray also for her sisters and their families and us her Sisters in religion</p>	<p>May I ever remain here</p> <p>May I ever remain here where I can feel the breezes of Calvary: in this place which is everywhere for everywhere finds its home in Christ. Beneath that fruitful tree where all creation moves His prayer begins to sing in my heart.</p> <p>Gillian Mary SSC <i>(Profession Day Epiphany '75)</i></p>
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Everywhere finds its home in Christ.

Wishing you every blessing, Lizzie/Elizabeth

