

Sul Y Blodau



Beth oedd yr adnod gyntaf i chi ddysgu yn blentyn? I mi ac i'r rhan fwyaf ohonon ni, yr un ydy **'Duw Cariad Yw'**. Mae'r Sul hwn yn Sul Y Blodau, pan rydyn ni'n cofio am Iesu yn marchogaeth yn fuddugoliaethus is Jerwsalem. Ac wrth i ni ddilyn digwyddiadau'r Wythnos Fawr, yr hyn sy'n bwysig i ni gofio ydy mai dyma pryd y dangosodd Duw ei gariad tuag atom yn fwyaf amlwg.

Dychmygwch yr olygfa, dinas Jerwsalem yn orlawn o bererinion wedi dod i ddathlu Gŵyl y Pasg. I'r tyrfaeodd doedd hyn ddim gwahanol i unrhyw Wyl y Pasg arall. Roedd y ddinas yn llawn cyffro gyda sŵn bloeddio a chanu y dorf yn diasbedain wrth iddynt aros i groesawu eu brenin, gan chwifio dail palmwydd

'Hosanna! Bendigedig yw'r un sy'n dod yn frenin yn enw'r Arglwydd.' (Marc 11: 9)

Ond gwyddom mai nid Gŵyl y Pasg arferol oedd hon i fod. Roedd hon yn gychwyn ar wythnos ddyngedfennol yn hanes Iesu, wythnos a fyddai'n newid cwrs y byd. Mae'r dorf yn ei groesawu ar ddydd cyntaf yr wythnos gan floeddio 'Hosanna,' ond mi wyddai 'n dda erbyn diwedd yr wythnos y byddai'r 'Hosanna' yn troi yn 'Croeshoeliwch ef!'

Ond doedd dim troi nôl, a doedd Ef ddim yn barod i wneud hynny chwaith. Roedd Iesu yn gwybod y byddai 'n rhaid iddo ddiodefdef ac aberthu ei fywyd ar y groes er mwyn cyflawni cynllun Duw sef dangos cariad Duw i'r byd.

Mae angen i ni gofio yr wythnos hon o bob wythnos sut y dioddefodd Iesu drosom yn y dyddiau tyngedfennol hynny yn Jerwsalem. Ond rhaid i ni beidio â cholli golwg am y rheswm dros ei ddiodefdiadau. Pan welodd y dorf yn gweiddi yn Jerwsalaem, roedd o yn eu caru, pob un ohonyn nhw, hyd yn oed y rhai a oedd yn ei gasau. Trwy gydol ei ei weinidogaeth, dangosodd Iesu ei gariad at bawb, pwy bynnag oedden nhw ac o ble bynnag roedden nhw'n dod. Doedd dim gwahaniaeth os oedden nhw'n eu garu ai peidio.

Dyweddodd Crist 'Dyma fy ngorchymyn i: carwch eich gilydd fel y cerais i chwi. Nid oes gan neb gariad mwy na hyn, sef bod rhywun yn rhoi ei einioes dros ei gyfeillion.' (Ioan 15:12)

A phenllanw y cariad hwnnw ydy **Ei fod wedi rhoi ei fywyd drosom ni.**

Gadewch i ni ddal gafael yn y cariad hwnnw wrth i ni ddilyn Iesu wrth iddo farchogaeth yn fuddugoliaethus i Jerwsalem a cherdded gydag Ef i Galfaria a'r groes, fel y cawn rannu yn Ei Atgyfodiad gogoneddus Ef ar fore'r Pasg. **'Do, carodd Duw y byd gymaint nes iddo roi ei unig Fab, er mwyn i bob un sy'n credu ynddo Ef beidio â mynd i ddistryw ond cael bywyd tragwyddol.'** (Ioan 3:16) **DUW CARIAD YW!**

Bydded i wyleidd-dra Crist, ei frenhiniaeth, a'i gariad mawr tuag atom, ein cynnal a'n hysbrydoli yn yr Wythnos Fawr a phob amser. Amen.

Gyda chariad a phob bendith i chi gyd, Parch Jen Evans



What's the first verse you learnt as a child? For me, and for most of us, it's **'God is Love'**.

This Sunday is Palm Sunday, when we reflect on Jesus' momentous entry into Jerusalem. And as we follow the events of Holy Week, the most significant week for us as Christians, the important thing to remember is that this is when God showed most clearly His love for us.

Picture the scene, Jerusalem overcrowded with pilgrims who had come to celebrate the Passover. To the crowds this was like any other Passover, the city full of excitement, with singing and waving palm leaves as they waited to welcome their King.

'Hosanna! Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord!' (Mark 11:9)

But we know this was no ordinary Passover. This was the beginning of the most fateful week for Jesus, a week that would change the world.

The crowds welcome Him on the first day of the week with shouts of 'Hosanna'! But He knew perfectly well that by the end of the week the 'Hosanna' would have changed to 'Crucify Him'!

But there was no turning back, and He was not prepared to do that anyway. Jesus knew that He would have to suffer and sacrifice His life on the cross – in order to fulfil God's plan and show His love to the world.

We need to remember, this week of all weeks, how Jesus suffered for us on those fateful days in Jerusalem. But we must never lose sight of the reason for that suffering. When Jesus saw the crowds shouting in Jerusalem, he loved those people – all of them even the ones who hated Him. Throughout His ministry Jesus showed His love for all people – no matter who they were or where they came from – whether they loved Him or not, it made no difference.

Jesus said, "My command is this: Love each other as I have loved you. Greater love has no one than this: to lay down one's life for one's friends." (John 15:12)

And the culmination of that love is that **He gave His life for us.**

Paul tells us that nothing can separate us from God's love through Jesus Christ. (Romans 8:39) It is through that love that we are forgiven – it is through that love that we share in the promise of eternal life. Let us hold on to that love as we follow Jesus on His triumphant entry into Jerusalem and walk with Him to the cross, so that we can share in His glorious Resurrection on Easter Day. **"For God so loved the world that he gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal." life.** (John 3:16) **GOD IS LOVE!**

May the humility of Christ, the kingship of Jesus, and the love of Jesus sustain and inspire us throughout this Holy Week and always. Amen.

With love and every blessing to you all, Revd Jen Evans

Dydd Iau Cablyd Parch Miriam Beecroft

Fe wnes i fy nghacen Simnel gyntaf eleni. Rydw i wedi bod yn bwriadu gwneud un ers blynyddoedd lawer, ond erioed wedi cael yr amser. Mae'n draddodiadol eu haddurno ag un ar ddeg pelen o farsipán, yn cynrychioli disgyblion Iesu, heb Jwdas Iscariot.



Ni allwn ond dychmygu'r newidiadau mewn emosiynau yn yr oruwch ystafell. Y noson honno, cychwynwyd dathlu Gŵyl y Bara Croyw gyda'r llawenydd arferol, ond yn sydyn fe drodd y dathliadau at rywbeth arall; rhywbeth dwi ddim yn siŵr sut i'w ddisgrifio. Lletchwith, ie. Yn ddryslyd, yn sicr. Rhaid mai 'beth sy'n digwydd?' oedd ym meddwl llawer o amgylch y bwrdd hwnnw, wrth i Iesu basio o gwmpas fara a'i ddisgrifio fel ei gorff a fyddai'n cael ei dorri. Ac yna fe basiodd o amgylch gwpan, gan ddweud y byddai ei waed yn cael ei dywallt dros bechodau'r byd. Ar y pryd, nid oedd hyn yn gwneud unrhyw synnwyr i unrhyw un arall.

Bu sôn am frad yn ogystal ag aberth. Brad? Ni? Sicr ddim! Ond fe wnaethant. Jwdas oedd gyntaf. Ni allai'r disgyblion a ddylai fod wedi aros yn effro, weddio gydag Iesu yn ei oriau mwyaf brawychus. Yna byddai Pedr yn gwneud tri gwadiad. Ac yn y pen draw, nid oedd yr holl ddyinion hynny a oedd wedi bod mor agos at Iesu yno gydag ef mwyach. Roedden nhw wedi gadael. Roedden nhw wedi ei chael hi'n ormod. Roedd wedi dod yn adeg difrifol iawn yn sydyn, ac yn un rhy fentrus.

Ar y Dydd Iau Cablyd hwn, wrth i chi eistedd i lawr am eich pryd fin nos, beth am osod cwpan a phlât ychwanegol gyda rhywfaint o fara ar y bwrdd. Wrth i chi fwyta, edrychwch ar y bara a'r cwpan a chofiwch yr hyn a wnaeth ac a ddywedodd Iesu. Darllenwch y stori unwaith eto yn Mathew 26:17-30. Efallai y byddwch chi hyd yn oed yn torri'r bara, yn yfed o'r cwpan ac yn cofio'r hyn a wnaeth Iesu i chi.



I made my first simnel cake this year. I've been intending to make one for many years, but never had the time. It's traditional to decorate them with eleven balls of marzipan, representing Jesus' disciples, minus Judas Iscariot.

We can only imagine the changes in emotions in the upper room. That night, celebrating the Passover started with the usual joyfulness, but rather abruptly the celebrations turned to something else; something I'm not sure how to describe. Awkward, yes. Confused, certainly. 'What's going on?' must have been the thought of many around that table, as Jesus passed around bread and described it as his body that would be broken. And then he passed around the cup, saying that his blood would be shed for the sins of the world. At the time, this made no sense to anyone else.

There was talk of betrayal as well as sacrifice. Betrayal? Us? Surely not! But they did. Judas was first. The disciples who should have stayed awake to pray with Jesus in his most frightening hours, couldn't. Then Peter would make three denials. And eventually, all those men who had been so close to Jesus were no longer there with him. They had left. They had found it too much. It had become suddenly very serious, and too risky.

This Maundy Thursday, as you sit down for your evening meal, why not set the table with an extra cup and a plate with some bread. As you eat, see the bread and the cup there and remember what Jesus did and said. Read the story once again in Matthew 26:17-30. You might even break the bread, drink from the cup and remember what Jesus did for you.

Revd Miriam Beecroft

Dydd Gwener y Grogolith

Luc 23: 26-31

Nid wyf yn gwybod amdanoch chi, ond yn aml pan ddarllenaf yr Ysgrhythurau, yn enwedig yr Efengylau, rwy'n ceisio dychmygu fy hun yn yr olygfa - yn y sefyllfa honno - gyda'r bugeiliaid ar y mynydd neu yn y synagog. Heddiw, wrth i chi ddarllen y darn hwn yn dweud wrthym am daith gerdded gythryblus Iesu i Golgotha, ymunwch â mi i ddychmygu'ch hun yn y dorf yn gwyllo'ch ffrind a'ch athro yn mynd heibio i chi yn sigledig a diymadferth.

Beth sydd ar eich meddwl?

Sut y gall hyn fod yn digwydd - doedd hi ddim mor bell yn ôl pan yr oeddem yn gwrando ar ei eiriau mor llawn o addewid, "Dewch ataf", roedd wedi ei ddweud, "Cymerwch fy iau arnoch chi a dysgwch oddi wrthyf; oherwydd rwy'n dyner ac yn ostyngedig fy nghalon, ac fe welwch orffwys i'ch eneidiau. Oherwydd mae fy iau yn hawdd ac mae fy maich yn ysgafn ". Dyna oedd Ei eiriau ac edrychwch arno Ef nawr, yn ymdrechu dan bwysau Ei groes ei hun!

Sut gall hyn fod yn digwydd? Onid oeddem wedi eistedd am oriau gydag Ef a cherdded am filltiroedd gydag Ef yn gwrando ar bob un gair o'i eiddo? Oni welsom Ef yn iacháu'r cleifion, yn cymryd trueni dros y tlawd? Onid oedd wedi maddau ein pechodau? Edrychwch arno nawr - wedi torri ac yn gwaedu - wedi ei gollfarnu fel troseddwr cyffredin. Roedden ni'n credu mai Ef oedd y Meseia - Fe addawodd fywyd i ni! Edrychwch arno nawr, gan gerdded l'w farwolaeth! Sut gall hyn fod yn digwydd? Pam nad yw'n gwneud rhywbeth? Mae ganddo'r pŵer - Mae wedi dangos hynny i ni. Am beth mae'n aros? Dwi ddim yn deall!



Pan fyddaf yn meddwl yn ôl ar y diwrnod hwnnw, fel yr wyf yn aml yn ei wneud, gallaf ddal i deimlo arswyd y cyfan. Roedd yn dorcalonnus gweld Iesu mewn cymaint o boen, gwaedu a thorri. Rwy'n dal i allu teimlo fy mhanig ac ofn fy hun gan fod y cyfan yr oeddwn wedi dod i gredu ynddo yn ansicr - Sut all hyn fod yn digwydd? Ond yna fe newidiodd y cyfan mewn amrantiad pan drodd ac edrychodd arnaf i fyw fy llygad a gwenodd, ond roedd rhywbeth mwy yno hefyd nad oeddwn i'n ei ddeall. Po fwyaf wna i feddwl am yr edrychiad hwnnw rwy'n sylweddoli beth ydoedd. Golwg o dristwch dwfn ydoedd - tristwch, nid drosto'i Hun - ond dros ofi, drosom ni!

Nawr rwy'n dechrau deall. Roedd yr edrychiad o dristwch a welais yn gydnabyddiaeth o'r boen a'r tristwch y byddem yn mynd drwyddo yn y byd toredig hwn yr oedd Ef wedi dod i'w achub. Nid oedd yn rhaid i Iesu wneud yr hyn a wnaeth - Gallai fod wedi cerdded i ffwrdd - ond wnaeth ef ddim. Rydw i wedi dod i sylweddoli mai dyna oedd y wyrth fwyaf ohonyn nhw i gyd. Aeth Iesu i'r groes. Dioddefodd y poen meddwl a'r diraddiad dros ofi!!! Dioddefodd y cywilydd a'r creulondeb dros ofi!!! Cymerodd fy mhechodau, fy nghosb a bu farw ein marwolaeth ni er mwyn imi fyw - er mwyn ichi fyw!

"Do, carodd Duw'r byd gymaint nes iddo roi ei unig Fab, er mwyn i bob un sy'n credu ynddo ef beidio â mynd i ddistryw ond cael bywyd tragwyddol." (Ioan 3:16)

(Wedi'i addasu o "It was heartbreaking to see Him"; No Ordinary Man, Llyfr 2, (Tudalen 200-203) Nick Fawcett).

O! Dduw Hollalluog,

ni allwn bob amser wneud synnwyr o'th bwrpas,

ond nid yw hynny'n golygu dy fod yn segur.

Gall fod y ffordd yn guddiedig a'r llwybr yn dywyll,

ond yr wyt ti yn parhau i weithio.

Yr wyt yn defnyddio'r drwg er mwyn da.

Yr wyt yn trawsnewid anobaith

yn ddechrau newydd yn llawn addewid.

Yr wyt yn troi tristwch yn llawenydd, gwendid yn gryfder,

tywyllwch yn oleuni a marwolaeth yn fywyd.

Dysg in felly i beidio anobeithio fyth,

ac i sylweddoli nad oes dim yn y nef nac ar y ddaear

y tu hwynt i'th allu di.

I ti y byddo'r clod a'r mawl, nawr a hyd byth. Amen.

Gyda phob bendith i chi ac un oll

Canon Kathleen



Luke 23:26-31

I don't know about you, but often when I read the Scriptures, especially the Gospels, I try to imagine myself in the scene - in that situation - with the shepherds on the mountain or in the synagogue. Today, as you read this passage telling us of Jesus' agonising walk to Golgotha, join me in imagining yourself in the crowd watching your friend and teacher staggering helplessly past you.

What are your thoughts?

How can this be happening - not that long ago we were listening to His words so full of promise, "Come to me", He had said, "Take my yoke upon you and learn from me; for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light". Those were His words and look at Him now, struggling under the weight of His own cross!

How can this be happening? Hadn't we sat for hours with Him and walked for miles with Him listening to His every word? Hadn't we seen Him heal the sick, have pity on the poor? Hadn't He forgiven our sins? Look at Him now - broken and bleeding - convicted as a common criminal. We believed He was the Messiah - He promised us life! Look at Him now, walking to His death!

*How can this be happening? Why doesn't He do something? He's got the power - He's shown us that. What's He waiting for?
I don't understand!*

When I think back on that day, as I often do, I can still feel the horror of it all. It was heartbreaking to see Jesus in such agony, bleeding and broken. I can still feel my own panic and fear as all I had come to believe in was in doubt - How can this be happening? But then it all changed in an instant when He turned and looked me right in the eye and He smiled, but there was something more there too that I didn't understand. The more I've thought about that look I've realised what it was. It was a look of deep sorrow - sorrow, not for Himself - but for me, for us!

Now I'm beginning to understand. The look of sorrow I had seen was a recognition of the pain and sorrow we would go through in this broken world that He had come to save. Jesus didn't have to do what He did - He could have walked away - but He didn't. I've come to realise that that was the biggest miracle of them all. Jesus went to the cross, He suffered the agony and degradation for me!!! He endured the humiliation and the cruelty for me!!! He took my sins, my punishment and died our death so that I might live - so that you might live!

"God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, so that everyone who believes in Him may not perish but may have eternal life". (John 3:16)

(Adapted from "It was heartbreaking to see Him"; No Ordinary Man, Book 2, (Pg 200-203) Nick Fawcett).

Sovereign God, we cannot always make sense of your purposes but that doesn't mean that you aren't at work. The way may be hidden, the path may be dark, but sometimes when you seem distant you are, in fact, at your most near. You take what seems to be bad and use it for good. You transform what looks hopeless into new beginnings full of promise. You turn sorrow into laughter, weakness into strength, darkness into light, death into life. Teach us, then, never to despair of any moment, however bleak it may seem, for you have shown us that there is nothing in heaven or on earth beyond your renewing power. To you be praise and glory, now and always. Amen.

**With every blessing to you and yours
Canon Kathleen**

Dydd y Pasg Ioan 20:1-18

Aleliwia! Atgyfododd Crist.
Atgyfododd yn wir. Aleliwia!

Ar y dydd cyntaf o'r wythnos, yn fore, tra oedd hi eto'n dywyll, dyma Mair Magdalen yn dod at y bedd, ac yn gweld bod y maen wedi ei dynnu oddi wrth y bedd. (Ioan 20:1)

Roedd hi'n dal yn dywyll i Mair. Rhaid bod digwyddiadau'r dyddiau blaenorol wedi rhoi baich ar ei meddwl. Roedd corff croeshoeliedig a thoredig ei harglwydd wedi'i gladdu ar frys er mwyn peidio ag ymyrryd â pharatoadau'r Pasg, ac yn awr, roedd yn ymddangos, roedd y gwaethaf wedi digwydd, ac roedd rhywun wedi 'dwyn y corff ymaith'. Efallai y gallwn ddychmygu pam y byddai hi'n tybio mai dim ond y gwaethaf a allai fod wedi digwydd. O le tywyllwch, gall fod yn anodd dychmygu diwedd nad yw'n dywyll. Fel plentyn roeddwn yn arfer archwilio twneli rheilffordd segur gyda ffrind. Roedd rhai ohonyn nhw'n grwm, a daeth pwynt lle nad oeddech chi'n gallu gweld unrhyw olau o'ch blaen, a'r ofn yn sydyn yn codi wrth i chi deimlo'ch ffordd tuag at ... beth? Efallai bod y pen pellaf wedi cael ei fricio i mewn, neu efallai y bydd rhywun yn eich darganfod chi ac y byddech chi mewn trafferth am dresmasu; byddai'r dychmyg yn rhedeg yn wyllt wrth i ddiwedd gwaeth fyth ddigwydd i chi, wrth ichi rannu'ch ofnau â'ch ffrind ac fe rannodd ef gyda chi.

Roedd Mair mewn lle tywyll. Rhedodd i ddweud wrth Pedr a'r disgybl arall (y gallem ei alw'n Ioan), a aeth i ymchwilio, ond a ddaeth o hyd i ddillad bedd yn unig ac na allent ddatrys y dirgelwch. Wylodd Mair yn ei ing. Edrychodd i mewn i'r beddrod am y tro olaf ac yno gwelodd angylion.

Pa ryfeddod oedd hyn? ... 'Pam wyl?' gofynna'r angylion, ac wrth iddi droi, mae hi'n gweld yr Arglwydd atgyfodedig. Ond mae rhesymeg ddynol yn dal gafael arni, ac mae hi'n ei gangymryd am arddwr, gofalwr beddau. Dim ond pan mae Iesu'n siarad y mae'r gwirionedd anghredadwy, rhyfeddol yn digwydd iddi, ac mae'r golau'n torri trwodd. Mae Iesu, ei Harglwydd a'n Harglwydd ni, wedi codi. Yng ngeiriau Secharia:
Hyn yw trugaredd calon ein Duw - fe ddaw â'r wawrddydd oddi uchod i'n plith, i lewyrchu ar y rhai sy'n eistedd yn nhywyllwch cysgod angau, a chyfeirio ein traed i ffordd tangnefedd." (Luc 1:78-79)

Mae llawenydd Mair yn fynegiant o ddyfodiad y wawr, toriad y dydd, goleuni'r byd sef ein gobaith. Gwawriodd y bore! Ar y dydd Pasg hwn, fel Mair a'r disgyblion gallwn wynebu caledi a pherygl, gadewch inni rannu gyda hwy llawenydd y darganfyddiad cyntaf hwnnw o'r gwir: bod Cariad yn gryfach na marwolaeth, a bod Iesu yn dal gyda ni; ac ynddo Ef, a thrwyddo Ef ein cariad tuag at ein gilydd, y bydd cariad a llawenydd a heddwch yn ein cynnal trwy gydol y misoedd nesaf, ac i dragwyddoldeb.

Parch Peter Ward



John 20:1-18

Alleluia! Christ is risen!
He is risen indeed. Alleluia!

'Early on the first day of the week, while it was still dark, Mary Magdalene came to the tomb, and saw that the stone had been removed...' (John 20:1)

It was still dark for Mary. The events of the previous days must have burdened her mind. The crucified and broken body of her lord had been buried in a hurry so as not to interfere with the Passover preparations, and now, it seemed, the worst had happened, and someone had 'made off' with it. We can perhaps imagine why she would assume that only the worst could have happened. From a place of darkness, it can be hard to imagine an end that is not dark. As a child I used to explore abandoned railway tunnels with a friend. Some of them were curved, and there came a point where you could see no light ahead, and the fear suddenly mounted as you felt your way towards... what? The far end might have been bricked in, or someone might discover you and you'd be in trouble for trespassing; the imagination would run riot as even worse ends occurred to you, as you shared your fears with your friend and he shared his with you.

Mary was in a dark place. She ran to tell Peter and the other disciple (who we might call John), who went to investigate, but found only grave clothes and could shed no light on the mystery. Mary wept in her anguish. She looked into the tomb one last time.... and there she saw angels.

What wonder was this?... 'Why weep?' the angels ask, and turning, she sees the risen Lord. But human logic still grips her, and she mistakes him for a gardener, a tender of the graves. Only when Jesus speaks does the unbelievable, astonishing truth occur to her, and the light breaks through. Jesus, her Lord and ours, is risen. In the words of Zechariah:

'The dawn from on high shall break upon us, to shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death: to guide our feet into the way of peace.' (Luke 1:78-79)

Mary's joy is an expression of the coming of the dawn, the daybreak, the light of the world that is our hope. Morning has broken! On this Easter day, though along with Mary and the disciples, we may face hardship and danger, let us share with them the joy of that first discovery of the truth: that Love is stronger than death, and that Jesus is still with us; and in Him, and through Him our love for one another, that love and joy and peace will sustain us throughout the coming months, and for eternity.

Revd Peter Ward