

*Guide me, O thou great Redeemer, pilgrim though this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty; hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, feed me now and evermore.*



Five months since we last met in St Andrew's. And why have I started this reflection with Cwm Rhondda?

What else should come to mind when I'm in Wales. On the edge of the Brecon Beacons and beside another canal – the Brecon and Monmouthshire Canal. One of my first Rambles and Reflections back in March I reflected on blessings. I count this holiday as another blessing. I know I've been so fortunate this summer to have had 2 holidays – one by the sea and this one on the edge of these mountains- when for many a

holiday away this year has been unimagined.

*O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.*

*Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art*

*Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!*

*When through the woods, and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze*

Well it's certainly been a week of some interesting weather. Too hot and humid to want to do anything, to thunder and lightning, and some much-needed rain (*verse 1*) – but again it's against going out. At least the nights are cooler – or is that because I'm in Wales! So, I've had a week between walks: last Sunday out on the hills at home and a circuit of the fields, and this Sunday (today) walking along the tow path of the canal

through the woods by the canal (*verse 2*), and by the (*invisible!*) hills. The canal here is flowing just 25 feet (c8m) up on the valley side



plants gave some interesting colour displays – *Water dropwort* (below).



above the R. Usk. At one point on the route here an aqueduct carries the canal over the river. The canal side the seed heads of



Purple loosestrife

*O worship the king all glorious above
Your bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.*

In the joys, may I celebrate with you Lord.

In the troubles, may I shout out to you with boldness and listen to you in faith.

And in the everyday, may I journey on with you. (*from today's online Methodist service*)