

## The Stones Talk

In exploration our ancestral roots through visiting the resting places of my ancestors and documenting has illuminated a new dimension of my heritage in how the words they leave tell us their stories too. This venture is not without its challenges; time and weather have left some memorials nearly illegible. I find some of their stories need to be told so some of the ones I think are worth in restoring them.

One particularly weathered memorial, cloaked in layers of lichen and moss, caught my attention. Armed with a specialized cleaner, I dedicated myself to revealing its hidden inscription. After meticulous efforts, Edward, and Elizabeth Frater's memorial (Plot PW-C8) names emerged. Their stories, intertwined with the history of this place, stand as a testament to the power of perseverance and the enduring spirit of remembrance, humbled to discover the location of his burial in Italy.

I felt compelled to preserve this important connection between Edward, Elizabeth, and their beloved son, Leonard, on Findagrave.

It seemed fitting to pay tribute to their memory and ensure that others could also find solace in their story.

In Llandyry Church from this inscription I found on their memorial stone led me on a journey of discovery to find out who their son Leonard Frater was who was killed in action in Italy on 19<sup>th</sup> November 1943. This is what I found and his memorial in Italy.

IN MEMORY OF  
OUR DEAR PARENTS  
EDWARD FRATER  
DIED 29TH DEC 1957  
AGED 68.  
AND ELIZABETH FRATER  
DIED 10TH MAY 1963  
AGED 68  
ALSO OF THEIR SON LEONARD  
KILLED IN ACTION ITALY 29TH NOV 1943



From the poignant inscription I uncovered on their memorial stone, a new chapter of discovery unfolded before me – one that would lead me to Leonard Frater, the son of Edward and Elizabeth Frater. Leonard's story, intertwined with the indelible mark of sacrifice, stirred my curiosity. The name etched onto that stone held within it a tale of courage and duty that resonated through time.

Leonard Frater, a Fusilier bearing the service number 14200801, stood among the ranks of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers' 6th Battalion. As history unfolded, this battalion played a role in the sweeping North African campaign and later became part of the forces that ventured into Italy, a land embroiled in war.

It was amidst these unforgiving battlegrounds that Leonard's fate was sealed. On the 29th of November 1943, during a daring assault on a ridge that cast its shadow over the Sangro River, tragedy struck. Artillery fire, an indiscriminate messenger of destruction, claimed Leonard's life at the tender age of 20. His youth belied the weight of the responsibilities he bore and the courage he exhibited.

Leonard found his final resting place in the Sangro River War Cemetery in Italy, a solemn testament to the countless lives altered by the tumultuous events of that time. The inscription on his gravestone captures the essence of his sacrifice – a fusilier in the ranks of The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, cut down on the 29th of November 1943 at the age of 20.



Each letter etched into the stone becomes a thread connecting the past to the present, and the sacrifice of a young life to the enduring memory of those who fought for freedom.

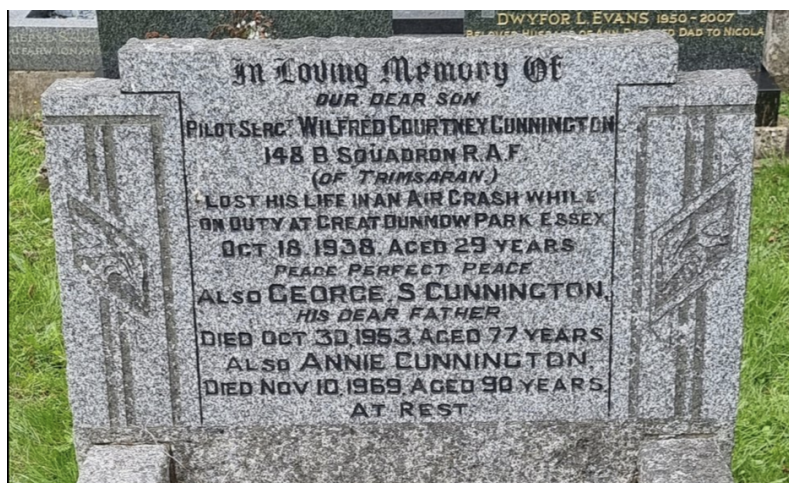
As we stand before Leonard's memorial, I'm reminded of the intricate tapestry of history, woven from the threads of countless lives like his. Each name represents a story, a family, and a legacy. Leonard's legacy is one of bravery and selflessness, a reminder that the echoes of war are not just dates and battles, but the lives of individuals who should never be forgotten.

With each day more family history is discovered before I came onto the grave of George & Annie Cunnington with an inscription that mention their son Wilfred Courtney Cunnington with the mention on the headstone of his fate in the WW2.

As the days unfold, the tapestry of family history continues to reveal its intricate threads, each thread representing a story waiting to be told. And in this journey of discovery, I stumbled upon the grave of George and Annie Cunnington (Plot PN-J4), bearing an inscription that spoke of their beloved son, Pilot Sergeant Wilfred Courtney Cunnington, whose fate was intertwined with the tumultuous times of World War II.

The headstone, a silent sentinel of memories, bore witness to Wilfred's sacrifice. It read:

"In Loving Memory of OUR DEAR SON PILOT SERG WILFRED COURTNEY CUNNINGTON 148 B SQUADRON RAF (OF TRIMSARAN) LOST HIS LIFE IN AN AIR CRASH WHILE ON DUTY AT GREAT DUNNOW PARK ESSEX OCT 18, 1938, AGED 29 YEARS PEACE PERFECT PEACE"  
ALSO GEORGE S CUNNINGTON HIS DEAR FATHER DIED OCT 30 1953 AGED 77 YEARS  
ALSO ANNIE CUNNINGTON DIED NOV 10 1969 AGED 90 YEARS AT REST



Driven by the desire to uncover the story behind this brave soul, I delved into the annals of history. The narrative that unfolded painted a picture of dedication and tragedy. Pilot Sergeant Wilfred Courtney Cunnington, a member of the esteemed 148 Squadron of the RAF, found himself in the cockpit of a Vickers Wellesley Mk. I, identified by the serial number K7716.



Tragedy struck on the 18th of October 1938, as two aircraft, including Wilfred's Wellesley K7716, met in a devastating mid-air collision. The other aircraft involved, Wellesley K7714, was also from the same 148 Squadron. The collision occurred over the skies of Great Dunmow, Essex. In an instant, lives were forever altered, and the fate of those aboard the ill-fated K7716 was sealed.

The crew of K7716 included:

- Sgt Reginald Prosser (aged 24)
- Sgt Wilfred Courtney Cunnington (aged 29)
- Act Sgt James Crane Irwin (aged 31)

All three valiant individuals lost their lives that day, their spirits forever imprinted on the pages of history. Their sacrifices stand as a testament to the risks and challenges faced by those who took to the skies in service of their nation.

Wilfred Courtney Cunnington, a Pilot Sergeant who had embarked on his duties with bravery and determination, now rests in eternal peace, his memory enshrined in the hearts of those who remember. His age, 29, is a stark reminder of the youthfulness that war often claimed, a poignant reminder that every life cut short was a world of potential and dreams.

As I stand before his memorial, I reflect on the profound impact that a few lines of text can have, capturing the essence of a life and its untimely end. Wilfred's story joins the tapestry of history, a thread woven with the threads of countless others who made the ultimate sacrifice for a greater cause. Their legacy lives on, as does the gratitude of generations who will never forget their sacrifice.

With each passing day, the journey through history brings new chapters to light, unveiling stories that have weathered the sands of time. Among the markers of remembrance, the memorial headstone of Nathaniel and Eliza Hancock (Plot PN-K8) stood as a silent testament to a family's enduring love and sacrifice, with an inscription that echoed through the years:



"PEACE IN LOVING MEMORY OF NATHANIEL HANCOCK DIED JAN. 8. 1937 AGED 59 YEARS. EVER IN OUR THOUGHTS, ALSO HIS DEAR WIFE ELIZA HANCOCK DIED SEPT. 23, 1955: AGED 76 ALSO OF THEIR SON RICHARD GEORGE HANCOCK B.S.M.-R.A. DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE 1939-1945 EVER REMEMBERED"

This inscription held a poignant reminder of the sacrifices made by this family during a time of global turmoil. The mention of their son, Richard George Hancock, who died on active service, ignited a spark of curiosity, driving me to uncover more about his story.

And so, the journey of discovery led me to the remarkable story of Warrant Officer Class II (Battery Serjeant-Major) Richard George Hancock. His service, marked by dedication and courage, unfolded against the backdrop of World War II. Tragically, his life was cut short on the 14th of November 1942, in the sands of Egypt, amidst the fierce battles of El Alamein.

The scroll that commemorates his sacrifice reads:

"This scroll commemorates Battery Serjeant-Major R. G. Hancock Royal Regiment of Artillery held in honour as one who served King and Country in the world war of 1939-1945 and gave his life to save mankind from tyranny. May his sacrifice help to bring the peace and freedom for which he died."

Richard George Hancock's role in the struggle against tyranny is a testament to his bravery and selflessness. He stands as a symbol of all those who served, whose sacrifices paved the path to a better future. The battles he fought were

not just on distant lands; they were the embodiment of a collective effort to preserve freedom and humanity.

As I reflect on his story, I am reminded of the interconnectedness of history and how the lives of individuals intertwine with the greater narrative. The inscription on the headstone and the scroll of commemoration stands as a bridge between the past and the present, ensuring that Richard George Hancock's memory endures, and his sacrifice continues to inspire. May his legacy be a beacon of hope, reminding us of the price paid for the peace and freedom we hold dear.

I chanced upon an inconspicuous headstone, Plot (PF-C6) which soon revealed itself to be a poignant memorial that held a deeper narrative.



IN MEMORY OF  
PRYCE LLOYD  
DIED NOV 26: 1917  
AGED 70 YEARS  
ALSO GRIFFITH HIS SON THIS SON

KILLED IN ACTION IN FRANCE  
MARCH 28, 1918, AGED 28 YEARS

This solemn inscription piqued my curiosity, prompting me to delve further into the story of Pryce Lloyd's cherished son, Griffith. It became evident that Griffith was not laid to rest here, and my curiosity drove me to uncover more details. As I delved deeper, this is what I uncovered.

This is for the memory of Griffith Lloyd, Private, 307171, Lancashire Fusiliers.

Griffith Lloyd, the cherished son of Pryce and Ellen Lloyd. A life intertwined with the land, both Griffith and his father served as Gamekeepers at Trimsaran, residing at the Keeper's Lodge before the world was plunged into conflict.

Answering the call of duty, Griffith enlisted in Kidwelly, joining the ranks of the 2/8th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers. This valiant unit was affiliated with the 197 Brigade, a crucial part of the 66th (2nd East Lancs.) Division. Their journey led them to the Western Front, a theatre of sacrifice and valour, which they reached by the 16th of March 1917. From there, they ventured to the shores of Flanders.

As the seasons shifted, September of 1917 found them stationed in Ypres, where they steadfastly participated in the harrowing Battle of Poelcapelle. With determination, they then marched southward to the Somme, a name etched in history. On the fateful 21st of March 1918, the tumultuous tempest of the German Spring Offensive swept upon them at the Battle of St Quentin. Undaunted, they held their ground, and in the subsequent westward movement, they engaged in the Actions at the Somme Crossings—a chapter where destiny would unfold for Griffith.





In the crucible of battle, Griffith sustained wounds that would ultimately claim his life. Aged just 28, he passed away on the 28th of March 1918. His final resting place is Namps-Au-Val British Cemetery, France—an eternal abode where his bravery and sacrifice remain forever enshrined.

In humble tribute, we honour Griffith Lloyd, his unwavering courage, and the legacy he bestowed upon history. May his memory be a beacon of inspiration for generations to come.

This marked another chapter in the history of this cemetery.

This another sad story which made me think of my family and what I would feel if this had happened to me. I was recording the details of a memorial stone of Mary Anthony (Plot PE2-D1) and took in the enormity of what I saw before me on the inscription.



IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
DAVID  
SON OF DAVID & MARY ANTHONY  
OF AQUEDUCT IN THIS PARISH WHO DIED  
NOV 8, 1880, AGED 6 MONTHS  
MARY ANTHONY  
APRIL 27, 1884, AGED 29 YEARS  
ALSO MARY DAUGHTER OF THE ABOVE  
BORN APRIL 27th, 1884, DIED APRIL 21st, 1901.

Indeed, the inscriptions on the memorial stones hold within them stories of heartbreak, loss, and the fragility of life. As you stood before the memorial stone of Mary Anthony, the weight of the narrative etched into the cold stone must have been palpable – a testament to the profound grief that can touch a family's life.

In the span of these few lines, a tale of tragedy and loss is woven, a tapestry of lives cut short, and hearts left shattered. The dates, the ages, and the relationships carved into the stone carry the weight of entire lifetimes condensed into a few words. The stark reality of Mary Anthony's story is heart-wrenching.

To lose a son at only 6 months old, to pass away at such a tender age of 29, and then, a cruel twist of fate, to bring a daughter into the world on the same day she herself would depart – it's a narrative that encapsulates the harshness of life's uncertainties. The story of Mary Anthony and her daughter Mary is a poignant reminder of the delicate balance between life and mortality, the fleeting nature of our existence.

Standing before that stone, the realization must have hit you with a wave of empathy and reflection. It's moments like these that make us pause and ponder our own lives, the lives of our loved ones, and the profound vulnerability that accompanies our journey through this world. Such stories bridge the gap between history and personal experience, making us realize that while time marches on, the emotions and the essence of human experience remain timeless.

As we contemplate the stories etched into these stones, may they inspire us to cherish the moments we have, to hold our loved ones a little closer, and to find meaning and purpose in the face of life's uncertainties. The vulnerability that you sensed in those inscriptions reminds us of the importance of compassion and understanding – for each life, no matter how brief, carries its own weight and significance in the grand tapestry of existence.

I've been dedicating my time and effort to meticulously record the cemetery memorials at Llandyry Church. This journey, undertaken in collaboration with the church warden, has been a profound and humbling experience. Today, I'm thrilled to share my reflections on this endeavour, hoping that you will find it as moving to read as I found it to live.

The process of documenting these memorials has been nothing short of overwhelming in the most touching way. Each gravestone represents a life – a story waiting to be uncovered, shared, and remembered. As I've walked among these silent sentinels, the weight of history has settled upon my shoulders, inviting me to honour the lives that once thrived within these hallowed grounds.

The gravestones transcend mere markers; they serve as windows into the past. The names, dates, and inscriptions etched into the stone unveil glimpses of triumphs and tribulations, joys, and sorrows. Each name is a thread in the rich tapestry of our shared human experience. Though weathered, these names still resonate, reminding us of lives once lived and connections that endure beyond time.

Continuing my exploration, I ventured to other local cemeteries such as Sardis Chapel, where I encountered fascinating individuals like Ivor Emanuel, Lance Corporal, 275, Welsh Guards:



Ivor Emanuel, hailing from Trimsaran, embodied the spirit of sacrifice ingrained in the village. Born to John and Mary Emanuel, Ivor entered matrimony with Prudence P. Richards in 1915, establishing a foundation of love that would sustain him through turbulent times. Initially enlisting with the Grenadier Guards in Llanelli, he later transferred to the newly formed Welsh Guards on February 26, 1915.



Belonging to the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards, Ivor's unit landed at Havre on August 18, 1915. Part of the 3rd Guards Brigade, Guards Division, this unit made history by being formed in France in the same month. The baptism by fire for Ivor and his comrades occurred during the Battle of Loos on September 25, 1915, a pivotal engagement in the Great War. Tragically, just two days later, on September 27, 1915, Ivor Emanuel paid the ultimate price for his courage, losing his life at the tender age of 23. His sacrifice is eternally commemorated on the Loos Memorial in France, serving as a poignant reminder of the cost of freedom.

I then came across an unassuming memorial stone with the Inscription on the top written in Welsh: -



ER COF PARCHUS AM  
CHARLES ANWYL FAB DAVID AC ELIZABETH HARRIES,  
ROSE HILL WAUN-Y-CLYN, O'R PLWYF HWN.  
Cyfarfyddodd ag angau fel milwr dros ei wlad  
yn Ffrainc, a chladdwyd ei weddillion yno  
MAI 21, 1915, gan y 15th. Canadian Battalion  
YN 27 MLWYDD OED.  
Milwr aeth heb ymholiad - o'i fro draw  
I fawr drin estronwlad;  
Yno hyd fore'r caniad  
Erys ei lwch, dros ei wlad. (Gwylfa)

I had to translate to see what it was: -

IN FOND MEMORY OF CHARLES,  
BELOVED SON OF DAVID AND ELIZABETH HARRIES  
ROSE HILL, WAUN Y CLUN, THIS PARISH  
HE MET DEATH AS A SOLDIER FOR HIS COUNTRY  
IN FRANCE AND WAS BURIED THERE  
MAY 21, 1915, BY THE 15th CANADIAN BATTALION  
AT THE AGE OF 27

He went a soldier without enquiry - from his native place  
To big foreign battles;  
There till the morning of the last trump  
His dust remains, for his country.

Expanding further into the life of Charles Harries, Private, 17003, Royal Welsh Fusiliers:

Charles Harries, originating from Rosehill, Waunyclyn, Trimsaran, showcased a resilience that went beyond physical setbacks. Born to David and Elizabeth Harries, Charles made his initial attempt to enlist with the South Wales Borderers in September 1914. However, an ostensibly trivial hindrance—lack of teeth—resulted in his discharge within three weeks. Undeterred, Charles demonstrated unwavering determination, promptly re-enlisting, this time with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Deployed to France on February 2, 1915, Charles became a part of the 1st Battalion, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, attached to the 22 Brigade, 7th Division in Flanders. His inaugural exposure to significant action transpired in March 1915 at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, followed by active engagements at Aubers Ridge and Festubert in May. Regrettably, during the Battle of Festubert on May 21, 1915, Charles Harries fell in action at the age of 27. His memory persists, commemorated on the Le Touret Memorial, Richebourg L'Avoue, France—a poignant testament to his bravery and the sacrifices made by the men of Trimsaran in the relentless pursuit of a better world.

Surprising what you find from just a few words.



ALSO, OUR LOVING SON LIEUT. JOSEPH VINCENT HITCHINGS DIED JUNE 9 1944 AGED 32 YARS  
REST IN PEACE

This is what we found out about Captain Joseph Vincent Hutchings, 1841-1915, Somerset Light Infantry, son of William and Miriam Hutchings of Cloverdale, Trimsaran. He served with the Somerset Light Infantry, dedicating his life to the service of his country. Tragically, Captain Hutchings made the ultimate sacrifice on June 9, 1944, at the age of 32.

His final resting place is in Trimaran (Sardis) Independent Chapel yard, a hallowed ground where the community honours his memory and pays tribute to the sacrifices made by local heroes.

Our journey still carries on in Sardis with our men who gave up their lives down the Coal Mines one such miner a Thomas David 1854-1923 one of ten who was involved in a mining disaster at Trimsaran Colliery and found these two editorials about the incident on 26 April 1923

Extract from Hanes Tabernacle 1872-1979 the mining disaster of 26 April 1923

Treasurer: Mr. Sidney Griffiths One of the next recorded events was the incident on April 26th, 1923. On this date, a serious accident occurred at the Trimsaran Colliery Caeduan. When the men were returning to the surface from their work, the shackles broke, and the 'spake' (the lift cage) plummeted to the bottom, causing the men with it, and in a few seconds, ten lives were lost, and half a hundred were injured.

The following Editorial from The Daily Mail the 27 April 1923 day after the tragedy which has been re-edited.

**RUNAWAY TRUCKS IN MINE: TRAGIC ACCIDENT CLAIMS NINE LIVES**

A devastating incident occurred at Trimaran Colliery, near Llanelly, in the Welsh anthracite coalfield, resulting in the loss of nine lives and numerous injuries. The morning shift had just concluded, and a string of trains carrying miners and tools was ascending the 1,400-yard-deep drift when tragedy struck.

As the trams ascended about 300 yards, a link in a shackle snapped, causing five trains to rapidly descend the drift. The runaway trains careened wildly for a distance before derailing and piling up in a chaotic scene. Seven miners lost their lives on the spot, while two succumbed to their injuries on the way to the

hospital. Approximately five miners sustained severe injuries, and around 20 others were less seriously hurt.

The cries of the injured and the loud crash attracted the attention of miners awaiting their turn at the bottom of the drift. They rushed to the scene and initiated rescue efforts. Despite swift action, it took hours to disentangle everyone from the wreckage. The injured were promptly transported to Llanelly hospital for treatment.

The victims of this tragic incident are:

David Tom Davies. 19 - Single

Morgan W Davies. 35

Thomas John. 70 – Married with grown up family

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/237649478/thomas-john>

William Jenkins. 44 - Married with four children, an under Manager

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/260854093/william-jenkins>

Harold Herbert Parry 24 - Single

Harold Probert. 15 - Teenager

William John Rees. 28 - Single

Thomas Rogers. 20 - Single

Sidney Williams. 25 – Married with one child

Thomas Williams. 47 – Married with grown up family

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/262034940/thomas-williams>

The highlight of my discovery at Sardis Chapel was the poignant story of a relative, Lilian May Rees, 1898-1924, affectionately known as Lily. She holds a significant place in my family tree, spanning approximately three generations. Here is her story:



## The Mystery of the J. Rees Brass Twist Miners Tobacco Chewing Box

In February 2021 I was contacted by a Carrie Rees from Australia on My Heritage Family History site about our DNA Links on the site.

Initially we couldn't see a direct link but on Friday I revisited the site to look at the DNA section and I noticed that Carrie Rees was a match of 3rd-4th cousin and clicked on the review and this is where this lovely story started to unfold.

The DNA link to a Carrie Rees I found out we had a common Great Grandparents dating back to 1850's to John and Mary Lloyd following down from them to us both, one of their children was Lily (Lloyd) Rees who was Carrie Rees is Grandmother known as Lily and her husband was Thomas John Rees who was known as Johnny.

This is where it took a very unusual and interesting turn in my family, we have an heirloom Display Cabinet where there is what we thought was a Brass Snuff Box which has been in our family for a very long time, what is written on the Box is J REES BRYN COTTAGE TRIMSARAN on the front and on the back is Inscribed XMAS 1929 BOX I have been wondering who it had belonged to for a long time and suddenly wondered was this the same person.



Therefore, could this be that Thomas John Rees known as Jonny be the same "J Rees" on the Box with a little more research the Lloyd family which my mother and Grandmother were part of many of them had been born at Bryn Cottage.

Looking at the records at 1929 I found the Rees family would have been living there so the Snuff box must belong to Carrie Rees grandfather Thomas John Rees, so had I now finally solved the mystery but not why it was in my family care for all this time that's another story.

Following on from this I found out that Thomas wife Lily Rees is buried at Sardis Welsh Independent Chapel Cemetery in Trimsaran 3 miles from me, so I went and had a look

and guess what I found her grave, and I then took my cleaning stuff with me and cleaned her headstone up for her the first time in 98 yrs.



Her story is a sad one she was born on 9 September 1898, her father John, was 47 and her mother Mary was 43.

She had two sons and two daughters with her husband Thomas John Rees between 1920 and 1924.

She died as a young mother on 7 September 1924 in Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire, Wales at the age of 26.

I have found a black and white picture of Thomas and Lily when they were married that I colourised what a beautiful woman she was so now I can put a face of Thomas who received this Christmas present 93 years ago.



To finish this story off I have sent Carrie Rees a message through My Heritage to tell her I will be donating her Grandfathers Snuff Box as our Xmas Box to her for 2022 from our family 93 yrs. since Thomas received it in 1929.

I have had a reply today from Carrie willing to accept our families offer of returning her grandfather's Snuff Box to their family again.

This has been such an emotional ride for me it's given me the opportunity to get to know this couple and so sad that she lost her life so young with 4 young children in such a short time.

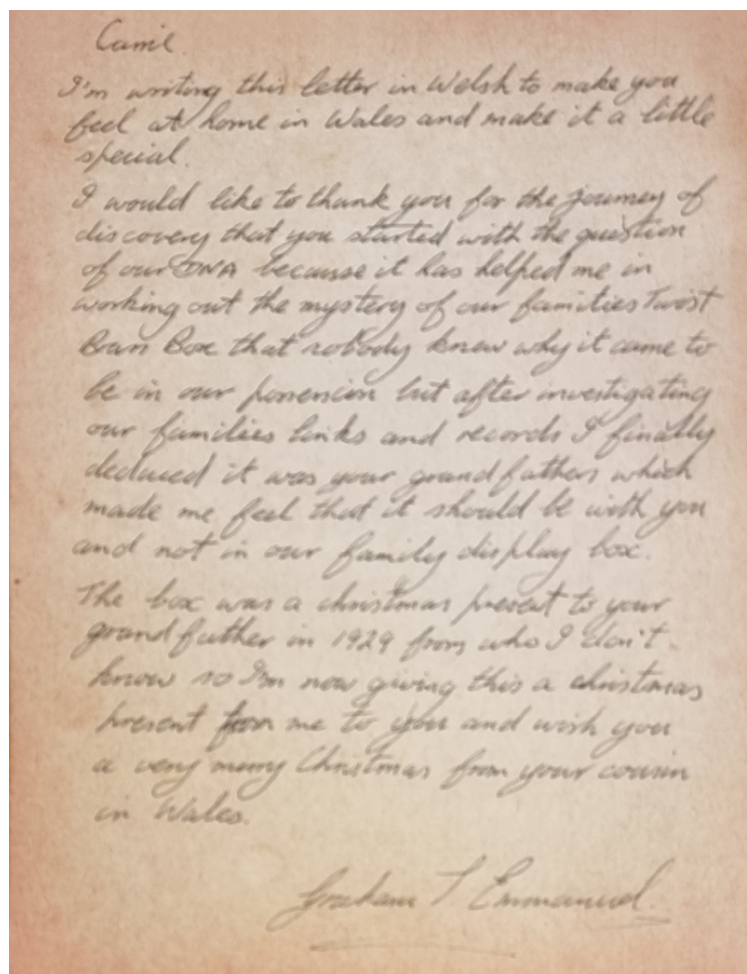
To also find out that Thomas and Lily's son Sergeant Alun Rees a Gunner in the RAF died on January 14, 1943, during World War II after being shot down over the sea in Zeeland Netherlands.

What a couple of days to have experienced all this as if it was meant to be for me to uncover so much about my family and their family from one Brass Snuff Box and what they were all about back over 100 years ago incredible.

### The Journey Home

To make sure when I sent the Snuff Box which we later found out was called a Tobacco Twist Box which miners used underground to chew tobacco I decided to send then 3 letter one to thank them for taking me on a journey of discovery.

Then to translate one letter in Welsh so that they could feel that it was coming back to them from Wales that then in English and finally the story written down to what I have written above so in years to come their family will know what a journey this box has been on for 93 years.



Camie.

I'm writing this letter in Welsh to make you feel at home in Wales and make it a little special.

I would like to thank you for the journey of discovery that you started with the question of our DNA because it has helped me in working out the mystery of our families twist Brass Box that nobody knew why it came to be in our possession but after investigating our families links and records I finally deduced it was your grandfathers which made me feel that it should be with you and not in our family display box.

The box was a Christmas present to your grand father in 1929 from who I don't know so I'm now giving this a Christmas present from me to you and wish you a very merry Christmas from your cousin in Wales.

Graham J Emmanuel

Came

Dwi'n ysgrifennu'r llythyr yma yn  
lymraeg i uned i chi deimlo'n gartrefol  
yngh Nghymru ac i uned y llythyr bach  
yn arbennig.

Hoffan i ddiolch i chi am y deith o  
ddiarganfyddiad bod ti wedi dechrau gyda'r  
cwestiwn o'r DNA gan ei fod wedi helpu fi  
i weithio mas y dirgelwch o'r boes Pres Troell  
yn ein teulu.

Doedd neb yn gwybod sut oedd y boes wedi  
deu yn ein heiddo, ond ar ôl ymchwilio ein  
cysylltiadau teuluol a chyfnodau unes i o'r  
diwedd diddwytho mae boes yn berchen dy  
Tadur.

Mae hun yn gwneud i fi deimlo tan dylait boes  
bod gyda chi ac nid yn boes dengoryddel ein  
teulu.

Roedd y boes yma yn amheg Nadolig i dy  
Tadur yn 1929, dwi ddim yn gwybod o lwy.

Felly, hoffan i roi hun i ti fel amheg Nadolig  
shonof i i ti ac i ddynono Nadolig llawer  
hepws o dy gyfnither yngh Nghymru.

Graham J. Emmanuel

Trimsaran, a village of remarkable character and resilience, has woven an extraordinary tapestry of history. From the echoes of its industrial past to the indelible marks left by generations of inhabitants, this community stands as a testament to strength, adaptability, and shared heritage. The legacy of Trimsaran, imprinted in the hearts of those who have called it home, resonates with the stories of hard work, unity, and the enduring spirit that has shaped the lives of its people. As we explore the rich history of this village, we celebrate the enduring legacy it has bequeathed to all who have been fortunate to be a part of its narrative.