



MORLAN-PANTYFEDWEN ANNUAL LECTURE  
2015

*Gwragwn*  
*Tanc: make*  
*peace*

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## INTRODUCTION

**Morlan** is a centre that aims to promote community life – culturally and spiritually, locally and further afield. It was established in April 2005 to create a bridge between the church and the local community and has developed into an important centre in the area. But Morlan is so much more than just a building ... it's a meeting-place – to create and discuss, to listen and learn, to promote and encourage, to understand one another, to share and contribute ... a common ground between the church and all who live in our multicultural society.

Morlan is a welcoming and friendly place that reflects those principles that bind mankind, and all races and creeds together. The trustees of Capel y Morfa, the Welsh Presbyterian Church that owns the centre, consider the establishment and support of Morlan as central to their mission.

It is a community centre with various rooms that can be hired for all sorts of events and activities but it is also a faith and culture centre with the aim of providing space within the community where Christian values – such as peace and justice – may be shared through culture in its broadest sense. This is mainly done through its programme of events – discussions, talks, art exhibitions, plays and presentations and, since April 2010, an Annual Lecture.

The **James Pantyfedwen Foundation** has a much longer history of organising lectures, dating back to 1961. In that year, Bleddyn Roberts delivered the first in a series of lectures established by Sir D.J. James (founder of the Foundation) on religious topics. The lectures were delivered annually until 1973 and then every two years, alternating between an English and a Welsh lecture and visiting different university sites across Wales. The list of people who have delivered this lecture includes W.T.Pennar Davies, Gwilym R. Tilsley and Richard Harries.

Sir D.J. James had already established two charitable trusts with the aim of creating a permanent endowment to benefit the people of Wales – the Catherine and Lady Grace James Foundation (established in 1957) and the John and Rhys Thomas James Foundation (established in 1967). The James Pantyfedwen Foundation came into being as a successor to these two trusts in April 1998 when a new scheme was agreed with the Charities Commission. The objects of the Foundation are: *“... the advancement, encouragement and promotion of religion, education, the Arts and agriculture and other charitable purposes for the benefit of Welsh persons primarily in Wales”*.

During 2014, Morlan and the James Pantyfedwen Foundatio started discussing the possibility of merging their annual lectures; this was a natural development as both organisations share similar values. Those discussions have now come to fruition, and this lecture is the first of the **Morlan-Pantyfedwen Annual Lectures**.

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## **Gwragwn Tanc: Make Peace**

**'Tanc y rom ne: Boed tangnefedd rhyngom' – Let there be peace between us**

**(English translation of original lecture)**

There is no denying that language, all languages, are wonderful, and the human race's ability to speak language is a miracle. In whatever age, in whatever part of the world, we, as people, have been able to communicate with each other using words, have been able to control breath and muscle, reason and imagination to express and organise our thoughts through language. There is no time today to begin discussing the age-old dilemma of philosophers and scientists, linguists and educators about the nature of the complex relationship between language and thought – a chicken and egg dilemma if ever there was one – nor to ask to what extent language 'restricts' or 'guides' our mind and our thoughts (and the verb chosen is significant) but three quarters of an hour may be enough for us to focus on a few ways of thinking and a few valuable ideas implicit in some words formed in our language.

When we begin to learn a language as adults, we tend to worry too often about finding words that correspond exactly, and are anxious to ensure that we follow the rules of grammar. In so doing, we forget the other two vital elements that make language – its melody and its context. Consider the 'melody' or the 'rhythm', and how it varies from language to language. This is easily demonstrated by looking no further than the beauty and wonder of the Welsh spoken by our cousins in Argentina, a wonder that arises from the fact that they are using Welsh with a Spanish melody.

Then consider the context, and one thing that explains this point fairly easily is the realisation that every language under the sun has words that cannot be translated. Let's stay with Spanish, and think of a word like *sobremesa* – a (compound) word which describes that time when Spanish people sit around the table after a meal. The plates have been cleared, with only a glass or two of water or wine remaining. What happens next? The company stays around to talk. '*Sdim taraf*' as Pencaer people would say. No rush. There is no Welsh or English word for *sobremesa*, literally: 'above the table', because we in northern countries do not tend to tarry after a meal. And yet, we can imagine exactly what it means.

Another great example is *tartle* – a Scottish verb – which describes specifically those seconds of delay when you introduce people to each other and you've forgotten their names. Again, we do not have a word in Welsh, but certainly, speaking from painful experience, we need a word for it (... unless thinking about the embarrassment is too painful!).

And this is one of the extraordinary things about all these 'untranslatable' words: in almost every case we all immediately understand the new context, even though

our normal day to day context has not seen the need to create a word. (I will never forget translating a folk song from Albanian into Welsh and thinking that it sounded very strange as it was singing the praises of the loved one's nose ... this somehow is not part of our context. Eyelashes, cheeks, lips – fine, but not nose. But then the Albanians have over twenty words for a moustache, and something similar for eyebrows).

I referred above to words in Spanish, Scots and Albanian, but of course we also have many unique words in Welsh, and when the editor of *Planet*<sup>1</sup> asked me some time ago for a contribution to the 'Key Words' series, I had no hesitation in choosing a word for consideration. The only problem was that I did not know its exact meaning.

The 'Key Words' series is a response to an inspiration by Raymond Williams, the brilliant Welshman who contributed so much to our repository of ideas about culture, and who wrote a volume on significant words: *Key Words, a Vocabulary of Culture and Society*. These are all common words which are rather difficult to define, words that we 'perceive' (*dirnad*) easily, but without possibly 'understanding' (*deall*) them in full. (For a subtle, charming and brilliant discussion of the difference between *dirnad* and *deall*, read *O Tyn Y Gorchudd*, Angharad Price.)

My choice was '*tangnefedd*'. As Welsh-speakers, we sense that it is different from '*heddwch*' (peace) – but how exactly that difference can be explained is another matter.

I received the request to write the article in January and, if you remember, the year began with the bloody turmoil in Paris. Three French words became prominent keywords in our public and political discourse: *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. That was the cry of the headlines. But if you listened carefully in the hours following the attacks, it became clear that these words were not of equal value. *Liberté* without doubt was the loudest. *Égalité* was mentioned every now and again, but when it was the turn of *Fraternité* everyone seemed to be out of breath completely.

The problem was that the 'freedom' of the placards was in discord with the 'equality' and 'fraternity' which are also part of the slogan. In western democracy, having placed 'freedom' on a pedestal of supreme values, we have neglected to consider that this is not 'freedom' for all. In our democratic system, it could be argued that you are 'free' as long as you are one of the majority: you make the rules and agree to the rights or privileges. By snuggling up together, 'freedom' and 'democracy' between them have left 'equality' a sad little bedfellow; and as for 'fraternity' – well, the poor thing has difficulty getting into the boudoir at all.

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<sup>1</sup>*Planet, The Welsh Internationalist* 218 Summer, pp 13-18, ed. Emily Trahair

‘Equality’ can lay claim to the chilly area by the door by asserting that although the majority and the minority did not play an equal role in setting the rules, as soon as the rules become established, the majority and the minority are perfectly equal in their claim on the privileges, and can enjoy exactly the same protection – as long as they stay within the rules of course, which may be anathema to them.

But as for ‘fraternity’, well, let us remember that from the start it was a bit of a late arrival, appended to the *liberté-égalité* duo. The problem with ‘fraternity’ is that it demands a shift in perspective. ‘Freedom’ can concentrate fully on the ‘self’, with no particular reference to the ‘other’. And although it needs an ‘other’ as a yardstick, ‘equality’ can also focus single-mindedly on itself. ‘Fraternity’ however brings the self and the other, ‘another’, together. Indeed, ‘fraternity’ has no meaning without this communion.

We can test this theory by looking at the corresponding prepositions and pronouns. Listen how ‘freedom’ and ‘equality’ sit neatly with ‘for’ or ‘to’ but ‘fraternity’ demands ‘between’ or at least, if it sits with ‘for’ or ‘to’, the first person must change from the singular to the plural; freedom *for me*, equality *for me* – that works, but ‘fraternity’ is not just *for me* alone, it has to be *for us*.

And this process of positioning the self side by side with the other is one of the core things which, as I see it, characterises the keyword *tangnefedd*. One of the first instances of this enigmatic word is the appearance of its shorter form ‘*tanc*’ in the Black Book of Carmarthen – the wonderful 13<sup>th</sup> century manuscript. Here, in the seventh fragment we see the phrase: ‘*tanc y rom ne*’ (may *tanc* be between us). (It hardly needs to be said how unfortunate the form *tanc* is by the time we get to the heinous devices of our age!) But how would one translate the phrase into English? ‘Peace’ is the obvious option, but that does not quite fit either. It’s not just ‘peace’, is it? After all, the phrase is not ‘*heddwch fo rhyngom ni*’ (peace be between us). And there is a record of the word *heddwch* being used at least as early as this period.

As I see it, the clue is in the pronoun ‘*rom*’, ‘*rhyngom*’ (between us). While *heddwch* (peace) to some extent can exist on its own, *tanc* or *tangnefedd* always needs another. It is the result of discussion and negotiation, the result of the efforts of two different entities. This becomes particularly clear in an even earlier record in *St Teilo’s Gospels* (or *The Book of St Chad* as some would have it) from the 9<sup>th</sup> century. Here we learn how the heads of two families came together to resolve a dispute, which they concluded by ‘making *tangnefedd*’: ‘*gwragn danc*’. *Tangnefedd* does not exist in abstract form, it comes into being as a result of the agreement between two.

Bear in mind that although *tangnefedd* always needs two elements, these two elements can sometimes exist within one individual. There are many examples of the body and soul finding *tangnefedd* between them. It can also be between the

human and the divine, and there are plenty of examples of seeking *tangnefedd* between man and God.

*Tangnefedd*: a sign of conciliation between two – fair enough, but note that it is not a sign of ‘ceasefire’. There is something fragile in that word, it is no more than a break in war, very often a temporary attempt at peace. There is nothing temporary about *tangnefedd*. After all, the ‘*tanc*’ forged between those two chiefs in *St Teilo’s Gospels* would last ‘*in ois oisau*’ (in perpetuity). So, as we try to define this fine keyword, we must focus not only on the conclusion, the blissful outcome, but also on the effort which preceded it. In relation to this effort, no verb beginning with ‘*ail*’, or ‘*re*’ in English will do. ‘Reconciliation’ is not appropriate, because it suggests that there has been harmony previously, and that it is a matter of re-establishing it. But *tangnefedd* does not belong to the idiom of the ‘*tabula rasa*’. *Tangnefedd* is not the idiom of the clean table, but the rather of the brand new table, a table that will last forever. The whole enduring weave of the word *tangnefedd* has given it an almost divine assurance of satisfaction and tranquillity which suggests eternal peace if you will.

In considering the word’s ‘divine’ layers, apart from the element ‘*nef*’ (heaven) which leads us unconsciously to the idea of God’s paradise, we must turn to the Bible. It is possibly telling that *tangnefedd* only appears three times in the whole of the bellicose Old Testament, but there are plenty of occurrences in the New Testament, particularly after Matthew 5 verse 9 – from which point, it appears over fifty times in the 1988 translation.

And as could be expected, we cannot over-emphasise the significance of this verse from the ‘Sermon on the Mount’. In the original Greek, we have a wonderful, almost abstruse word, that appears nowhere else throughout the scriptures – *eirēnopoios* – which according to Strong<sup>2</sup> derives from the verb *eirēnopoieō*. This verb literally means to make peace, where ‘*eiro*’ means ‘to join together to create a whole or completeness’ – this type of holistic peace is the gift of God; so the noun *eirēnopoios* means ‘someone who boldly declares God’s terms, those terms which make one whole, which link all the essential elements that make us complete’. (Now that’s a pretty complicated translation – almost as good as the translation of the Japanese word *wabi-sabi*: ‘a way of living that focuses on finding beauty in the imperfection of life and accepting with grace the natural cycle of growth and decay’!)

We can imagine William Salesbury’s joy when he found that he could turn to ‘*yr ei tangnefeddus*’ in the 1567 translation as he tackled this verse, and then William Morgan’s thrill of inspiration when he changed this to ‘*tangnefeddwyr*’, thus creating the perfect match for the unique term: ‘the brave and active makers of the peace which in turn makes one whole’. It’s a massive definition for a massive word.

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<sup>2</sup> <http://biblehub.com/greek/1518.htm>



The English translators copied the Greek idea, and used a compound word ‘peacemakers’, which works well. However, what’s lost from the English is the word for the consequences of the work of the said ‘peacemakers’, as our *tangnefedd* is the consequence of the efforts of the ‘*tangnefeddwyr*’ – i.e. a noun which says something like ‘the peace-made-bravely’. And it’s this idea of the ‘outcome of a deliberate action’ which is the missing element from ‘peace’ on its own, and is the root of the word *tangnefedd*. This is *tangnefedd*’s ‘added value’, well, more than ‘added’ – this is the ‘core value’. (It is of course totally repellent that the word ‘peacemaker’ has become synonymous with a gun, the famous Colt of which it is said that was ‘the Gun that Won the West’ – and for once the *cynghanedd*<sup>3</sup> doesn’t alleviate the horror! And there is surely a topic for another lecture in the names that arms-makers give to their tools for killing. Have a look at the MOD website to see the type of things that are produced – it’s enough to chill you to the bone: ‘Apache Helicopter’, ‘Hellfire Missile’, ‘The Reaper’, etc.).

Let us return to the Sermon on the Mount. There is something very special in all the aspects of this verse from Matthew 5. The music of the word *tangnefeddwyr* is all the sweeter for being encased in the ‘beatitudes’ sequence. In an attempt to convey meaning rather than translating words, William Salesbury chooses the old Welsh phrase ‘*gwyn eu byd*’ (their world is white) to express the idea of being ‘blessed’. The ‘*gwynfyd*’ (white world) is the perfect place – heaven on earth – and we can find examples of this phrase stretching much further back than the 16<sup>th</sup> century Welsh Bible. In the work of Aneirin, we find the poet longing for the company of his friend saying that ‘no-one can call the place where he is not a white-world’. In the verse then, *tangnefedd* is linked to the perfect place, and the *tangnefeddwyr*, the people who have *tangnefedd*, live in paradise, and between these two we have a combination of two ideas that have existed for over a thousand years in the nation’s memory.

Although this action-packed noun appears only once in the Greek New Testament, translators of Welsh versions of the Bible have chosen *tangnefedd* and all its variations at every opportunity. (*eirēnē* appears 92 times in the Bible, and it is translated as ‘peace’ every time in English, but usually as *tangnefedd* in Welsh, and less frequently *heddwch*.)<sup>4</sup> *Tangnefedd* was the obvious choice for the ‘*Sar Shalom*’ in Isaiah 9, where *Tywysog Tangnefedd* or the ‘Prince of Peace’ has memorable alliteration. (I wonder why the translators of the new Welsh version chose ‘*Tywysog Heddwch*’ instead?) And by the time we get to Paul’s Epistle to the Ephesians, the whole of Christ’s gospel (*efengyl*) has become ‘*Efengyl Tangnefedd*’, and we are reminded time and again of ‘*Ffordd Tangnefedd*’, ‘*Rhwymyn Tangnefedd*’, etc.

These verses and phrases certainly account for much of the depth of meaning and sonority which chime in the soul of the Welsh when they hear the word

<sup>3</sup> strict arrangement of consonants in Welsh poetry

<sup>4</sup> <http://biblehub.com/greek/1518.htm>

*tangnefedd*. These sounds, these depths, create the key context for the language to which I referred at the start of the lecture.

Another key text in relation to this resonance is Waldo Williams's poem, *Y Tangnefeddwyr* which has secured its place in our hearts – greatly helped by the wonderful music of Eric Jones. The patronage of the Pantyfedwen Trust has enabled hundreds of performances of this choral work in eisteddfodau across Wales. The word *tangnefeddwr* is now synonymous with Waldo's name, and it's no wonder that Rowan Williams chose '*Poetry and Peace-making*' as the title of his lecture for the Waldo Williams Society in 2012. Note that this is '*Poetry and Peace-making*'; had it been delivered in Welsh we can be quite certain that the title would have been '*Barddoniaeth a Thangnefedd*' and not '*Barddoniaeth a Gwneud-Heddwch*'.

We do not need to go through the whole poem, but I would like to draw attention to all the 'action' that it contains. It reinforces the idea that *tangnefedd* does not come from itself – and this is particularly true if we look at the mother ... The mother 'forgives', she is always seeking 'a word in support' of the sinners, and both parents learn that the idea of a 'good and bad nation' is an 'illusion'. And moving from Pembrokeshire to Carmarthenshire, we hear the same type of philosophy in the prayer of Dylan Thomas's creation, the Reverend Eli Jenkins, as he also declares that '*We are not wholly bad or good*' ... every one of us is a combination.

The context of Waldo's poem is the journey home in Llandisilio one night during the Second World War when Swansea could be seen burning. Shortly after this blazing war, Ifor Williams, the editor of *Y Traethodydd*,<sup>5</sup> is dismayed to find that his current issue is three pages short. Feeling that it would be an insult to ask any of the usual erudite contributors for such a paltry contribution, he decides to write something himself, and does so under the appropriate title: '*Ychydig Eiriau*' (A Few Words). Three decades before Raymond Williams, he is also intrigued by multi-layered words that are difficult to explain. And, in 1945, it is no surprise that two of the three words that are discussed are *tangnefedd* and *heddwch*.

He identifies *heddwch* as a public word on everybody's lips in the post-war period, and senses that *tangnefedd* as a word has almost become confined to matters of the soul and the idea of internal, almost private, peace. However, he argues that there was hardly any difference between the two words in early Welsh, and explains that their evolution in rather different directions is an inevitable process for twin words in any living language. Be that as it may, in his explanation of the etymology of *heddwch*, we learn that '*hedd*' comes from the root '*sed*', the same core as is found in the English 'sit' and 'settle'. It is therefore interesting to note that *heddwch* like *tangnefedd* suggests a degree of action, but it must be conceded that there is a significant difference between 'settling' something and 'doing' something.

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<sup>5</sup> Williams, I. 'Ychydig Eiriau' in *Y Traethodydd* Cyf. C, 434 (1945) pp 182-185



Unfortunately, the three page limit proves insufficient, and there is no room for Williams to elaborate on the third word, *tangnefedd*. He ends by suggesting that there is much more to be said, before stating in summary that maybe: *'the detailed meaning of heddwch is a state of quietness, and that tangnefedd emphasises the agreement that ensures it'*.

Seventy years later, amid the constant cruelty of conflict and bitter battles, there is much need for processes of agreement – processes that can bring people together to the *gwynfyd*. Welsh Medieval Law had a good idea when it ruled that: *'Ym pop dadleu ydyly bot y pump hyn* (in every disagreement, people should observe these five elements). *Guys a hawl ac ateb a barn a thagneued.'*<sup>6</sup> An ideal process: problem, inquiry, resolution, conclusion and then *tangnefedd* ... Over seven hundred years later, surely it is time to bring *tangnefedd* out of the scriptures and the sacred and give it back to the secular – and furthermore, is it not time to draw it out of Wales and give it to the world?

With this word we can imagine and instigate processes that are not 'for me' alone but 'for us' and 'between us' and work together to find a 'freedom' which is also 'fraternity'. For a 'freedom' that does not respect the wishes and beliefs of others, brothers and sisters and minority voices, is a 'freedom' that can never bring *tangnefedd* to our world.

*Tangnefedd* is not the only keyword in this story. There are several other words that play an important part and, with one eye on the clock, I suggest that we look quickly at two others which are worth noting, namely 'reconciliation' and 'arbitration' (the big word of the Apostle of Peace, Henry Richard, Tregaron). The thing about '*cyflafareddu*' (arbitration) is that is a big word to say but, if '*cymod*' (reconciliation) is easier to say, both actions are equally difficult to accomplish and, to some extent, they are words which have gone out of fashion – if they were ever fashionable. I must admit that at one time I rued the fact that Cymdeithas y Cymod (the Fellowship of Reconciliation) had such an unfamiliar name – thinking maybe that a combination such as *Y Gymdeithas Heddwch* (The Peace Association) would be better. However I have now changed my mind. Because is not reconciliation a word which emphasises the action? Reconciliation (like arbitration) recognises three things:

1. firstly it suggests effort
2. secondly, it recognises the reality of the human condition
3. thirdly, it is a sign of hope.

'Reconciliation' recognises that yes, as people, from time to time we will disagree with each other – but our duty is to resolve the disagreement through reconciliation, not through fighting. 'Arbitration' is what makes reconciliation possible. A process of sitting around the table discussing differences and coming to the middle ground, which, possibly is not ideal for either side from the

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<sup>6</sup> Ed. A.W. Wade Evans, 1909

perspective of 'Freedom' with a capital 'F', the *Liberté* of the slogans, but a middle ground which, on the other hand, and looking at it from the perspective of 'Fraternity' with a capital 'F', is perfectly ideal.

We accept that *tangnefedd* goes a step further. *Tangnefedd* places paradise – the '*gwynfyd*' – within our grasp, not in a less than perfect middle ground. *Tangnefedd* is the kingdom '*on earth, as it is in heaven*'.

Niclas y Glais refers to that prayer as the Revolutionary Prayer. And it is. For him, it is revolutionary from the very first two words 'Our Father', with the 'our' encompassing all of us. He said: '*The Lord's Prayer turns the world upside down.*'

The prayer overturns today's world as it did two thousand years ago. The revolution is in 'our' – the 'our' which encompasses ALL the children of the earth – and in the position that aspires to see the kingdom of heaven coming to earth. As we look around, we can see that we have turned our back on this aspiration, and have focused on trying to reach some kingdom of heaven on the 'other side'. This is of course much easier. Actually rolling up our sleeves and getting down to making a paradise of this earth of soil and mud, of people and tribes, of disagreement and conflict, is a much bigger task.

I wonder, maybe, in order that we can realise this revolution, in our imperfect state, do we need to revolutionise our own idea of what constitutes this ideal? Is *tangnefedd* the middle ground? Is *tangnefedd* between us the same as 'reconciliation' between us? Instead of thinking about reaching *tangnefedd* because of a common notion of paradise, should we maybe change emphasis and agree that paradise for both is the conciliatory middle ground?

If we do not come to this position, is there not a danger that we will spend the next two thousand years believing that the principal ideal is to attain the ideal set by the powerful few? And if violence is needed to attain that ideal, 'well so be it'. It should not be a matter of leaving the arbitration and reconciliation table muttering under our breath 'well this isn't ideal', but rather of changing our attitude and seeing reconciliation as the ideal. This may also be what 'creating *tangnefedd* between us' should be.

In any case, creating *tangnefedd* between us cannot occur if we are at war. The whole state of war, from killing to deception, famine and destroying homes is completely contrary to unified *tangnefedd*. The root of war is hate. The root of *tangnefedd* is love.

And what is love? Recently I've been wondering whether it may be easier to think of 'love' in this fraternal, unified way as '*adnabod*'. (And you can imagine that I came to this position by following the thoughts of Waldo.) *Adnabod*. This is another word that is very difficult to translate – into English at any rate. It is not 'to know' and neither is it 'to recognise' exactly. It is closer to *connaitre* in French,

or *conocer* in Spanish and *kennen* in German (which is heard in *ken* today, although that may be mainly a Scottish word, meaning recognition, perception, and is heard in a phrase such as ‘beyond my ken’).

But between the Bible and Waldo, *adnabod* has taken on an even deeper meaning in Welsh and has created its own context which is worth considering. It has great significance in the story of Emmaus – ‘*ac adnabuasant hwy ef*’ (and they *knew* him). And many, if not all of Waldo’s poems, add to its depth. Indeed, understanding this notion of *adnabod* is central to understanding all of Waldo’s work. He refers to it throughout, and even writes a whole poem about it. And by the way, I believe that he gives us a heavy hint that this is the key to understanding his work by listing the poems in *Dail Pren* in alphabetical order, thus beginning with *Adnabod*, but then placing the poem itself right in the middle of the collection.

In the poem *Mewn Dau Gae* we see Waldo seeking a way to express this idea to us, that *adnabod* is a visual, crucial thing by saying ‘*adnabod, nes bod adnabod*’ (*adnabod*, until there is *adnabod*). In the poem *Pa Beth yw Dyn?* he asks ‘*Beth yw adnabod?*’ (What is *adnabod*?) and answers ‘*cael un gwraidd dan y canghennau*’ (having one root under the branches), i.e. to dig down, down, down until we reach the place whence we all came, the original root stock. And the poem *Adnabod* sheds more light onto the matter.

You are the miracle.  
[...]  
You are our breath. [it is as basic as that]  
[...]  
You are the running water  
Protecting us from the desert of pain and fear.  
You are the salt to purify us.  
You are the wind that slices through the pomp about us.  
You are the traveller who knocks.  
You are the prince that stays within us  
[...]  
You are the moment of light  
Whose touch embraces the career.  
The sun cuts through the clouds –  
You are its beam on the grass.

This is the ‘*adnabod*’ that allows us to feel compassion. This is the ‘*adnabod*’ that the iron-laws cannot tear up, as we hear in the poem *Cyfeillach* (Friendship).

‘Their laws and iron have no hope  
of tearing up the old family for ever,  
for the pure light shoots directly  
from eye to eye’

This is a poem that tells the story of a soldier who was fined for giving a little girl of the enemy a ribbon on Christmas Day. But despite the laws, despite the guns, Waldo knows, in essence, that this essential human gift of *adnabod* will survive. This *adnabod* drives us on to question and to answer, to come to conclusions and attain *tangnefedd*.

If language is a skill unique to humanity, *adnabod* is the gift that ties us together as a family.

In the initial correspondence between Richard Morgan and me in relation to the arrangements for today's event, he expressed the hope that this year's lecture would link in some way with commemorating the centenary of the First World War, and would therefore also commemorate the centenary of the establishment of Cymdeithas y Cymod.

Commemoration is of course important. Remembering together is also important, the common remembering that creates the 'nation's memory' – there is no nation if there is no memory. This memory is an essential part of our identity. So what we choose to remember and what we try to forget is significant. And that is also a whole different lecture.

But in conclusion, may I throw some names that should not be forgotten into the cauldron of common memory, the names of some of our people who had fostered the gift of *adnabod*, who considered the so-called 'enemy' to be brothers and sisters. These are names of campaigners who knew that conflict cannot be resolved through fighting; who knew that compromise was essential in all things apart from rejecting violence. Names for whom there is no memorial anywhere. I shall offer a dozen as representative examples: Morgan Jones, Harold Watkins, Emrys Hughes, Ogwen Jones, Alfred Dunn, Ness Edwards, Oliver Jenkins, Albert Davies, Ben Taylor, Godfrey Conway, Thomas Percy and Richard Wittall.

One hundred years ago today the Lusitania was torpedoed on its journey from the United States to Liverpool in the Irish Sea by a German U-boat. There were 1959 passengers on board, 600 of whom were crew members. 1198 people lost their lives in the sea. It is ancient history now, of course, but amongst the passengers there were arms of all sorts, and we may never know exactly what they were, but there are plans to mark the event this month, with the MS Queen Victoria of the Cunard fleet preparing to sail to Cork to commemorate the slaughter.

We still have bombs among us. Today, on election day, we will see whether we, as a group of nations on this island, are prepared to '*adnabod, nes bod adnabod*', and turn the £100 billion earmarked to renew Trident into money that could be spent on improving the lives of the wider family.

'*Gwyn eu byd y tangnefeddwyr*' (Blessed are the peacemakers). This is one of a collection of verses which turned the world upside down, which put the poor in

spirit on the top, the merciful on the top, those who mourn on the top ... it sounds like a crank manifesto. And in thinking like this, the words of one of the earliest First World War pacifists come to mind, the words of the Irishman Francis Sheehy Skeffington who responded good-naturedly to the derision heaped upon him: 'A crank, yes, a small tool that causes revolutions'.

Skeffington also believed in votes for women, and people also thought that he was mad because of that. That right came to be. And days of non-violence will also come. There will come a day when we will all 'adnabod' each other. There will come a day when we will make 'tangnefedd'. We have to keep hold of that hope. Not wait for things to change, but expect them to change. There is a world of difference between waiting and expecting. The second involves rolling up our sleeves.

As the Welshman Raymond Williams said: 'To be truly radical is to make hope possible not despair convincing.' It is too easy to shrug our shoulders and shake our heads and say 'this problem is too big' ... Let this remembrance, the remembrance of war, the remembrance of reconciliation, inspire us to 'make tangnefedd'.

Hope be our master. May time be our servant.

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*Morlan-Pantfedwen Annual Lecture*  
*7 May 2015*