



# THE MESSENGER

100 Years of Remembrance

November 2014

worshipping, sharing, serving, caring ::

Bethany Baptist Church

## A strong prayer answered

*Dear Ma and Rose, — Rouen, France*

● I want to assure you dearest Ma, that I am quite happy & contented & above all feel fully confident that God is taking great care of me for you, & that He will in His own good time bring me safely back from the Horrors of the Field of Honour. Trust Him dear Ma, and pray for me & what else could happen?

● The night passed fairly peacefully, but dawn broke furious-ly!! We found ourselves being shelled like fury & to crown all

our troubles, some of these were Gas Shells. We immediately wired our Artillery to the effect we were being Bombarded & through some delay or other we did not get any practical reply for about 10 mins, so we got through to them & spoke: 'For God's sake retaliate; we're being blown to Hades!!'

Certainly a rather strong message you may think; but oh! my darling, it was a Prayer & it was answered.

*Love from Harold*

The commemoration of the outbreak of The Great War 100 years ago, has brought a reminder that almost every-one in the United Kingdom has been affected by war in some way or other.

Here, in Bethany, only one of the young members killed in World War One still has relatives who attend the Church today.

His name appears with 12 others on a memorial plaque and on Remembrance Sunday he will be remembered through letters written to his family, and still kept safely by relatives. A selection are printed inside this *Messenger*.

He was **Lieutenant Harold John Nash**, of the 4th Battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers attached to the 9th Battalion who was killed in action on March 24, 1918. He was 24.

Along with many others he has no known grave and is commemorated at the Arras War Memorial France. His youngest brother only eight years old in 1918, was Percy Nash, a life-long Bethany member and father to my sister Judith and myself.

Dad hero-worshipped his big brother, There is a happy family photograph taken in 1910 and reproduced here of John and Mary Nash with their children. My Dad is on his mother's knee — *His Majesty the Baby Percy* as Uncle Harold apparently called him - with Uncle Harold in the centre.

By the outbreak of war in 1914. John Nash had died aged 57 and the two eldest sons were preparing to enlist. Being so much younger, Percy Nash's memories of Harold were limited but the family remained close for the rest of

### Letters from a dugout by LINDA NASH



**Harold Nash with his parents, brothers and sisters, including baby Percy Nash, a stalwart of Bethany all his life, and father of Judith and Linda**

their lives. Therefore, Harold was remembered with great fondness.

Harold was a great letter writer. He wrote of his 21st birthday party in 1915 and his engagement to Rose Hunt — they were married in 1916. There were details of his training at Barry and Lavernock before joining the Royal Welch Fusiliers and being posted to Rouen, France. There were letters to his brother Reggie who had insisted on leaving his reserved occupation to enlist as a driver and motor-cyclist.

Uncle Harold's letters were remarkable for

being so normal. He described Rouen as might any tourist and asked his mother and wife to think of him as being on holiday for a while.

His two week stay in a field hospital with trench fever was dismissed as a *welcome break*. He asked his Ma for a pair of

woollen socks and then enthused when they arrived to keep his

feet warm and dry, under-stating that it was a *bit wet* out there. Other

letters asked after friends at work, and at Bethany — thanking them for a gift of a leather writing case with his initials in gold. Many letters read like prayers and show a strong belief that they were all in God's hands and he would not fail them.

There was hope in his letters for what they would do when

*this awful war is over*. Occasionally, a private letter to Reg painted a different picture of what the war was really like — but *Mum's the word* at No 88 Ninian Road.

Harold was a full lieutenant and acting adjutant when his captain was on leave and it always seemed particularly sad that he should be killed in action at Frémicourt a few months before the end of the war when he could have come home. However for Harold, as for so many others, he did not make it.

Many letters sent to his mother and his widow — still kept carefully in the family — show how highly he was regarded and also show the gratitude from those who had benefitted from his bravery in the field — and made it home.

● You are welcome to attend our Service of Remembrance on Sunday, November 9 at 10.30am with the observance of a Two-minute silence at 11am

1806 - 1964 - 2014 November 9: Remembrance Sunday

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## A Time of Remembrance

# War affected everyone

**T**he season of remembrance is once again upon us, and as usual Bethany joins with many other Churches to ensure that young and older have ample opportunity to remember the fallen, and express their profound gratitude to those who fought, and continue to fight, for the freedoms we enjoy in this country.

This year, of course, is particularly profound — with it marking the Centenary since the outbreak of World War One — the Great War as it became known.

Just recently I heard how that war particularly affected everyone in Britain — apparently there are only 10 villages in the whole of our country that did not, among its residents, see a casualty of that war. By the end of the conflict, recruits to the Army topped five million — the largest it has ever been — and one million of those men lost their lives as a direct result of the Great War.

This comes home to me even in our Church, as our own War Memorial — always the centre piece of our Remembrance Day services — holds the names of 12 of our Church members who died in the Great War. The much smaller plaque underneath it for World War II contains only one name.

I suppose that given the passage of time, and certainly now that there are no living survivors of the Great War; memories and reflections on what it truly cost this country and its residents have faded, but be in no doubt that this was a conflict that cost this nation

everything — including, it seems, its innocence. And although it lives on only through second-hand knowledge, we should not allow its impact on our lives today to lessen.

As I think in these terms, I am also reminded of the death of Christ Jesus — something we reflect on and remember every week in our Church. It was another battle fought and a victory won, and again it cost our Lord everything.

My prayer, too, for Remembrance will be that the impact of that victory will again be always remembered, and continue to change lives today.

The Lord bless you...

**Phil Dunning**  
(Rev)



## NOVEMBER SERVICES

**2nd:** 10.30am : Morning Family Worship with Holy Communion, led by our Minister, Rev Phil Dunning

6.00pm : Joint Ecumenical Eucharist Service at All Saints Church for All Saints Day

**9th:** 10.30am : Morning Worship for Remembrance Sunday including observance of the Two Minute Silence, and Holy Communion

**4.00pm :** “Lighthouse Service” for Children and the young at heart with the Music Group

**16th:** 10.30am : Morning Service with Holy Communion, and Junior Church. Led by our Minister

6.00pm : Evening Service at Llanishen Baptist Church

**23rd:** 10.30am : Morning Worship with Holy Communion

6.00pm : Evening Service

Both services led by our minister

**30th:** 10.30am : Morning Worship with Holy Communion

6.00pm : Advent Hymns by the Three Church Choir

### DATE FOR THE DIARY

**Thursday morning services** at 10.30am

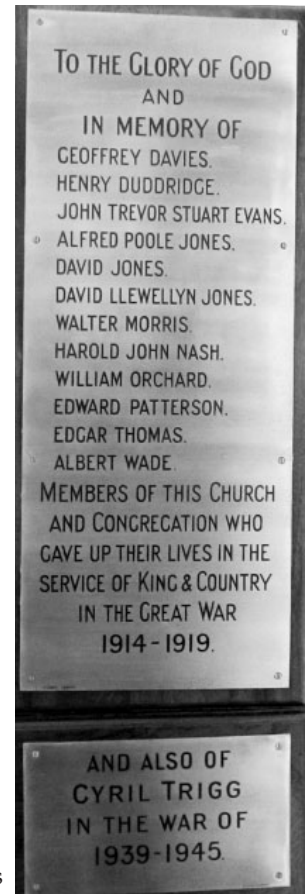
November 6th: Led by Rev Randall Morgan;

13th: Rev Sam Highway; 20th: Rev Phil Duning;

27th: Mrs Lyn Owen.

**EVERGREENS:** November 4th: Tiger Bay Gifts; 11th: Naughty but Nice; 18th: Life Behind the Cameras; 25th: Christmas Crackers. December 2nd: Quiz; December 9th: Christmas Lunch at the Atlantic Hotel, Porthcawl.

**FELLOWSHIP:** November 12th: *Souvenirs of Paris* with Rita White; 26th: *Ruin & Restoration*. Llandaff Cathedral in the last 200 years with Arthur Impey. December 10th: Christmas Evening.



**1806 - 1964 - 2014 November 9: Remembrance Sunday**



# 'I am convinced God is taking great care of me'

**W**e are approaching Remembrance Sunday, always significant in the Church calendar but particularly so this year, when we commemorate — not celebrate — the outbreak of World War One. We relive and remember it year-by-year as if it was yesterday. The war, they said, to end all wars, except, sadly, it didn't . . .

A soldier letter-writer with close connections with Bethany, gave many insights into the horrors of war through his letters home. The letters are poignant, moving, sad, encouraging, hopeful, prayerful . . . and came from Harold John Nash.

**Harold's story begins with his 21st Birthday Party — much more of a celebration in those days than today. He writes to his brother on April 22, 1915 addressing him, My dear Reg**

A Man addresses you!!! Well, my boy, I hope you are quite fit still and, I trust, happy.

So you might be home soon? Good! I hope you will. We are leaving the decorations of last Monday as they are, in case you should pay us the long looked for visit. Yes! We had a ripping time on Monday and I am glad to know you & your pals drank my health & ate my favourite supper!!! Thank them all very much for doing so. . .

We were a happy party at '88'. 24 sat at the first table & 11 at the second. During the evening I suppose the most startling event was a Snake Dance by Gilbert of Bristol! We were all laid out on the floor convulsed!!! He did three dances, altogether, and at the end of them he received great applause & Herbert Harries fainted!!!! Yes, fact! Of course that was a little upset but he soon got over his excitement & we went merrily on again. Gwladys Naish was present & sang beautifully. Rose played her violin as only Rose can; George was there & accompanied jolly choruses. Herbert Harries sang; and I endeavoured to please with selections from my rep! rep! reper-toi — you know what I mean!! Gilbert, Arthur & Mrs Johns stayed the night & as Arthur & Mrs J were turning in they discovered pokers, tongs, brushes etc. under the bed clothes!! Really, the whole party was very enjoyable. Arthur (Rose's brother) made the cake and Rose made 3 trifles etc., while other *goodies* were quite plentiful and the tables were very effectively decorated. Speeches were given after supper & the company very kindly sang *For he's a jolly good fellow* & I endeavoured to respond thereto, but found it very difficult.

Well now I have some real happy news to tell you before I close, and that is that, with the permission of Ma & Mr & Mrs Hunt, Rose & I were quietly engaged on Monday, and everything is now very happy between us.

*I remain, dear Reg, Your Brother, Harold*

**Reg was a driver and motor-cycle rider in the 1/7 Battalion Welsh Regiment.**

**Meanwhile, we hear from Harold, now Second Lieutenant in the 9th Battalion Royal Welch Fusiliers. He writes from BEF Rouen France, on January 11, 1917**

*My dearest Ma*

It is now raining and the mud is terrific. Still we remain quite cheery, which is, of course, the great thing, isn't it? I slept like a top whilst coming across last night, but after my busy day I feel ready for another sound

## Letters from a dugout written by Harold John Nash of the RWF

sleep this evening. Mind you keep happy Ma, won't you? I'm quite happy really. I'm looking forward to seeing you all again soon. Don't you worry at all about me until there's reason for it. *I'm convinced God is taking great care of me, and I'm prepared to give myself wholly into His Hands. I know and you know He will not fail either you, Rose or I, will He now? Of course not.*

Therefore Ma, just imagine I've changed station & instead of being at Oswestry, Bedford or Sizewell, I'm here. See?

*from Your devoted Son XXX Harold XXX*

Three days later he reports, Yesterday afternoon I went into Rouen. It is a splendid City with simply glorious buildings, including a magnificent cathedral, over which I hope to go this afternoon or some other time. While in Rouen I bought a pair of Field Boots & they will keep my feet pretty dry now I hope. The weather, since we arrived here has been appalling. Rain, Hail, Sleet & Snow all the time. I have yet to see the Sunshine.

*Your devoted Son Harold*

January 18, 1917

*My dear Ma*

Am so glad the Kiddies had a good Concert. Rose sent me the programme & I should imagine they had a nice time. I hope it won't be long before I shall soon be busy again & up to my eyes in preparations for Concerts & Socials & things. You ask if I have heard the Guns!! Well no, I haven't up to the time of writing, but I suppose I soon shall.

Try all you can Ma to imagine I'm in England. You see, I may just as well be here as in Penarth. You can't see me can you!! I'm glad Muriel sang at Bethany. I received the Christmas present from Bethany on Tuesday. It is a topping Pocket Writing Case of leather, with my initials printed in Gold.

P.S. I expect to be going up the line this week-end. So don't worry dear. I shall be quite alright. I feel quite happy & contented.

**The Line of course is the Front Line and this is how Harold describes it later,**

On Saturday last I left Rouen for the Line & after conducting a Draft of 47 men of different Regiments I arrived at a little Village on Sunday night, where I was able to put-up at a wayside cottage. Travelling for 30 odd hours in icily cold trains with snow inches thick on the ground & practically nothing but biscuits to eat you can well imagine how I appreciated a roof & bed. I continued my journey yesterday am in a Goods Truck!! & arrived at my destination (Sailly-au-Bois, inland from Calais) about 2 o'clock when I reported to Battln. Hdqts. & what do you think? At 3.45 I was on my way, under Shell Fire to the Trenches! The Battln. were going into the line immediately. And so dear Ma & loved ones at home I have been under the much dreaded Shell Fire. As I write at 2.30 am in my Dug-out the Guns are booming incessantly. Can you hear them!!

I'm on Duty till 4.30. We take it in 2 hour watches during the night. Well dear, I have nothing to grumble at. I have fallen into good company. My brother Officers are all to-be-

desired & altho' the C.O. is away on Leave they all agree he is 'top-hole'. The Mjr. 2nd in Command is none other than Lord Howard de Walton. I expect you've heard of him many times. Among other things he wrote a Welsh Play which was produced at the New Theatre. Didn't he?

*Before I close I want to assure you dearest Ma, that I am quite happy & contented & above all feel fully confident that God is taking great care of me for you, & that He will in His own good time bring me safely back from the Horrors of the Field of Honour. Trust Him dear Ma, and pray for me & what else could happen?*

**We move to January 31 1917 with Harold's letter to his wife Rose whom he addresses with affection: My dearest Kid**

We arrived here in the Front Line (near H'buterne north of Albert in the Somme) at 6.30 last night & it was snowing all the while. The night passed fairly peacefully, but dawn broke furiously!! We found ourselves being shelled like fury & to crown all our troubles, some of these were Gas Shells. We immediately wired our Artillery to the effect we were being Bombarded & through some delay or other we did not get any practical reply for about 10 mins, so we got through to them & spoke: 'For God's sake retaliate; we're being blown to Hades!!'

Certainly a rather strong message you may think; but oh! my darling, it was a Prayer & it was answered. Our Artillery gave 20 shells to every one they sent & in less than 1/2 an hour the Bosche had silenced. It is now 9am & everything is as quiet as at St Teilo's during Communion. We had some amazing escapes & you'll be glad to know dear, that as far as we can tell up to now we've had no casualties.

Are you keeping your Diary dear? I am & I'm simply longing for the time we'll read it over together.

**The letters of hope for an early end to the war continue throughout the year until, almost out of the blue, came a telegram, dated April 4, 1918 from Cardiff. Not from Harold but from Mrs Nash at 88 Ninian Road, Cardiff. It reads, advise private Reginald Nash 205293 of death of his brother Lieut Harold Nash RWF in action. Can he be given leave to come home.**

HAROLD HAS GONE, in an instant.

A 'chum', George was there and writes to Reg, "After many futile attempts, I now steal myself to inform you of the death of dear old Harold. The Battalion moved from camp on the morning of the 21st of March & we engaged the Germans for about seven days.

On the afternoon of the 24th as far as I can remember about 2pm Harold & I were together when the Hun came over & as soon as he appeared we separated. Harold & Mr Lewis went on one side of an embankment and I & the Major the other, the idea being to push our men up to meet the Hun.

Well it was during that time that dear Harold was shot & died almost instantly.

Dear Reg, I trust God will give you strength to bear the burden of your great loss. He was loved among us, always thoughtful, always kind & I can assure you he will be a great loss to us."

# Alone he stood on the street corner. . .

. . . each Saturday afternoon on the busy, bustling main shopping street, and, Bible in hand, told forth all about the Jesus he loved to serve and about the love of Jesus and his forgiveness of sin, the Jesus who was his comfort and strength in day to day living. He proclaimed the Good News of Calvary, the empty tomb, the living Christ, but the people passed him by, hurrying and chattering, leaving him alone and lonely.

Around him, almost casting their shadow over him were the several preaching houses where Sunday after Sunday some of the silver voiced orators spoke of their faith to the silent, well behaved, well attired faithful saints. There were occasions when those protected by their handsome pulpits also felt alone and lonely.

And now my mind flies back through the ages and dwells on the time when Our Lord gathered his disciples about him and trained them and prepared them for the work that lay before them. They served him well, except for the Judas who betrayed him. Their names ring peals of praise down the ages; some roll off our tongues, others make us pause to think, but all gave their best in service to their lord. Remember Peter, James and John, Andrew; Philip, Bartholemew, Thomas, Matthew; and the others where there is some confusion as to who was whom — choose three from the following, James the son of Alphaeus, Thaddaeus, Simon the Canaanite or the Zealot, Nathanael, Judas the son of James . . . omitting Judas Iscariot of course. Then the post- resurrection disciples Matthias, Paul, Mark, Luke, Barnabus and so on to the lowliest followers in the 21st Century.

Some of the names are better known to us than others because we know more about them. Some achieved more than others or worked in more prominent places. Some preached on the street corners and we know only the odd story about them. Alone and lonely on the back streets of the world. And today? Some loudly declaim, others softly whisper God's word in the listener's ear. All are called to tell the same message, but the time, the place and the number of listeners vary.

All we need to fix our minds on at the moment is that each one of us is called and we must react, respond and speak the Good News. Yes, you and I are called.

Just to sum up . . . in the words of Lesbia Scott:

*I sing a song of the saints of God,  
patient and brave and true,  
who toiled and fought and live and died  
for the Lord they loved and knew.  
And one was a doctor, and one was a queen,  
and one was a shepherdess on the green:  
they were all of them saints of God; and I mean,  
God helping, to be one too.*

We shouldn't be perturbed if God puts us to preach on the street corner. The story is told of the lay-preacher who complained that after years of preaching he'd had only one convert. He need not have worried, that convert's name was Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

The Lord be with you all,

**J Randall Morgan (Rev)**

# Under pressure

I read an article in the national press that said, "Despite the combined powers of Hollywood, Bollywood and World Cinema many cinemas are under pressure to close as audiences dwindle".

So is this the end of the silver screen? "No way," replied the Studio Bosses. Plans are in hand to boost trade by revamping cinemas and producing more attractive movies to persuade movie fans to again visit the cinema. *Dad's Army* — yes, a new movie based on the famous TV series is in production. The plot and cast look promising.

The movie is set in Walmington-on-sea in 1945. Toby Jones will star as Captain Mainwaring; Bill Nighy as Sergeant Wilson; Sir Tom Courtenay as Corporal Jones and Sir Michael Gambon as Private Godfrey.

The added attraction is Catherine Zeta-Jones as the glamorous reporter sent to interview the platoon.

The TV series will be a hard act to follow but cinema bosses are certain that this movie will win back audiences.

*Mr Turner* is a British biographical drama movie written and directed by Mike Leigh. It stars Timothy Spall as Mr Turner. The movie concerns the life and career of the British Artist G M Turner. It tells how he became a great artist — was a radical thinker and a revolutionary painter. During his lifetime Turner painted 365 oils, 135 water colours, 1,700 sketches and 20,000

## A SEAT AT THE MOVIES



with Rev Sam Highway

drawings all of which are symbols of his Divine Genius. This is a heart-stirring, wonderful movie that touches all our human emotions. It is well worth seeing.

*The Hundred-Foot Journey* based on the popular book by Richard C Morais, stars Helen Mirren as Madame Mallory, the icy proprietor, of a French restaurant.

All is well until an Indian family set up their own restaurant no more than 100 feet away. As the cultures clash so the food flies to create a heated battle between the two establishments. It is a beautifully shot movie with a balanced blend of stunning French countryside, superb acting, and a lot of mouth-watering food.

If you like your movie to be uplifting and have a feel-good factor then go and see.

My seat at the movies gave me hope for the future, not only for the cinema, but also the Christian Church. It is true to say that the Church is under pressure as congregations dwindle, but with the right kind of revamping and attractive worship the future is bright.

**Sam Highway (Rev)**



The South Wales Federation of the Townswomen's Guilds are holding a 'Digital Lantern' show with a Christmas theme, in Bethany Church Hall on November 20, at 2pm. Tickets £5.

### ● Leukaemia & Lymphoma

Research: Those who attended the September concert in Bethany and

enjoyed the talented Lovell-Jones trio will have another chance to hear them at the St David's Hall on Saturday, December 13. 7pm. This is our annual Concert with Carols, with Cor Meibion De Cymru, Tenor, Ben Smith, (*Only Men Aloud*) and Harry, Charlie and Eirlys Lovell-Jones.

It is 38 years ago that our son died

of leukaemia. Today, children diagnosed with the same type of leukaemia have a 98 per cent of survival, with this figure rising all the time. We continue raising funds for LLR in his memory, and we will continue, God willing, until all blood cancers are well and truly beaten.

Gill Jones



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