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OPEN HOMES AND OPEN HEARTS

You have given me the heritage of those who fear your name.

PSALM 61:5b

*Our Father refreshes us on the journey with some
pleasant inns, but will not encourage us
to mistake them for home.*

C.S. LEWIS

ANCESTRY

Powerful preachers



Cadair Idris is one of the most striking mountains in North Wales, situated near the towns of Machynlleth and Dolgellau. Legend has it that if someone spends a night asleep on it, they will awake the next morning as either a poet or a madman!¹ Christmas Evans was neither of these, though he was certainly possessed of the imaginative gift of the poet. Born in South Wales in 1766 and 'born again' while a young man, he was to become a preacher of extraordinary power in North Wales, planting churches in what is known as the Llyn Peninsula and

1. See www.visitsnowdonia.info/myths_and_legends-89.aspx.



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on the island of Anglesey. He became involved, however, in a bitter religious controversy for about five years and lost his joy in the Lord and his spiritual usefulness. It was while he was travelling on a lonely road near Cadair Idris that he had an encounter with God which restored him and led to renewed blessing in his ministry. From his diary we have a description of what happened that day:



I was weary of a cold heart towards Christ, and his sacrifice and the work of his Spirit—of a cold heart in the pulpit, in secret prayer, and in the study ... On a day ever to be remembered by me, as I was going from Dolgellau to Machynlleth and climbing up towards Cadair Idris, I considered it incumbent upon me to pray, however hard I felt my heart, and however worldly the frame of my spirit was. Having begun in the name of Jesus, I soon felt as it were the fetters loosening, and the old hardness of heart softening, and, as I thought, mountains of frost and snow dissolving and melting within ... I felt my whole mind relieved from some great bondage: tears flowed copiously, and I was constrained to cry out for the gracious visits of God, by restoring to my soul the joy of his salvation ... This struggle lasted for three hours; it rose again and again, like one wave after another, or a high flowing tide driven by a strong wind, until my nature became faint by weeping and crying. Thus I resigned myself to Christ, body and soul, gifts and labours—all my life—every day and every hour that remained for me:—and all my cares I committed to Christ.²

The effect of this experience on his preaching was soon to be felt by the people. Like Cyclops of old he had but one eye, but that eye could transfix vast congregations as he preached simply and graphically. Multitudes were spellbound and moved to the depths of their being as he brought his powerful imagination to

2. Shenton (2001), 179–80.



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bear upon the truths of Scripture, which he proclaimed with such singular effect.

But what link did this powerful Welsh preacher of the nineteenth century have with the wife of another Welshman, who was one of the greatest preachers of the twentieth century? While God's grace and salvation do not 'run in the blood', there is, nevertheless, such a thing as 'the heritage of those who fear the Lord', and Bethan Lloyd-Jones was blessed with such a heritage. Her great-great-grandfather was a cousin of Christmas Evans: to be precise, he was a first cousin twice removed.³

Bethan's grandfather, Evan Phillips, was another fine preacher although he did not exercise the same measure of spiritual influence as Christmas Evans. Nevertheless, he was, nevertheless, a godly man and powerful preacher, and was certainly every bit as colourful a character as his illustrious relative. It is with Evan Phillips that we shall begin to trace the family background and the varied influences for good which helped to mould the godly lady whose portrait we are to study.

Family life was very happy

Evan Phillips was born in 1829, and he married Ann Jones in 1859. In 1860 he was ordained a minister in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church, and later that year he became the minister of Bethel Chapel, Newcastle Emlyn, in Cardiganshire. He was a preacher of considerable ability and power:

... [he was] one of the great preachers of his age. His ideas were so fresh and sparkling, his pictures so natural, and his eloquence so persuasive that the 'twenty-minute preacher' won a very special place for himself. His sermons were characterised by a combination of the poet's imagination, the teacher's acumen, and the evangelical's ardour.⁴

3. See Appendix 1.

4. See The National Library of Wales, Phillips.



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This is high praise indeed for someone who lived at a time when Wales was blessed with numerous powerful preachers. It would seem that the gift of the poet's imagination, which had so animated Christmas Evans' sermons, ran in the blood of this family. A graphic way of preaching was something which characterised both of these ministries. And, as we shall see, a vivid imagination was something which Bethan Lloyd-Jones inherited from the Phillips side of her ancestry.

Evan Phillips and his wife Ann were blessed with eight children. Evan was devoted to his family—so devoted, in fact, as to lead on occasion to somewhat amusing, if not downright eccentric, behaviour on his part. When he went from home to preach, although reluctant to leave his family behind, he was always ready a good hour before the appointed time, and he would then expect all the family to help him on his way and to escort him to the railway station. A wife and eight children traipsing from the house to the station would have been quite an affair! But his devotion to his family was such that, when he was away preaching, it was certainly not a case of 'out of sight, out of mind', but much more one of 'absence makes the heart grow fonder'. Evan Phillips was not just reluctant to leave home; he was sometimes disinclined to stay at the places that he visited when he actually arrived there. On numerous occasions he insisted on having a meeting in a church at which he was a visiting preacher moved from 6 p.m. to 3 p.m. so that he could return home earlier! At least on these occasions he stayed for the afternoon meeting. But there were times when the congregation was to be disappointed:

Whenever Evan Phillips was absent from home he had a 'hiraeth' (longing) to return. On several occasions we discover he left the place he was preaching at, to return home, as his 'hiraeth' was so intense ... We read that when he was preaching on a certain occasion in Liverpool—one of the children, where he was staying, began to sing, 'Home Sweet



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Home’—he instantly fetched his coat and said, ‘I’m going home, I can’t stay here a moment longer!’⁵

It was not that he was anxious about his family. Quite the contrary! He was always concerned for his children, but confessed that when he was away from home he ‘gave them up to God’ and had no concern for them whatsoever because he knew God cared for them more than he could ever do so. It was simply that he loved to be with his family. And it is evident that his family life was very happy indeed. Something of the atmosphere of the home in which Bethan Phillips’ father was nurtured was, in turn, to pervade the home in which he would bring up his children, and this was to be carried on when Bethan became Mrs Lloyd-Jones.

In Ann Jones, Evan Phillips found a wife who was truly of noble character and who complemented him well. She was endowed with a very practical nature. She is described by her husband’s biographer as being of strong character, tender, distinguished and humble. She was very caring for all the poor in the neighbourhood and always turned a deaf ear to any gossip. And Ann, like her husband, loved her home more than anywhere else—so it is just as well she did not have to leave in order to preach!

If Evan could be somewhat eccentric, then it also has to be said that Ann’s way of supporting and encouraging her husband was sometimes unconventional. On one occasion, Evan was very loath to leave home and to preach at Carmarthen, though the reason had nothing to do with a reluctance to leave his family; rather, he was convinced that if he went, he would return in his coffin! One wonders if he was suffering from a touch of the hypochondria to which—as Dr Lloyd-Jones would later claim—preachers are

5. Morgan (1930), 63. It is worth noting that Bethan Lloyd-Jones was not altogether happy with J.J. Morgan’s biography of Evan Phillips. As we shall see, she spent numerous holidays with him when she was a child, and, according to her daughter Elizabeth, she felt that the biography did not give a full representation of her grandfather.



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particularly prone. If he was, his wife soon encouraged him to think differently: she said he could not disappoint the congregation and that, since the people of Carmarthen should not be put to any expense, the best thing to do would be to call for the undertaker to get Evan measured up for a coffin before he left! Needless to say, he fulfilled the preaching engagement. This concern about his health could sometimes lead him to take drastic measures. His biographer gives an amusing example:

... [he was] prone to bouts of depression and melancholy. When two of his close friends died the same week Evan Phillips became convinced that he would die. He retired to his bed to meditate on the brevity of life and the emptiness of men's hope. 'Two have gone,' he groaned, 'there is bound to be a third—and that will be me.' This was his constant cry. One morning Mrs Phillips went out to feed the pigs. She noticed that one had died. Immediately she shouted to her husband, 'Evan, the third has died, you are safe to come down now!!' He left his bed!⁶

Ann Phillips was clearly a shrewd and sensible lady, who knew how best to handle her husband. He laid great store by his wife's judgment, particularly where it concerned his preaching. On one particular Saturday evening he confided in her, with great concern, that he had nothing to give to his people the next day—truly, a preacher's nightmare. She replied that she was not sure that he ever had anything to say! Although this upset him, it must have been the very thing he needed to hear, because the next day he preached with great liberty and power. On another occasion she asked Evan to explain to her what exactly he had given to the people after a morning meeting. Before he could answer, she said, 'If you have no better for this evening, I would advise you to stay at home so that they can have a prayer meeting!'

6. *ibid.*, 68.



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Although the medicine Ann administered to her husband was acerbic, it is clear that her concern was the well-being of the people. Thus on another occasion she asked him, ‘Do you really think that the people will be sustained till next week on the basis of tonight’s sermon?’⁷ The question—asked in the 1880s—is a revealing one, and bespeaks an attitude to the ministry of God’s Word which would be shared by Bethan Lloyd-Jones’ husband in the next century. Since this was something which was so central to Dr Lloyd-Jones’ conception of preaching; and since, like her grandmother, Mrs Lloyd-Jones sought to help her husband in his ministry—‘My work is to keep him in the pulpit’, she would sometimes say—it will be profitable briefly to explore what lay behind Ann Phillips’ question to her husband.

For some today, preaching is little more than an exposition of a verse or passage of Scripture: the text is explained, and is then applied by drawing out lessons for belief and behaviour in the contemporary world. The thinking behind Ann Phillips’ question was that preaching, while never less than this, was to be much more: it was to feed and nourish the soul from one week to another. Thus, if people were illiterate and could not read the Scriptures for themselves or if they were too poor to possess their own copy of the Scriptures, they could ruminate throughout the week on what they had heard on Sunday. Furthermore—and this was the emphasis which Dr Lloyd-Jones maintained throughout his ministry—the task of preaching is not simply to *inform* but to *transform*. One of the ways in which this was to be achieved was by *stirring* the people’s affections, so that the effect of the message will be to stimulate appetite within them for the Word of God.⁸

7. *ibid.*, 67.

8. Lloyd-Jones (1976), 112. He says: ‘The primary object of preaching is not only to give information. It is, as Edwards says, to produce an impression. It is the impression at the time that matters, even more than what you can remember subsequently...Edwards, in my opinion, has the true notion of preaching. It is not primarily to impart information: and while you are



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Ann Phillips perfectly understood the complexities of her husband's personality. Her presence in the church services was vital to him. The observation was made that Evan did not attain great heights in respect to his preaching when she was absent! She was exactly the kind of wife needed for a man with his vivid imagination and of such a nervous disposition. She provided balance in the face of his extremes. One can only surmise that had she not been the critic and spur to him that he found her to be, it is unlikely that his preaching would have had the impact which it did. This having been said, she clearly lacked the diplomatic touch which, we shall see later, Mrs Lloyd Jones possessed when assessing her husband's ministry. 'The Doctor' was to refer to her as 'my best critic'. *How* something is said can be as important as *what* is said: 'A word aptly spoken is like apples of gold in settings of silver' (Prov. 25:11, NIV 2003).

One thing which certainly characterised Evan Phillips' household was a care and generosity towards other people: if Evan and Ann Phillips loved their family, they were not absorbed with their family to the exclusion of others. They loved to entertain God's servants, and there was always a meal at hand for any who passed by. Evan's salary was very small—just £15 per annum—but they were fortunate that his wife's family were comfortably placed and contributed to their needs. The Phillipses were very generous with all that they had, and we will see this characteristic in Tom Phillips, Bethan's father, who had grown up in this atmosphere of love and open-handedness. We are told that later in life the Phillips children found it hard to leave their home and that Dr Tom Phillips never departed without tears. But leave he did, travelling to London in the 1890s to make his way in the big city. There he met and married Margaret Jenkins.

writing your notes you may be missing something of the impact of the Holy Spirit. As preachers we must not forget this. We are not merely imparters of information ... what we need above everything else today is moving, passionate, powerful preaching. It must be "warm" and it must be "earnest."

The distinguished 'London Welsh'

Bethan was born to Thomas and Margaret Phillips on 19 May 1898, the same day that Gladstone died,⁹ which also happened to be Ascension Day. Thomas Phillips became a deacon at Charing Cross Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel. Prior to this they had attended another Welsh chapel, during which time Bethan was born. The family was one of the distinguished 'London Welsh' who had made their way in the capital city. They lived comfortably in Harrow, a London suburb: the house had a tennis court and the family had kitchen staff and a gardener.

Dr Phillips was an eminent ophthalmologist or eye specialist. One of his patients was fellow Welshman David Lloyd George, who would become the British Prime Minister from 1916–1922. Although he had patients and friends who were drawn from the upper echelons of society—and when Bethan was born, British society was far more stratified along 'class' lines than it is today—Tom Phillips always had time for those from the 'lower' end of the social scale and for those whose lives had been ravaged by time and bad fortune. Much of his work was done amongst those who were too poor to pay, and he was always ready to help those in need.

One evening while attending the chapel, Bethan's father noticed, at the end of the meeting, an elderly lady in the front row weeping profusely. When he enquired into her distress, he found that she had been dismissed from her employment as a cook on the grounds that she was too old: she had been in service to this family for forty years! She felt utterly bereft, having no family and no reason to return to her homeland of Wales. Without hesitation, Tom Phillips took Miss Jones home to become his family's cook, and she lived with them for many years. In his own words, 'She was a boon and blessing to the family'. On another occasion, he found a fellow Welshman who was unemployed, drunk and

9. William Ewart Gladstone served the British Government in four terms of office as Prime Minister: 1868–1874, 1880–1885, February–July 1886, and 1892–1894.

in the gutter, with nowhere to live. He too was taken to the Phillips' home and became their gardener. This bigheartedness of her father—which he had learned from his own father—was a wonderful example to Bethan, and in later years was to be the pattern of her own life.

Mr Phillips was to play a significant part in the life of Martyn Lloyd-Jones. Bethan's father encouraged open debate in his adult Sunday School class, which Martyn attended from 1917–1924, and such good-natured friendly discussion between the two men probably continued when Martyn married into the family some years later.

Bethan's mother had been a school teacher. She was a fine Christian, although a somewhat private individual. However, this did not prevent her from operating an 'open house policy'. Elizabeth can think of at least four nephews and nieces, as well as many other individuals, who needed help at one time or another and who were taken into the home by her grandmother. We know that early in her life she held to the Keswick 'higher life' teaching.¹⁰ Margaret Phillips was a very clever woman and quite advanced and ahead of her time in her thinking: she, like Thomas, believed that girls should be as well educated as boys—a belief which, in the West, we take for granted today but which, in those days, was not at all a widely held idea. Margaret's closest friends were dairy owners. Many of the Cardiganshire Welsh owned dairies in London, collecting the milk at Paddington railway station early in the morning—Dr Lloyd-Jones remembered these 'crack of dawn' experiences. There is a very interesting book on this subject, *Cows, Cardies and Cockneys*,¹¹ which was written about these London Welsh dairy owners. A considerable number of the Carmarthenshire Welsh present in the city owned the drapers shops, preferring them to the dairies. Many of these families from both these regions of

10. Keswick is a place in the Lake District (England) where Conventions were held for 'the deepening of the spiritual life', which was referred to as the 'deeper life' or the 'higher life'.

11. Jones (1984).




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Wales attended Charing Cross Chapel. Margaret as well as her husband was involved in the life of the Chapel. Bethan's mother taught a large Sunday School class that was a Bible-based ministry to women of all ages.

Bethan had two brothers, to whom she was very close: Ieuan, who was two years older than her, and Tomos John, who was six years her junior. Ieuan would later become a minister at Neath in South Wales, and Tomos John would follow in his father's steps as an eye specialist in London.

CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES

Revival and the extraordinary



When Bethan was six and Ieuan eight years old, their father sent them to their grandparents' home in Newcastle Emlyn: a spiritual revival was taking place in Wales at this time,¹² and Tom Phillips wanted his children to savour something of the spiritual atmosphere which was prevalent in his parents' home and church. Mrs Phillips had initially expressed reservations about this because of the effect upon their education of being absent from school. Years later, Bethan recounted the conversation between her mother and father:

'Maggie, ... I'm determined that we should send Ieuan and Bethan down to Newcastle Emlyn—now, at once.'

12. This was what is known as 'The 1904 Welsh Revival'. It is undoubtedly the case that this revival was more 'mixed' than earlier revivals in Wales. As a result it has tended to have occasioned more disagreement and controversy amongst evangelicals and those who are positive about the whole concept of revival than is the case with other revivals. Furthermore, there have not been wanting those who have argued that its effects were short-lived. However, though 'mixed', it is nevertheless the case that there was a genuine and extensive work of God, however much this may have been disfigured by certain excesses. For accounts which draw attention to both the reality of God's work at that time and to its long-term effects, as well as to the excesses, see Evans (1987) and Clark (2004).



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'But Tom bach,¹³ why? What on earth for? And anyway, what about school?'

'Maggie, they can go to school anytime, but perhaps they may never again see revival.'¹⁴

Although they would make the journey on many occasions with their parents from London to their grandparents' home in Newcastle Emlyn, on this occasion they were sent on their own from Paddington Station to make the journey. Those, of course, were different days from ours. It is unlikely that children would travel this route unaccompanied today. The guard was given half-a-crown—just over twelve pence, which was quite a lot of money in those days—to look after the two youngsters. Eighty-three years later, Bethan could still remember the feeling of anxiety as she saw her father disappear from view. He was reported as saying that the most important thing he ever did in his life was to send his children to Newcastle Emlyn at that time. Successful professional man though he was, this statement reveals where his true priorities lay.

Certainly it was not only the feeling of anxiety at seeing her father recede from her view at Paddington Station which stayed with her throughout life. Other events that occurred while staying with her grandparents left an indelible mark on her memory. In particular, she witnessed some of the extraordinary phenomena which might occur in revival.

One fascinating incident concerned the behaviour of Evan Roberts, who spent some time at the home of Bethan's grandparents while she and Ieuan were there. Roberts was a young man who had been studying at a preparatory school for those who were to enter the theological college of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church to train for its ministry. The head of the school was Bethan's

13. 'Bach' is the Welsh word for 'little', but it is also used as a term of endearment.

14. Lloyd-Jones (1987), 9.



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uncle, Tomos John. Roberts had, however, abandoned this training to return to his home area to hold meetings,¹⁵ and before long remarkable things were happening, with numerous people coming to living faith in Jesus Christ. Although there were undoubtedly aspects of Evan Roberts' behaviour which one may legitimately question and criticise, it would be quite wrong to regard him—as some have—as no more than a wide-eyed fanatic.¹⁶ Bethan's family themselves sometimes had reservations about a number of Roberts' actions, but invariably, subsequent events led them to revise their adverse judgments. Bethan remembered one vivid incident concerning him at this time:

Very early one morning ... There was a knock at the Sunnyside door ... There stood a weary young man, looking dishevelled, somewhere in his late teens. He sounded desperate and unhappy, as he said he must see Evan Roberts. Auntie Ann ... told him of the early caller, and of his desperate and pitiful appearance. The answer was unequivocal: 'Ann, I can't see him. I have no freedom to do so' ... Now, she was as desperate as the young man, and she could not help pleading with him ... 'Oh Evan, can't you give me some word, some message for him?' 'Yes, I can do that—tell him to read Psalm 27, verse 10.' She was back with the young man in a moment. No, Evan Roberts could not see him, but, 'he has sent you a message. You are to read Psalm 27, verse 10.' There lay the Bible on the table ... as he read, according to Auntie Ann, his misery vanished and he shed tears of joy in his amazement and relief. The verse read: 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' When he could speak he told her his

15. Although this was an unusual step to take, it is not without significance that Evan Phillips encouraged Roberts in this, believing that God's hand was upon him in an unusual way. For further reading on this, see Clark (2004), 69–91.

16. Evans (1987) and Clark (2004).



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story. He was from Lampeter—about 30 miles from Newcastle Emlyn. The previous night he had been to a meeting in his home church and had come under a tremendous pressure of the Holy Spirit present in that meeting. He had been gloriously converted and, in the joy of that experience, had gone home to tell his parents. He had been met, not by joy, not by indifference or mockery, but by concentrated fury from his parents. They would have none of it, and finally delivered their ultimatum: he must give it all up or go. They had literally turned him out late at night with nowhere to go ... he had walked the 30 miles through the night from Lampeter ... nobody had known anything about him. God alone could have revealed his problem to Evan Roberts and moved his servant to give him such a message of comfort and reassurance. So he went, not knowing where he was going, but knowing that 'He who has led will lead ...' and that, though his earthly parents had forsaken him, 'the Lord had taken him up'.¹⁷

Bethan's family had first-hand knowledge of Evan Roberts and of what sometimes seemed to them his strange behaviour. But, as Bethan observed in later life:

This unquestioning heed and obedience to an unmistakable inner authority came to be recognised by all who knew Evan in those days, especially perhaps by the family at Sunnyside. At times, they thought he was going too far or was unreasonable or, indeed, unkind, in the things he refused to do. Yet they inevitably found that he was right and showed a prescience and wisdom far beyond any human capacity at the time. They learned to accept his decisions and to acknowledge them as obedience to God's will.¹⁸

17. Lloyd-Jones (Oct. 1987), 10.


18. *ibid.*, 10. Of course, such an approach could lead to excess, and it is indisputable that at times Roberts carried this too far. Dr Lloyd-Jones—who knew Roberts—commented on this on numerous occasions. See his




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It was not only Evan Robert's actions that stayed in Bethan's memory. She recalls a special moment when her brother—a mere eight years of age—took part in a prayer meeting:

I don't recall a word he said, but he was pouring out his heart and looking radiant. He never hesitated for a word, but went on—and on—and on. I thought that one or two of the deacons were beginning to look anxious. However, my grandfather, the minister ... tapped him gently on the shoulder and said: 'All right, my boy, all right.' This little eight year old, unruffled and obedient, sat down quietly and the prayer meeting went on. I remember telling Martyn about that incident once, and he said: 'You know, even now, when Ieuan is praying, I sometimes hear a note of those days in his prayer.'¹⁹



Being sent to the scenes of revival at Newcastle Emlyn had a profound and lasting effect upon Mrs Lloyd-Jones. Her mature assessment is revealing:



The revival was no flash in the pan. We were seeing, every day of our lives, the reality of unseen spiritual things. Nothing ever took that away from us ... When we went home to Harrow, our cousin Dilys, then twelve years old (to our eight and six), came to stay with us for a while. We three had prayer meetings ... Dilys was truly converted and had a good spiritual understanding, and was a great leader for our little meetings. She would read short passages from the Bible to us and she made sure that we never thought of these meetings as a game ... The revival had spread to the Welsh churches in London, with the same tremendous impact.²⁰

'Foreword to Evans', where he refers to the tendency of Roberts to cross a line from the spiritual into the psychic. See also Clark (2004).

19. Lloyd-Jones (Sept. 1987), 10.

20. *ibid.*, 11.




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These early beginnings were a great spiritual back-drop to her life.

In later life Bethan would find herself in the midst of scenes of considerable spiritual blessing under her husband's ministry. She would also, on occasion, experience unusual episodes of prescience to which we shall later refer. Her time spent as a six year old, in the midst of revival, was undoubtedly one of the most valuable experiences of her life. How right her father had been in his decision to send Bethan and her brother to witness true revival!

'Sunnyside'



Bethan loved her grandparents and was always thrilled to be at Newcastle Emlyn. One of her early memories of such a visit was of her rushing through the passageway into the loving arms of her 'Mamo' (grandmother) or one of her aunts. She felt 'enveloped' in love at Sunnyside and had such fond memories of the times that were spent there. The house was always full of people: someone once said, 'It was like a public house without the beer!'²¹ The deep impression of the love which the extended family had for one another stayed with Bethan all her days. This is how, in old age, she spoke of the excitement which she experienced in going to Newcastle Emlyn:

We made that trip so often that these memories moved into the familiar pattern of our young lives—the arrival, the wait for the train to stop, the exit with bags in hand, the handing over of tickets, then a top speed dash to Sunnyside. Sometimes ... the little one-horse bus was there and, if he was not engaged and without a fare, the driver would give us a ride to the door—sheer joy! At other times, if we were expected, there would always be an Uncle—usually Uncle Jack—to meet us and walk down with us. At the railings outside the door of

21. Lloyd-Jones (Oct. 1987), 10.





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Sunnyside every available member of the family would be there to greet us.²²

Bethan and her family were regular visitors at Sunnyside—they visited at least two or three times a year for holidays. Back in London was much the same: a very happy place, overflowing with visitors. The Phillips’ home was once described by Bethan, in later years, as ‘the house that none-go-by’. Such open, loving homes obviously had an effect on Bethan Phillips, as they had done on her father and her mother before her: in years to come she would open not only her home but also her heart to many of God’s people.

Offer hospitality to one another without grumbling. Each one should use whatever gift he has received to serve others.

1 PETER 4:9–10



22. Lloyd-Jones (Sept. 1987),9.



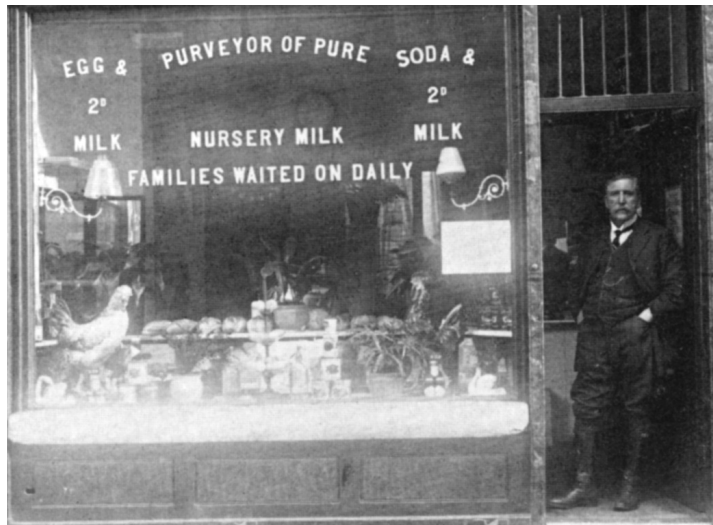
Bethan and her brother Ieuan.



Sunnyside(left), Newcastle Emlyn.¹



Bethan with her father and mother (Dr Tom and Mrs Margaret Phillips).¹



Henry Lloyd-Jones at the door of his dairy business,
Regency Street, Westminster.¹