

***SCRAP BOOK –
REMINISCING &
RECONNECTING***

Discover - Caerphilly Castle

- ▶ Built by Gilbert De Clare from 1268 with the whole site covering 30 acres and being home to numerous plants and wildlife both on land and in the water surrounding the castle.
- ▶ Family connections - the castle is embedded in the history of the town as in the 1500's the castle fell into disrepair with many using the stone to build the older buildings in the town centre, including the house and shop my mother grew up in.
- ▶ My husband grew up around Caerphilly and we moved there in 2006 with the school my children went to being Ysgol y Castell where the view from the yard is of the castle and grounds. My mother also attended this school which was formally Caerphilly Girls Grammer school.





View from School on Crescent Road



Picnicking and Dog Walks

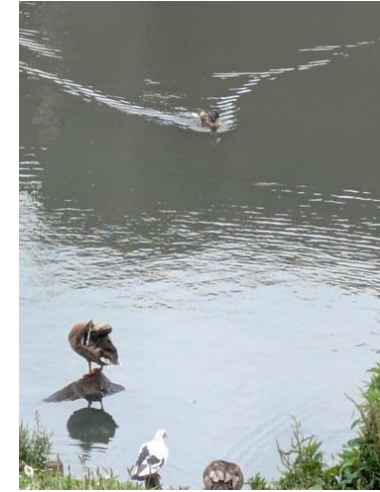
Exploration - Wildlife

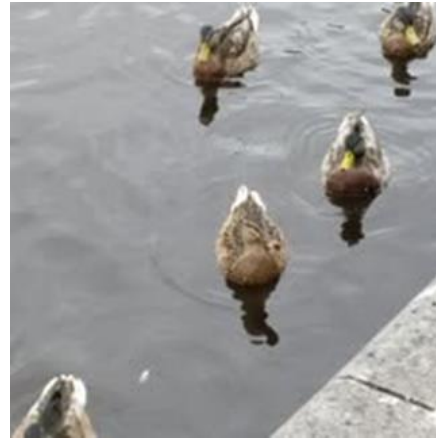
Birds - Geese, ducks, swans, coots, moorhens, cormorants, herons, kingfishers, wagtails, and sand martins.

Fish - Carp, pike, roach, crucian carp, chub, rudd, tench, eels, and bream.

Mammals - American mink, squirrels, rabbits, bats, water voles, mice and moles.

Insects - Ants, bees, wasps, spiders beetles, butterflies, moths, and dragonflies.







Poem by Leia Hyde

Leaping clumsily while moat-side,
Bizarrely tinted chicks roam gladly,
For this flock has been refreshed by springtime

These little blurs of peacock blue
Catch the hue of a grateful twilight,
Leaping clumsily while moat-side

Treasured feathers, typical bronze,
Hardly flawless but expected, seen,
For this flock has been refreshed by springtime

Few choose to paddle contently,
Most struggling to stay upright, runts are
Leaping clumsily while moat-side

These kids not oblivious,
They learn through touted differences, some
Leaping clumsily while moat-side,
For this flock has been refreshed by springtime.

South for the Winter

By Sheridan Hyde

There was once a young Canada goose called Branta who was born very late in the season near a very large castle. Not only was Branta the youngest but she was also the smallest in the gaggle. Because of this, Branta was struggling to learn the skills that the other geese had more time to master.

Branta would often go to practise diving and flying by herself and became very friendly with a large, old oak tree and the squirrels who lived within it on the other side of the castle moat. One cold and blustery day when Branta was on her way to practise, an older group of geese called her back and reminded Branta that they were leaving tomorrow. 'Where are we going?' asked Branta. 'If you don't hurry up and learn to fly, you won't be going anywhere and will be left here in the cold for the winter, while the rest of us fly south to find the warm.' Sneered a particularly mean goose.

Branta swam off in a panic to frantically practice flying. She spent hours jumping off Oak tree's branches, flapping her wings before plunging into the cold water. The squirrels were out gathering food to store for the winter and shouted words of encouragement every time they returned with their hoard. Branta practiced and practiced into the night and still didn't feel confident that she would be able to fly. She stayed by the oak tree all night feeling sad that she would lose her gaggle.

The next day, Branta slept late and was awoken by the sound of the squirrels excitedly chattering. 'What has got you two so excited?' yawned Branta. 'Theres a big colourful basket with humans in that has landed in the field opposite the back drawbridge' the squirrels announced. 'Has my gaggle left yet?' asked a deflated Branta. 'Yes' they replied, 'they left at daybreak'. Branta sighed and became withdrawn, trying to manage the abandonment she was feeling.

Later that day, Branta decided to go for a waddle around the castle to make sure she truly was alone.

There was no other goose in sight, and she was feeling sad again. Brantas thoughts soon became distracted with an extremely colourful balloon with a basket underneath tethered to the field. There was lots of activity around the area and Branta, being the curious goose she was, waddled over to investigate. She heard lots of shouting and humans were running back and fore filling the basket with supplies. All of sudden, she felt strong hands around her, picking her up from the ground. She hissed and hissed, but the hands, although strong, were also gentle and the man holding her spoke very softly. 'Its ok little goose, I saw your family flying this morning. The wind is going to take us south; you can hitch a ride with me'. Branta stopped hissing and started to honk excitedly. She wasn't going to be left behind at all, she was just flying south for the winter a different way and she couldn't wait.

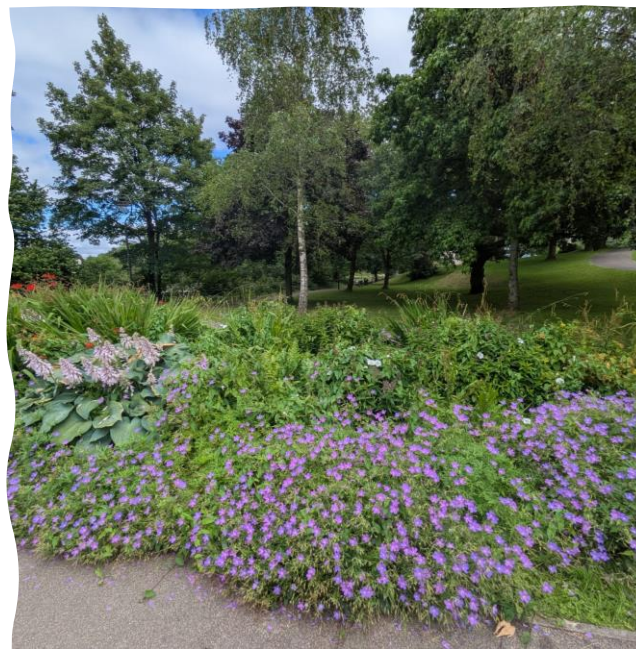


Flora & Fauna



‘The thistle is a prince. Let any man that has an eye for beauty take a view of the whole plant, and where will he see a more expressive grace and symmetry; and where is there a more kingly flower?’

- Henry Ward Beecher



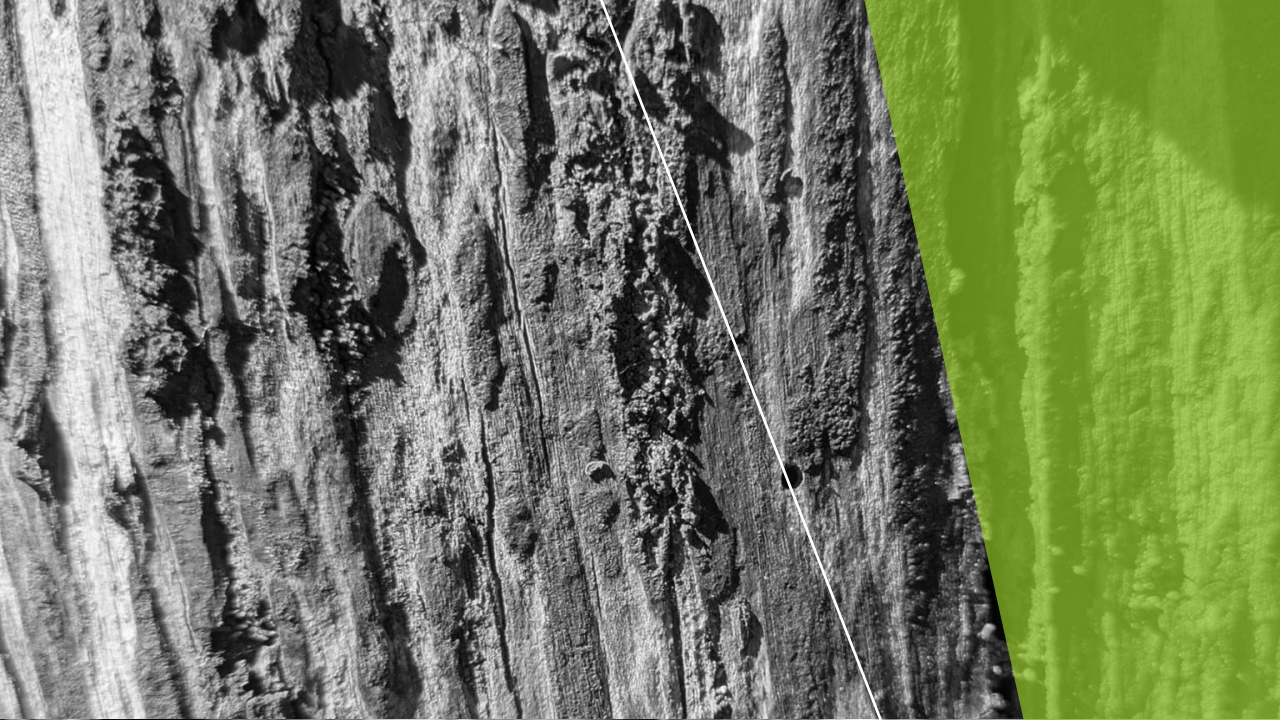
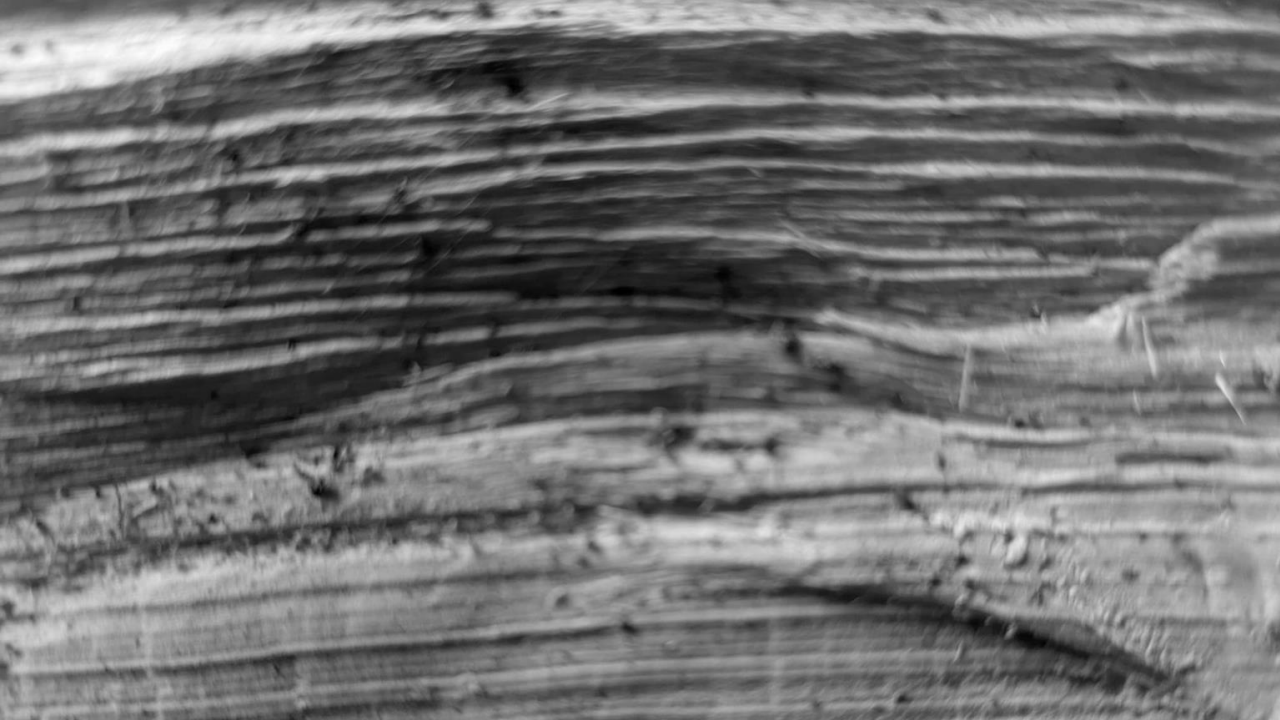
Textures and Patterns in Nature

All about Feathers









Conservation - Waterways

The Nant Gledyr, a tributary of the River Rhymney, was used to fill the moats by damming it to create the castle's extensive water defences. This has to be carefully managed to ensure that the water flows stay clear with silt trap clearing needing to be completed .

As the water is flowing into the moat, erosion naturally occurs along the banks which results in high, overhanging banks. Stabilisation of these banks needs to be completed for the health and safety of the general public and to preserve the habitat that this offers. All works around the castle need to be in conjunction with an ancient monument archaeologist to protect the site.

The marine life living in the moat also needed to be protected so a hessian silt containment and fish protection boom was installed, and any fish in the working area were removed prior to the commencement of the work by NRW. The work was scheduled during the winter months to avoid the nesting season of the abundant wildfowl that make the moat their home.



Castle Moats Filled by Nant Gledyr



Folk Tales - The Tale of the Dragon

written around the time the Anglo-Normans were invading Wales

Long, long ago, a red dragon lived peacefully here in Wales. All was well until one day the land was invaded, by a white dragon. The red dragon resisted fiercely, and the two creatures battled in the skies above this green and pleasant land.

On and on the conflict raged and such were the terrible, ear-splitting roars of the two feuding dragons, the people of the land became ill; crops failed, animals were dying, women lost their babies.

Someone had to break up the fight.

Enter Lludd – a Welshman of extraordinary bravery, who lured the two dragons towards a giant cauldron filled to the brim with mead. Like bees to honey, the dragons took the bait and were soon drinking their fill, becoming more and more intoxicated as they did.

Tying the now docile beasts in a giant silk sheet, Lludd buried them deep beneath Dinas Emrys, a mountain in Eryri, Snowdonia.

There the sleeping dragons lay for centuries. The land, animals and people living on it were restored to good health. Until the day King Vortigern decided he would build a castle on the very same mountain.

Every time the walls of his impressive fortress were built, the land shook and the walls tumbled to the ground. Time and again the walls went up, and time and again, they crumbled and fell. In frustration he consulted a wise man named Merlin, who told him about the sleeping dragons buried deep underground – and suggested that they might be the root of the problem.

Vortigern dug down and freed the dragons who immediately took to the skies and resumed their vicious battle. This time though the red dragon was victorious, defeating the invading white beast. Vortigern built his castle, and peace returned to the land.



Reflections - Festivals

The Big Cheese



Visit Caerphilly, 2019



Live Music and Events



Peace is Free
Blackstone Cherry



Proms in the Park - Caerphilly



Youtube
Clip

Local
Article



National Eisteddfod of Wales - 1950





Re-enactments

Trebuchet at Caerphilly Castle

Filming at the Castle

- Merlin
- Dr Who
- Restoration
- Knightmare
- Wolf Hall



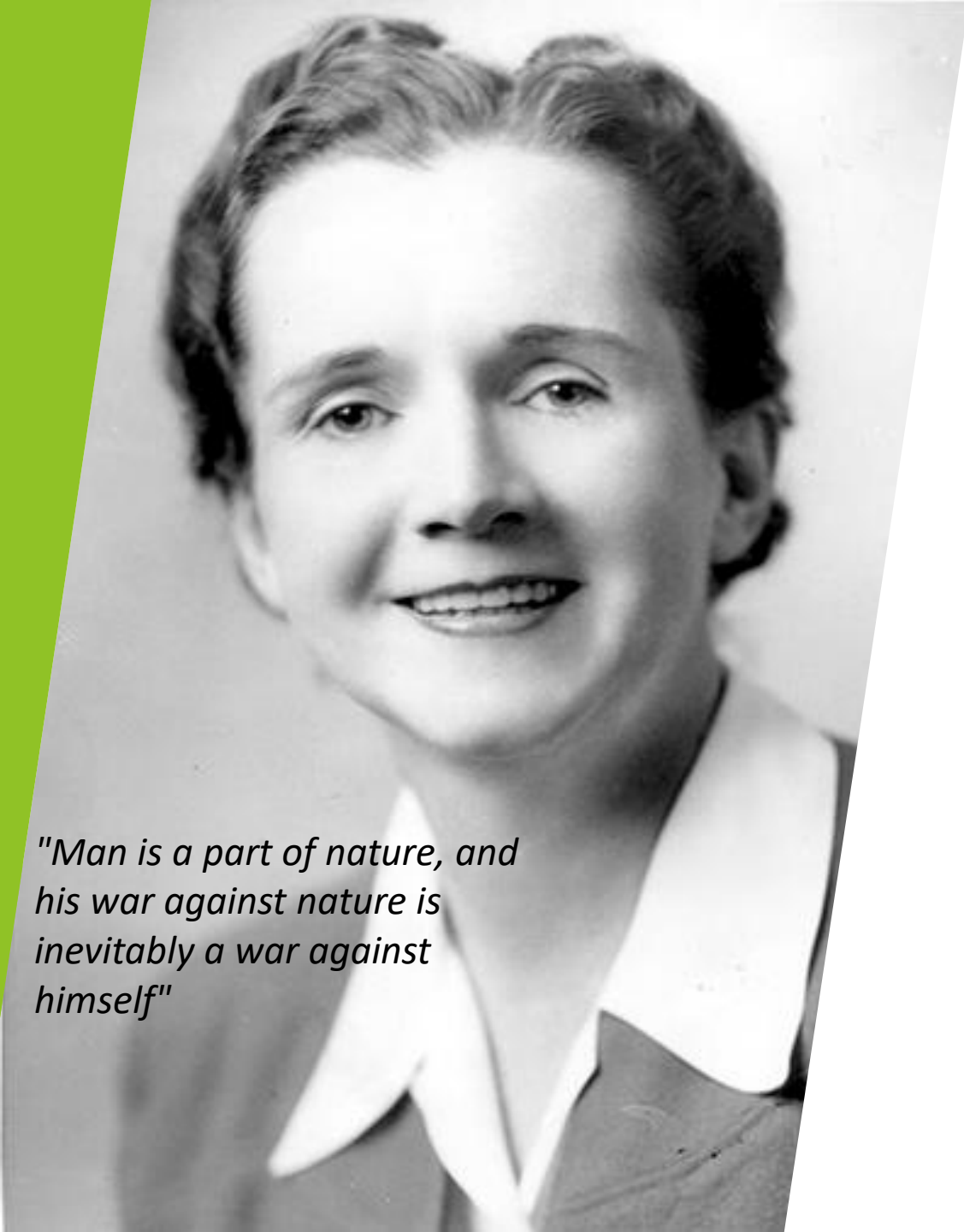


Reflecting over memories, reconnecting with an area and seeing the beauty within it.

Rachel Carson

1907-1964

Rachel Carson was an American marine biologist who took her inspiration from the natural world. She was a writer and editor for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Her first book, *Under the Sea-Wind* was published in 1941 and followed the interactions between a sea bird, a fish and an eel who shared their lives in the sea. Her second book, *The Sea Around Us* was published in 1951 and became an international best-selling biography of the sea, boosting public awareness and perceptions. Her third book, *The Edge of the Sea*, published in 1955 and concentrated on the ecosystems on the East coast of America. 'Carson's ecological vision of the oceans shows her embrace of a larger environmental ethic which could lead to the sustainability of nature's interactive and interdependent systems.' (Lear, 2019). In her book *Silent Spring* (1962), Carson asked if humans had the right to control nature. This became the handbook for the future of all life on Earth. 10 years after *Silent Spring* was published and only 8 years after her death, the American public changed their mindset on the use of pesticides and DDT was banned. This book is still as relevant today as it was 43 years ago.

A black and white portrait of Rachel Carson, a woman with short, dark, wavy hair, smiling slightly. She is wearing a light-colored collared shirt under a dark jacket. The portrait is set against a light background and is partially framed by a green geometric design on the right side of the slide.

"Man is a part of nature, and his war against nature is inevitably a war against himself"