

A feast for the senses

This year marks the 150th anniversary of the present building of St Peter's Church, Lampeter. Iona Warmington is proud of her heritage

The sturdy stone structure stands gracefully upon what is locally known as Church Hill, casting a benevolent eye over the town and its parishioners. It is magnificent and welcoming.



There is so much more to the church than its external beauty and its imposing tower, of course. The slight uphill approach, flanked by yew trees alive with birdsong, guarding the final resting place of generations of parishioners, leads to the main entrance at the base of the bell tower, which houses the bells that my father would ring to call parishioners to prayer, on days high and low.

The atmosphere of the church never ceases to leave me astounded whenever I step through its majestic doors. Not only do I feel that spiritual presence surrounding me, but the church nourishes all my senses. The magnificence is clear to see, with the wonderful array of stained glass windows a lasting memorial to loved ones from years gone by, the fine woodcarvings, the font where I was baptised and the clean glow of the electric lights that I would help my father to maintain.

The tranquility restores the soul after the hustle and bustle of the town. Yet the high arched ceiling creates the finest acoustics I have ever heard, be that during the weekly service where I would once proudly stand alongside my elder sister in the choir, dressed in our red cassocks, surplices and ruffles, performing with the Sunday school, at the Choral Festival or the 'Cymanfa Bwnc'.

My senses are filled with the aroma of candle wax mixed with that of the legendary rich yellow liquid that my mother would use to clean the brassware: the candlesticks, the eagle lectern, the pulpit handrail - of which my mother was particularly proud - and countless plaques documenting the generosity and donations of the faithful departed.

As I sit in St Peter's, I feast on the rich history surrounding me, and feel such gratitude, a sense of longing for my happy upbringing in the church and the presence of my loved ones who have departed this life embracing me. I feel proud of their dedication, for raising me in the Christian faith and I feel the hand of God comforting me.

We hope to hold some anniversary events when the Covid-19 restrictions permit. Details will be on our Facebook pages:

[Facebook page](#)