

Dad

It's a terrible tragedy, what has happened to you, Dad. This has been the most horrific nightmare of my life. It's just way too soon. I'm still in shock. I've heard your friends and family say some wonderful things about you here today Dad; your achievements, your colourful character; you've touched a mountain of hearts on many levels. My childhood with you was a magical one.

To the children and I you will be lovingly remembered as the Storyteller and a Master of pranks. You were our Pied Piper, with a wild and vivid imagination, cunningly concocting and always convincing. You were committed to the art of storytelling.

Do you remember children, Tadcu insisting that there was a horse on the loose at the end of the street, a bear living in his "cwtsh dan stâr" and a wolf asleep above his boiler? Who could forget his old man's mask?, he frightened Rhiannon, I and many a caller by. He continued this barking tradition with you too kids.

You were an Adventurer, Dad. You came alive in the open air. Many stories and songs were enjoyed on our mountain trecks and woodland walks. A fond memory which springs to mind is that of you cunningly throwing an apple core in to the woods at Castell Coch to capture our attention, then insisting we be quiet in preparation for story time.

The Storyteller

Hisht, did you hear that?!
The sound of the fairies
Dancing drunkerdly
On their carousel,
While the elves lie sleepily
After a hard day of mischief!

Ah! did you see that?!
Behind that stump!
Well, maybe next time

Dad

Mae'n drychinebus, beth sydd wedi digwydd i ti Dad. Dyma hunllef mwya' creulon fy mywyd. Mae'n llawer rhy fuan. Dwy dal mewn sioc. Dwy wedi clywed dy ffrindie a dy deulu yn dweud pethau hyfryd amdano ti yma heddiw Dad; dy lwyddiannau, dy gymeriad lliwgar; i ti wedi ysbrydoli a thwymo mynydd o galonnau. Roedd fy mhentyndod gyda ti yn un hudol. Roeddet yn Storiwr brŵd a pranciwr o safon! Dyna sut y bydd y plant a finne yn dy gofio yn gariadus. Roedd gen ti ddychymymyg gwylt, chwylyfrydig a thwyllodrus oedd wastad yn gredadwy. Roeddet yn Feistr ar y grefft o storio a thwylo. Ydych chi'n cofio plantos, y bydde Tadcu yn mynnu bod yna geffyl yn rhydd ar waelod y strÿd, arth yn byw yn ei gwtsh dan stâr, a blaidd yn cysgu uwchben ei foiler. A phwy all anghofio eu fwgwd hen ddÿn?, y coda'u ofn ar Rhiannon, finne a sawl galwr heibio!

Parhaodd gyda'r traddodiad gwallgofus yma gyda chi blantos hefyd! Roeddet yn Anturiaethwr, Dad ac yn hael dy fyd yn yr awyr agored. Y mwynheuron adrodd lawer o storïau a chaneuon tra'n crwydro'r coedwigoedd a mynydda. Atgof hwylus a ddaw i'n meddwl yw o ti'n taflu stwmp afal i mewn i'r goedwig yng Nghastell Coch i ddal ein sylw, yna mynnu am dawelwch yn barod am amser stori.

Y Storiwr

Hisht! Clywsoch chi hwnna?
Sŵn y tylwyth teg yn dawnsio
Yn feddw droed
Ar eu chwyrligwgan,
Tra gorweddau'r ellyll
Yn hael eu byd
R'ol diwrnod caled yn prancio!

A! Welsoch chi hwnna?!
Tu ôl i'r boncyff 'na!
Wel, efallai tro nesa'

