

Elfyn Lewis :: *Galar*

Mae'r byd yn dipyn fwy tawel heb ei lais a'i ddireidi pryfoclyd am bopeth oedd yn digwydd yn y byd.

Mae colled yn dyfnhau dros amser.

Roedd Dad wedi brwydro, ond y bora yna mi wnaeth ei ysbryd ein gadael ni.

Roedd y wawr y bore hwnnw'n un i'w chofio. Cerddais ar hyd y Cob a rhyfeddu at ba mor anhygoel mae natur yn medru bod.

Mae'n bron i flwyddyn bellach, ac mae amser yn hedfan heibio fel sêr ar noson glir o aeaf.

O stafell wely fy nhad 'da chi'n gweld y môr a'r mynyddoedd, a'r ddwy afon yn cwrdd a gwthio'r tywod o un lle ir llall. Mae'r olygfa'n gallu newid yn sydyn iawn - pan mae'r haul neu'r gwynt yn penderfynu.

Wedi hir oes, 'da ni nawr yn gadael 'Dros-y-Bont'. A gadael yr olygfa a'r hanes i groesawu rhywun arall.

Gobeithio bydd hwyl a chariad yno, hefo bach o ffraeo.

Nid ein tŷ ni ydy o bellach.

Wrth beintio, dwi'n cadw'n brysur. Wrth greu gwaith mae'r ymennydd yn llai prysur - dim amser i feddwl a galaru, dim ond i fod yn bositif. Y 'gwneud' nid y 'dweud' sy'n bwysig.

Cyfnod newydd.

Teimladau dwfn am gartref, teulu, cariad a hen ffrindiau. Ydyn, mae'r petha hyn yn newid, fel popeth - mae yna ddechrau, a diwedd. Mae'r lle'n bwysig, ond felly hefyd y bobol.

Adra ydy adra. A fanna fydda i un diwrnod - yn yr awyr, yn y pridd a'r môr.

Mae'n rhaid cydnabod Galar - y teimlad a'r golled, a'r cariad at rywbeth a rhywun.

Y teimlad fod rhywbeth wedi bod

o werth...

Written by Elfyn Lewis

Elfyn Lewis :: *Grief*

The world is far quieter without hearing his voice, his words of mischief about the world and its problems.

Loss grows deeper over time.

Dad had fought, but that morning the battle was lost. His spirit finally left us.

The dawn that morning was one to remember. I walked along the 'cob', overwhelmed with how amazing nature can be.

Almost a year has passed, time flies by like shooting stars on a clear winter's night.

From my father's bedroom you can see the sea and the surrounding mountains. And the two rivers meeting, pushing the sand from one place to the next.

The landscape can change so quickly - when the sun or the wind decides.

After so much time, we are now leaving 'Dros-y-Bont', our family home.

The landscape and the history here will now welcome others. I hope that there'll be fun and love...and a little arguing too.

It's no longer our house.

By painting I keep busy. While I'm creating work, my brain is less busy.

There's no time to dwell and mourn, only to be positive. What matters is 'doing' not 'talking'.

A new era.

Deep feelings about home, family, love and old friends. And yes, these things can change - like all things. There is a beginning and an end.

The place is important, but so are the people.

Home is home, and that's where I will be one day - in the air, in the soil and the sea.

We must recognise grief. The feeling of loss and the love for somewhere and someone.

The feeling that something was
of value...

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