

A STREAM THROUGH THE AGES

THE STORY OF THE LLOYD AND EMMANUEL/WILLIAMS FAMILIES

From Cadifor ap Dinawal and the court of The Lord Rhys, through nine centuries to a love that began in Kidwelly.

*This book is offered in memory of Linda,
and in memory of all those whose lives made ours possible.*

The Lloyd–Emmanuel/Williams Heritage Archive

A Preface: What This Archive Became

This book began with a man called Hugh.

Not with a warrior princess, not with a medieval prince, not with a night assault on a Norman castle. Just Hugh — Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd, a third son from Cardiganshire who married well, fought his corner in the courts, held his county's shrievalty, and built something from nothing. He was the entry point. A single figure in a family tree, a name in a record, a thread I picked up and followed because I wanted to know where it led.

I did not expect where it led.

What grew from that single figure is now a complete heritage archive spanning nine centuries, two family lines, and twenty-six generations of documented Welsh history. It was assembled by one retired man working alone, in a house in Kidwelly, with a Jug dog called Lizzy and a view of the estuary and more early mornings than I can count. It was not commissioned. It was not funded. It was not planned beyond the next thread to follow. It simply grew, the way all genuine research grows — one discovery opening into another, each answer producing three more questions, until the thing you are holding is nothing like what you thought you were making.

I started with Hugh. I ended with Cadifor ap Dinawal in a medieval chronicle, with a princess of Deheubarth, with the castle my ancestor took with hooked ladders and the Eisteddfod that was held thereafter, with an Oxford college still endowing Welsh scholars four hundred and fifty years after my ancestor funded it, with a cathedral dignitary who outlasted a disgraced bishop, with a Chief Justice who went back to war at sixty-three because he simply could not stay home, with a daughter who carried the Lloyd blood through the Civil War into the Herbert family and quietly back again, with the long ordinary generations through Trimsaran and the chapels and the collieries, through Vernon and Estelle, through Linda.

And on the other side of the archive — because there are two sides, and that is the discovery that changed everything — I found Gwenllian. The warrior princess who died on the field outside Kidwelly

Castle in 1136. I traced her blood forward through her son The Lord Rhys, through the Morgan Lords of Tredegar, through Ifor Hael who was the patron of the greatest poet in the Welsh language, through Tredegar House and the long Monmouthshire generations and the Nicholl and Jenkins and Davis and Frost families, all the way to a woman born in Pontypool in 1963 who had absolutely no idea what she carried.

That woman was Linda. My wife. She died on 4 July 2015, and her last words to me were go and travel.

The bridge between those two bloodlines — my line and Linda's — meets at the court of The Lord Rhys, around 1165, where a daughter was given to my ancestor Cadifor in marriage, and where a son carried another line forward toward the Morgan dynasty and eventually toward Linda. The daughter Cadifor married and the ancestor from whom Linda descends were almost certainly siblings. Children of the same father. At the same court. Nine hundred years before we met in Kidwelly.

This is not a genealogy. A genealogy is a list. What you are holding is something different — a conversation across nine centuries, written in the only voice I have, which is my own. The scholarship is real. The sources are documented. But the feeling, when I sit with what has been uncovered, is entirely personal. Two people who loved each other in a small Welsh town by an estuary carried between them one of the most remarkable convergences of bloodline in the documented history of Wales. And the work that established that fact was begun because a retired man got lost on a road in County Mayo in 2018 and had to find his way home.

Linda told me to go and travel. I did not know, when she said it, how far that journey would reach. I did not know it would reach nine hundred years. I did not know it would reach a field outside Kidwelly where a warrior princess fell in battle, or a castle on the Cletwr where everything this archive is built on first began.

But I went. And I kept going. And this is what I found.

Vivit Post Funera Virtus — Virtue Lives On After Death | Graham Tudor Emmanuel, Kidwelly | 2026

BLOOD AND STONE

The Lloyd–Emmanuel/Williams Heritage Archive

An Introduction

This book began with a man called Hugh. Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd, born around 1510 in Cardiganshire, was my twelfth great-grandfather — a point of entry into a family history I knew almost nothing about when I first set out. I followed his line backward, generation by generation, through the Lloyd family of Cardiganshire, through the mediaeval gentry of west Wales, and through the long centuries before surnames existed and men were known by their fathers' names alone.

I did not expect what I found.

Six generations before Hugh, in the time of Edward II, a man named Gwilym Lloyd became the first of the family to carry a surname — my twentieth great-grandfather. Before him, the line runs back through Welsh lords and warriors whose names are recorded in the great mediaeval pedigrees of Wales. And at the deepest point the research could reach, standing at the root of my own ancestry, is Cadifor ap Dinawal.

Cadifor ap Dinawal flourished around 1130. He was a lord of Cilsant in Dyfed, a man of military standing and political consequence. He served Rhys ap Gruffudd — Yr Arglwydd Rhys, The Lord Rhys, the greatest Welsh ruler of his age. Around 1165, The Lord Rhys gave one of his daughters in marriage to Cadifor. My twenty-sixth great-grandfather married a princess of Deheubarth.

That discovery changed the shape of this archive entirely. Because The Lord Rhys was not merely a great medieval ruler. He was the son of Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd — the warrior princess who rode out

from Kidwelly Castle in 1136 to meet the Norman army, and fell in battle on the field north of the town. The field still bears her name. Maes Gwenllian. It is a short walk from where I live.

And it is a short walk from where Linda lived.

Linda Jane Elizabeth Emmanuel — my wife, born 26 April 1963, died 4 July 2015 — carried her own ancestry quietly, as she carried everything: without ceremony, without claim, without the slightest awareness of what the centuries had given her. It was only after she was gone that I began the research that eventually traced her bloodline back through the Morgan Lords of Tredegar, through The Lord Rhys himself, and finally to Gwenllian — Linda's twenty-fourth great-grandmother, who died in Linda's town.

The connection between our two bloodlines reaches back nine hundred years. At the court of The Lord Rhys, around 1165, a daughter of the prince was given in marriage to my ancestor Cadifor ap Dinawal. That same prince's bloodline, through a different child, descended in an unbroken line through the Morgan dynasty to Linda. The woman Cadifor married and the ancestor from whom Linda descends were almost certainly siblings, children of the same father at the same court in the same age.

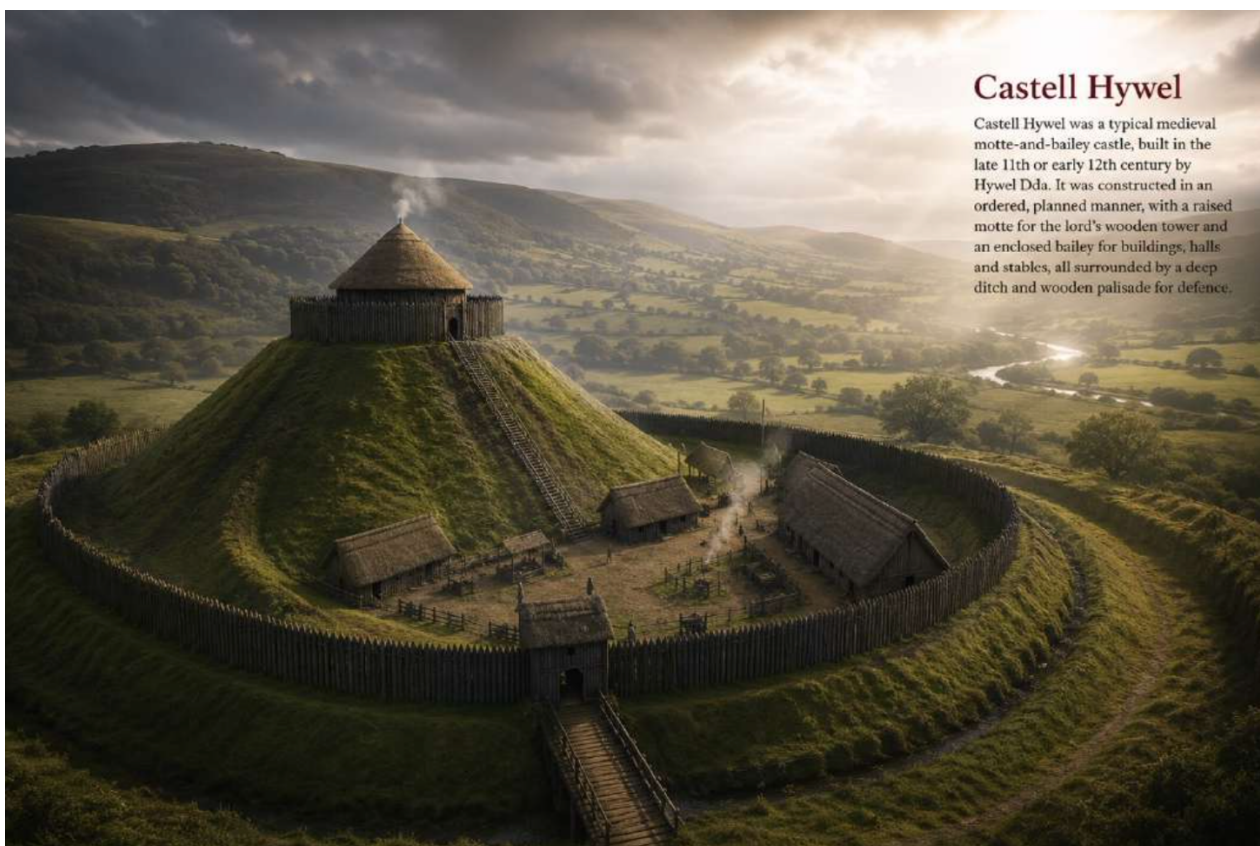
We met in Kidwelly. We did not know that our families had met there before, nine centuries earlier, in the shadow of the castle the Normans built and the field where Gwenllian fell.

This book is the record of that discovery. It is the story of the Lloyd and Emmanuel families, of the lineage that connects us to Cadifor ap Dinawal and through him to the royal house of Deheubarth, and of Linda's own remarkable heritage, which I found only because she told me to go and travel. It is offered in her memory, and in the memory of everyone named in these pages, whose lives made ours possible.

The Castle on the Cletwr

Castell Hywel — A Personal Family History

From the Warrior Cadifor to Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd, My Twelfth Great-Grandfather



I want to tell you about a castle you have probably never heard of.

It is not on the tourist trail. There is no gift shop, no car park, no interpretive panel with a QR code — though it probably deserves one. It sits in the Cletwr valley in Cardiganshire, in a quiet corner of what is now Ceredigion, and most people drive past it without a second glance. What they are passing is a mound of earth and stone that has been standing for the best part of nine hundred years, the remains of a medieval fortification built on high ground above a stream where someone, once, decided this was the place worth defending.

That place is called Castell Hywel. Castle Howell, in the anglicised version. And it matters to me personally — because the family who held it were my own ancestors, and the story of how they lived, fought, lost, adapted, and eventually sent one of their sons out into Tudor Wales to find a new line is part of the story of how I came to exist at all.

I am Graham Tudor Emmanuel, and I live in Kidwelly. Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd of Llanllyr — whose own story I have written separately — was my twelfth great-grandfather. Hugh's father, Llewelyn Lloyd, was lord of Castell Hywel. And behind Llewelyn, stretching back through the medieval centuries of Welsh history, was a line of men who held that hillside in the Cletwr valley through everything Wales could throw at them.

This is their story. And because it is their story, it is mine too.

A Mound Above a Stream

The castle itself no longer stands in any form you would recognise. What remains is the motte — the large conical mound of earth and stone that formed the base of every Norman and Welsh defensive fortification in this part of the world. It stands about eight metres above the road that runs beside it. The top is roughly twelve metres across. There is a ditch on the east and south sides that tapers out where the natural slope drops away to the stream on the north. Someone has dug into the top of it at some point in the past — a trench about eight metres long and two metres deep, possibly looking for something, possibly just trying to understand what was there. The whole thing is listed as a scheduled ancient monument, recognised as being of national importance for what it can tell us about medieval defensive practice.

None of that dry heritage language quite captures what you feel when you stand there and look at it. This was once a place where someone held authority over the valley, where decisions were made that affected the people who lived and farmed on the land below, where a lord looked out from high ground and understood that the world was uncertain and that what you held, you held by strength of will as much as anything else.

The name, Castell Hywel, means the Castle of Hywel. Which Hywel is a question worth pausing on. The most powerful possibility reaches back to Hywel Dda — Hywel the Good — the tenth-century king of Deheubarth who ruled over a territory stretching from Prestatyn to Pembroke and who, at Whitland in around 945, gathered the learned men of Wales together and set down in writing the laws of his people. The Laws of Hywel Dda became the defining legal code of medieval Wales. His name was attached to places across Ceredigion and beyond as a mark of respect and memory. Whether this particular castle was named for him directly, or simply for a local chieftain who happened to carry the same common Welsh name, I cannot say with certainty. But the resonance is there, and I find it impossible to stand in the valley and not feel it.

The Night of the Hooked Ladders

The first person in my ancestral line at Castell Hywel who steps fully into the historical record — by name, in a primary source, doing something specific and remarkable — is Cadifor ap Dinawal.

He is sometimes written as Cydifor, sometimes as Cedifor. The name varies across the centuries. But the man himself is fixed clearly in the Brut y Tywysogion — the Chronicle of the Princes — one of the great primary narrative sources of Welsh medieval history. And what the Brut records about him is this.

It was sometime in the mid-1160s. The Norman-built Cardigan Castle — constructed by the invader Gilbert de Clare and held by the forces of the Earl de Clare — was in the hands of England. The Lord

Rhys, Rhys ap Gruffydd, the dominant Welsh prince of his generation and ruler of Deheubarth, wanted it back. The direct military assault had its risks. So one man devised something different.

The Brut records it in plain, almost matter-of-fact terms. The castle fell, it says, "not through strength but by means of contrivances devised by the man and his own war-band, who was called Cedifor ap Dinawol, namely, hooked ladders which grasped the walls where they were placed." And then: "And to that man Rhys gave many gifts and freedom on his lands within his principality. And to that Cedifor he gave one of his daughters for wife."

Read that again slowly. Cadifor ap Dinawal — my ancestor, the Lord of Castell Hywel — designed the weapons, led his own men, scaled a Norman fortification in the darkness with improvised hooked ladders, and took the castle. In return, the most powerful Welsh prince in the south gave him land, gave him gifts, and gave him his daughter in marriage.

I have been researching Welsh family history for years now. I have stood in churchyards at dawn and mapped graves with GPS. I have read hundreds of memorial inscriptions, transcribed ledger after ledger, and tried always to bring the ordinary people of Wales back into the light. But when I found that passage in the Brut about Cadifor, I stopped what I was doing and read it three times.

That is my family. That is where this line begins in the record. Not with a document or a deed or a parish register — but with a night assault on a Norman castle, hooked ladders grasping the walls, and a Welsh chieftain who thought his way past a problem that brute force could not solve.

There is a footnote to this that I find quietly wonderful. The Lord Rhys, after taking Cardigan Castle, used it as the site of the first National Eisteddfod in 1176 — the founding gathering of Welsh bards and musicians from which our great national cultural festival descends. Without Cadifor's hooked ladders, there might have been no Eisteddfod. I do not want to claim too much for my ancestor. But I do not want to claim too little either.

The Long Centuries Between

After Cadifor, the Castell Hywel line moves through the medieval centuries in the way that all such families do — glimpsed in genealogical records, in occasional legal documents, in the fragments that survive when so much has been lost. Cadifor's sons appear in Welsh verse. When Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd, a Welsh prince and poet, was killed at the Battle of Pentraeth on Anglesey in 1170, the seven sons of a Cadifor — whether the same man or a close relative of the same line — died defending him and were commemorated in a poem that survives to this day: noble brothers, full of daring and high purpose, cut down beside their foster-brother. That is how Welsh bardic culture remembered good men. In verse. The memory carried.

Through the thirteenth century, as Llywelyn Fawr built his great principality of Wales and then his grandson Llywelyn ap Gruffydd carried it to its final defeat at the Battle of Orewin Bridge in 1282, the Welsh chieftains of Cardiganshire had choices to make. Some resisted to the last. Others accommodated the new English order and found ways to survive within it. The lords of Castell Hywel survived. That much is certain because the line continued.

The Statute of Rhuddlan in 1284 imposed English law and English administration on Wales. It was not the end of everything Welsh — the language, the poetry, the family ties, the deep roots of the culture continued — but it was the end of Wales as an independent political entity. The men who had held places like Castell Hywel as Welsh chieftains in a Welsh principality now held them under English law, paid their dues into a different administrative system, and learned to navigate a world that their grandfathers would not have recognised.

They adapted. That is the honest summary of what happened to my ancestors in the generation after the conquest. They were not broken. They found their feet in the new world. And slowly, over the next several decades, they built something that would last.

Gwilym Lloyd and the Name That Stuck

The moment I find most human in the whole story of Castell Hywel is a quiet one. No battles, no night assaults, no princes rewarding heroes. Just a man, sometime around the reign of Edward II — the early fourteenth century — who decided to build a proper house on the estate.

His name was Gwilym Lloyd. He was the sixth in descent from Cadifor ap Dinawal, and the Cardiganshire genealogical tradition regards him as the founder of the first true mansion at Castell Hywel. He was also — and this is the detail that strikes me every time I think about it — the first of the line to take a fixed hereditary surname. Before him, the family had used the Welsh patronymic system: you were the son of your father, and your son would be the son of you, and so on back through the generations. After him, the family name was Lloyd. It stuck. It carried. And it is the name that still appears in the records five generations later when we reach Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd, my direct ancestor, the man who took the family line out of Cardiganshire and into Llanllyr.

Lloyd comes from the Welsh *Llwyd* — grey, or grey-haired, often used to describe someone of dark or weathered complexion. It is one of the most common Welsh surnames for a reason. But for this family, in this valley, in the early fourteenth century, it was a specific choice by a specific man who understood that the world had changed and that a fixed name was now the way you held your place in it.

The house Gwilym built near the old castle motte set the pattern for the estate across the next three centuries. It was a gentry house rather than a fortification — the home of a man of property in a world where property law mattered more than military readiness. The farmhouse that stands today at Castell Hywel is an eighteenth-century building, but the very large re-used oak beams in its fabric, some of them clearly salvaged from an earlier and more substantial structure, tell you that something significant was here before. You can read the layers of a place in its fabric if you know how to look.

The Tudor Generation: Into Parliament and History

Five generations after Gwilym Lloyd, the family reached the moment that Tudor Wales had made possible for families like theirs. The Act of Union of 1536 and 1543 brought Wales formally into the English parliamentary system. Welsh men of good family who were willing to engage with the new administrative world could now do things their grandfathers could never have imagined — including representing their county in Parliament.

The man who stepped through that door was David ab Llewelyn Lloyd of Castell Hywel, described in the Cardiganshire records as the first Knight for the Shire after the Act of Union. He was Hugh's grandfather, or thereabouts — the exact generational spacing in this period can flex by a decade or so depending on which marriage came early and which came late. But the point is this: within a generation or two of the formal incorporation of Wales into the English state, a member of my family was sitting in Parliament representing Cardiganshire. That is not a small thing. That is a family that had survived the Norman conquest, survived the Edwardian conquest, adapted to every change in the political weather, and was still standing — still holding the valley, still accumulating position and respect — four hundred years after Cadifor first came to notice in the Brut.

David's son Llewelyn continued at Castell Hywel. Llewelyn's son David sat in Parliament in 1545. And Llewelyn's third son — Hugh — went further still.

Hugh: The Son Who Left

There is something I recognise in Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd. He was a third son. He was never going to inherit the estate. He had to make his own way in the world, and he did it through a combination of a good marriage, the willingness to fight his corner in court, and the administrative ability that got him appointed High Sheriff of Cardiganshire in 1566 to 1567. The sheer ambition of it — a younger son of a Cardiganshire gentry family, third in line for an estate that would not be his, building something that outlasted his brothers' lines entirely — is something I find deeply admirable.

He married Joan ferch Gruffydd, daughter and co-heiress of the first leaseholder of the dissolved Cistercian nunnery at Llanllyr in the parish of Llanfihangel Ystrad. That marriage brought him the lease and brought him the estate — and brought him, inevitably, a fight. The legal dispute that followed his occupation of Llanllyr involved fifteen co-defendants, the Council of the Marches, disputed rents stretching back years, and a new Crown lease eventually granted to a John Dudley who turned out to be the Duke of Northumberland, beheaded in 1554 for trying to put Lady Jane Grey on the throne. Hugh's life was not uneventful.

What he built at Llanllyr was remarkable. His son Griffith became the second Principal of Jesus College, Oxford — just one year after the college was founded — and its first benefactor, endowing farms across the Aeron Valley so that Welsh scholars could study at Oxford in perpetuity. His son Thomas became

Chancellor of St Davids Cathedral. His eldest son Morgan served as High Sheriff four times. The children of a man who left Castell Hywel as a third son with no guaranteed inheritance helped shape the intellectual and ecclesiastical life of Tudor Wales.

And through Morgan, and through Morgan's descendants, the line continued — down through the generations, through the Civil War years, through the Georgian period, through the long centuries that followed — until it reaches me. Graham Tudor Emmanuel, living in Kidwelly, in Carmarthenshire, researching the graves of the dead and trying to bring their stories back into the light.

After the Lloyds: What the Place Became

The Lloyd family held Castell Hywel until around 1620, when the main line moved their principal seat to Carmarthenshire and sold the estate to a junior branch. The house continued as a tenanted property, passing through various hands, keeping the Lloyd name attached to it through related families for a generation or two more before becoming fully detached from the original lineage.

What happened next is one of those stories that reminds you why places outlast the people who own them. In 1782, a Welsh minister and poet named David Davis — known to his contemporaries and to posterity as Dafis Castellhywel — arrived in the Cletwr valley and opened a school. He kept that school for thirty years, and it became one of the most noted schools in all of West Wales. His pupils came from across the region. When a Greek ship was driven by storm into Aberystwyth in 1809, Davis was sent for to speak with the crew. One of the sailors pointed to the captain and said: that is my brother. Davis replied in classical Greek: and I am another brother to you both. The story was told and retold because it captured something true about what kind of education was being offered at Castell Hywel in those years — rigorous, warm, rooted in the Welsh tradition but open to the whole world.

Davis was also a poet in Welsh, and a translator. His rendering of Gray's *Elegy* into Welsh, published in 1798, went through multiple editions. The literary culture of the Nonconformist valleys — one of the richest veins of Welsh-language writing in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries — ran directly through this small farmhouse in the Cletwr valley.

The name Castle Howell School was given to a formal school institution established in the nineteenth century in deliberate tribute to the traditions of the place. The founder chose the name specifically because of what the site had meant to Welsh education. My ancestors gave their name to a valley. Someone else's ancestor made that valley synonymous with learning. That seems to me a fair exchange.

What I Feel When I Think About This

I have spent years now researching family history — my own and other people's. I have learned that the purpose of this work is not to collect names and dates. It is to understand how the people who came before us shaped the people we are. It is to stand in a place and feel, in some small way, the weight of everything that happened there before you arrived.

Cadifor ap Dinawal took a castle with hooked ladders and married a princess of Deheubarth. Gwilym Lloyd built a house on the same hillside three centuries later and gave the family a name that would carry for seven hundred years. David ab Llewelyn Lloyd took a seat in Parliament and represented his county in the new Tudor state. Llewelyn Lloyd raised sons who scattered the family's influence across Cardiganshire and beyond. And Hugh — third son, no estate to inherit — married well, fought hard in the courts, held his county's shrievalty, and watched his children build one of the great Welsh intellectual legacies of the sixteenth century.

Every one of those men is in me. Not in any mystical sense — just in the plain genetic and cultural sense that the choices they made, the families they built, the way they adapted to the world as it was rather than as they might have wished it to be, produced the chain of generations that eventually produced me. I am the consequence of all of it.

The castle motte still stands in the Cletwr valley. The farmhouse with its massive, reused oak beams is still there, listed and protected. The name Castell Hywel is still on the map. And the story — the hooked ladders, the prince's daughter, the first surname, the third son who left for Llanllyr and sent a son to Oxford — is now recorded here, in this document, for whatever generations might come after me and wonder where they came from.

I think that matters. I have always thought it matters. Now it is written down.

THE COMPLETE LINEAGE OF

Graham Tudor Emmanuel of Kidwelly

From Gruffydd ap Cynan, born Dublin 1054, to the present day

This document sets out the full recorded and traditionally supported lineage of Graham Tudor Emmanuel, compiled from the Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive (2024–2026), the Lloyd family pedigrees of 1912, the West Wales Historical Records, the Cardiganshire topographical survey, and — for the pre-Cadifor generations — from collateral family research conducted independently by a relative descending through a separate branch of the same line. Those generations above Cadifor ap Dinawal are incorporated here as a working hypothesis, clearly attributed, pending independent verification. All generations from Cadifor ap Dinawal downward are fully documented in the archive.

PART ONE: THE ROOT GENERATIONS

Gruffydd ap Cynan to Cadifor ap Dinawal — c.1054 to c.1130

The following generations are incorporated from collateral family research conducted by a relative descending through a separate branch of the line from Sir Marmaduke Lloyd. They are presented as a working hypothesis pending independent verification by Graham Tudor Emmanuel.

25th Great-Grandparents — Gruffydd ap Cynan and Angharad verch Owain

Gruffydd ap Cynan born 1054, Dublin, Ireland. Died 1137, Gwynedd, Wales. Angharad verch Owain born c.1064, Tegaingl, Flintshire, Wales. Died 1161.

Gruffydd ap Cynan was King of Gwynedd, one of the most powerful rulers in Welsh history. Born in Dublin of Irish-Norse and Welsh royal descent, he reclaimed the kingdom of Gwynedd and established the royal house of Aberffraw in its full authority. Angharad verch Owain was his queen. Their daughter Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd would become one of the most celebrated figures in Welsh history.

Source: Collateral family research. Consistent with DNB and Dictionary of Welsh Biography entries for Gruffydd ap Cynan.

24th Great-Grandmother (collateral) — Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd

Born c.1084, Caernarvonshire, Wales.

Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd is recorded here as the 25th great-aunt of Graham by this collateral line — she is the sister of Susanna verch Gruffydd below, and mother of The Lord Rhys, from whom Linda Jane Elizabeth Emmanuel descends. She is not a direct ancestor of Graham but is the connective figure between the two bloodlines at the court of The Lord Rhys c.1165. She fell in battle at Maes Gwenllian, Kidwelly, in 1136.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive. Brut y Tywysogion.

24th Great-Grandmother — Susanna verch Gruffydd

Born c.1094, Caernarvonshire, Wales.

Daughter of Gruffydd ap Cynan and Angharad verch Owain. Sister of Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd. The line from Gwynedd passes through Susanna rather than through Gwenllian into Graham's ancestry.

Source: Collateral family research.

23rd Great-Grandmother — Gwenllian verch Madog

Born c.1132, Montgomeryshire, Wales.

Daughter of Susanna verch Gruffydd. The descent continues through the Welsh gentry of mid-Wales into the Llwyd family of Cardiganshire.

Source: Collateral family research.

22nd Great-Grandmother — Catherine verch Rhys

Born c.1093, Wales.

The lineage passes through Catherine verch Rhys into the Rhydderch Llwyd line.

Source: Collateral family research.

21st Great-Grandfather — Rhydderch Llwyd

Born c.1129, Wales.

The Llwyd line begins to emerge through Rhydderch, carrying the blood of Gwynedd southward into Cardiganshire.

Source: Collateral family research.

20th Great-Grandfather — Rhys ap Rhydderch Llwyd

Born c.1169, Bodyrychen, Wales.

Son of Rhydderch Llwyd. The descent moves through Bodyrychen in Cardiganshire.

Source: Collateral family research.

19th Great-Grandfather — Gwilym Goch ap Rhys

fl. c.1195, Wales.

The byname Goch — meaning red, almost certainly a physical descriptor — identifies this generation. The line continues toward the Castell Hywel territory.

Source: Collateral family research.

18th Great-Grandfather — Gwilym ap Gruffudd Goch

fl. c.1220, Wales.

Son of Gwilym Goch ap Rhys. The descent passes through Cardiganshire.

Source: Collateral family research.

17th Great-Grandfather — Gwilym Llywd

fl. c.1250, Wales.

Gwilym Llywd — the grey — an early bearer of what would become the family identifier. The surname Llwyd/Lloyd had not yet hardened into a fixed hereditary name at this stage.

Source: Collateral family research.

16th Great-Grandfather — Llewelyn ap Gwilym (Gwilym Lloyd of Castell Hywel)

fl. c.1280, Castell Hywel, Llandysul, Cardiganshire, Wales.

Llewelyn ap Gwilym is recorded in the collateral family research at this position. He connects the earlier Llwyd line to the documented Castell Hywel family. His son Cadifor ap Dinawal is the first figure in Graham's line to appear in a primary national source.

Source: Collateral family research. Cross-referenced with Lloyd family pedigrees of 1912.

PART TWO: THE CASTELL HYWEL LINE

Cadifor ap Dinawal to Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd — c.1130 to c.1580

All generations from this point are documented in the Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive, sourced from the Brut y Tywysogion, the Lloyd family pedigrees of 1912, the West Wales Historical Records, and the Cardiganshire topographical survey.

26th Great-Grandfather — Cadifor ap Dinawal

fl. c.1130–1175. Lord of Castell Hywel, Llandysul, Cardiganshire, Wales.

Cadifor ap Dinawal — also written Cydifor or Cedifor — was Lord of Castell Hywel in the Cletwr valley of Cardiganshire. He served Rhys ap Gruffudd, The Lord Rhys, ruler of Deheubarth. The Brut y Tywysogion, the Chronicle of the Princes, records that Cardigan Castle fell to him not through strength but by means of contrivances of his own devising — hooked ladders which grasped the walls. In return The Lord Rhys gave him gifts, confirmed his lands, and gave him one of his daughters in marriage. That daughter of Deheubarth is Graham's 25th great-grandmother through Cadifor. Cadifor's descendants bore arms commemorating the feat: a black shield with a bloodied spear's head between three silver scaling ladders, and three castle towers on a red chief. The castle Cadifor took was used by The Lord Rhys as the site of the first National Eisteddfod in 1176.

Source: Brut y Tywysogion (Chronicle of the Princes). Lloyd family pedigrees 1912. West Wales Historical Records.

Generations 25th to 21st Great-Grandfathers — The Medieval Castell Hywel Lords

fl. c.1175 to c.1300. Cardiganshire, Wales.

Five generations of the Castell Hywel line pass through the era of Llywelyn Fawr, the Edwardian conquest of 1282–83, and the Statute of Rhuddlan of 1284. The lords of Castell Hywel survived the conquest and adapted to the new English administrative order. Individual names for these intermediate generations are not recorded in the surviving sources.

Source: Lloyd family pedigrees 1912. West Wales Historical Records.

20th Great-Grandfather — Gwilym Lloyd of Castell Hywel

fl. c.1300–1330. Castell Hywel, Cardiganshire, Wales. Reign of Edward II.

Gwilym Lloyd was the sixth in descent from Cadifor ap Dinawal and the first of the line to take a fixed hereditary surname. From Lloyd — from the Welsh Llwyd, meaning grey — every subsequent document that allows this family to be traced is made possible. He also built the first true mansion on the Castell Hywel estate, a gentry house rather than a fortification, establishing the pattern of the estate across the next three centuries. The farmhouse that stands today at Castell Hywel retains very large reused oak beams that may date from this period.

Source: Cardiganshire topographical survey. Lloyd family pedigrees 1912.

Generations 19th to 16th Great-Grandfathers — The Later Castell Hywel Lloyds

fl. c.1330 to c.1495. Cardiganshire, Wales.

Four further generations carry the line through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries — through the era of Owain Glyndŵr's rising of 1400–1415 and the Lancastrian and Yorkist periods. Individual names are not fully recorded in the surviving sources for these intermediate generations.

Source: Lloyd family pedigrees 1912.

15th Great-Grandfather — David ab Llewelyn Lloyd of Castell Hywel

fl. c.1520–1548. Castell Hywel, Cardiganshire, Wales.

Described in the Cardiganshire topographical survey as the first Knight for the Shire of Cardiganshire after the Act of Union in the reign of Henry VIII. The county's first parliamentary representative under the unified British state. He opened the civic world to his children and grandchildren. His brother line also sent a David Lloyd to sit in Parliament for Cardiganshire in 1545.

Source: Cardiganshire topographical survey. Parliamentary records.

14th Great-Grandfather — Llewelyn Lloyd of Castell Hywel

fl. c.1495–1548. Born 1496, Llandyssil, Cardiganshire. Died between 11 January 1548 and 10 January 1549.

Son of David ab Llewelyn Lloyd. Father of Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd, of David (MP 1545), and of other sons who spread the line through Cardiganshire. Held Castell Hywel through the critical Tudor decades.

Source: Lloyd family pedigrees 1912. West Wales Historical Records.

12th Great-Grandfather — Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd of Llanllyr

Born c.1510, Llanfihangel-Ystrad, Cardiganshire. Died 01 August 1577, Llanfihangel-Ystrad, Cardiganshire.

Third son of Llewelyn Lloyd of Castell Hywel — which meant no inherited estate. He married Joan ferch Gruffydd, daughter and co-heiress of the first Crown leaseholder of the dissolved Cistercian nunnery at Llanllyr. That marriage brought him a lease, an estate, and a legal fight involving fifteen co-defendants and the Council of the Marches. A new Crown lease was eventually granted to John Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland, who was beheaded in 1554. Hugh held his ground. He was appointed High Sheriff of Cardiganshire in 1566–67. His children — Morgan, Griffith, and Thomas — collectively shaped the intellectual, civic, and ecclesiastical life of Tudor Wales. Griffith became the second Principal of Jesus College Oxford and its first benefactor. Thomas became Precentor and Treasurer of St Davids Cathedral. Morgan served as High Sheriff four times.

Source: History of Parliament (entry for Griffith Lloyd). Cardiganshire Sheriff Records. West Wales Historical Records.

PART THREE: THE TUDOR AND STUART GENERATIONS

Thomas Lloyd to Penelope Lloyd — c.1543 to 1619

11th Great-Grandfather — Reverend Sir Thomas Lloyd, Precentor of St Davids

Born c.1543, Llanfihangel-Ystrad, Cardiganshire. Died 08 March 1612, St Davids, Pembrokeshire, Wales.

Third son of Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd. He took the ecclesiastical path and rose to hold two of the most senior offices in St Davids Cathedral — Precentor, the head of the chapter before St Davids had a Dean (pre-1840), and Treasurer. He served through the publication of the Welsh Bible in 1588, Bishop William Morgan's translation — distributed to every church in Wales and the foundation of Welsh Protestant literary culture. His son Marmaduke was named after Marmaduke Middleton, Bishop of St Davids, almost certainly a family connection that assisted Thomas in obtaining his chapter positions. Bishop Middleton was deprived of his see in 1593 for forgery and simony. Thomas outlasted him by twenty years and served without recorded scandal.

Source: Dictionary of Welsh Biography. St Davids Cathedral records. Lloyd family pedigrees 1912.

10th Great-Grandfather — Sir Marmaduke Lloyd, Knight, Chief Justice

Born 1585, St Davids, Pembrokeshire, Wales. Died between March 1650 and 08 November 1651, Cardiganshire, Wales.

Son of Thomas Lloyd. Oriol College Oxford 1599. Middle Temple 1604. Called to the bar 1608. Married Mary Stedman of Strata Florida. King's Attorney for Wales and the Marches from 1614. Council of Wales and the Marches 1614. Recorder of Brecon from 1617. Knighted by James I on 7 April 1622. Puisne Justice of Chester 1622–1636. Chief Justice of the Brecknock circuit from 1636. He was the first of the line to settle at Maesyfelin near Lampeter. His Royalist conviction was absolute — his son Francis served as Comptroller of the Royal Household to Charles I. Taken prisoner at Hereford on 18 December 1645 alongside his son. Released 1647 after compounding. His name appears in the prisoners list at the Battle of St Fagans on 8 May 1648 — sixty-three years old, in the field again for a king who had already lost the war. He never saw the Restoration. He went back at sixty-three.

Source: Dictionary of Welsh Biography. History of Parliament. Wikipedia. Lloyd family pedigrees 1912.

9th Great-Grandmother — Penelope Lloyd

Born 1619, Carmarthenshire, Dyfed, Wales.

Daughter of Sir Marmaduke Lloyd and Mary Stedman. She married Richard Herbert, carrying the Lloyd blood into the Herbert family — one of the great Welsh gentry families of the period. While her brother Francis rode with the Royalist horse and was twice imprisoned, Penelope kept the family line alive through a century that had very little interest in recording what women did. The direct descent to Graham runs through Penelope, not through her brother Sir Francis Lloyd. Every generation that follows connects to Graham through her.

Source: Lloyd family pedigrees 1912. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

Note on Sir Francis Lloyd — Sir Francis Lloyd (collateral — 9th Great-Grand-Uncle).

Eldest son of Sir Marmaduke Lloyd. MP for Carmarthen 1640. Comptroller of the Royal Household to Charles I. Knighted at Oxford 24 March 1643. Commander-in-Chief of Royalist horse in Pembrokeshire 1644. Taken prisoner at Hereford 18 December 1645 alongside his father. Taken prisoner again at St Fagans 8 May 1648. Appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles II at the Restoration. He secured in his will the legitimacy and inheritance of his children by Bridget Leigh of Carmarthen, making them his heirs to Maesyfelin. Sir Francis is Graham's 9th great-grand-uncle, not a direct ancestor. The direct line passes through his sister Penelope.

Source: Dictionary of Welsh Biography. History of Parliament. Lloyd family pedigrees 1912.

PART FOUR: THE LONG DESCENT

John Herbert to Elizabeth Mary Lloyd — c.1650 to 1906

8th Great-Grandfather — John Herbert

Born c.1650, Cwrt Henri, Carmarthenshire, Wales.

Son of Penelope Lloyd and Richard Herbert. Born into the Commonwealth years, grew up through the Restoration of Charles II in 1660. His grandfather Sir Marmaduke had died before seeing the Restoration he had fought for. John Herbert carried the line forward through the Herbert family connection.

Source: Lloyd family pedigrees 1912. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

7th Great-Grandmother — Margaret Herbert

Born c.1684, Court Henry, Llangathen, Carmarthenshire, Wales. Died 22 February 1766, Carmarthen, Carmarthenshire, Wales.

Daughter of John Herbert. She married Edmund Lloyd, bringing the Herbert descent back into the Lloyd name — the family her grandmother Penelope had been born into, now reclaimed through marriage two generations on. Through Edmund and Margaret's children the surname Lloyd carries again all the way down to the present.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive. Parish records.

6th Great-Grandfather — Edmund Lloyd

Born 1718, Eglwysilan, Glamorgan, Wales. Died 1778, Eglwysilan, Glamorgan, Wales.

Son of Margaret Herbert and Edmund Lloyd. He carried the line through the Georgian period from the Restoration world into the era that would produce industrial south Wales.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

5th Great-Grandfather — Edmund Lloyd

Born 1750, Bedwas, Monmouthshire, Wales. Died 1806, Bedwas, Monmouthshire, Wales.

Son of Edmund Lloyd (1718). Father of Charles Lloyd. The name Edmund recycled across two generations as families of this period recycled names that carried meaning or honour.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

4th Great-Grandfather — Charles Lloyd

Born 29 March 1778, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire, Wales. Died 17 May 1852, Llety'r Driw, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire, Wales.

Son of Edmund Lloyd (1750). He married Esther David on 22 May 1804 at Llandyry Chapel, Llandyry, Carmarthenshire — the same chapel whose marriage ledgers Graham has spent years transcribing as part of the Llandyry Parish Archive Project. Graham did not know this connection when he began the Llandyry project.

Source: Llandyry Chapel marriage register 1804. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

3rd Great-Grandfather — Richard Lloyd

Born 1820, Llety'r Driw Uchaf, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 04 January 1895, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire.

Born 1821, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 1876, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Son of Charles Lloyd (1778) and Esther David. He raised his family in the Trimsaran community through the height of the industrial revolution in south Wales.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive. Census records.

2nd Great-Grandfather — John Lloyd

Born April 1855, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 14 October 1935, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire.

Born 1851, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 1925, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Son of Richard Lloyd (1821). His life spanned the coal boom, two world wars, and the reshaping of Welsh society through the chapel communities of Carmarthenshire.

Source: Llandyry Chapel marriage register 1835. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

Great-Grandfather — Richard Lloyd

Born 13 April 1883, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 15 December 1951, 183 Garden Suburbs, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire.

Born 1877, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 1950, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Son of John Lloyd (1851). Father of Elizabeth Mary Lloyd. He lived through the full transformation of industrial Carmarthenshire and raised his family at Blaengwastad, Trimsaran.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive. Census and civil records.

Great-Grandmother — Elizabeth Mary Lloyd

Born 29 November 1906, Blaengwastad, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 1975.

Daughter of Richard Lloyd (born 1877). She married Daniel John Davies on 3 October 1925 at Llanelli Registrar. Their children were born in the years between the wars: Noel Lloyd Davies 1927, Estelle Davies 1928, Daphne 1930, Gethin Winston 1932, Catherine Margaret 1933. The family lived at Blaengwastad, Trimsaran. Through Elizabeth Mary, the descent from Sir Marmaduke Lloyd and his daughter Penelope reached the woman who would become Graham's mother.

Source: Civil registration records. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

RECONCILIATION NOTE — Intermediate Generations Requiring Verification
Two sources record differing intermediate generations between Charles Lloyd (1778) and Elizabeth Mary Lloyd (1906). The Complete Lineage document records: Charles Lloyd 1820 → William Lloyd 1855 → John Lloyd 1883 → Richard Lloyd 1877 → Elizabeth Mary Lloyd 1906. A separate genealogy platform record shows: Richard Lloyd 1821 → John Lloyd 1851 → Richard Lloyd 1877 → Elizabeth Mary Lloyd 1906. Both sources agree that Richard Lloyd born 1877 was Elizabeth Mary's father. The intermediate chain requires reconciliation against primary civil and parish records before the definitive lineage is finalised.

PART FIVE: THE LINE TO GRAHAM

Estelle Davies and Vernon David Emmanuel — 1928 to the present

Mother — Estelle Davies

Born 04 November 1928, Blaengwastad, Trimsaran. Died 11 January 2012, West Wales General Hospital, Carmarthen.

Daughter of Elizabeth Mary Lloyd and Daniel John Davies. She married Vernon David Emmanuel on 13 March 1948 at Carmel Independent Chapel, Burry Port.

Source: Civil registration records. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

Father — Vernon David Emmanuel

Born 17 September 1925, 22 Railway Terrace, Tumble, Carmarthenshire. Died 28 April 2016, Cilymaenllwyd Care Home, Pwll.

Vernon David Emmanuel was born at Tumble, Carmarthenshire, of the Emmanuel family of that district. He collected approximately 2,400 Welsh chapel photographs and a library of rare Welsh books across his lifetime, donated after his death to the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Wales and the National Library of Wales. He was not a professional historian. He was a man who loved Welsh culture and did not want it lost. In that, Graham recognises himself. It is through Estelle's marriage to Vernon that the Lloyd and Emmanuel names came together.

Source: Civil registration records. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

Graham Tudor Emmanuel

Born 24 September 1951, the Infirmary, Carmarthen.

Son of Vernon David Emmanuel and Estelle Davies. Born in Carmarthen, raised in south Wales, came to Kidwelly through his marriage to Linda Jane Elizabeth Williams on 10 October 1981 at Pontypool United Reformed Church. Three children: Anna Marie, Owen Rhys, and Kay Louise. Graham is the current end of a line that began with Cadifor ap Dinawal and the hooked ladders — and, if the collateral family research above is confirmed, with Gruffydd ap Cynan, King of Gwynedd, born in Dublin in 1054. He is the compiler of the Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive, a published researcher on the People's Collection Wales with over 209 works, formally recognised by the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Wales, and the founder of the Fifth Generation Memorial Research methodology.

BLOOD AND STONE

A Personal Journey Through Nine Centuries of Welsh Ancestry
Written by Graham Tudor Emmanuel of Kidwelly
Descendant of Cadifor ap Dinawal, Lord of Castell Hywel, fl. c.1130

This is not a genealogy. It is a conversation across nine centuries.

It is the story of where I come from, written by the person who went looking.

Compiled under the Fifth Generation Memorial Research Methodology

People's Collection Wales | Lloyd–Emmanuel Heritage Archive | 2026

I want to tell you how this book came to exist.

I am seventy-four years old. I live in Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire a town with a Norman castle, a tin plate museum, a graveyard I know better than most people know their own living rooms, and a view of the estuary that on a clear morning makes you understand why people have always settled here. I was not born here. I arrived here through love, stayed through loss, and found here the work that has defined the last ten years of my life.

My wife Linda died on 4 July 2015. She had a grade four brain tumour. Her last words to me were go and travel. So eventually I did — a campervan, a Jug dog called Lizzy, and the Wild Atlantic Way along the west coast of Ireland, in 2018. I got lost one day on a road that wasn't where the map said it should be, and in trying to find my way I taught myself digital mapping. That was the beginning of everything.

The heritage research that grew from that journey eventually led me to the People's Collection Wales, to over two hundred published works, to formal recognition by the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Wales, and — through the patient work of tracing my own family tree — to the discovery that I carry in my blood one of the most documented Welsh gentry lines of the last nine hundred years.

I did not know any of this when I started. I did not know my twelfth great-grandfather was a man who took a Norman castle with hooked ladders and married a daughter of the Lord Rhys. I did not know that his descendants included an Oxford Principal, a cathedral dignitary, a Chief Justice, a Civil War commander, and a man who named his bastard children in his will and made them his heirs. I did not know that the Emmanuel name would enter the Lloyd bloodline in Trimsaran in 1875 through a marriage between Joseph Lloyd and a woman called Margaret Emanuel, weaving the two families together two decades before my grandfather was born.

I know all of it now. And this is the account of what I found — written in my own voice, in the order the story moves, from the twelfth century to the present day.

It is not an academic text. I am not an academic. I am a retired man who got lost on a road in County Mayo and spent the next eight years trying to find out where things came from. The scholarship is real, the sources are genuine, and everything in these pages is documented. But the voice is mine, and the perspective is mine, and the feeling — when I sit with what I have uncovered — is entirely my own.

Somewhere in the Cletwr valley in Cardiganshire, there is a mound of earth and stone above a stream. Eight metres high. Twelve metres across at the top. A ditch on the east and south sides. A castle motte, standing since before 1300. That is where this story begins.

My name is Graham Tudor Emmanuel. And this is my bloodline.

Part One — The Warriors

1130 – 1330

Every family has a founding story. The Tudors had Bosworth Field. The Churchills had Blenheim. My family had a night assault on a Norman castle with improvised hooked ladders, and I would not swap it for either of them.

The place was Cardigan Castle, on the Teifi estuary in west Wales. The year was somewhere in the mid-1160s. The castle had been built by the Norman invader Gilbert de Clare and was held by the forces of the Earl de Clare — Norman occupation in the heart of what should have been Welsh territory. The Lord Rhys, Rhys ap Gruffydd, ruler of Deheubarth and the dominant Welsh prince of his generation, was pressing to retake it. Direct assault carried risk. One man devised something different.

Cadifor ap Dinawal: The Man With the Ladders

Cadifor ap Dinawal was Lord of Castell Hywel — the castle above the Cletwr valley, in the parish of Llandyssul in Cardiganshire. He was a Welsh chieftain in the broad tradition of Welsh lords who had survived the Norman advance into their territory and were waiting for the moment to push back. He was my twenty-sixth great-grandfather. The Chronicle of the Princes — the Brut y Tywysogion, the great Welsh medieval narrative — records what he did in terms that have not lost their power in nine centuries.

He designed hooked ladders. He made them himself — or had them made to his design. They were built to catch on the top of a stone wall and hold fast when weight came onto them. He led his own war-band in the assault. In the darkness, or near-darkness, they went up those ladders and over the walls, and Cardigan Castle fell.

The Brut puts it plainly: the castle fell "not through strength but by means of contrivances devised by the man and his own war-band, who was called Cedifor ap Dinawol, namely, hooked ladders which grasped the walls where they were placed. And to that man Rhys gave many gifts and freedom on his lands within his principality. And to that Cedifor he gave one of his daughters for wife."

The Lord Rhys gave Cadifor confirmed land rights, gifts, and a daughter of the ruling house of Deheubarth as his wife. He did not do that for nothing. He did it because Cadifor had done something that mattered, and he was a man worth binding to your family.

I find something quietly thrilling in the knowledge that this is the oldest traceable moment in my family's recorded history. Not a birth record, not a marriage entry, not a census return. A siege. A night operation. A medieval prince rewarding a Welsh chieftain who had used his head when brute force would have failed.

There is a footnote to Cadifor's story that I cannot let pass without mentioning. When the Lord Rhys had taken Cardigan Castle, he used it. He rebuilt it in stone. And in 1176, he held there the first National Eisteddfod — the founding gathering of Welsh bards and musicians from which Wales's most important annual cultural festival directly descends. The castle where that first Eisteddfod was held is the castle my ancestor took with hooked ladders. I do not claim the Eisteddfod for Cadifor. But I note the connection.

Cardigan Castle has been restored. There is a sculpture of the first Eisteddfod chair inside it now. You can visit. And if you do, you can stand in the courtyard and know that the man who made that possible was a Welsh chieftain from the Cletwr valley who thought his way past a problem that force alone could not solve.

Cadifor's descendants bore arms that commemorated the feat: a black shield with a bloodied spear's head between three silver scaling ladders, and three castle towers on a red chief. The ladders stayed in the coat of arms for the rest of the family's documented history. You do not forget what made you.

Gwilym Lloyd: The Man Who Gave Us a Name

Six generations after Cadifor, in the early fourteenth century, the line produced a man whose act was quieter but, in its own way, just as consequential. He was the sixth in descent from Cadifor, and he lived in the reign of Edward II — the period immediately after the Statute of Rhuddlan of 1284, through which Edward I had imposed English law on Wales and required Welsh people to engage with a legal system built on fixed surnames and written records rather than the old Welsh patronymic tradition.

Gwilym Lloyd of Castell Hywel took a fixed surname. From this point on, the family would be Lloyd — from the Welsh Llwyd, meaning grey, a common descriptor that hardened into a family identifier. He was the first of Cadifor's line to carry a surname. Every document that allowed me to trace this family across the next seven centuries — every court roll, every parish register, every census return, every

death notice — is possible because one man in the reign of Edward II decided that his family would have a name that carried across generations.

He also built the first true mansion on the Castell Hywel estate. Not a fortification, but a house — the settled residence of a landowning family in a world where property management had replaced military command as the primary source of standing. The farmhouse that stands at Castell Hywel today is an eighteenth-century structure, but the very large reused oak beams in its fabric speak of an earlier and more substantial building on the same ground. One truss in the attic has the date 1794 scratched on it — later repair work on timbers that may trace their origin to Gwilym's time, or close to it.

The castle motte still stands beside the stream. The listed farmhouse still stands beside the motte. The name Castell Hywel is still on the Ordnance Survey map. Gwilym Lloyd was there when the surname was new, and the line he started still carries it today.

Part Two — The Builders

1536 – 1612

The Act of Union of 1536 changed everything for Welsh families of standing. For the first time, Welsh counties had parliamentary representation. Welsh law was replaced by English common law. Welsh gentry could hold public office in the full English sense — Member of Parliament, knight for the shire, High Sheriff. For the Lloyds of Castell Hywel, who had been quietly accumulating property and local standing since Gwilym took his surname in the reign of Edward II, the Act of Union opened a door.

They walked through it in a single generation and scattered their influence across every significant institution in Elizabethan Wales.

David ab Llewelyn Lloyd: First Knight of the Shire

The Cardiganshire topographical survey describes David ab Llewelyn Lloyd of Castell Hywel as the first knight for the shire after the Act of Union in the reign of Henry the Eighth. He was the county's first parliamentary representative under the unified British state. In the same period, his family's brother line sent another David Lloyd to sit in Parliament for Cardiganshire in 1545. Two Lloyds from the same Castell Hywel family in the new Parliament of a unified Britain, within a decade of the Act of Union. That is not a coincidence. That is a family that had been waiting for this door to open.

David was my fifteenth great-grandfather. He holds a quieter place in the record than some of the figures who follow him, but he opened the civic world to his children and grandchildren. Without his parliamentary service, the generation that followed — his son Llewelyn, his grandson Hugh — might not have had the connections, the standing, or the confidence to reach as far as they did. David built the platform. Hugh and his children stood on it.

Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd: The Third Son Who Built Llanllyr

Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd was my fourteenth great-grandfather. He was the third son of Llewelyn Lloyd of Castell Hywel — which meant no inherited estate, no guaranteed position. He had to make his own way in Tudor Cardiganshire. He did it through marriage to Joan ferch Gruffydd, daughter and co-heiress of the first Crown leaseholder of the dissolved Cistercian nunnery at Llanllyr. That marriage brought him a lease, an estate, and a legal fight that went all the way to the Council of the Marches.

Llanllyr had been a Cistercian nunnery — a cell of the great abbey of Strata Florida — until the dissolution in 1537. The Crown leased it to Joan's father. When Joan married Hugh, the lease passed to him. The Crown's agents did not accept this without dispute. Hugh and fourteen co-defendants were accused of disturbing and molesting the King's tenant who was collecting the former monastic rents. The legal pressure became intense enough that a new Crown lease was eventually granted to — of all people — a John Dudley, who turned out to be the Duke of Northumberland. He was beheaded the following year, 1554, for engineering the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey as Queen on the death of Edward VI.

Hugh held his ground. He was appointed High Sheriff of Cardiganshire in 1566 to 1567, marking his standing as one of the county's principal men. And then he and Joan raised a generation of children at

Llanllyr whose collective achievement is, I think, the most remarkable single generation in this family's history.

Morgan, the eldest, held Llanllyr and served as High Sheriff four times. Griffith, the second son, became the Principal of Jesus College Oxford and the college's first benefactor. Thomas, the third son, became Precentor and Treasurer of St Davids Cathedral. A daughter, Lettice, married Thomas Lewes of Gernos.

Three sons, three spheres of Welsh public life — civic administration, scholarship, the church — all occupied simultaneously by the same family. Hugh did not plan this. No one plans these things. But he gave his sons the education, the connections, and the standing they needed to reach further than he had. That is what good parents do.

Griffith Lloyd: The Scholar Who Built a College

Griffith Lloyd was the second son of Hugh, and he did not come into my direct line — that runs through his elder brother Morgan. But he is the most publicly documented member of the entire family, and his story is part of my story because he is my thirteenth great-grand-uncle, and because what he built is still standing.

Jesus College, Oxford was founded by royal charter on 27 June 1571. It was the only Oxford college founded in the Elizabethan era, established primarily to serve Welsh scholars. One year later, in 1572, Griffith Lloyd was appointed its second Principal. He held that position until his death on 26 November 1586. He was also the Regius Professor of Civil Law from 1577, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Oxford. His wife was a great-niece of Sir Thomas More.

The college had no revenue in its early years — buildings but no income. Griffith Lloyd was the first person to endow it with land. He left it farms along the Aeron Valley in Cardiganshire — Hendre, Penlan Abermeurig, Perthneuadd, and others — income from which supported Welsh scholars at Oxford for generations. Some of those farms were only recently sold by the college. He was the first benefactor. His widow gave £100 toward the building of the hall — the donation that started the entire fundraising effort.

Harold Wilson studied at Jesus College. David Lloyd George studied there. Kevin Rudd, Prime Minister of Australia, studied there. Two British prime ministers and an Australian one. The Welsh academic tradition that Griffith Lloyd helped establish in 1572 is still producing heads of government.

He is not my direct ancestor. But he was the uncle of my direct ancestor, and his decision about what to do with his Cardiganshire property when he died is still doing what he intended it to do, four hundred and fifty years later. That is a legacy.

Morgan Lloyd: The Man Who Held the Ground

Morgan Lloyd of Llanllyr was the eldest son of Hugh — and through Morgan, the direct line descends to me. He stayed at Llanllyr while Griffith went to Oxford and Thomas went to St Davids. He served as High Sheriff of Cardiganshire four times — in 1576, 1583, 1590, and 1598. The Cardiganshire Sheriffs list records him each time as Morgan Lloyd of Llanllyr.

When he died in 1604, his estate produced an income of £8.11.4 — a comfortable figure for a Cardiganshire gentleman. He was succeeded by his son Thomas, whose daughter Bridget married Richard, second Earl of Carbery of Golden Grove — the Royalist leader of South-West Wales in the Civil War. Through that marriage the Llanllyr estate began its passage out of direct Lloyd ownership, ending finally in 1688 when William Lloyd, the last Lloyd of Llanllyr, mortgaged the estate and died leaving his creditor to foreclose.

Morgan does not attract the historical spotlight that his brother Griffith does. But Morgan is the one who held the estate, served the county, and kept the foundation intact that allowed all the other achievements to happen. Four times High Sheriff. An estate in good order when he died. A family placed at the highest level of Cardiganshire society. These are not small things. They are just quiet things.

He is my direct ancestor. Every person in this book connects to me through him. I owe him something.

Thomas Lloyd: The Cathedral Man

Thomas Lloyd was the third son of Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd, and he is my eleventh great-grandfather. He took the ecclesiastical path — and rose through it to hold two of the most senior offices in St Davids Cathedral, one of the most ancient and sacred sites in the whole of the British Isles.

He was Precentor of St Davids — the senior dignitary in the chapter, responsible for the choral and liturgical life of the cathedral. Before 1840, there was no Dean at St Davids; the Precentor was the head of the chapter. Thomas Lloyd held that office. He was simultaneously the Treasurer — responsible for the cathedral's financial administration, its lands, its income, the stewardship of its endowments.

He served through the period when the Welsh Bible was published. Bishop William Morgan's translation of the full Bible into Welsh came out in 1588, during Thomas's time as Precentor — distributed to every church in Wales, the foundation of Welsh Protestant literary culture. Thomas Lloyd was administering the cathedral of the patron saint of Wales in the year that Welsh people first received the Word of God in their own language.

His connection to the cathedral had a personal dimension that I find fascinating. His son Marmaduke was named after Marmaduke Middleton, Bishop of St Davids from 1582 to 1593 — almost certainly Thomas's uncle or father-in-law, a family connection that had almost certainly helped Thomas obtain his chapter positions. Bishop Middleton ended badly: charged with forgery and simony, deprived of his see in 1593, formally degraded at Lambeth, dead shortly afterwards. Thomas Lloyd outlasted him by twenty years, kept his cathedral offices through the disgrace, and served without recorded scandal.

He held the ground. That is its own kind of distinction.

Part Three — The Law and the War

1585 – 1669

The seventeenth century was not a gentle century for Wales. The Civil War that tore England apart tore Wales apart too — and the Lloyd family, by the time the war came, was deep enough in royal service that they had no choice but to commit fully to the Royalist side. They lost. They were imprisoned. They paid fines. They went back anyway.

My tenth and ninth great-grandfathers lived through all of it.

Sir Marmaduke Lloyd: Knight, Judge, Prisoner of Conscience

Sir Marmaduke Lloyd was born in 1585, the son of Thomas Lloyd and the grandson of Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd of Llanllyr. He took his unusual first name from his uncle the Bishop of St Davids. He went to Oriel College Oxford in 1599, to the Middle Temple in London in 1604, and was called to the bar in 1608. He married Mary Stedman of Strata Florida. He was my tenth great-grandfather.

What followed was forty years of steady, accumulating legal distinction. King's Attorney for Wales and the Marches from 1614, the same year he was placed on the Council of Wales and the Marches. Recorder of Brecon from 1617. Knighted by James I on 7 April 1622 — Sir Marmaduke Lloyd from that day forward — and simultaneously appointed Puisne Justice of Chester. Chief Justice of the Brecknock circuit from 1636.



He was the first of his line to settle at Maesyfelin — Millfield — near Lampeter, a fine estate four miles north-east of the town above the Teifi valley. He and Mary had three sons and six daughters. He was, by any measure, one of the most senior legal figures in Wales.

Then the Civil War came.

Marmaduke Lloyd was fifty-seven when the war began in 1642. He had spent his entire professional life in royal service. His loyalty to Charles I was not a sudden decision — it was the settled conviction of a man whose career had been built under royal appointment and who was not going to abandon it when it became costly. His son Francis served as Comptroller of the Royal Household to the King and was knighted at Oxford in 1643. Father and son, both committed.

The reckoning came on 18 December 1645. Parliamentary forces took Hereford, and among the prisoners was Sir Marmaduke Lloyd — sixty years old, Chief Justice, knight — and his son Francis, taken together in the same city on the same night. Parliament specifically refused to let Marmaduke return to Wales: he was too dangerous, too well-connected, too capable of rebuilding Royalist networks

in Cardiganshire. After compounding — paying a heavy financial penalty on his estates — he was released in 1647.

He was sixty-two. He had been imprisoned. He had paid. He went back.

His name appears in the list of prisoners taken after the Battle of St Fagans on 8 May 1648 — the battle that ended significant Royalist resistance in Wales. Around 8,000 Royalist soldiers, many poorly equipped, were routed by 3,000 veterans of the New Model Army. Over 200 killed, 3,000 taken. And somewhere in that list of prisoners was the Chief Justice of the Brecknock circuit, sixty-three years old, in the field again for a king who had already lost the war.

I do not know how to fully account for that kind of conviction. It is not logic. It is not calculation. It is what happens when a man has given his whole professional life to something, and then watches it being destroyed, and cannot stay home. He died around 1651, before the Restoration. He never saw Charles II return.

Sir Marmaduke Lloyd. My tenth great-grandfather. He went back at sixty-three.

Sir Francis Lloyd: The Son Who Inherited Everything

Sir Francis Lloyd was Marmaduke's eldest son — the man who inherited Maesyfelin and continued the family's Royalist commitment with equal energy and rather more dramatic results.

He was elected Member of Parliament for Carmarthen in 1640 and re-elected the same year. He was appointed Comptroller of the Royal Household to Charles I — a position in the intimate administration of the royal domestic arrangements. He was knighted at Oxford by the King in person in March 1643. He was disabled from sitting in Parliament in February 1644 for his Royalist allegiance. He was commander-in-chief of the Royalist horse in Pembrokeshire in 1644 — until he was routed at Haverfordwest and fled with the army.

He was taken prisoner at Hereford on 18 December 1645, on the same night as his father. They were there together. He compounded for his estates the following January. Then he appears to have taken up arms again — because his name is in the prisoners' list at St Fagans in May 1648, alongside his father's. Both of them. Again.

After the Restoration of Charles II in 1660 he was appointed a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber — rewarded for his loyalty and his suffering. He died in 1669 and was buried at Lampeter.

He is remembered today partly for his political and military career, and partly for his private life. His mistress, Bridget Leigh of Carmarthen, was called his concubine by his contemporaries while he lived. But when he died, he secured in his will her future and that of their illegitimate children, legitimising all three and making them his heirs to the Maesyfelin estate. The story of Bridget Leigh and the so-called Curse of Maesyfelin became one of the most persistent pieces of Cardiganshire legend for the next two centuries.

And there is Bridget Leigh. A man who secured in his will the future of the woman his society called his concubine. Who legitimised children his society called illegitimate. Who made them his heirs. That is not nothing. It is a man taking responsibility for the obligations he had created. In a century not known for that kind of accounting, it deserves to be noticed.

He is my ninth great-grand-uncle. The direct line passes through his sister Penelope. His story is now written down.

Part Four — The Long Descent

John Herbert to Elizabeth Mary Lloyd — c.1650 to 1906

8th Great-Grandfather — John Herbert

Born c.1650, Cwrt Henri, Carmarthenshire, Wales.

Son of Penelope Lloyd and Richard Herbert. Born into the Commonwealth years, grew up through the Restoration of Charles II in 1660. His grandfather Sir Marmaduke had died before seeing the

Restoration he had fought for. John Herbert carried the line forward through the Herbert family connection.

Source: Lloyd family pedigrees 1912. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

7th Great-Grandmother — Margaret Herbert

Born c.1684, Court Henry, Llangathen, Carmarthenshire, Wales. Died 22 February 1766, Carmarthen, Carmarthenshire, Wales.

Daughter of John Herbert. She married Edmund Lloyd, bringing the Herbert descent back into the Lloyd name — the family her grandmother Penelope had been born into, now reclaimed through marriage two generations on. Through Edmund and Margaret's children the surname Lloyd carries again all the way down to the present.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive. Parish records.

6th Great-Grandfather — Edmund Lloyd

Born 1718, Eglwysilan, Glamorgan, Wales. Died 1778, Eglwysilan, Glamorgan, Wales.

Son of Margaret Herbert and Edmund Lloyd. He carried the line through the Georgian period from the Restoration world into the era that would produce industrial south Wales.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

5th Great-Grandfather — Edmund Lloyd

Born 1750, Bedwas, Monmouthshire, Wales. Died 1806, Bedwas, Monmouthshire, Wales.

Son of Edmund Lloyd (1718). Father of Charles Lloyd. The name Edmund recycled across two generations as families of this period recycled names that carried meaning or honour.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

4th Great-Grandfather — Charles Lloyd

Born 29 March 1778, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire, Wales. Died 17 May 1852, Llety'r Driw, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire, Wales.

Son of Edmund Lloyd (1750). He married Esther David on 22 May 1804 at Llandyry Chapel, Llandyry, Carmarthenshire — the same chapel whose marriage ledgers Graham has spent years transcribing as part of the Llandyry Parish Archive Project. Graham did not know this connection when he began the Llandyry project.

Source: Llandyry Chapel marriage register 1804. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

3rd Great-Grandfather — Richard Lloyd

Born 1820, Llety'r Driw Uchaf, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 04 January 1895, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire.

Born 1821, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 1876, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Son of Charles Lloyd (1778) and Esther David. He raised his family in the Trimsaran community through the height of the industrial revolution in south Wales.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive. Census records.

2nd Great-Grandfather — John Lloyd

Born April 1855, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 14 October 1935, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire.

Born 1851, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 1925, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Son of Richard Lloyd (1821). His life spanned the coal boom, two world wars, and the reshaping of Welsh society through the chapel communities of Carmarthenshire.

Source: Llandyry Chapel marriage register 1835. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

Great-Grandfather — Richard Lloyd

Born 13 April 1883, Waun y Clyn, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 15 December 1951, 183 Garden Suburbs, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire.

Born 1877, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 1950, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Son of John Lloyd (1851). Father of Elizabeth Mary Lloyd. He lived through the full transformation of industrial Carmarthenshire and raised his family at Blaengwastad, Trimsaran.

Source: Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive. Census and civil records.

Great-Grandmother — Elizabeth Mary Lloyd

Born 29 November 1906, Blaengwastad, Trimsaran, Carmarthenshire. Died 1975.

Daughter of Richard Lloyd (born 1877). She married Daniel John Davies on 3 October 1925 at Llanelli Registrar. Their children were born in the years between the wars: Noel Lloyd Davies 1927, Estelle Davies 1928, Daphne 1930, Gethin Winston 1932, Catherine Margaret 1933. The family lived at Blaengwastad, Trimsaran. Through Elizabeth Mary, the descent from Sir Marmaduke Lloyd and his daughter Penelope reached the woman who would become Graham's mother.

Source: Civil registration records. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

RECONCILIATION NOTE — Intermediate Generations Requiring Verification
The descent from Charles Lloyd (1778) to Elizabeth Mary Lloyd (1906) is confirmed as: Charles Lloyd 1778–1852 → Richard Lloyd 1821–1876 → John Lloyd 1851–1925 → Richard Lloyd 1877–1950 → Elizabeth Mary Lloyd 1906–1975.

Part Five — The Line to Me

Estelle Davies and Vernon David Emmanuel — 1928 to the present

Mother — Estelle Davies

Born 04 November 1928, Blaengwastad, Trimsaran. Died 11 January 2012, West Wales General Hospital, Carmarthen.

Daughter of Elizabeth Mary Lloyd and Daniel John Davies. She married Vernon David Emmanuel on 13 March 1948 at Carmel Independent Chapel, Burry Port.

Source: Civil registration records. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

Father — Vernon David Emmanuel

Born 17 September 1925, 22 Railway Terrace, Tumble, Carmarthenshire. Died 28 April 2016, Cilymaenllwyd Care Home, Pwll.

Vernon David Emmanuel was born at Tumble, Carmarthenshire, of the Emmanuel family of that district. He collected approximately 2,400 Welsh chapel photographs and a library of rare Welsh books across his lifetime, donated after his death to the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Wales and the National Library of Wales. He was not a professional historian. He was a man who loved Welsh culture and did not want it lost. In that, Graham recognises himself. It is through Estelle's marriage to Vernon that the Lloyd and Emmanuel names came together.

Source: Civil registration records. Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive.

Graham Tudor Emmanuel

Born 24 September 1951, the Infirmary, Carmarthen.

Son of Vernon David Emmanuel and Estelle Davies. Born in Carmarthen, raised in south Wales, came to Kidwelly through his marriage to Linda Jane Elizabeth Williams on 10 October 1981 at Pontypool

United Reformed Church. Three children: Anna Marie, Owen Rhys, and Kay Louise. Graham is the current end of a line that began with Cadifor ap Dinawal and the hooked ladders — and, if the collateral family research above is confirmed, with Gruffydd ap Cynan, King of Gwynedd, born in Dublin in 1054. He is the compiler of the Lloyd-Emmanuel Heritage Archive, a published researcher on the People's Collection Wales with over 209 works, formally recognised by the Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Wales, and the founder of the Fifth Generation Memorial Research methodology.

Vivit Post Funera Virtus — Virtue Lives On After Death | Graham Tudor Emmanuel, Kidwelly | 2026

Part Six — The Return

2015 – 2026

I have told you where this family came from. Now let me tell you where it arrived.

When Linda died in July 2015 I did not know any of what I have written in this book. I did not know that my bloodline stretched back to Cadifor ap Dinawal and the Brut y Tywysogion. I did not know that my ancestors had held the county's shrievalty for generations, had sat at Jesus College Oxford, had stood in the choir stalls at St Davids, had argued law before the Council of the Marches and been taken prisoner twice in a war they refused to abandon. I did not know that the chapel where I had been researching marriage registers for three years was the chapel where my fifth great-grandparents had married.

I knew none of it. And then Linda told me to go and travel. And I went.

The Wild Atlantic Way in 2018, a campervan, and a Jug dog called Lizzy. I got lost on a road in County Mayo, and in trying to find my way I taught myself digital mapping. And the mapping led to the People's Collection Wales. And the People's Collection Wales led to the graveyards. And the graveyards led to the ledgers. And the ledgers led to the family tree. And the family tree led here.

I have published over 209 works on the People's Collection Wales. My methodology — Fifth Generation Memorial Research, or Convergent Heritage Recovery as the Royal Commission has accepted it — has been formally accessioned into the Coflein national database. I have been recognised by name before academic audiences before I introduced myself. I mentor a researcher named Len in Morriston. I volunteer with a local wellbeing group. I am a citizen member of the West Wales Regional Partnership Board.

And I have found my family. Not just my immediate family — Vernon and Estelle, Keith and Norma, Anna and Owen and Kay, and the grandchildren and great-grandchildren already beginning to fill the next generation of the tree. I have found the family that goes back nine hundred years, to a mound of earth above a stream in the Cletwr valley, and to a night when a Welsh chieftain took a Norman castle with ladders of his own devising and was given a princess in return.

I sit in Kidwelly with my solar panels and my MG4 and my early mornings and my AI tools and my archive of over two hundred published works. And I know that I am the current end of a line that began with Cadifor ap Dinawal, passed through Gwilym Lloyd and his surname, through Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd and Llanllyr, through Griffith at Oxford and Thomas at St Davids, through Marmaduke in the Civil War at sixty-three years old, through Francis and Bridget Leigh, through the long descent to Trimsaran and the colliery and the chapel, through Vernon and Estelle, through Linda.

These are not my stories. They belong to the people inside them. I was just the one who went looking.

But I did go looking. And this is what I found.

The Court of Lord Rhys

Where Two Bloodlines Met



There is a moment in this archive where two separate stories become one. It does not happen in Kidwelly, where Graham and Linda made their home. It does not happen in Trimsaran, where the Lloyd and Emmanuel families put down their deepest Carmarthenshire roots. It happens nine centuries earlier, at the court of the greatest Welsh ruler of the medieval age, in the year that a Welsh chieftain from the Cletwr valley scaled a Norman castle wall with hooked ladders and changed everything.

The man at the centre of that moment was Rhys ap Gruffudd — Yr Arglwydd Rhys, The Lord Rhys. He was born around 1132, the youngest surviving son of Gwenllïan ferch Gruffudd, the warrior princess who had ridden out from Kidwelly Castle in 1136 and fallen in battle on the field north of the town. He was not yet four years old when his mother died. He grew up in the shadow of that loss and spent his life rebuilding what she had fought for. By 1155 he ruled Deheubarth. By 1170, with Owain Gwynedd dead in the north, he was the dominant power in all of Wales. He held the first Eisteddfod at Cardigan Castle in 1176. He founded Strata Florida Abbey. He was, by any measure, the defining Welsh figure of his century.

Around 1165, two things happened at his court that this archive records separately, but which belong together in the same breath. A warrior chieftain named Cadifor ap Dinawal — Lord of Castell Hywel in the Cletwr valley of Cardiganshire — had devised the plan that took Cardigan Castle from the Normans. The Brut y Tywysogion records the reward plainly: The Lord Rhys gave Cadifor gifts, confirmed his lands, and gave him one of his daughters in marriage. That daughter carried the bloodline of Deheubarth into the Castell Hywel line — the line that would descend through Gwilym Lloyd, through the Tudor sheriffs and the Oxford scholar and the Civil War judge, through Penelope and the Herberts and the long Carmarthenshire generations, through Elizabeth Mary Lloyd and Estelle Davies, to Graham Tudor Emmanuel of Kidwelly. Through a separate child — his son Meredydd ap Rhys — The Lord Rhys's bloodline passed into the Morgan Lords of Tredegar, through Langstone and Monmouthshire, through Florence Morgan into the Nicholl and Jenkins and Davis and Frost families, through Gordon George Williams, to Linda Jane Elizabeth Williams, born in Pontypool in 1963.

The daughter given to Cadifor and the ancestor from whom Linda's line descends were almost certainly born of the same father at the same court in the same age. They may have grown up together. They would have known each other's names. Whatever else the court of The Lord Rhys was — and it was a place of military command, of legal authority, of bardic culture and political consequence — it was also the place where two family lines began a journey that would not reach its destination for nine hundred years.

Graham and Linda met in Kidwelly. They did not know, when they met, that their families had been connected long before — at the court of the man whose mother had died in the field outside the town where they would make their home. The connection was not planned. It was not arranged. It was simply what the centuries had been quietly building toward, generation by generation, through every marriage and every child and every decision made by people who had no idea what they were part of.

That is what this archive exists to record. Not the famous names, though they are here. Not the battles and the castles and the legal disputes and the Oxford colleges, though all of those are here too. But the plain fact that two people who loved each other in a small Welsh town by an estuary carried between them one of the most remarkable convergences of bloodline in the documented history of Wales — and that the point where those bloodlines first touched was a royal court, nine centuries ago, where a prince rewarded a warrior and gave him a daughter, and where a son carried another line forward into the long centuries that followed.

The field where Gwenllïan fell is a short walk from the house where Linda lived. The castle her son The Lord Rhys rebuilt is the castle her ancestor's husband helped to take. The archive that documents all of this was compiled by the man she married, in the town they shared, because her last words to him were go and travel.

She did not know how far that journey would reach.

The Bloodline of Linda Jane Elizabeth Emmanuel

née Williams · 26 April 1963 – 4 July 2015
A Heritage Biography in Twenty-Six Generations

This document traces the direct ancestral line of Linda Jane Elizabeth Emmanuel, a bloodline that reaches back through more than twenty-six generations to one of the most celebrated figures in the history of Wales: Gwenllïan ferch Gruffudd, the warrior princess who died fighting for her people outside the walls of Kidwelly Castle in 1136. Her son, The Lord Rhys, became the greatest Welsh ruler of his age. Through that line, across nine centuries, the blood passed through lords, knights, landowners, farmers, and quiet women carrying futures in their lives until it reached Linda.

The battle where Gwenllïan fell was fought on the field now called Maes Gwenllïan — the Field of Gwenllïan — just outside Kidwelly. The town where Linda and Graham made their home. The town where this story ends, and where it has always, in some sense, been rooted.

What follows is a biographical account of each generation in this lineage, drawing on historical records, medieval chronicles, and genealogical research. Linda knew none of it. She carried her heritage quietly, as most people do. It was only after her passing that the trail was followed back through the centuries to find the remarkable people who made her possible.

Graham Tudor Emmanuel, Digital Heritage Researcher, Wales, 2026.

The Root Generations: The Warriors of Deheubarth

The Founding Ancestor — Gwenllïan ferch Gruffudd (c.1097 – 1136)

She is the beginning. Gwenllïan ferch Gruffudd was born around 1097 on Ynys Môn, at the royal seat of Aberffraw, the youngest daughter of Gruffudd ap Cynan, King of Gwynedd, and his wife Angharad. She was said to be strikingly beautiful, with long flame-red hair, intelligent and well-educated — a princess raised in the great northern court of Wales, a member of the ancient House of Aberffraw whose lineage stretched back through the high kings of Ireland.

Around 1113, Gruffudd ap Rhys, the exiled Prince of Deheubarth, came north to Gwynedd to seek the support of her father. He met Gwenllïan, and they eloped to his family seat at Dinefwr in the Tywi Valley — she a princess of the north, he the rightful but dispossessed ruler of the south. Together they would fight the Normans for decades, conducting lightning raids on Norman strongholds, redistributing their seized goods among the dispossessed Welsh people. Contemporary historians compared them to Robin Hood and Maid Marion — two royal outlaws defending their people.

In 1136, with England plunged into civil war between Stephen of Blois and the Empress Matilda, an opportunity arose for the Welsh to reclaim their lands. Gruffudd rode north to Gwynedd to raise an army. While he was gone, the Normans under Maurice de Londres mobilised at Kidwelly Castle. Gwenllïan, rather than wait to be attacked, gathered what men she could, secured her two youngest sons Maredudd and Rhys in safety, and rode out to meet the enemy.

Her army was routed on the field north of the town. She was captured and beheaded. Two of her sons fell with her — Morgan was killed, Maelgwn captured and executed. But the battle did not end the revolt. It inflamed it.

Welsh armies for centuries afterwards went into battle crying *Dial Achos Gwenllïan* — Revenge for Gwenllïan. The field where she died is still known as Maes Gwenllïan — the Field of Gwenllïan — just outside the walls of Kidwelly. You can walk there in ten minutes from the town centre.

Some scholars, including Dr Andrew Breeze, have argued that Gwenllïan may have been the author of the Four Branches of the Mabinogi — the defining masterwork of medieval Welsh literature. Whether or not that is true, her legend has endured for nearly nine centuries. She was Linda's ancestor, and she died in Linda's town.



<https://tinyurl.com/900-Years-Kidwelly-Master>

Generation 1 — Rhys ap Gruffudd — The Lord Rhys (c.1132 – 28 April 1197)

Rhys ap Gruffudd — Yr Arglwydd Rhys, The Lord Rhys — was Gwennllian's youngest surviving son. He was not yet four years old when his mother rode out to her death at Kidwelly. He became the ruler of Deheubarth in 1155, aged around twenty-three, and spent over forty years rebuilding the kingdom his parents had fought for. By the time Owain Gwynedd died in 1170, The Lord Rhys was the dominant power in all of Wales. In 1176, he held the first recorded Eisteddfod at Cardigan Castle. He was also the founder and patron of Strata Florida Abbey. His mother had died for Deheubarth. He had built it back from nothing.

The Lords of Tredegar: Generations 2–12

Generation 2 — Meredydd ap Rhys is the recorded connecting generation between The Lord Rhys and the Meredydd Gethyn branch, through whom the bloodline passes from the royal house of Deheubarth into the Monmouthshire gentry who would become the Lords of Tredegar.

Generation 3 — Meredydd Gethyn stands at the head of the documented Tredegar lineage. The byname Gethyn derives from the Old Welsh cethin, meaning dusky or swarthy. His connection to The Lord Rhys and the royal house of Deheubarth runs through the generations above.

Generation 4 — Gruffydd ap Meredydd Gethin. His mother was Angharad, daughter of Morgan ap Meredydd, Lord of Tredegar. Through this maternal connection, the family had ties to property in Carmarthenshire granted by Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I — land that had itself once been part of Deheubarth.

Generation 5 — Meredydd ap Gruffydd, Lord of Tredegar. He held the Cyfoeth Meredydd estate in Gwynllwg, Monmouthshire.

Generation 6 — Sir Morgan ap Meredydd, Lord of Tredegar (died 1332). He was a warrior, a rebel, and in his defiance of the Norman lords a direct echo of the grandmother-of-his-blood who had charged the Normans at Kidwelly Castle two centuries before. In 1294, when the Welsh rose in revolt, Morgan led the uprising across Glamorgan and Gwent.

Generation 7 — Llewelyn ap Ifor, Lord of St Clare and Tredegar. His second son Ifor ap Llewelyn is known to history as Ifor Hael — Ifor the Generous — principal patron of Dafydd ap Gwilym, the greatest poet in the Welsh language. Ifor Hael was Linda's great-uncle through this line.

Generations 8 through 12 carry the line through the Morgan Lords of Tredegar, through Langstone in Monmouthshire, through the generations that consolidated the Morgan family as one of the leading gentry families of south Wales. Sir John Morgan (c.1428–1492, Generation 12) was created a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre and commissioned the building of Tredegar House around 1490 — a wing of which still stands today, managed by the National Trust.

The Morgan Family: Generations 13–18

Generations 13 through 17 carry the line through William Morgan, Phillip Morgan (1549–1627), and successive Williams through the Elizabethan and Stuart eras. Generation 18 — Florence Morgan — married William Nicholl in 1693, and through that marriage the ancient Morgan bloodline passed into the Nicholl, Jenkins, Davis, Frost and Williams families that would eventually produce Linda.

Into the Modern World: Generations 19–25

Generation 19 — John Nicholl (c.1701–1749). Generation 20 — Elizabeth Nicholl (1728–1769), who married William Jenkins. Generation 21 — Susannah Jenkins (1767–1840), who married Francis Davis and lived through the full sweep of the industrial revolution transforming south Wales. Generation 22 — William Jenkins Davis (1798–1855), who married Hannah Pritchard. Generation 23 — Rachel Davis (1828–1899), who married William Frost. Generation 24 — Lucy Frost, daughter of Rachel and William, and mother of Gordon George Williams. Generation 25 — Gordon George Williams (1931–2019), Linda's father.

Generation 26 — Linda

Linda Jane Elizabeth Emmanuel · née Williams · 26 April 1963 – 4 July 2015

Linda Jane Elizabeth Williams was born on 26 April 1963, the daughter of Gordon George Williams. She married Graham Tudor Emmanuel, and she was the person through whom this entire heritage flows into the present. She worked as a carer for disabled children and was awarded One in a Million by Carmarthenshire County Council in recognition of her extraordinary care and compassion. She died of a brain tumour on 4 July 2015.

Her bloodline traces twenty-six generations back through the Morgan Lords of Tredegar, through The Lord Rhys — the greatest Welsh ruler of the medieval age — and through his mother Gwenllian, the warrior princess who fell in battle outside Kidwelly Castle in 1136, in the very town that would one day be Linda's home.

She knew none of this. She carried it all quietly and without knowledge, as her own quiet self: a woman of extraordinary grace and care, who happened to carry within her one of the most remarkable bloodlines in the history of Wales. The field where her ancestor fell — Maes Gwenllian — is a short walk from the house where she lived.

Vivit Post Funera Virtus

Virtue Lives On After Death

Her last words were "Go and travel." They sent Graham on a journey that eventually led back through all these centuries to the Lords of Tredegar, to the patron of Dafydd ap Gwilym, to The Lord Rhys, and finally to Gwenllian herself, who died for Wales in the town that Linda called home.

Vivit Post Funera Virtus — Virtue Lives On After Death | Graham Tudor Emmanuel, Kidwelly | 2026

The Lloyd–Emmanuel/Williams Heritage Archive

What This Archive Tells Us

A Personal Journey Through Time — A Love Story Spanning Nine Hundred Years

This is a personal archive written from my own journey into a family history I knew almost nothing about when I started. What began as a single question about a man called Hugh — Hugh ap Llewelyn Lloyd, a third son from Cardiganshire who made his own way in Tudor Wales — led me down a path of discovery that I could never have anticipated and that I am still, if I am honest, trying to fully take in.

What I found was not what I was looking for. I was looking for a family tree. What I found was nine hundred years of documented Welsh history running through my own blood — through a Welsh chieftain who took a Norman castle with hooked ladders, through a princess of Deheubarth, through Oxford scholars and cathedral dignitaries and Civil War judges and the quiet ordinary generations who carried the line forward through the collieries and the chapels of Carmarthenshire without ever knowing what they were part of.

And then I found Linda's side of it.

My wife Linda died on 4 July 2015. Her last words to me were go and travel. So I went — a campervan, a Jug dog called Lizzy, the Wild Atlantic Way. I got lost on a road in County Mayo and taught myself digital mapping trying to find my way home. That was the beginning of everything. The mapping led to the People's Collection Wales. The People's Collection Wales led to the graveyards. The graveyards led to the ledgers. The ledgers led to the family tree. And the family tree led, eventually, to the discovery that Linda carried her own remarkable bloodline — through The Lord Rhys, through the Morgan Lords of Tredegar, through the patron of the greatest poet in the Welsh language, all the way back to

Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd, the warrior princess who fell in battle outside Kidwelly Castle in 1136, in the very town that would one day be Linda's home.

She never knew any of it. She carried it all quietly, as she carried everything — without ceremony, without claim, simply herself.

The history that these two-family lines passed through on their way to producing us is the history of Wales itself. The Norman invasion. The Welsh resistance. The conquest of 1282 and the imposition of English law. Owain Glyndŵr's rising. The Act of Union and the first Welsh Parliament. The Reformation and the Welsh Bible. The Civil War. The industrial revolution transforming Carmarthenshire from farmland to coalfield. Two world wars. The chapel communities and the collieries and the slow quiet persistence of Welsh identity through everything the centuries threw at it. Both lines carried all of that. Neither line knew it was carrying anything at all.

What this archive tells me — and what I hope it tells anyone who reads it — is that ordinary people carry extraordinary history without knowing it. That Welsh identity has a depth and a continuity that most of us never see because most of us never look. That a small town like Kidwelly is not just a place on a map but a story still being written, with roots that go back nine hundred years and connections that most people would never find unless something sent them looking.

For me, it was grief that sent me looking. Linda's death. Her last words. A road in County Mayo. A Jug dog called Lizzy sitting beside me in a campervan while I tried to find my way.

I found rather more than the road.

This archive is not a history ledger. It is not an academic text. It is a personal journey through time — a love story spanning nine hundred years, written by the man she left behind, in the town they shared, because she told him to go and travel and he did not know how to stop.

It is offered in Linda's memory, and in the memory of everyone named in these pages, whose lives — most of them quiet, most of them unknown — made the present possible.

I hope it inspires others to look more closely at their own history, just as Linda — without knowing it, without meaning to — inspired me to look at mine.

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The Lloyd–Emmanuel/Williams Heritage Archive

Two Women. One Town. Nine Hundred Years.

Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd and Linda Jane Elizabeth (Williams) Emmanuel

Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd — c.1097 to 1136. She was born around 1097 on Ynys Môn, daughter of Gruffudd ap Cynan, King of Gwynedd. She was a princess of the north educated, courageous, described by those who knew of her as strikingly beautiful and possessed of a fierce intelligence. Around 1113 she eloped with Gruffudd ap Rhys, the exiled Prince of Deheubarth, and together they became what contemporaries compared to Robin Hood and Maid Marian two royal outlaws defending their dispossessed people against the Norman tide.

Nine hundred years later, Linda eloped too. She did not ride south to Dinefwr. She came west to Kidwelly. But the impulse was the same — to follow her heart without waiting for the world's approval. The bloodline did not just carry the ancestry. It carried the character.

In 1136, with her husband gone north to raise an army, the Norman forces under Maurice de Londres mobilised at Kidwelly Castle. Gwenllian did not wait to be attacked. She gathered what men she could, secured her two youngest sons in safety, and rode out to meet the enemy on the field north of the town. Her army was routed. She was captured. She was beheaded on that field. She was thirty-nine years old.



Welsh armies went into battle for centuries afterwards crying *Dial Achos Gwennlian* — *Revenge for Gwennlian*. The field where she fell is still called *Maes Gwennlian* — the *Field of Gwennlian*. It lies just outside the walls of *Kidwelly*. You can walk there in ten minutes from the town centre.

Her son, left motherless before he was four years old, grew up to become *The Lord Rhys* — the greatest Welsh ruler of the twelfth century. He rebuilt everything she had died for. He held the first *Eisteddfod*. He founded *Strata Florida Abbey*. He gave his daughter *Catrin ferch Rhys* in marriage to *Cadifor ap Dinawal*, the warrior who had taken *Cardigan Castle* with hooked ladders — and *Catrin* carried the bloodline of *Deheubarth* forward into the *Castell Hywel* line, through the long centuries, through the *Lloyds of Cardiganshire*, through *Elizabeth Mary Lloyd* and *Estelle Davies*, to *Graham Tudor Emmanuel of Kidwelly*.

And through a son — *Meredydd ap Rhys* — *The Lord Rhys's* bloodline descended in an unbroken line through the *Morgan Lords of Tredegar*, through twenty-four generations of Welsh and *Marcher* families, through *Gordon George Williams*, to *Linda*.

Gwenllian is Linda's twenty-fourth great-grandmother. She died in Linda's town. On the field Linda could see from her window.

Linda Jane Elizabeth (Williams) Emmanuel — 26 April 1963 to 4 July 2015

She was born in Pontypool on 26 April 1963, the daughter of Gordon George Williams. She came to Kidwelly through love — through Graham, whom she married on 10 October 1981 at Pontypool United Reformed Church. They had three children together: Anna Marie, Owen Rhys, and Kay Louise. She worked as a carer for disabled children. Carmarthenshire County Council named her One in a Million. She meant it in the most literal sense — there was no one else quite like her.

On 1st June 2015, Linda began what Graham calls her death walk. She had been diagnosed with a grade four brain tumour. She died on 4th July 2015 at the University Hospital of Wales in Cardiff, at 2.05 in the morning, on the B4 Neuro ward. She was fifty-two years old.

Her last words to Graham were go and travel.

She did not know, when she said them, that she was sending him on a journey that would reach nine hundred years into the past. She did not know that her own blood connected her to the warrior princess who had died in the town they called home. She did not know that the field a short walk from their house was the field where her twenty-fourth great-grandmother had fallen in battle for the people of that same town.

She knew none of it. She carried it all quietly, as she carried everything — without ceremony, without claim, simply and entirely herself.

What Connects Them

Nine centuries separate Gwenllian and Linda. Twenty-four generations of documented descent run between them. And yet when you set their lives beside each other, something beyond bloodline connects them.

Both eloped with the man they loved. Gwenllian rode south from Gwynedd to Deheubarth. Linda came west from Pontypool to Kidwelly. A princess of the north following her heart. A woman from the valleys following hers. Nine hundred years apart. The same decision. The same certainty. The same refusal to wait for the world's approval. When you set those two moments beside each other the mirror is so perfect it takes your breath away.

Both came to Kidwelly. Both died there — Gwenllian on the field north of the town in 1136, Linda in a hospital bed in Cardiff but in a death that began in Kidwelly, in the town she had made her home. Both gave everything they had for other people — Gwenllian for her nation, Linda for the children in her care. Both died too young. Both left behind a man who refused to let them be forgotten.

People who knew Linda said there was only one of her. That she had an aura that nobody could explain but everyone could feel. She worked with children who were autistic, who had ADHD, who had Asperger's — children the system had labelled difficult, children that no one else could reach. And then they came into Linda's space. And they calmed. Not because of a technique. Not because of a strategy. Because of her.

Gwenllian had that same quality on a battlefield. She walked out onto a field she could not win and men followed her because being in her orbit made something larger than themselves feel possible. Linda walked into a room full of frightened children and the room changed. Different centuries. Different battles. The same gift.

One of the children Linda cared for was a boy named Zac. He was ten years old when she died. He is twenty-one now. Graham visited him recently. His parents, knowing what they knew, looked at their son and asked him the question they had asked him before — whose boy are you? Without hesitation. Without confusion. With complete certainty. I'm Linda's boy. Eleven years have passed. He is a young man now. And he still knows whose boy he is.

Gwenllian's warriors cried her name going into battle for centuries after she died. Zac says I'm Linda's boy. Different centuries. Different battles. The same thing. The same refusal to let the person go.

The Numbers Linda Would Have Known

Linda believed in numerology. She believed that numbers carried meaning beyond their face value. She would have looked at the numbers in this archive and nodded quietly and said yes, of course.

Linda's death walk: 33 days — 1st June to 4th July 2015. 33 is the master number in numerology. The master teacher. The number of compassions, selfless service, and completion. Linda spent her life teaching others how to care for the most vulnerable. The number that marked her passing was the number that defined her living.

Linda's life path number: 26 April 1963 — $2+6+4+1+9+6+3 = 31 - 3+1 = 4$ — Life path 4 is the builder. The one who creates lasting foundations that others will stand on long after they are gone.

Linda's death date: 4 July 2015 — $4+7+2+0+1+5 = 19 - 1+9 = 10 - 1+0 = 1 - 1$ is the number of new beginnings. The end that is also a start. The death that sent Graham travelling.

Years between Gwenllian and Linda: 1136 to 2015 = 879 years — $8+7+9 = 24$ — Linda is Gwenllian's 24th great-granddaughter. The numerological sum of the years between their deaths equals the exact number of generations between them. Linda would not have been surprised by that at all.

Wales Said It Best

Three weeks after Linda died, the South Wales Evening Post — Wales's biggest-selling newspaper — put her on the front page. Not because of who she was descended from. Not because of any title or position or public office. But because of what she did every single day for children who needed someone in their corner.

The headline was five words: Tragic Mum Devoted Life to Helping Kids.

That is the whole of her. Twenty-four generations of Welsh history, from the warrior princess of Deheubarth to the carer from Kidwelly, and what the world remembered when she was gone was not the bloodline but the kindness. Not the ancestry but the life. Not Gwenllian's granddaughter but Linda.

Just Linda. Exactly as she would have wanted.

South Wales Evening Post — Tuesday 28 July 2015



She did not know how far that journey would reach. She never knew any of it. She carried it all quietly, without ceremony, without claim, simply and entirely herself. That is the most important thing this archive records.

What Nine Centuries Tells Us

This archive began with a question about a name in a record. It ends with something I did not expect to find: two women, nine centuries apart, whose lives rhyme so precisely that the only honest response is silence followed by wonder.

Gwenllian ferch Gruffudd was a princess of the north, educated and fierce, who gave up the security of her father's court to follow the man she loved into an uncertain life in the south. She did not wait for the world's permission. She rode toward what she believed in and she gave everything she had in its defence. In 1136, on a field just outside the walls of Kidwelly, she faced an army she could not defeat, knowing the odds and going anyway. She was thirty-nine years old. She was beheaded on that field. And for nine hundred years, Wales has not forgotten her name.

Linda Jane Elizabeth Emmanuel was a woman from the valleys who came west to Kidwelly through love and stayed through everything that followed. She worked without fanfare, without title, without any sense that what she was doing was exceptional, though everyone around her knew that it was. She sat with children who could not be reached by anyone else and she reached them — not through technique but through the quality of her presence, which was something beyond training, something carried in the blood. On 1 June 2015 she began the last journey of her life. She was fifty-two years old. She died on 4 July, and her last words were go and travel.

Both of them faced their endings with the same quality. Not with denial and not with collapse, but with a clear-eyed understanding of what was happening and a refusal to be diminished by it. Gwenllian rode out. Linda spoke. Different centuries. Different battles. The same unbroken core.

What the nine centuries between them contain is the story of Wales itself — the resistance and the adaptation, the conquest and the survival, the loss of kingdoms and the building of something quieter and more durable in their place. It is the story of a language that was never extinguished, a culture that bent without breaking, a people who carried their identity through Norman invasion, through Edwardian conquest, through the Act of Union, through the industrial revolution and two world wars, and came out the other side still singing in their own tongue. Both women are part of that story. One opened it. One closed the chapter I have been living in.

The legacy they left is not the kind that gets written on plaques or recorded in official histories, though Gwenllian's has been. It is the kind that lives on in the people who came after them. In The Lord Rhys, who built from the ruins of his mother's defeat a principality that became the cultural heart of medieval Wales. In Zac, who at twenty-one still knows whose boy he is. In Anna and Owen and Kay, who carry Linda forward through their own lives in ways I see every day and could not put adequately into words. In little Nora Mavis, born in Carmarthen in May 2024, who is the nineteenth generation from Llewelyn Lloyd of Castell Hywel and who will one day read these pages and understand, for the first time, the full weight of what she carries.

And in me. A retired man in Kidwelly with a Jug dog and a view of the estuary, who got lost on a road in County Mayo and spent the next eight years finding his way back through nine centuries of history to the two women who define everything this archive is about. I did not plan this. I did not know this was where I was going. But I went. And I kept going. And now it is written down.

What nine centuries tells us, in the end, is this. Love does not diminish across time. Courage does not require an audience. The people who shape the world most profoundly are rarely the ones who set out to shape it — they are the ones who simply could not do anything other than what they were. Gwenllian could not stay behind the walls. Linda could not walk past a frightened child. Neither of them asked for recognition. Both of them left something that recognition cannot fully measure.

The field where Gwenllian fell is a short walk from the house where Linda lived. The archive that records both their lives was assembled by the man Linda left behind, in the town they shared, because she told him to go and travel. She did not know what she was setting in motion. She never does. That is, perhaps, what makes her so entirely herself — what makes them both so entirely themselves. They gave without calculation. They lived without reservation. They faced what came for them without flinching.

Virtue lives on after death. That is what the motto of this archive says, and I chose it because I believe it. I have seen it in the historical record across nine hundred years. I have seen it in a boy named Zac who has never forgotten whose boy he is. I see it every time I open this document and read the names of the people who made me possible, who made Linda possible, who made everything that has grown from her last words possible.

This is where the journey ends. And it ends, as it began, with Linda. With her quiet certainty. With her last words spoken in the dark. With a journey she sent me on that reached further than either of us could have imagined.

Go and travel. I did. And I am glad.

