



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the
Toronto Welsh Community

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Rev. Dr. Larry Beech PhD

Greetings,

The afterglow of Easter - and along with the increasing signs of spring Easter Hope and the gift of new life out of the despair and defeat of the crucifixion. The theme of resurrection is a powerful and life giving affirmation for our world. The belief in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and the conviction that out of the darkness comes the dawn, out of death comes new life, out of endings come new beginnings.

The coming together of Welsh people from across Ontario at Dewi Sant on Good Friday is a testament to the yearning of people of Welsh background to preserve our culture and language and to envision a future that will continue to honor the values that are so much a part of our Welsh heritage. What a wonderful time it was - as we met old friends, shared in worship together and participated in a great evening of choral music.

In the afterglow of Easter - it is a time to remember and treasure all in our past that has shaped us into who we are. It is also a time to look ahead with a willingness to accept the possibilities for new life in our attitudes and actions.

May the presence of the Risen Christ become a reality in our lives and transform us into truly being the Easter people.

Rev. Larry Beech Ph.D

A View From The Pews

Palm Sunday Evening at Dewi Sant

On Sunday, April 13, those of us who regularly attend the monthly Welsh service, as well as many visitors, were treated to an exciting and unexpected evening. For the first time the service was conducted by the Welsh learners' class of Toronto.

Under the tutelage of John Otley—himself a one-time learner but now a completely fluent speaker—beginners and advanced alike participated in a service which filled us with joy and pride.

Gwyneth Lewis called us to worship; hymns were read by Jeff Watts, Susan Wilkinson, Catherine Otley and Violet Clay; excerpts from the New testament were read by John Sparks, Elaine Kirkham and Vanessa McMain. The beginners' class sang two hymns—Abba Fe'th Addolwn and Hedd Sy'n Llifo fel yr Afon. Psalm 96 was read by the parti cyd-adrodd (choral recitation) and prayers were offered by Owen Thompson and Sheila Tee. Leona Francis brought the service to a close with a Welsh translation by the Rev. Dr. Cerwyn Davies of the Celtic Blessing.

For me, however, the highlight of the service was the inspirational sermon, given entirely in Welsh by John Otley. He took his text from the parable of the Lost Sheep, with the message “Gobaith yw Neges y Pasg” (Hope is the message of Easter.)

The Rev. Dr. Cerwyn Davies spoke for us all as he gave a heartfelt thanks to John Otley and his students for a wonderful service, adding that many a church in Wales would have been envious of our attendance (more than sixty) and of the quality of the service. He jokingly (?) suggested that the Search Committee for a new minister needs look no further than John, to which John quipped that he wasn't looking for a job where he had to work on Sundays.

On a more personal note, I would like to add that on that Sunday evening I felt like an extremely proud Welsh mam-gu (grandmother). Before relocating to Atlanta in 1993, I taught Welsh classes in Toronto and one of my most brilliant students was John Otley. In fact, he became fluent so quickly that I haven't spoken English to him for many a year. John took over my classes when I moved, and it was so emotional to see one of “my” students now with such successful classes of his own. I am so proud of him. So proud that I didn't even mind being called “fy hen athrawes” (my old teacher.)!!

Diolch o galon i John a'r dysgwyr. **Daliwch ati.**

Submitted by Hefina Phillips

A Very Special Sunday Morning Service

On Sunday morning the 25th of May, Dewi Sant will be holding a special service. This will be a celebration of 300 years of Methodism. The beginning of this era was a momentous milestone in the life of the church. Many of our most beloved, well known hymns were given to us by John and Charles Wesley.

Please try to make a point of coming out on this special day, thus making it “very special”, for all of us at Dewi Sant. More details of the format of the service will be made known nearer the time.

The Saint David’s Society has very kindly offered to cater the event with finger foods and desserts.

The Board Of Session

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

The Search Committee has now completed the information packages to be sent to interested applicants. Included in the package are: the Joint Needs Assessment report; immigration information; a graphic representation of the Dewi Sant community kindly developed by Susan Wilson; information about the history of Dewi Sant (updated by Betty Jones); information about the United Church of Canada; general information about Toronto and its educational system; pamphlets on Toronto and Ontario. The committee members are to be commended for their diligence in developing a very professional package. Special thanks are extended to Susan Wilson and to Betty Jones for their help on this project. A copy of the package will be available in the church office if you are interested in seeing the material.

We have already sent packages to people who have responded with interest to our advertisements. We are hopeful that some of them will continue the process and become actual candidates for the position as our minister. The committee is heartened by the response to date. We will keep you apprised as we move forward. We are continuing to look for ways to spread the news of the opening here at Dewi Sant. Please continue to share the information as widely as possible amongst your family and friends. In addition, if anyone has access to video conferencing facilities, the committee would be delighted to hear about it.

Committee Members: Myfanwy Bajaj; Dr. Murray Black; Betty Cullingworth; Cyril Evans; Mabel Hastings; Tom Jones; Lyn Jones; Nerys Phan; Hefina Phillips; Clarice Terry; Rev. Gordon Nodwell.

Submitted By Betty Cullingworth

Dewi Sant United Church Women

I would like to show my appreciation to all the women that worked so hard to make the Good Friday dinner the success it was. Lorna was at the helm, and did a wonderful job. But so many more were behind the scenes. I will not name them individually because I may forget someone, and that would be unforgivable.

After an excellent meal we went back to the sanctuary for a wonderful Gymanfa Ganu. Betty Cullingworth lead us through a most delightful evening of old favourite hymns accompanied by Dr. Murray Black on the organ. My mind flies back to bygone years when I attended something like this, and Friday evening was no exception. It brought back so many memories of years past. I had tears in my eyes and I am sure I was not alone. Once again I would like to say thank you to all, women and men for all the hard work.

Diolch yn fawr.

Submitted by Joy Bailey (President)

“A Host Of Golden Daffodils”

The national flower of Wales could be under threat from showy foreign interlopers. The Welsh daffodil is pure pale yellow and is seen growing wild in woods, gardens and hedges. Unfortunately a hybrid variety has been increasingly planted on roadside verges and in fields. These hardy varieties have orange and even red trumpets and can cross pollinate with the more delicate traditional species.

To see wild Welsh daffodils in abundance we should visit Coed-Y- Bwl Nature Reserve near Bridgend. The biggest grower of daffodils in Wales is at Rhosgadw farm near St. Davids, Pembrokeshire. They grow only pure yellow varieties. Only about half a dozen producers work in Wales, so for March 1st. and Easter the daffodils in the shops have been brought in from Cornwall and Lincolnshire. It is hoped that the people will buy the native ones that have been grown locally.

*“Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.”*

Submitted by Olwen Dunets

Atgofion Mebyd

Childhood Memories

Diolch yn fawr Olwen, What childhood memories that brought back to me. As a young girl, in Pembrokeshire, I was not aware that there was such a thing as a shortage of daffodils! Usually on March 1st. we had an eisteddfod at school in the morning and after lunch we were allowed to go home. My friends and I would speed through the countryside, up hill and down dale, on bicycles that probably did not have two sets of brakes that worked. Mostly our shoe against the ground would be the accepted way of coming to a halt. There were not many cars, so we could hear them a mile off and we would crash into the hedge in fits of laughter until the “local gentry,” had gone by. We would then ride up winding lanes to the grounds of old farm houses where we would gather arms full of, “Cennin Pedr.” (daffodils.) We did not have sterilized water in fancy bottles, or crash helmets, knee and elbow pads! We drank with the help of our grubby little hands from nearby streams of water that had originated from the local hills and an occasional natural well (ffynnon.) No wonder the poet Ceiriog felt so homesick in the large English Metropolis when he remembered all this; the hills, little birds, their songs, the wild heather and so on. “Nant Y Mynydd” came straight from his heart.

AND, no, we did not have plastic grocery bags to carry home our golden treasures! We clutched them with all our might and dropped half of them along the way, as we peddled home to taste the fresh Welsh cakes waiting for us and a warm glass of milk each, straight from the cow! We always picked far more than we needed, to compensate for “loss in transit!” There was no such thing as too many daffodils.

We did not have to ask permission for our yearly forays onto country lawns. There were so many daffodils that no one minded, or missed the ones that we picked. Thank you for awakening those memories Olwen.

Myfanwy

Two-Century old toll comes to an end as the Cob becomes free

Maddocks' given right to build Cob back in 1807.

Since the construction of the embankment known as the Porthmadog Cob in 1811 a toll has been collected from travellers.

It was built by William Alexander Maddocks to provide a transport link between Caernarfonshire and Meirionethshire. A total of 3,000 acres was reclaimed from the sea by building the embankment over the Glaslyn Estuary at the cost of 60,000 pounds.

The end of March 2003, saw the end of an era which started back in 1807 when Maddocks was given the right to build the Cob and raise the toll on the travellers through an Act of Parliament. In 1976 Tremadog Estate published a new revision order to take control of Porthmadog harbour but some of the area's councillors led a campaign to challenge the order but lost after a House of Commons select committee granted the order.

Then in 1978, the estate stated that they wished to sell the Cob, together with the inner harbour and tollhouse.

Dafydd Wigley MP pressed the government to buy it and place it in public ownership but the government refused.

Following discussions between Lord Fermoy and his sister, Mary Roche Gheoghean, owners of Tremadog Estate, Maldwyn Lewis and Bryan Jones bought the Cob and the trust was set up. The trust was registered as a charity and christened "Rebecca" in memory of the radicals who destroyed tollgates in Carmarthenshire in the early 19th century because they were a burden on the poor.

Both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Jones felt that it was better for the money collected by toll to go back to the local community rather than to the pockets of the wealthy people in England. They were joined by the late Tudor Griffiths and Joseph Lewis as trustees. Both have now welcomed the sale to the Welsh Assembly

"We are very happy that our original aspiration when we purchased the Cob 25 years ago, to close the tollgate once and for all, has come to fruition."

"We are also glad that local charities from Porthmadog and Penrhyndeudraeth will continue to receive the annual contributions they have enjoyed over the years from funds distributed by the Trust."

Submitted by both Olwen Dunets and Rev. Elwyn Hughes

The Welsh Books council's Book of the Month, April 2003, choice was "The Book Of Welsh Pirates and Buccaneers.", written by Terry Breverton.

This book is very interesting to read. Wales can not only boast the most successful buccaneer in history, Admiral Sir Henry Morgan, but also the most successful pirate, 'Black Bart' Roberts. There are records of Roberts taking 400 ships in two years, from the African coast to South America, from the West Indies to Newfoundland. He was the last and most lethal pirate, known across the ocean as 'The Great Pyrate. Howell Davies, also from Bart's Pembrokeshire, was the captain who turned Roberts to piracy Howell Davies was the most cunning of all the sea-rovers, a duplicitous yet brave rogue. His story deserves to be a Spielberg film!

Wales produced many poets, hymn writers, composers etc. but it also produced many men of shady character. Their stories make wonderful, lively reading. This particular book is described as, "an immense work of great scholarship---effective, a study of the whole genre of piracy---exemplary, yet the writing is light and accessible---wonderful, fascinating detail and essential reading...."

Wales Books~~~~Glyndwr Publishing~~~Porth Glyndwr.

M

A Bit Of Easter Humour

There was a pastor, who in his children's sermon, said, "Easter is coming. Do you know what we celebrate at Easter? One of the children said, "last year I got a chocolate bunny at Easter." The pastor thought that one of the other children might improve on that, so he asked again. This time one of the children said, "the Easter bunny brings us Easter eggs at Easter." By this time the pastor was a little discouraged, but he decided to try one more time. The third child said, "at Easter, Jesus died on the cross." Now that isn't exactly right, but the pastor was encouraged that the answers were moving in the right direction, so he tried once more. The last child said, "Easter is when Jesus came out of the grave." Relieved that they arrived at the right answer, the pastor started to wrap up the children's sermon--but the child continued, " and if he sees his shadow, we will have six more weeks of Winter."

Submitted By the Rev. Elwyn Hughes

NOSTALGIA

(Was it really like this ?)

We met, we married, along time ago,
We worked long hours, wages were low,
No telly, no radio, no baths, times were hard,
Just a cold water tap and a walk up the yard,
No holidays abroad, no carpet on the floor,
We had coal on the fire and never locked doors,
Our children arrived-no pills in those days,
And we brought them up without state aid,
No valium, no drugs, no LSD.
We cured our pains with a nice cup of tea,
If you were sick you were treated at once,
Not fill in a form, and come back in a month.
No vandals, no robbings, we had nothing to rob,
In fact you were rich with a couple of bob.
People were happier in those far off days,
Kinder, more caring in so many ways.
Milkmen and paper boys would whistle a tune,
And a night at the flicks was a wonderful thing.
Oh we had our troubles, we had our strife,
But we just had to face them, that was our life.
But now I'm alone I look back at the years,
I don't think of the troubles, bad times and tears,
I remember the blessings, our home, kids and love,
We shared them together and thanked God above.

Author Unknown

Submitted by Morvenna Holdaway

In Memoriam

We extend our sympathy to Tony and Marjorie Williams. Tony's sister, Gaynor Gittins passed away recently at the age of fifty-nine. Gaynor lived in Meifod, Powys, and had struggled valiantly against cancer. She was a much loved wife, mother and sister. We are saddened by your loss.

The Empty Egg

Jeremy was born with a twisted body and a slow mind. At the age of 12 he was still in second grade. Seemingly unable to learn. His teacher, Doris Miller, often became exasperated with him. He would squirm in his seat, drool, and make grunting noises. At other times, he spoke clearly and distinctly, as if a spot of light had penetrated the darkness of his brain. Most of the time, however, Jeremy just irritated his teacher.

One day she called his parents and asked them to come in for a consultation. As the Forresters entered the empty classroom, Doris said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems. Why, there is a five year gap between his age and that of the other students."

Mrs. Forrester cried softly into a tissue, while her husband spoke. "Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be a terrible shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here." Doris sat for a long time after they had left, staring at the snow outside the window. Its coldness seemed to seep into her soul. She wanted to sympathize with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terminal illness, but it wasn't fair to keep him in her class. She had 18 other youngsters to teach, and Jeremy was a distraction. Furthermore, he would never learn to read and write. Why waste any more time trying?

As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. Here I am complaining when my problems are nothing compared to that poor family, she thought. Lord, please help me to be more patient with Jeremy. From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares. Then one day, he limped to her desk, dragging his bad leg behind him.

"I love you, Miss Miller," he exclaimed, loud enough for the whole class to hear. The other students snickered, and Doris' face turned red. She stammered, "Wh-why that's very nice, Jeremy. Now please take your seat."

Spring came, and the children talked excitedly about the coming of Easter. Doris told them the story of Jesus, and then to emphasize the idea of new life springing forth, she gave each of the children a large plastic egg. "Now," she said to them, "I want you to take this home and bring it back tomorrow with something inside that shows new life. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Miller," the children responded enthusiastically all except for Jeremy. He listened intently; his eyes never left her face. He did not even make his usual noises. Had he understood what she had said about Jesus' death and resurrection? Did he understand the assignment? Perhaps she should call his parents and explain the project to them.

That evening, Doris' kitchen sink stopped up. She called the landlord and waited an hour for him to come by and unclog it. After that, she still had to shop for groceries, iron a blouse, and prepare a vocabulary test for the next day. She completely forgot about phoning Jeremy's parents.

The next morning, 19 children came to school, laughing and talking as they placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller's desk. After they completed their math lesson, it was time to open the eggs. In the first egg, Doris found a flower. "Oh yes, a flower is certainly a sign of new life," she said. "When plants peek through the ground, we know that spring is here." A small girl in the first row waved her arm. "That's my egg, Miss Miller," she called out. The next egg contained a plastic butterfly, which looked very real. Doris held it up. "We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly. Yes, that's new life, too." Little Judy smiled proudly and said, "Miss Miller, that one is mine." Next, Doris found a rock with moss on it. She explained that moss, too, showed life. Billy spoke up from the back of the classroom, "My daddy helped me," he beamed.

Then Doris opened the fourth egg. She gasped. The egg was empty. Surely it must be Jeremy's she thought, and of course, he did not understand her instructions. If only she had not forgotten to phone his parents. Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached for another. Suddenly, Jeremy spoke up. "Miss Miller, aren't you going to talk about my egg?" Flustered, Doris replied, "But Jeremy, your egg is empty." He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty, too."

Time stopped. When she could speak again, Doris asked him, "Do you know why the tomb was empty?" "Oh, yes," Jeremy said, "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then His Father raised Him up."

The recess bell rang. While the children excitedly ran out to the school yard, Doris cried. The cold inside her melted completely away.

Three months later, Jeremy died. Those who paid their respects at the mortuary were surprised to see 19 eggs on top of his casket, all of them empty.

Submitted By Joy Bailey

On The Move

E-mail address changes:

Gerry and Lowri Taylor-----dwynant@tiscal.co.uk

Gaynor and David Low-----gadalow@cogeco.ca

Many Thanks to This Month's Contributors

Janet & Cliff Davies, Laverne Horner, Richard T. Jones, Patricia & Clive Mason, Sybil & Ifor Pugh, Iona Rees.

Good Friday Gymanfa

A BIG THANK YOU to Betty Jones for the tea and delicious Welsh cakes she served after the Gymanfa Ganu session on Friday evening. It was a delightful end to a wonderful day.

I would like especially to thank Sheryl Clay for her wonderful renditions. Sheryl stepped in a the last moment, but you would never have guessed this. As always, her solos were excellent

Joy Bailey

Correction to last month's recipe – Kiwi Fudge Slices

Apologies for an omission in the directions. After 'Blend well', insert 'Bake for 20-25 minutes. Remove from pan while hot and remove wax paper'. Then carry on with 'Place on cookie sheet, etc.'

Mission & Service Committee

Dewi Sant is pleased to have collected donations to the M&S Fund totalling \$1,104.00 during the period January 1 – March 31, 2003

Installation Service

The Installation Service of Rev. Aled D. Jones, our previous Minister, is scheduled to be held at Hillcrest Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) on Sunday 27th April. We wish Rev. Aled all the best.

Buy a red umbrella. It's easier to find amongst the black ones, and it adds a little colour to a rainy day.

Worry makes for a hard pillow. When something's troubling you, before going to sleep, jot down three things you can do the next day to help solve the problem.

Never interrupt when you are being flattered.-----Never ask a barber if he thinks that you need a haircut!

Accept the fact that regardless of how many times you are right, you will sometimes be wrong!

DUST

A Little Humour!

I can't tell you how many countless hours that I have spent cleaning! I used to spend at least 8---12 hours every weekend making sure that things were just perfect---in case someone came over-----They were all out living life, having fun! Now when people visit—I find no need to explain the “condition” of my home. They are more interested in hearing about things I've been doing while I was away living life and having fun!

If you haven't figured this out yet—please heed this advice. Life is short—enjoy it!

Dust if you must, but wouldn't it be better to paint a picture or write a letter. Bake a cake or plant a seed. Ponder the difference between want and need? Dust if you must, but there's not much time, with rivers to swim and mountains to climb, music to hear and books to read, friends to cherish and life to lead. Dust if you must but the world's out there, with the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair, a flutter of snow, a shower of rain. This day will not come round again. Dust if you must but bear in mind, old age will come and it's not kind. When you go, and go you must. You yourself, will make more dust.

Submitted By Ellen Fitzgibbon

Here we are with Spring once again on the threshold and hopefully warmer days ahead. I thank the contributors, and once AGAIN I am begging you to "Please" submit something. Y Gadwyn goes out to over 300 people!! If each one of you submitted one suitable thing it would keep me going for a while. When there is not much church news to report I try to find things of interest and current!

I want to use the five pages that we pay postage for, to be full to the brim. (With your compositions, NOT mine!!) myfanwy@rogers.com 905 737 4399

Myfanwy

Thanks to Tara Siân Bajaj- Freemantle for technical help.

Deadline Date for next edition - May18th

Dewi Sant Calendar of Events, 2003

The community of Dewi Sant Welsh United Church meet at 11.00am for worship on Sunday mornings. Sunday school is scheduled to take place every Sunday morning at the regular time.

Welsh language services are held at 7.00pm on the first Sunday of every month. On Sunday May 4th Reverend Norman Jones will be conducting the Welsh language service of worship.

Welsh language classes are held Fridays evenings and Saturday afternoons.

A special service is to be held on Sunday May 25th at 11.00 am to commemorate 300 years of the Methodist movement. Further details will be mailed to Members of the congregation.

North American Festival of Wales. Featuring the 72nd. annual Gymanfa Ganu. Richmond, (Vancouver) B.C August 28-31 2003. This festival promises to be excellent. Side trips are being arranged to Whistler, Olde World Victoria on Vancouver Island, an Alaskan Luxury Cruise and a West Coast Adventure. Dunvent Male Voice Choir, Jason Howard, Ysgol Gerdd Ceredigion are but a few of the Headliners.

For details telephone 1-877-831-0563.