

Dewi Sant Welsh United Church

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Desiderata

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself to others you may become vain and bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your career however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself, especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all disenchantment it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture the strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars: you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be; and whatever your labours and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul. With all its shame, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.

Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

*Apologies to Reverend Deian and readers – the minister’s message vanished into cyberspace.
There will be two messages in the next edition.*

UCW.

On Tuesday February 15th the UCW held a luncheon/Social morning. It was well attended. The ladies and some of their partners were served watercress soup, quiche and salad, and a trolley load of scrumptious deserts. We were delighted by the presence of Menna and Nia Jones who came with Betty Jones. We haven't seen these two sisters for many years and hope that this is one of many visits.

Reverend Deian and Annette prepared a selection of quizzes that boggled our minds. They really put us through our paces and tested our knowledge of the Bible as well as trivia. We had 2 couples play a version of the Newly Wed game, (Sion a Siân), displaying a fairly good knowledge of their partners.

Past president Joy Bailey and Peter were celebrating their 48th wedding anniversary and were congratulated by the group.

This UCW meeting was held at lunchtime to accommodate several requests from people wishing to be supportive, but unable to drive at night during the winter months. As soon as the days get longer there will be evening activities again.

On March 8th Presbytery meets at Dewi Sant and the UCW are providing refreshments. You are all welcomed to attend if you are interested in seeing what goes on at Presbytery meetings.

Our monthly meeting will be announced at Dewi Sant and by phone conveners.

Myfanwy .

Renewal 2007

The count-down to our centenary celebrations is on! Just two more years before we, the only Welsh church in Canada, will be eligible for the "telegram from the Queen"!

As readers of Y Gadwyn know, the planning committee has been hard at work for several months and we can look forward to many happy, fun events. But, unfortunately, one of the negative aspects of "turning one hundred" is that there are many urgently needed repairs to the church building. We are in dire need of a new furnace and the roof must be replaced soon. Therefore the Renewal 2007 committee set itself a goal of raising \$100,000 in time for our centenary.

You all will have seen the beautiful banner hanging in the narthex. Leona Francis designed and made it, and every leaf, butterfly and bird symbolize how much closer we are to our financial goal. When we reach the \$100,000 goal, "the dragon will have landed".

To date a total of \$23,381.98 has been reached. The St. David's Society of Toronto generously donated \$5,000.00. We benefited from two concerts (Tonna Male Voice and Gwyndaf Jones and friends) for a total of \$2,260.00. There have also been general donations of \$1,980.00.

The "Sponsor a Year" campaign has brought in \$11,200.00. Thank you so much for your support. If you have not yet received your personal "thank you" letter, it will arrive soon. However, there are still some "orphan" years available. Please check the boards downstairs.

"Loaves and Fishes", where we were asked to double the \$25.00 received from our Treasurer, Ross Cullingworth, raised an amazing \$1,930.00 in the few months of the 2004 campaign. When the "doubled money" was returned to Ross at the end of the year, participants were asked to specify how they had achieved their goal. There are many excellent cooks and bakers in this church family, so it's not surprising that Flo Sutton's preserves, Brenda Davis' gourmet dog biscuits, Gaynor McConnell's pies, Myfanwy Bajaj's dinner party, Violet Clay's Welsh cakes and my Bara Brith raised a total of \$1,026.50. Dr. Murray Black donated the receipts of the music purchased for weddings and funerals, the Reverend Gordon Nodwell gave a percentage of profits from his recently published book of poems, Leona Francis sold hand-made cards, Irene Evans made vests and Rob Bruce gave us his Lotto winnings! (Joy David did not tell us how she doubled her money.) An enormous "Thank You" to everyone for their efforts and to everyone who supported the campaign.

That's the good news! The 2004 "Loaves and Fishes" may be over, however another year has begun. We hope that church members will continue with this campaign, but perhaps focus more on friends and neighbors. My Oakville friends were delighted to taste (and pay for!) traditional Welsh foods.

Hefina Phillips

A Major Fundraiser.

The April 10th tea and auction will be the next major event on our calendar. Please try to attend and bring as many family members and friends as you can. This will be a wonderful afternoon at the Rosedale Golf and Country club (within walking distance of the church), with a wide variety of items on the block. There will also be musical entertainment. Tickets are \$25 for adults, \$20 for seniors and children under 12. For more information call the church (416-485-7583), Meriel Simpson (90-712-1268) or Leona Francis (905-727-1268).

Hefina Phillips.

Thanks to all of you who bought raffle tickets for the beautiful afghan, handmade by Violet Clay with proceeds going to the 2007 Renewal Committee. There was a second prize of a pair of knitted slippers, made by Irene Evans. The numbers are:

First Prize - Handmade Afghan - 0484445

2nd Prize - Slippers 0484398

Please call Meriel Simpson if you have the winning ticket - 905-712-1268

VISION TV PROGRAMS AVAILABLE TO PURCHASE!

You've seen them on TV. Now own them for yourself. All three programs are on one DVD or one VHS. DVD - \$20 VHS - \$15

Email Meriel Simpson at meriels@sympatico.ca or Wanda at info@dewisant.com to order your copies.

The Welsh in Canada.

I'm sure that the majority of Y Gadwyn readers saw the recent television series "The Welsh in Canada" and were as delighted as I to finally see the Welsh being given the recognition we so richly deserve.

The three half-hour programs were the brain child of the Reverend Lord Roger Roberts when he was interim minister at Dewi Sant. However, it is to Meriel Simpson that we owe a tremendous debt of gratitude for her role in working with Vision T.V. and the hours that she spent in editing the filming. Diolch yn fawr, Meriel.

Naturally, music played a major role in the series, both soloists and choral. Sheryl Clay, Gaynor Jones Low and Meriel Simpson were wonderful. The Chancel Choir, Merched Dewi, and the Toronto Welsh Male Voice Choir all played prominent parts. I may be biased, of course, but in my opinion, it was the children that stole the show with their two hymns "Pwy wnaeth y sAr uwchben" and "Diolch, Iesu".

The history of Welsh immigration, both old and new, was well represented, and an excellent overall view of how we currently celebrate our Welshness was shown. Much of the filming had been taken during last year's St. David's Day Banquet at the Liberty Grand where the organizer, Martin Rees, made an eloquent and impassioned plea for the estimated 45,000 Welsh people in the Greater Toronto area to unite. There is a well-known saying: "Mewn undod mae nerth." (Strength comes from unity).

Hefina Phillips.

Saint David's Day.

Another year has rolled around and here we are once again on the eve of St David's Day. Before you ask let me just say that St David is the Patron Saint of Wales. With the St Patrick's Day frenzy well underway, poor St David is often overlooked. Well I'm tired of it. Besides most people don't even realize that St. Patrick was actually Welsh, not Irish!

I don't know of anyone who isn't fond of the Irish and around St. Paddy's day almost everyone claims to have at least a drop or two of Irish blood running through their veins. However, it makes me sad that most people don't even know who St. David is and even fewer celebrate his day. Poor public relations I guess! St. David's Day comes on March the 1st, well before St. Paddy's Day on the 17th. Saint David or Dewi Sant, as he is known in the Welsh language, was a monk, abbot and bishop, who lived in the sixth century. Perhaps the most well known story regarding Dewi's life took place at the Synod of Llanddewi Brefi. They were voting on whether or not Dewi was to be elected Archbishop. A great crowd had gathered, but when Dewi stood up to speak, one of the congregation shouted: "We won't be able to see or hear him". At that moment the ground under Dewi rose up until everyone could see and hear him clearly. Not surprisingly, he was instantly elected the next Archbishop. It may not be quite as dramatic as driving the snakes out of Ireland but it was quite a crowd-pleaser nonetheless. In Wales St. David is revered every bit as much as St. Patrick is in Ireland but no one in the US has ever heard of him it seems, much the same way no one knows that St. Patrick is actually Welsh. It's really most unfair and I felt I had to do something to rectify the situation. In his day Richard Burton probably did more for St. David than anyone else ever has by including a clause in every one of his stage and movie contracts that he would not work on March 1st, St. David's Day. By this time you may have guessed that my family hails from Wales, the little country west of England across from Ireland, but we're all Celtic after all so who's to say there wasn't a bit of fraternization between them? They crossed that small stretch of water often enough.

A surprising number of people don't even know about Wales! I once had someone ask me, "Oh yes, isn't Wales a lake in central Florida?" Of course a few enlightened souls know our most famous duo, King Arthur and his wizard, Merlin were Welsh. And a few more even know that Dylan Thomas, Richard Burton, Anthony Hopkins, John Rhys Davies, Tom Jones, Shirley Bassey, Timothy Dalton, the beautiful

Catherine Zeta-Jones, singing sensation Charlotte Church and opera star, Bryn Terfel are also Welsh but did you know that there have been many famous Welsh Americans? The Declaration of Independence, that most famous of documents, was drafted by Thomas Jefferson, who spoke and wrote Welsh. He, and sixteen others of Welsh descent, signed the document ushering a new era into the world. (And Thomas Cahill says the Irish saved civilization? Bah humbug!)

As far as presidents of the United States we've had our share of those, too.

They were John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Q. Adams, William Harrison, Abraham Lincoln, James Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, Calvin Coolidge, and Richard Nixon. Among vice presidents there have been John Nance Garner, Richard Nixon, and Hubert Humphrey. Secretaries of State include Daniel Webster, William H. Seward, and George Catlett Marshall (also General of the Armies in WWII). Among the Chief Justices of the Supreme Court are John Marshall, Charles Evans Hughes, and Roger Brook Taney.

Other famous Welsh-Americans were Samuel Adams, one of the founders of Harvard University, Elihu Yale, one of the founders of Yale University, Herman Humphreys, one of the founders of Amherst University, Morgan Edwards, one of the founders of Brown University, Samuel Jones, one of the founders of Brown University, Morgan Lewis, one of the founders of New York University, Rowland Ellis, one of the founders of Bryn Mawr College, William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee, General of the Confederate Armies, Goronwy Owen, poet, classical scholar and headmaster William & Mary College, , Merriwether Lewis, leader of Lewis and Clark Expedition, William Dean Howells, author, critic, and editor, Henry M. Stanley, (Born John Rowlands), newspaper man who "found" Dr. Livingston, Oliver Evans, one of the pioneers of Fulton's steamboat, David Wark Griffiths, pioneer motion picture producer, Frank Lloyd Wright, architect, Luther Hammond Lewis, Founder of Big Brother Movement, John L. Lewis, pioneer Labor Movement leader, Norman Thomas, socialist leader, Lowell Thomas, radio commentator and explorer, Bob Hope, Hollywood and T.V. star (son of Agnes Townes, Welsh concert singer), William George Fargo, Founder of Wells, Fargo Express Co., Daniel Boone, frontiersman, Harold Lloyd, actor comedian, Ray Milland, actor, Jack Daniel, of Jack Daniel's Bourbon, Evan Williams, maker of that famous bourbon, Ellis Potter Earle, founder of Chase Manhattan Bank and financier of the Empire State Bldg.

Now I'm beginning to sound like the Irish with all their blarney so we may very well be related after all. But I feel a lot better having gotten this off my chest and as you can see I'm doing my best to set the record straight once and for all! We wear green on St. David's Day just as the Irish do on St. Paddy's day. However, it's customary in Wales to pin a leek or a daffodil to your lapel or hat in honor of the day. So throw away your shamrocks and don your leeks, everyone. Let's keep this on an adult level, but a la Jesse Ventura, my Saint can beat your Saint any day even if they are both Welsh! So hoist your glass of green beer, no sense wasting it, Iechyd da (good health) and Happy St David's Day to you all!

Hefina Phillips.

Diolch yn fawr Hefina. I'm glad that your chest feels better now !

All joking aside, I want to thank Hefina very much for all the hard work she puts into her articles. Often, a day before Y Gadwyn is due to be printed I'll contact Hefina and tell her that I am desperate as I have nothing apart for the Minister's Message for the paper unless I write it myself. She comes through for me every time. I know all the readers contribute generously financially, but I do need your input. You really do not want Y Gadwyn filled by articles that I drum up. This is a platform for all of you to share your experiences, your laughter and your tears. Please contribute.

Thank you. Myfanwy.

Kitchen Corner-----Cornel Fach Y Gegin.

Chocolate Caramel Bars

1 Package German or Swiss chocolate cake mix : 3/4 cup melted butter :
1/3 cup sweetened condensed milk : 1 cup chopped nuts :1 cup chocolate chips.

For the Caramel Sauce:

60 light caramels (I use Werthers. They're a little more expensive, but easier to unwrap than the Kraft kind) 1/2 cup evaporated milk
Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

In a large bowl, combine cake mix, melted butter, sweetened condensed milk and nuts. Press half of the dough into a 9 x13 greased pan. (Reserve the rest for topping). Bake for 8 minutes. Sprinkle chocolate chips over baked crust. Spread caramel sauce over chocolate chips. Crumble the rest of dough over caramel layer. Bake for 18-20 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

Cranberry Nut Clusters

100 g (or 3 oz) white chocolate :1/2 cup dried cranberries :1/3 cup roasted pecans, chopped
2 tablespoons desiccated coconut

Partially melt chocolate over hot water in a double boiler (or soften in microwave oven on "defrost"). Remove from heat; stir until chocolate is completely melted and smooth.

Add all other remaining ingredients; mix to combine. Using two teaspoons, drop clusters of mixture onto a tray (the recipe says to line the tray with wax paper, but I never have). Refrigerate until firm.

Store clusters refrigerated in an airtight plastic container. (If stored properly, they retain their freshness for a long time - except that they never last a long time)

The above recipe states it should make 18 chocolate clusters (I think I made 15). Now though, I always make double the recipe.

Mairwen Thornley.

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Welsh Rugby fan and an English Rugby fan get into a car accident on the way to Cardiff, and it's a bad one. Both cars are totally demolished, but amazingly neither of them is hurt. Both fans are wearing their respective rugby jerseys and after they crawl out of their cars, the Welsh Rugby fan says, "So you're an English Rugby fan, that's interesting. I'm a Welsh Rugby fan... Wow! Just look at our cars, there's nothing left, but fortunately we are unhurt. This must be a sign from God that we should meet and be friends and live together in peace the rest of our days." The English Rugby fan replied, "I agree with you completely; this must be a sign from God! The Welsh Rugby fan continued, "And look at this - here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of whisky didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this and celebrate our good fortune." Then he hands the bottle to the English Rugby fan. The English Rugby fan nods his head in agreement, opens it and takes a few big swigs from the bottle, then handing it back to the Welsh Rugby fan. The Welsh Rugby fan takes the bottle, immediately puts the cap back on, and hands it back to the English Rugby fan. The English Rugby fan asks, "Aren't you having any?" The Welsh Rugby fan replies, "**No. I think I will just wait for the police...**"
I think that this is quite appropriate after Wales' great win against England recently. Martin Rees.

India in Retrospect

I'm not having the same kind of flashbacks now that it's a year since we returned from India, so it's easier for me to write. Not easy but easier.

A lot of the time last year I couldn't get past the images of the poorest of the poor, especially the children. I could see them as they lay and played beside highway underpasses with perhaps one sick or sleeping adult beside them. I could see them, 2 and 4 years old walking beside busy roads with no supervision. I could see them learning to beg in their mothers' arms. At home we had just been blessed with a little granddaughter and I kept imagining her in similar situations. Where and to whom we are born is such a matter of chance: it's the same in every country: it's just so much more obvious in India. Some of the women stayed with me too as they staked out their tiny territories at the side of traffic-laden streets. Their areas were the size of doormats. Their babies would be gently placed on the edge and the mother would sweep and sweep this place for the both of them.

In Bombay, children are not registered at birth nor do they have to attend school, so it's as if they don't really exist. While we were in Bombay 10 people a day died on the railway tracks. These men women and children could not be identified other than as a conglomerate figure at the end of a week. Thanks to new political systems, in other cities and states, particularly in the south, children are registered and school is mandatory.

A friend had warned me about seeing these hardships with "You have to prepare yourself for this trip. You have to look but not think".

One might imagine that a child psychiatrist would have less trouble than this, because we see the results of all kinds of abuse every day, but the fact is that we seem to become more porous as time goes by.

I guess that part of my fascination with this country is the guilt that many of the privations suffered are the result of colonial Britain's enjoyment and exploitation of the Raj and hence the prevention of self-determination of the ordinary citizen.

Having been there and experienced the astonishing spectrum that is India one can understand how our ancestors became seduced and therefore blind to the damage they were doing. Who doesn't want to stay in a hotel where the lovely teak cabins are strung out against a hillside like lanterns and who doesn't want to be waited on as if we were the real royalty that inhabited the City Palace Hotel at Udaipur with its fabulous view of the famed and filmed Lake Palace. If it's good enough for James Bond it's certainly O.K. for me.

Getting to know India is like falling in love, quite scary but irresistible. Much as we were affected by the poverty, the begging and the wheeling dealing trades- people there were so many other experiences that it's hard to imagine never going back.

College students at the Amber Fort were dazzling in their orange saris and pristine navy blazers encrusted with gold crests. Children going to and from school look well fed and beautifully behaved in their attractive bright school uniforms. Even workers in the fields wore sarees shining like jewels. The healthy school children were happy and mischievous. They loved having their photographs taken especially if rewarded with a few chocolates. In one town a little gang of rascals had all their hands in my purse at the same time. They took a lot of things out, looked at all the items including medication and money but tossed everything back except the candy. I thought that was pretty impressive. It felt safer than Scarborough.

We were never very far from the poor but always around the corner from extreme hardship-- was sublime beauty.

We visited the Taj Mahal in the sheerest of early dawns, when the familiar marble tomb was almost transparent against the gathering light. We climbed to the Ajanta caves and were agog with the immensity of the relief work done by carvers and other artists centuries ago with hand tools. They had walked into the solid rock and left behind exquisite rooms, shrines, a veritable cathedral filled with gigantic animals, detailed carvings and gorgeous paintings.

We also luxuriated in the lush hills of South India, covered with precisely laid out tea plantations. In a lovely small resort on the South coast we were wakened in the morning by the haunting chants of families blessing the fishing nets and we refreshed our souls in the Indian Ocean while working up an appetite for the catch of the day. Some of the greatest treats however were in store back up north in Delhi, the original home of our friend and tour leader by now called, with respect and awe, our Ramji.

Ram Bajaj and Myfanwy had organized from this side of the world a trip beyond compare. We had four International flights and 8 internal flights in India, we went by bus some thousand miles and barring accidents we never waited a moment for bus or plane. Simple things delighted me. It felt both deliciously comfortable and exotic to be standing with a group of men in the airports watching cricket on TV especially as everyone knew exactly what was going on in the game. We thought our air-conditioned bus with extra seats to move around in was pretty nice until we were given the privilege of one of Ram's sisters' three cars with accompanying driver to go wherever we wanted night and day. Being "embedded in Delhi" in this luxurious manner gave us a totally different view of the city and the nation, as business flowed all around us .The hotels were urbane and convenient with all the facilities and fabulous room service for a pittance. We saw everyone going to work dressed better than in Toronto. (Even though they did stop for a pee on the pavement in front of you.) The traffic in Delhi was a thrilling experience especially when we ventured out on foot. At intersections it was every one for himself as pedestrians competed with cows, auto-cabs, rickshaws, bikes, trucks, oxen-carts and hundreds of other people to get across the road. The cows won!

Ram took us to the marketing section of Delhi where his sister, brother-in-law and several nephews are in the jewelry business. Their immaculate stores and offices are very narrow and a number of flights up because of the lack of available space for a teeming population. Their products were gorgeous and tempting. It's really hard not to spend money in India, as almost everything is much less expensive than here and often of the finest quality. We thoroughly enjoyed watching Ram and Myfanwy choosing gold wedding bracelets for Amira (for her upcoming wedding). At lunchtime we sat in a brother's office because the next door restaurant was too crowded and we ate the most delicious aloo tikki. This was delivered by one of the many men that were sitting in the store to help out in a myriad of ways, some of the more important ones involving tea or food. The hospitality of this family, to us, a bunch of strangers was remarkable and a real tribute to their head of the family Papagi, otherwise known as Ram Bajaj. Just because we were friends of Ram and Myfanwy we were all invited to a most lavish wedding with wondrous food, music, dancing and socializing in an outdoor wedding hall where the groom arrived on a caparisoned horse and the bride shyly and slowly walked towards the wedding stage. She was intricately decorated with traditional henna designs and wore an exquisite silk, lace and gold embroidered saree weighing about sixty pounds. What a privilege and what an evening we had.

*Finally the family invited us to a fare-well party the night we were leaving and we danced up a storm, finished all the rum and red wine in the house and were then conveyed to the airport to nurse the results of our overindulgence until we departed at 3.00 a.m.
Our older son noticed the other day how much I was talking about the trip so I guess I am over the trauma part and able to celebrate the anniversary of an extraordinary journey across a vast country.*

Dr. Jennifer Steadman.

Time seldom moves more slowly

Windows joyous with mirth and hope by morn
Hang soggy in neglectful silence by night
A cheery face, too early past the curtain
The clatter, the clutter, the clamor to rise
The fog too dense within, the din yet more insistent

I forsake the sweet desire for that blissful state
To join the struggle, the battle that is today
Each new increment goes unmeasured
Uncounted yet desperately noticed.
Spent in the company of those you love
Time seldom moves more quickly.

David Freebury 2002

Submitted by Ray Freebury in memory of their son.

Dear Lord

Every single evening as I'm lying here in bed,
This tiny little prayer keeps running through my head.
God bless all my family wherever they may be
Keep them warm and safe from harm, for they're so close to me.

And God there is one more thing I wish that you could do,
Hope you don't mind me asking, please bless my computer too.
Now I know that it's unusual to bless the motherboard,
But listen just a second while I explain it to you, Lord.

You see that little metal box holds more than odds and ends,
Inside those small compartments rest so many of my friends.
I know so much about them by the kindness that they give,
And this little scrap of metal takes me to where they live.

By faith is how I know them, much the same as you,
We share in what life brings us and from that, friendships grew.
Please take an extra minute from your duties up above,
To bless those in my address book that's filled with so much love.

Wherever else this prayer may reach to each and every friend
Bless each e-mail box and each person who hits send.
When you update your Heavenly list on your own CD-ROM,
Bless everyone who says this prayer sent up to GOD.com.
Pamela Evans.

Gadwyn Donors – Thank you!

Judy Bushnell, Pauline Goinhas Iris Mulcahy, Charles Oakley, Lowrie & Gerry Taylor

Megan Morris is in hospital recuperating from a severe fall. Enquiries phone Violet Clay or Lorna Hobbs.

Myfanwy Bajaj suffered a broken wrist while toiling over the Gadwyn (really she slipped on the ice).

Announcements for upcoming events at Dewi Sant

Lenten Bible Study Group – meets every Saturday during Lent at 10.30 am

Good Friday Services – March 25 :

3.00 pm. Service of Worship. Guest preacher, Rev Dr. R. Cerwyn Davies.

5.00 pm. Good Friday Dinner, arranged by Dewi Sant UCW.

7.00 pm, Gymanfa Ganu, conducted by Jean Iona Thompson

Easter Sunday services – March 27 :

9.15 am. Sacrament of Holy Communion

11.00 am. Service of Worship, led by Rev. Deian Evans.

The next Lunch Bunch meets at Dewi Sant on March 1st. Everyone is welcome! Contact Jean Iona Thompson for information.

Before Y Gadwyn was quite finished Myfanwy fell on the ice and broke her right wrist. One or two items have had to wait until the next edition. Please send all articles etc. to Myfanwy@rogers.com Tel: # 905 737 4399. **Deadline MARCH 20th**. NO LATE ITEMS PLEASE.
Wanda Sweet

DYDD GWYL DEWI HAPUS I CHI GYD. ---- HAPPY SAINT DAVID'S DAY TO YOU ALL.