

Dewi Sant Welsh United Church

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Gair gan y Gweinidog

A word from the Minister

Toronto seems to have burst into bloom recently. Wherever I look there is a sea of colour, even in the heart of the 'concrete jungle' as I call the Downtown region. At this time of year the conversation often turns to botanical matters, with people talking about their favourite flowers, or flowers they associate with things of importance in their lives. Ever since they first came into bloom I have noticed more daffodils around me, in Church and elsewhere, than I can ever recall, maybe because there is more association through the Welsh community here or maybe because I now feel a personal association to my 'homeland far away' through my noticing the daffodil everywhere.

I recently found out that the flower of the province of Ontario is the White Trillium, a flower of the Lily family, sometimes called the wake-robin as it blooms around the same time as the appearance of the first robins in the Spring. These flowers used to grow all over the Maritime Provinces but are hardly seen there at all by today. Here in Canada they now only grow strongly in southern Ontario and parts of Quebec.

As the name suggests the flower is white in colour and the petals occur in threes, very much like the clover. As it matures, the flower turns a shade of pink. It is truly a beautiful plant, another miracle within God's creation.

There are two important festivals in the Christian calendar celebrated in this month of May – Whitsun or Pentecost, the celebration of the birth of the Christian religion, held seven weeks after Easter, and, a week later, Trinity Sunday, when we celebrate the presence of our God as three entities, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Teaching about these festivals at school always found me answering deep questions asked by pupils who found concepts such as Speaking in Tongues, winds rushing through solid objects, tongues of flame, and, most of all, the idea of God as being Three in One – the Trinity. And this remains a difficult area even for adults, let alone youngsters. But let me try to explain the concept of the Trinity in botanical terms.

I spoke of the White Trillium. It is one flower. But the flower is composed of three petals. Some see it as one, others view it in terms of three. Yet it is the same flower. So we view God as one entity. No question. Yet this one entity comprises three beautiful 'petals', namely the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Together they make the 'whole', God.

Wishing you fun and enjoyment in your gardens and flower beds over the coming weeks.
Bob bendith.

Deian.

UCW. ----- Merched Capel Dewi Sant .

The ladies of the UCW met in April meeting for a Penny Auction.

Annette Evans opened the meeting with devotions and then....it was time for the games to begin.

What fun it turned out to be. Auctioneer Jean Iona Thompson led us a merry dance, although still recuperating from a nasty "bug." Thanks go to Jean for her skills. She got us bidding with such fervor that yours truly bid against herself a couple of times! We were still trying to out bid each other when the last item was sold at 9:45pm. We all rushed to the tea table to sample the delicious repast prepared for us by Risti Jensen. After so much bidding and laughing our tongues were as dry as cardboard. We were delighted to find that we had raised nearly \$300.

Thank you ladies for bringing goods and bidding on them. I'm sure that next year there will be many "familiar" items back on the table ! It is all good fun and contributes to the UCW effort. Also belatedly, my thanks go to all the ladies for the work on Good Friday. The ladies of the executive committee prepared the dinner. After the Gymanfa a delicious tea was prepared by Betty Jones. Thank you all. There is a great deal of work involved during these functions and everyone works very hard.

Myfanwy.

Please note the following events that have been arranged by the UCW and mark the dates on your calendars. --- The next general meeting will take place on May 31st. It will be a games night. Bargain Hunter Alert and Tea Room. Saturday July 9, 2005. We are looking for gently used clothing, books, plants, house wares, bric-a-brac, china etc. Tables can be rented to sell your own wares. Please contact Myfanwy. 905 737 4399 myfanwy@rogers.com or the church office.

Strawberry Supper and Song Friday June 24th---Salad, ham, potato salad, coleslaw, strawberries and cream. Tickets PRE SOLD \$10 per person - Elizabeth Stroud.

Financial Status from The Board Of Stewards:

Dewi Sant continues to run in a deficit position. At the end of this quarter, we are reporting a loss of \$16,515.00. Even though our budget for this year anticipates a loss, we are well below expected income. Givings for this quarter have been lighter than expected.

Dewi Sant is a strong spiritual and cultural centre for the Welsh in Toronto and Canada. In order for our community to continue to thrive, we will all need to look for ways of increasing income. Income can come from a number of sources: increased donations, increased membership, creative ways of raising funds, (church rental etc.)

Your Board of Stewards welcome any ideas you may have and I would be happy to discuss them with you. Feel free to call me at 416-652-7537 or send me an e-mail at sheryl.clay@cibc.com. Dewi Sant relies heavily on the generosity of its members and friends and appreciates the generosity you have all shown over the years.

Sheryl Clay.

The Welsh Festival of Ontario.

If you didn't get to attend the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu in Stratford April 29 - May 2, then I'm sorry. I'm even sorrier that you missed hearing the wonderful Cor Maelgwn Gwynedd, who enthralled us at Saturday night's concert and during Sunday's two Gymanfa sessions.

The general consensus was that this was one of the best weekends ever. What made it so? Much of the success of the weekend is owed to the presence and involvement of the choristers and their wives. Not only was this one of the best choirs that I have heard, but every member participated fully in all aspects of the weekend. We found out early just how much fun they were when they took part in Friday night's Noson Lawen. We listened in awe to the soloists and duets and laughed hysterically at their skits. The choir's delightful director, 26 year old Trystan Lewis, in addition to being a musical genius, has a wicked sense of humor - as I discovered!

St. John's Church was packed on Saturday evening. The concert was magnificent. Such was the quality of the singing that we, the listeners, wondered if the entire choir consisted of soloists. Trystan was dynamic! For such a young man to command such respect and discipline was remarkable. Their repertoire was varied and different. After three rousing national anthems, the program began with the emotional Anthem Geltaidd by Dafydd Iwan. (This happens to be the title of their latest C.D.) Another of Dafydd Iwan's newer songs, "Hawl i Fyw", "The Right To Live," had been translated into English and the solo part superbly sung by bass baritone Edgar Jones.

Amongst other soloists were Bryn o'r Bryn, Blue Ribbon winner Tom Davies and tenor Sam Roberts, who is the brother in law of the Reverend Lord Roger Roberts of Llandudno.

By the end of the evening we (and especially the women) had completely fallen in love with Trystan and were plotting how to prevent him from leaving Ontario!!

No Male Voice Choir concert is complete without its "afterglow" and we were treated to a second "feast of fun and music" until the wee hours. An extra bonus was that every member spoke Welsh. When did we last have a visiting choir where the only language of communication was Welsh? Trystan conducted in Welsh, directed in Welsh, joked in Welsh and thought in Welsh. What a treat!

Then came Sunday. Trystan, our twenty six year old musical dynamo, was to conduct his 80th Gymanfa Ganu! He was a fount of knowledge and was full of interesting tidbits about the various composers. Did you know that "Tydi a Roddaist" was written while waiting for a train at Crewe Station?

President of the Welsh Festival of Ontario, David Pugh, chaired the morning session and Vice-President, Hefina Phillips the afternoon session. During the morning session Trystan became a bit confused about the order of service and commented that he wasn't sure if he needed a secretary or a wife! At the afternoon session Hefina, to get her own back after a trick Trystan had played on her on Friday night, presented him with a large box of applications for both positions! Of course, the altos got first refusal!

We had jelled into one large family by the end of the weekend, and we were so sad to say "Ffarwel" to these new found friends.

Thank you, David, for steering your committee through the preparations for this wonderful weekend, and thank you everyone for all your commitment and hard work. We are fortunate to be able to welcome Trish Stevens and Arun Bajaj to our midst. They will be a tremendous asset. The Board now consists of President Dave Pugh, Vice-President Hefina Phillips, Treasurer Gwen Dawson, Secretary, Margaret Williams, Past President, Myfanwy Bajaj, Betty Cullingworth, Mable Hastings, Don Davies, Hywel Pritchard, Trish Stevens and Arun Bajaj.

The committee also thanks Peter Williams for his generous donation towards the renting of the superb Grand Piano. We were unanimous in our opinion that it was far superior to last year's Keyboard.

Stratford is such a super city that we have decided to return there in 2006. Do join us.

Hefina.

The most precious thing we have is life. Yet it has absolutely no trade-in value. I am nobody, nobody is perfect, therefore I am perfect!-----I love being married. It's so great to find that one special person you want to annoy for the rest of your life.----- The next time that you feel like complaining, remember that your garbage disposal probably eats better than thirty percent of the people on this earth (sad).

Visit to the Rainbow Nation.----- Part 2.

The first part of the day was spent at Isandlwana and Rorke's Drift.

It was at Isandlwana, on January 22, 1879, that 1700 crack British troops, under Lord Chelmsford's command, faced the Zulu savages, 24,000 of them. Some 55 minutes later, after a partial eclipse of the sun, 1357 of the Imperial troops were dead. Survivors fled across Fugitive's

Drift where more were killed, but two managed to make it 15 miles to Rorke's Drift(ford). Rorke's trading station had become a Swedish Mission, until it was taken over by the invading British forces and used as a military outpost and hospital. It was ideally located on the border of Zululand and Natal, and formed one of a chain of forward supply bases. The garrison was manned by 139 men, the bulk of them from "B" company, 2nd battalion, 24th regiment, (2nd Warwickshires). The 24th only became the South Wales Borderers in 1881 as a result of the Cardwell reforms!

Not long after the alarm had been raised, about 4000 Zulus, part of the right "horn", who had missed the battle of Isandlwana, continued on to Rorke's Drift.

The battle started in late afternoon, and continued sporadically until morning. By then, there were 17 British and Colonials killed, and 13 wounded. Of the killed, 9 were confirmed stabbed (most of them invalids in the hospital) and 4 were confirmed shot. It is unsure how the others were killed. Of the wounded, only 3 were stabbed, (2 in the hospital) and 4 were shot. 11 of the total British casualties of 16, (the 17th, Cpl Anderson of the Natal Native Contingent, was shot by his own men while attempting to desert) were killed defending the hospital during the first 2 hours of the battle, before retreating from the burning building 40 yards to the commissariat's store.

The dead Zulus the next day numbered 351, with an unknown number of injured. The British were outnumbered 40 to 1, compared to odds of 10 to 1 at Isandlwana. The British expended an estimated 27,000 rounds of ammo, equating to about 80 shots per kill! Not very accurate shooting at point blank range. The Zulus were clearly in possession of a number of rifles too, and didn't depend on spears, except to dispose of the unarmed or sick.

Why did the Zulus not retreat when they heard Ivor Emmanuel singing "Men of Harlech"? Perhaps Colour Sergeant Frank Bourne was right when he said "For God's sake boyo, can't you sing something they know?"

The 500 or so cattle that the British had looted, disappeared with the Zulus the next day. Significant, if one understands the value placed on cattle by the Zulu, and possibly the battle was then considered a victory by them.

Eleven Victoria Crosses were awarded for that encounter. Perhaps this was an attempt to distract attention from the debacle at Isandlwana, and focus the British public's attention on the "victory" and valour at Rorke's Drift. Was it a measure of the value of propaganda for the British public, following the ignominious defeat at Isandlwana? By comparison, one of the very few other instances that a number of such decorations were awarded simultaneously, was when six Victoria Crosses were awarded to soldiers of the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers in 1915 "before breakfast" at the Battle of Gallipoli.

We left Rorke's Drift with a number of niggling questions, and a point of view slightly different to the one we'd had after watching the well known movie.

Our next stop was 48km east of Dundee, at Blood River. After the massacre of Boer leader Piet Retief and his men at the hands of King Dingane, Andries Pretorius moved a Boer commando of 464 men to a strategic point on the banks of the place ironically named Ncome ("peace") River, where he created a laager with 64 ox-wagons, and prayed for victory. The Boers made a solemn vow to God that should they survive the battle, Afrikaners would hold the day sacred in perpetuity. On December 16, 1838 the Zulus attacked with between 15,000 and 20,000 men. Three times they were driven off by fire before Pretorius turned their general retreat into a complete rout, leaving 3000 dead and the river dark with blood, No Boers died, giving rise to the nationalistic Afrikaner myth that their Old Testament God had protected them against invincible odds, proving that they were indeed the chosen race.

The commando reached Dingane's capital on December 20th Mgungundlovu was burnt to the ground and deserted. On a nearby hill the trekkers found the remains of Retief and his men. They also found the treaty which Retief and Dingane had signed and in which Dingane had transferred land in Natal to the Voortrekkers.

December 16 remains a national holiday, though re-named the "Day of Reconciliation".

At the site of the Blood River Battlefield there is a replica laager with 64 life-size ox-wagons cast in bronze.

Our controversial guide tried to debunk some of the myth surrounding the event, suggesting that there had been some embellishment of the accounts of the victors, much as he did at Rorke's Drift. Was there enough room within the laager to house all the oxen needed to pull 64 wagons, as well as the horses and cattle? Why did they light a lantern on each wagon? If they were trying to keep a low profile, did they think the Zulu were blind, deaf, and devoid of a sense of smell? All those men, animals and lit-up wagons must have made an easy target. However, as a monument, it was impressive.

We made a brief stop at the monument marking the site of Winston Churchill's capture by the Boers from the wrecked armoured train, on November 15th, 1899.

One other interesting historical note about the area. In 1879, Louis Napoleon, the 24 year old Prince Imperial of France, persuaded British military authorities to allow him to join Lord Chelmsford's forces. On June 1st he sallied forth with a handful of men, only to be surprised by a band of Zulus. He failed to mount his horse and was felled, mortally wounded, by hand to hand combat, suffering 18 frontal assegai wounds. He was stripped of his clothes, but a gold locket was left undisturbed, a Zulu tribute to a brave man.

Had he lived, as the only son of Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie, he would have become King of France. After more than 125 years, local Zulus have created a lasting tribute to him. At a nearby school, children are now taught French.

The next leg of the journey was to head for the Natal coast at Durban, via the Drakensberg mountains. The Drakensberg mountain range (Afrikaans for Dragon mountain) is the second largest range in Africa and is known in Zulu as uKhahlamba, "barrier of spears". It stretches for 1000 km and forms the western border of Kwa-Zulu-Natal, with the small nation of Lesotho. The highest peak is 11,345 ft.

As well as a number of scenic drives in the mountains, to such places as Giant's Castle and Cathedral Peak, we were entertained at a concert given by the world renowned Drakensberg Boys Choir. In fact, there were three choirs in all, and two musical directors. The repertoire included show tunes, folk songs, some classical pieces, and a number of African songs, impeccably choreographed. A real treat! They have a number of CD's available for purchase. After the concert we headed east for the coast along the highway. I was making for the Oyster Box hotel, just north of Durban, in Umhlanga Rocks. It was here that our wedding reception was held over 30 years ago, before flying the next day to Toronto. But it wasn't to be, and there was no room at the Inn. Our timing was bad, for there was an international cricket match AND a big soccer game in Durban, and accommodation was scarce. Thankfully, we were reassured by Paul's optimism, after getting several "no vacancy" answers in the pouring tropical rain. "We'll find somewhere eventually, now don't you becs, good boy." And we did! Fortunately, the tropical rain is short lived, and warm.

Dr. Stephen Jones.

Marriage changes passion-----suddenly you're in bed with a relative.

When someone says, "it's not worth worrying about"----it usually is.

When a man does not listen to his conscience, it's usually because he does not take advice from strangers.

The secret of finding happiness is not looking for it.

Canada v. Wales, Saturday, June 11, 2005

Is there anyone left on the planet that is unaware that the Welsh are the Grand Slam champions this year? Well, perhaps someone in the wilds of Outer Mongolia, but I wouldn't like to bet on that even. After several years of rugby doldrums, Wales has finally and magnificently reached the top, beating Scotland, Ireland, France, and more importantly, her traditional nemesis, England!

That's the good news. The better news is that on Saturday, June 11, we will have the opportunity to see the Welsh team (minus the Lions) play against Canada. I don't know anyone who was fortunate enough to attend the final game of the series in Cardiff as tickets were being scalped outside the Arms Park for over a thousand pounds! It won't cost you that much to attend the game at York University on the 11th. Tickets start at \$35 - worth every cent!

Rugby Canada (whose honorary chairman is our own Trevor Jones) has huge plans for this special day. Prior to the BIG GAME at the main stadium at 3.00 PM there will be several other matches, from mini rugby to co-ed. Starting at 9.30 AM the mini rugby for under 8s, under 10s and under 14s will be played on adjacent pitches. Later there will be High School rugby. At 11.30 Rugby Ontario's President's XV will play Cardiff R.F.C. And if you think that rugby is only for guys, think again! At 5.15, after the Canada v. Wales game, the Ontario Seniors Women will take on the Senior Women's team of Quebec!!

The big game will be televised live. BBC Wales is sending out two crews, one to broadcast live in Welsh and the other in English. Sportsnet will carry the game live across Canada.

Look out for Johnny Wilkinson and crew. The English team is stopping off in Toronto to see The Game. They are en route to Edmonton to participate in the Churchill Cup the following weekend. But first they are taking a surreptitious peek at their opposition, the Canada side!

Trevor Jones, the Honorary Chairman, is delighted to report that there are more than twenty hospitality tents, hosted by various corporations and rugby clubs. You may even be fortunate enough to be invited to one of them!

The Toronto Welsh and the Burlington Welsh Male Voice Choirs will once again combine to sing the anthems.

Representatives from both teams will attend the fundraising luncheon on June 7th and dinner on June 8th. Both events will take place at the Steam Whistle Breweries in the Distillery district; tickets cost \$50 for the luncheon and \$125 for the dinner.

Pre-purchased tickets to the grounds cost \$35 (adults) and \$20 for children under 10. At the gate the cost rises to \$40 and \$25 respectively. The interest is wide spread with many supporters coming from Wales. Tickets are selling like hot cakes, so be sure to get yours soon. For further information call Rugby Canada at 905 780 5550 or check the website at bycanada.ca/canadawales

Joke (thanks to Martin Rees): Question: What do you call an Englishman who opened a bottle of Champagne on the Saturday that Wales won the Grand Slam? ----- Answer: A waiter!
See you at the game. Hefina Phillips.

More One liners !

A smirk is a smile that doesn't work.

If something was worth doing, then you have been well paid.

Advice is something which you give by the bushel, but take by the grain.

Truth shouts.....yet it has a very small audience.

The person who is busy pulling on the oars hasn't got time to rock the boat.

Some people get caught in their own mouth traps.

There are two kinds of people: Those who want a dialogue and those who want a monologue.

Gwynfor Evans.

Not all of the world's great nations are or have been states or empires. There is no doubt that Wales is a nation but there are some who think Wales should never be a state. A recent Welsh secretary qualified the idea of Welsh statehood as a "laughing stock."

But read Gwynfor Evans, who passed away in April 2005 at the age of 92. Gwynfor Evans, who was elected as the first-ever Plaid Cymru MP; who campaigned tirelessly for Welsh-language media, put the lie to any notions that the Cymry are somehow an "inferior" people, incapable of statehood.

Although a simple MP (he should indeed have been the first Prime Minister of Wales) Gwynfor Evans was a much larger figure. I would compare him to Quebec Premier René Lévesque (1976-83) and Basque First Minister José Antonio Aguirre y Lecube (1936-37) as pioneering political leaders of stateless nations.

His book "Aros Mae" on 2,000 years of Welsh history, made it clear that neither the length of time of occupation nor the depth of assimilation of any people ever justifies external domination; nor can it justify the erasure of a language and culture that is a legacy to the world's people, in sacrifice to the global monoculture of English.

In the preface to the English edition he writes: "The history of Cymru has an astonishing continuity and unity. Its unity derives from the persistence through the years of an unique civilization, and from the effort made in every generation to defend and transmit it." But he felt that too many of Wales leaders had joined what he calls the "deracinated and ambitious crew," who thought their country could be best ruled from London, a sad fact which kept the nation from freedom.

After examining in detail 2,000 years of Welsh culture and history, Gwynfor Evans, a Welsh learner, concludes the book by saying: "We were here before Great Britain. We shall be here after her too."

We mourn the passing of the man who made such unforgettable contributions to a great nation; surely the name Gwynfor will long stand with those of Owain and Llewelyn as potent symbols of the national struggle for Cymru.

David Cox.

(Just a quick lesson in Welsh before I get phone calls about "spelling." Cymru is Wales, Cymry—the Welsh people.) M.

I had the memorable pleasure of being one of "The London Welsh," greeting Gwynfor and his wife on their arrival at Paddington Station from Wales, when Gwynfor came to London to be the first Plaid Cymru member to gain a seat in the House of Commons, Westminster. In those days it was at least seven hours from Carmarthen to London by train, yet the happy couple stayed with us late into the night, at a reception and Noson Lawen held in honour of the occasion. I would welcome any memories of this great man. I'm sure that there are quite a few readers with stories and memories of him.

Myfanwy.

Siwsann George, Welsh Folk Singer.

On Friday, May 6, 2005, the Welsh music world was saddened to learn of the death of Siwsann George after a battle with cancer. She was only 49 years old and leaves a husband, Roger, and a 13 year old son, Osian. It was Siwsann that formed the folk band Mabsant. Her CD "Goreuon Mabsant" and her acoustic album "Traditional Songs of Wales" sold millions of copies world wide. An exceptional musician, she also played the harp and the guitar in addition to being a superb singer. In addition to all that she did for Welsh folk music, she was a tireless worker on behalf of the language.

There have been some emotional and heartfelt tributes to her in the Welsh press. One of those was from Frank Hennessy who presents a Celtic Music program on BBC Wales. One of her closest and dearest friends was Robin Huw Bowen who regarded her as not only a friend but a soul mate. In his words of farewell he added that despite having more than her fare share of troubles, Siwsann's smile remained one of the most beautiful and cheerful in the world. He ended with "Cadw set i fi fan'na nes daw fy nhro innau "(Keep a seat for me up there until it's my turn.) With love, Rob."

I didn't know Siwsann personally but my daughter, Sian, and I were friends with her brother, Roland, with whom she started her singing career. They look so much alike that it's quite unnerving.

Hefina Phillips.

Thank You

We would like to thank everyone for the many cards, telephone calls and well-wishes that we received during our recent stay in hospital. Your kindness and thoughtfulness was much appreciated and reminds us once again how fortunate we are to know people as thoughtful as you. Once again, thank you for remembering us and keeping us close in your prayers.

Islwyn and Megan Morris.

In Our Thoughts

All our good wishes and prayers go to Mary Taylor and Irene Evans. Both these ladies have undergone serious surgery. We hope that you will both recover quickly and be back amongst us in Dewi Sant soon.

Condolences

Two of our church families have lost loved ones recently. Our thoughts and prayers are with you at this time.

Our sympathy goes to Nancy Jones and family, Stouffville, on the recent loss of Nancy's sister in Wales.

Also condolences go to the family of Gordon Davis. Gordon passed away on Sunday morning after a long illness. He was the brother of Don Davis, of Cookstown and step brother of the late Art Otley. Our prayers go our to the Davis family and to Catherine Otley, John and Paul.

Bridging The Gap

The youth of today think my English is odd
When I say awesome, I'm referring to God.
To me, weather is cool and children are gay
As they join their friends in innocent play.
Pot is a kettle, a joint forms the floor,
Coke, a soft drink from the corner store.
Drugs are used when you're feeling sick.
A pusher is someone hardworking and quick.
Shrink is a verb on labels and thread,
Not someone you pay to examine your head.

Broad tells me the width of a woman or shelf;
It doesn't refer to the lady herself.
A turkey is only a very large bird,
Not a name for a guy that acts like a nerd.
"Gimme five," means money, nothing more.
It's never a handslap for making a score.
Somehow my words have lost their clout,
The grandkids don't know what I'm talking about.
But the phrase they use, and I do too,
That bridges the gap is "I LOVE YOU,"

Elaine Cunningham.

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South American Cruise---Royal Princess---2005. Part 2.

Once in the Beagle Channel, calm returned and the scenery was great as we sailed up to Ushuaia in Tierra del Fuego (Land of Fire, named after all the fires the locals used to light to keep warm down there!). The setting of this, the most southernmost city in the world (Fin del Monde or End of the World"seems to be learn Spanish as you go".....) was really nice, with its snow capped mountain backdrop.

From here we crossed over into Chilean territory and on to Punta Arenas. These ports are not your famous places but fascinating nevertheless with the real experience of Chile. We normally experienced chilli in Tim Horton's but this was different!

Leaving here we passed through the Straits of Magellan (having duly stroked his big toe on his statue in the centre of Punta Arenas, which means we will eventually return there). More glaciers in this area and in the inside passage en route to Puerto Montt. There the highlight was the volcano, Mt Orson, and the city of roses, Punta Varas. We tended to use the ship tours which, although a bit pricey, provided a great way to go and also meet other passengers from all over the globe. Whilst a great deal of Americans, there were 400 Canadians on our voyage, and a great number of Brits. There were Aussies, Kiwis, and passengers from almost all the Spanish and Portuguese countries of South America.

From here, we sailed in the Pacific Ocean up to Valparaiso for Santiago, Chile to complete the first 14 days cruise. Although about two hundred of us remained to continue on the back to back cruise to Fort Lauderdale through the Panama Canal, there was a passenger swap of a thousand at Valparaiso. A whole new set of people who will get lost on the ship, and for us to see where they came from. Ha Ha.

A short overnight to a little place called Coquimbo, where we toured a nice place called la Serena. This is where all the good gifts are! The La Recova Market was the place to go.

At Arica, the last port of call in northern Chile, we took a train trip to Bolivia. It passed through areas where no rain ever fell. The run off from the Andes provided the only water to the region, so the place was a desert except for the few irrigated fields. The Bolivian dances at a small village called Poconchile at the end of the railroad were fun. On return to the Chilean town of Arica we visited a church designed by Eiffel (the same designer as the Paris tower) and it was constructed of cast iron shipped from France. Luckily the pews were of softer wood!

The Lima visit covered the city and an affluent area known as Mira Flores. A number of passengers left the ship for a tour to see Machu Picchu, but we left it for another day! Peruvian dancers came on board that evening and performed an excellent show for us.

On to Manta in Ecuador so we could all (a lot of us) bargain for the Panama Hats being made and sold everywhere. The original hats were only made in Cristobel near Manta, from straw like reeds which only grow there, but some enterprising business person took some to Panama where they sold like hot "hats" and became known as the Panama Hat.

Looking back, Santiago and Lima, along with Montevideo all had wonderful large and elaborate churches. The central city squares were based on the Spanish style, and displayed the tremendous influence of the Spanish here (there were some not so good things too, but not dwelling on those).

We had participated in a "Crossing the Line" ceremony on an earlier journey, so left the punishment from King Neptune's court to the younger set, and had a good laugh ourselves too. The ceremony is full of messy things done to the participants, who all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It made a good video sequence. Ha Ha.

The passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic side through the Canal took about eight hours and was interesting to see, with lots of other ships in transit too. The seas in the Caribbean seemed rougher than the Pacific for the first day. Before returning to Fort Lauderdale, we made a stop in Aruba. It was nice there, and also nice to see other people looking for extra suitcases to bring all those extras home!

The Royal Princess was small and a very friendly ship, with about 1200 passengers. The staff, food and entertainment were all first class. We were on board for a total of 31 days and enjoyed every minute of it. The ship has now been transferred to the P & O Lines in the UK and will be renamed the Artemis.

For the first two weeks at home *after* the cruise, we really did have problems deciding who should get up to make the morning tea, now that our Cabin Steward had gone off on another voyage! Ah well, you can guess who got that job.

Brian and Joan Hughes.

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

Malt Bread.

12 oz. self-raising flour : 8 oz. granulated sugar : 6oz. mixed dried fruit :
3 tablespoons of Ovaltine : ½ pint of milk : pinch of salt :

Method. Set oven to 325 F. Grease and line a 2lb. loaf tin. Sieve the flour and salt into mixing bowl, add all remaining dry ingredients and mix together thoroughly with milk. Put into tin and bake for about 1½ hours or until a skewer inserted comes out clean. Cover with kitchen foil if the top appears to be browning too quickly. Turn out on to a wire rack to cool. Serve sliced with butter.

This fruity teabread is very easy to make and uses Ovaltine to give it its distinctive, malty flavour.

Saint Davids Society

On Saturday July 16th the Society is hoping that as many of you as possible will join us for an afternoon at Woodbine Race Track. The Post Parade room has been booked. A buffet lunch will be served from noon until 2pm. Racing ends around 4:30. Over the years this has been a very popular outing. Tickets are \$36.25 per person. Please send your cheques to me, payable to The Saint Davids Society of Toronto. Please don't delay as they only hold the room for a limited period of time. Mail them care of Dewi Sant or 34 Carrington Drive, Richmond Hill L4C 8A2 If you cancel within one week of the date your cheque will be returned. Free parking. Myfanwy.

Gadwyn Donors.

Doreen Beckett, Gwen Davies, Tom & Mary Edwards, Richard T. Jones, Margaret Pollard, Geraint Roberts. Thank you all!

Dewi Sant.

Service will take place throughout the Summer.

The June Welsh language service will be on the 12th of June at 7:00 pm led by The Reverend Deian Evans. Please do not miss it as it is the last one until September.

From The Editor-----Wrth y Golygydd.

Several people have told me that they do have tales to tell, but are shy when it comes to writing. If you send me your material, I would be more than willing to rewrite it for you, read it back to you and publish it ; if you like what I have done. We are so short of writers and it is always nice to hear from different sources. Please put your thinking caps on and help me out! Ladies the larder is empty! What about all those old fashioned recipes I often hear about?

The next deadline is June 19th with absolutely NO late comers. e mail myfanwy@rogers.com

This is a short whimsical rhyme from Dafydd Wyn, Oakville, born on the slope of Mynydd Elidir above Llanbabo, (ie Deiniolen.)

Llanbabo bibo
Clwt y bont yn clytio,
Llanrug yn hel y grug,
A Penisarwaun yn whistlo.