

**Dewi Sant Welsh United Church**

33 Melrose Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. M5M 1Y6

Phone 416-485-7583 Fax 416-485-2978

Web [www.dewisant.com](http://www.dewisant.com) Email [info@dewisant.com](mailto:info@dewisant.com)

**“ A Message from the Minister.”**

Lords, brothers and sisters, be cheerful, keep the faith and do those little things which ye have seen me do and heard me say.”

I was delighted to discover these last recorded words of the Patron Saint of Wales, even before I started my ministry with the people of Dewi Sant Welsh United Church. What an amazing motto for a community of faith!

“Be cheerful” - enjoy all that God has given us; enjoy your relationship with God and with your sisters and brothers in Christ; enjoy worshipping God; enjoy giving of yourself and of your possessions to the mission and ministry of God’s church; enjoy being Church. If church becomes a duty or a burden, there is something seriously wrong with the church. I don’t know about you, but I can often hear God our laughing at our antics and worries in the church. So over the next few months at least while I am with you, let us follow the Saint’s advice: “Be cheerful!”

“Keep the faith” – let us become faith-keepers, a people who are rooted in the faith and a people who are eager to share the faith in mission and ministry. This means, of course, that we need to know the faith and learn to listen to what God is saying to us and would have us become. I believe that all congregations are called to exuberant worship, radical hospitality, extravagant giving, risk-taking mission and service and passionate, life-long dedication to learning about the faith.

“Do the little things” - we are not called to do a lot of “big” things, other than to worship God, be immersed in Scripture and prayer, care passionately for one another and God’s world, seek justice and keep alive our history as a people.

“Be cheerful, keep the faith and do the little things.”

Peace and blessings,  
(The Rev.) Eilert Frerichs,  
Intentional Interim Minister

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*Thank you very much Reverend Eilert. We welcome you into our fold with open arms.  
Croeso mawr a bendith Duw. A warm welcome and God’s blessings.*

## Introducing The Reverend Eilert Frerichs

The Reverend Eilert Frerichs is a retired minister in the United Church of Canada. He comes to us after having served a number of congregations in the Toronto Conference as an Intentional Interim Minister, most recently at Beach United Church. For most of his career, he served as the United Church Chaplain at the University of Toronto. He has been the Chair of the former Toronto Scarborough Presbytery and is currently on the Executive of Toronto South East Presbytery and the Toronto United Church Council. He says that he feels passionately about healthy ministry of both congregations and of the ministry personnel. He is equally passionate about the worship life of the people of God and their continued faith development.

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## It's That Time Again

It's been another eventful year at Dewi Sant. We have just finished celebrating 50 years of residency on Melrose Avenue; Reverend Deian and his wife Annette have returned to their life in Wales after providing six strong years of leadership; and the church, under the interim leadership of Eilert Frerichs, is preparing its search for another full time Welsh minister to carry on the work of Dewi Sant Welsh United Church here in Toronto.

But the work of the church continues unabated and the costs of running our church home do not diminish. We need the support of all members so that we can move forward on a strong congregational and financial footing into the New Year and beyond. It is important for members to attend services, both English and Welsh, during this interim period so that a new minister arrives in a church ready and prepared to pursue Dewi Sant's mission into the new millennium.

**Will you help?** We are currently running a considerable deficit and it would be wonderful to see that pared down in the weeks leading to the end of this anniversary year. Along with your financial support, we need your commitment to attend and help sustain the ministry here at Dewi Sant.

Please **join us** in celebration of a joyful Christmas season.....

**The Stewards.**

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## U C W

## Merched Y Capel

### UCW Annual Christmas Bazaar:

The annual bazaar was held on Saturday, Nov 6<sup>th</sup> and was a resounding success, raising approximately \$3,000. A tremendous thank you to all of those who helped. It takes a lot of people to make something like this work and, needless to say, a great time was had by all!

**Sheryl Clay-Newell**

***Thanks also goes to Sheryl for all the work that she put into organizing the bazaar***

As you all know everyone likes a cup of tea/ coffee and snacks after the service upstairs has ended. There are many Sundays when some kind individual has to miss half the service in order to run over to Loblaws to buy the "makings" of the Social event to follow!! Please come forward and offer your help. If everyone volunteered two Sundays each year.... We would not run into problems. There are always people down stairs before the service begins, who would willingly help out if asked. Please keep an eye on the sign up list on the bulletin board and put your name there. Thank you very much.

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*Now for some recipes that may come in handy for the Christmas Season. I have just finished reading 3 novels about a rural doctor and his hilarious patients in Ireland, by Partrick Taylor. The Ulster dialect is included when some of the patients speak. There is also a glossary and recipes by Kinky Kinkaid the doctor's "live in." Well worth getting for light funny holiday relaxation. I bought mine at Costco's for an excellent price. One quote "Dr I have a headache two inches above me head." "Right, get this prescription filled and take two of the tablets half an hour before your headache begins"!!! **Enjoy M***

**Soda Bread :- Ingredients.:-** One pound all purpose flour::one teaspoon salt::one teaspoon baking soda heaped:: 10-15 oz buttermilk . **Method.** Sieve dry ingredients into a bowl. Add buttermilk until there is a soft but not sticky dough. Turn out onto a well floured board. Shape into a cake 1½ inches thick and transfer into a floured baking sheet and mark gently into 4-6 wedged. Bake at 400 F for 30- 35 minutes. Separate when cool.

**Christmas Cake.** (yet, another version! ) **Ingredients.** 8oz butter:: 8 oz (1 cup) soft brown sugar::8 oz (1 cup) plain or all purpose flour::8oz (1cup) each of currants, raisins, muscatel raisins and seedless raisins.:: 4oz (½ cup each) glace cherries and mixed peel ::2oz ( ¼ cup) ground almonds::1 tsp allspice or mixed spice:: ½ tsp cinnamon:: ½ tsp salt 4 eggs.:: grated rind of 1 lemon and 1orange. **Method.** Preheat oven 275F. Grease and line an 8 inch cake tin so that the paper extends1 inch above the sides. Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Add eggs 1 at a time beating them in well. Stir in almonds, flour, salt, and spices. Finally add cherries, dried fruit and rinds. Pour mixture into the tin. Bake for 3 hours, testing with a skewer to see if it is done. It does not say to add brandy. Use your discretion!!! **M**

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## **The Ontario Welsh Festival**

Fiftieth Anniversaries deserve special celebrations. Our annual event begins on Friday evening but in 2011 the weekend will be extended by another day. (The Sheraton Falls View Hotel is aware of our plans and the “special” price agreed upon for the weekend will include the Thursday night).

Who would have thought in 1961 that the weekend would continue to be such a success fifty years later. During the past half century the various Boards of Trustees have ensured that attendees have been exposed to the best that Wales has to offer as regards choirs and directors. Our cymanfaoedd are superb. I will never forget the first that I attended (in Niagara Falls actually in the early 80s). I was astonished to hear such hymn singing so far from home. At the end of the Sunday’s afternoon session, Cerwyn Davies was so moved that he described the singing as a truly religious experience.

For the 50<sup>th</sup> we return to the venue of the very first Cymanfa- Niagara Falls. The event promises to be spectacular. As readers of Y Gadwyn will already know, the guest choir is the young, award- winning CF1. A strange name for a choir, you may comment. It is the postal code of the venue where the choir practices. Those of you familiar with Yr Urdd (the League of Welsh Youth) will understand when I explain that the choristers are made up of Urdd members who have moved to work in the Cardiff area. The Urdd plays a very important part in the lives of children from Welsh speaking homes as well as children who are sent to Welsh schools by English speaking parents. CF1 is an opportunity for many of those Urdd members to socialize and make music together- all through the medium of Welsh.

Their director, Eilir Owen Gruffudd, an energetic, enthusiastic musician, is also conductor of Côr Godre’r Garth and teaches at Trinity College, Carmarthen- part of the University of Wales. In his “spare time” I sincerely hope he finds time to help his gorgeous wife, Leah, with the raising of their baby son, Aaron.

CF1, who won first prize at this year’s National Eisteddfod in Ebbw Vale, will perform on Saturday evening. They are not to be missed. When we heard them first at the National Gymanfa Weekend in Chicago, the Ontario Welsh Festival president Betty Cullingworth was determined that they be invited to our Fiftieth. I went to hear them in practice last January. They were extremely enthusiastic about coming to Niagara Falls. And now it is Ontario’s turn to be wowed by them.

What about this extra day that we have tagged on to the Weekend? There will be a programme arranged for that day and evening. Of course! We hope that as many as possible of Y Gadwyn readers will join us on Thursday. A winery tour is being arranged for the day and a pub night with entertainment at night. Watch this space for further details! Just make sure that you reserve an extra night – if you haven’t done so already.

Registration forms will be mailed in January. Please do your utmost to support the 2011 celebrations.

The Board of Trustees is very grateful to Ed Newell, Sheryl Clay-Newell and Donna Morris for agreeing to join the team. Diolch yn fawr iawn.

**Hefina Phillips.**

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**The Gold Award**

As part of the fiftieth anniversary celebrations of the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu Association, The Gold Award, recognizing the efforts of someone who has worked to support and advance the Welsh cause in Ontario, will be presented for the first time at the Ontario Welsh Festival in Niagara Falls during the weekend of April 28 to May 1, 2011. It is expected that the presentation of this award will become an annual event.

The committee is seeking the names of people who fit the criterion established for this award i.e. someone who has worked to support and advance the Welsh cause in Ontario. This need not be in the context of the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu.

If you wish to nominate someone for this award, please send the name with supporting details to Dewi Sant (marked attention to Betty Cullingworth) or to me directly at [cullingwho@rogers.com](mailto:cullingwho@rogers.com). A committee of five from across the province will make the final determination and the name of the winning recipient will be made known at least one month prior to the Ontario Welsh Festival. The presentation will be made at the Saturday evening banquet on April 30 and we hope that many of you will be in attendance to share in that occasion.

We look forward to your thoughtful input.

**Betty Cullingworth**

**President of the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu Association.**

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Nora and Cerwyn will be leaving for Thailand before long so their good wishes and prayer are being included in this Gadwyn. Nora will be celebrating her birthday there with all her family around her....in the sun and the sand! We wish you all a blessed Christmas and New Year. Pen Blwydd Hapus Nora.

*To all readers of Y Gadwyn,*

*"Y Gadwyn" is indeed a "link" between Welsh people all  
Over the world. At this time of Christmas we think of one another  
Wishing each a very blessed Christmas.  
Wherever you are, we reach out to you in love, and suggest that on  
Christmas Day at 3pm (Greenwich mean time) we all unite  
Together in praying for "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."  
Cerwyn and Nora*

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**A word from Deian and Annette.**

Dear friends,

We write to thank you for the wonderful words of well-wishing, support and friendship that were sent to us from many of our dear 'family' at Dewi Sant, and for the kind gifts we received upon our departure from the Church and Toronto at the end of September.

By now we are settling down well in Cricieth and in our new fields of work. The ministry work is very time-consuming and challenging, as it should be. The work at Gwydedd Education Authority is fulfilling and intense. Our social calendar is more or less full for the foreseeable future!

Settling into our 'old home' at Cricieth is an easy process; our furniture arrived from Canada this week, in a crate containing 88 large boxes of packaged goods, some of whom succeeded in arriving in one piece! Very soon the house will be organized and habitable, and ready to receive any guests that may wish to call upon us on their journey from Canada.

The two figures presented to us as a farewell gift have pride of place in our home, a reminder of your friendship, kindness and appreciation of the bond that was built over six years. The wrist watch is kept safe and used on special occasions. We will treasure these gifts and care for them, knowing and appreciating the love with which they were given and received.

Bless you. Diolch i chi, a bendith arnoch,

**Deian and Annette.**

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### Memories of War.

As a very young girl growing up in Llanfyllin, Powys, (Mid Wales). I can remember how scared I was many times. At nine o'clock every night we could hear the German planes followed by British Spitfires roaring over our farm house. We could set our clocks at the regularity of these races across the dark sky!

The Home Guard were on the mountain side, with search lights looking for these planes. My father was one of them. Often he would come home at dawn, weary and soaked to the skin due to the rainy weather or the mountain dew. They were on the hills with their search lights, trying to stop the enemy from bombing the dam Lake Vyrnwy. If they had been successful it would have been a huge disaster. Lake Vyrnwy supplied all of Liverpool with water. Luckily their bombs fell on farm land. For many years after the war farmers would still be digging out bomb pieces when working on their fields. The lake was only nine miles from Llanfyllin, so we saw many strange lights lightening up the night skies.

Apart from these incidences the nights were very dark. There was an enforced "Blackout." No light was allowed to show at night. Curtains were drawn tight and there would be a drawn curtain inside the door, so that when it was opened or shut no lights would shine. Not the smallest light was allowed to shine through the windows. Even cigarettes had to be lit inside as that small light would alert low flying enemy planes.

We were all supplied with gas masks and had to bring them to school with us. The sirens would go off quite often and we would have to put the masks on and run across the road to hide in the nearby woods and lie very still. I can still remember the strange smell of those gas masks.

These memories come back very strongly to me on November 11<sup>th</sup>, Remembrance Day, and always when I sing or hear "Abide With Me." Usually at The Canadian Legion I watch the veterans that are still here, and see how proud they are to wear their uniforms and their medals.... The memories of what these men did for us will be with me as well as the bad times that we all experience.

**Marjorie Williams.**

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Thank you Marjorie. Those memories were brought back very vividly. The times were grim, but there was an occasional laugh and lots of pranks by the young farm lads. I lived with my grandparents on a small dairy farm in Pembrokeshire, ( Little England Beyond Wales!!!!) Cerwyn Davies Nora and I were brought up with only Welsh as our mother tongue!!

There was very strict rationing of food and clothing. We were all given ration books and could only buy "so much" a week. Clothes had to be recycled by those handy with needle and thread. Farmers were watched very carefully. Milk was put out every morning in large churns, to be gathered up and taken away. Very often they would be opened and the depth of the cream measured! Technically we were not allowed to keep any of the cream. Somehow all the farmers managed to keep enough to make their own butter (a forbidden task!)

My great grandmother was in her nineties and wore a big shawl and a man's flat cap. One day when an inspector came to search for butter, eggs etc. she was helped quickly into bed. By the time all the outhouses and all the haystacks had been prodded with pitch forks, she was prone in bed with a large butter churn between her legs and a few dozen eggs amongst the bed clothes! These inspectors must have been pretty dim!! In winter heavy overcoats were thrown on the beds as there was a shortage of fuel and no central heating. (Of course if you had false teeth you might have well been named, Dai Central Eating!! GROAN. I know, I know that's an old coal!! Those winter coats on the beds hid a lot from the inspectors as well as keeping us all as warm as toast

I have very vivid memories of rabbits. Yes, rabbits! My grandfather was forced to lay traps along the hedgerows of the fields and often in the night I could hear rabbits screaming in those cruel steel traps.

Sometimes the low flying planes would drop strips of silver paper, about a foot long and two inches wide. I never found out why, or what for. We children had readymade strips to make into very pretty paper chains ready for Christmas. We could not buy decorations as there were very few to be found.

I wore cream pure silk dresses for special occasions during that time! A parachute had dropped in one of our fields and presumably a member of the forces had escaped on foot, leaving it there. For several years all the young ladies kept the two local dressmakers busy. The silk was shared out on first come first served basis and there was plenty to go around. Those with good sewing skills were very well paid for their jobs, with milk, eggs, butter and cream!!! We always welcomed a member of the forces home on leave with an impromptu Noson Lawen in the local school. Yes, there were bad times but also good memories. Due to the rationing my grandfather kept all the sweets and chocolate locked up in a tin box in his chest of drawers. Every night the small key would appear and I was allowed to choose one sweet or one piece of chocolate. How times have changed. We can now devour a whole Kit Kat without inhaling!!! Then I always shared my sweet treasure with my boarder collie.

My grandmother would make sure that I said my prayers every night. She would tell me to remember the little children "over there," who's daddies also flew planes etc. and did not come home to their families. At that time I was too young to understand that bit! Now of course, I think, and pray that we all do.

*Due to the lack of articles I sometimes, as you know, **have to resort to writing**--- myself!*

**Myfanwy.**

**"I used to be Snow White.... But I drifted!"** \*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

## **A Trip Remembered.....**

Vietnam.... a country of industrious and resilient people, of breathtaking beauty in the area of Halong Bay (a UNESCO World Heritage site) and of poignant memories of recent conflict!

Differences from our own country are nowhere more evident than in the area of transportation. In Hanoi, a city of 6½ million people, there are over 4 million motorbikes on the roads. Couple this with precious few traffic signs, stoplights, or even roundabouts and you have some sense of the constant stream of traffic that plies the streets. Enter the intrepid pedestrian. To safely make your way through this traffic, you must boldly step from the curb and establish a path without changing the cadence of your step even though you are being approached by several vehicles. Apparently those riding the motorbikes have become skilled in calculating where you will be if you keep up the natural rhythm of your gait and they will steer around you, at times by mere inches. The worst thing to do is stop (even though your better judgement is screaming for you to do so!). Even better is to tuck yourself in behind one of the locals as he/she walks across and then hope for the best. In a country where there are 30 fatalities a day on the roads, safety becomes your number one priority.

Boldly we ventured onto bicycles in the countryside. Suddenly we became aware of the constant cacophony of horns from trucks, cars, motorbikes and other cyclists sharing the road. The intensity of the sound was in direct proportion to the proximity of the other vehicles to you. The decibel level of some horns (especially of large trucks) literally pierced through you. Some large vehicles approached so closely that common sense dictated heading for the nearest ditch. Imagine the colourful sight of cyclists, ninety percent of whom wear colourful masks or bandanas along with their helmets moving en masse along the roads while often loaded down with incredible cargo ranging from chickens to pigs, from balloons to pots and pans. Lines on the road are merely an invitation to 'play chicken' with the oncoming stream of traffic. It is of such cycling adventures that memories are made.

And what of the women of North Vietnam? (I make this distinction since our guide in the South suggested that they do not have as many women in such roles!) Women play a significant role in the area of heavy manual labour on construction sites, on the roads and in the rice paddies where they wear their conical hats. Of course, they also hold many other positions within the work structure but it is not unusual to see women toting heavy loads on a shoulder yoke that would make many of our able-bodied male citizenry cringe.

But enough of the differences!! The similarities outweigh all of the above. The people are warm and gracious, seem to have dismissed the past and to be focused on their future. They were generous to us as tourists, smiled often and eagerly said hello. In fact, on our bicycle trip through the countryside, we scarcely passed a single person who didn't wave and say hello (seldom hi!). We are all one family of people on this earth. We just need to remember that in our dealings with one another!!

Oops! I almost forgot!! If you want to experience the pleasure of holding one million of Vietnamese currency in your hands, merely go to an ATM in Vietnam and ask for the equivalent of \$50. Out pops two 500,000 dong notes. That's reason enough to visit Vietnam!!

Betty Cullingworth.

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**Things To Ponder over**

*Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard? Why does Superman stop bullets with his chest, but ducks when you throw a revolver at him?... Why do Kamikaze pilots wear helmets.... If people evolved from apes, why are there still apes?... Why is it that no matter what colour bubble bath you use the bubbles are always white?... Is there ever a day that mattresses are not on sale?... Why do people constantly return to the refrigerator with hopes that something new to eat will have materialized?. Why is it that no plastic bag will open from the end on your first try?. How do those dead bugs get into those enclosed light fixtures?.. When we are in the supermarket and someone rams our ankle with a shopping cart then apologizes for doing so, why do we say, "It's all right?" Well, it isn't all right, so why don't we say, "That really hurt?"... Why is it that whenever you attempt to catch something that's falling off the table you always manage to knock something else over? In winter why do we try to keep the house as warm as it was in Summer when we complained that it was too hot?* If you have any suggestions/ answers to these very thought provoking questions let me know.

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It is interesting to watch the many people who go for a walk in the early morning or through the day and evening. They may be walking with others, or with a pet dog. Quite often, regularly there are those who go for a walk by themselves. Are they thinking of themselves? I came across this poem recently and thought that it was worth sharing.

**Take A Walk Around Yourself.**

*When you're criticizing others  
And find faults here and there,  
A flaw or two to speak of,  
Or a weakness you can share  
When you're blaming someone's meanness;  
Or accusing someone's self,  
It's time that you went out to take  
A walk around yourself*

*There are many human failures,  
In the average of us all,  
And many grave shortcomings  
In the short ones and the tall;  
But when we think of evils  
Men should lay upon themselves,  
It's time we all went out to take  
A walk around ourselves.*

*We need so often in this life,  
This balancing of scales,  
Thus seeing how much in us wins  
And how much in us fails;  
But before you judge another,  
Just lay him on the shelf,  
The finest plan to follow is  
To walk around yourself.*

**More points to Ponder** *If you ship hasn't come in, then swim out to it!... It is better to waste one's youth than do nothing at all with it. Things work out best for those who make the best of how things work out! No one is sicker than the one who gets sick on his day off. A woman who doesn't gossip has no friends to speak of!! If at first you don't succeed don't try sky diving... It is far easier to forgive your enemy, after you've got even with him. When you make two people happy,*

*one of them is you. There are two sides to every argument until you take one!  
the poem and thoughts to ponder*

*Thank you David Pugh for sharing*

**News From The Pews.**

The “Ladies’ Advent service was very well attended, in fact there were more people there than have been for many years. Thanks are in order to Reverend Eilert Frerichs for the serving of Holy Communion, where he invited all to join in. Dr Murray Black who came to supply the organ music. Myfanwy Bajaj for producing the programme, Betty Cullingworth and Merched Dewi. Thanks also to Risti Jensen and Audrey Evans for the delightful goodies. It was a good beginning to the Advent season.

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On Sunday November 28<sup>th</sup>. there was the celebration of a new ministry at Dewi Sant. The Reverend John Lee, Chair, Toronto Southeast Presbytery presided. The Reverend John Brown was the guest speaker and Shalom Gao was the organist. This was the Covenanting of the Reverend Eilert Frerichs . He is now the part time minister at Dewi Sant.

As you all are by now too well aware Christmas is upon us. The Sunday school children are very busy practicing their important roles in the annual Christmas pageant. Please try to attend on the 12<sup>th</sup>. To support these very important stars. They are so proud of the roles that they play. I am sure that they will be shining nearly as bright as those stars over Bethlehem. As one of the proud mamgu’s (Grandmothers) I am eagerly waiting to see the finished production.

Don’t let us forget to **remember** who put Christ in CHRISTmas!.

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Several of our faithful members have had a very rough time of it in the last couple of months.

**Brian Hughes** has been in hospital for many weeks. We have prayed and hoped for his recovery and that now seems to be happening. I was overjoyed to receive an e-mail a couple of days ago saying that Brian is sitting in a chair and able to have some therapy. It will be wonderful for Joan and the family to have him home for a very short period for Christmas dinner. I truly believe that some miracles do happen and this is one of them, that, and the power of prayer.

**Irene Hughes** has also been in hospital for quite a while after breaking her hip, with several other complications. She has now been given a pacemaker and there is a light on the horizon. As the doctor told her and her daughter Trisha, “She’s a tough old bird.” That may be a good thing in this instance, but Irene is one of the gentlest people that I know. One of her granddaughters told me a while ago, that they have never known their grandmother loose her temper or shout. What a wonderful testimony. Irene has the hopes and prayers of us at Dewi Sant behind her helping her over this very large bump in the road. Get better soon.

**Wanda Sweet.** Our strong, faithful friend at the office desk in Dewi Sant has also been incapacitated. We were all very sad to hear how very ill our dear friend had become. All through much pain and weakness she literally dragged herself in to the office...that is, until someone forced her to go to the hospital. We thank God that Wanda listened. She has now had surgery and needs another procedure when she is stronger. She is at home and hopefully also on the long road to recovery. All our prayers are with Wanda. She loves the cheerful emails and short phone calls. We miss that cheerful voice at the end of the line when we call Dewi Sant. Out love and get well wishes from us all.

**Geraint Jones** has also been unwell for some time. He is still recuperating at home and we hope to see him at church soon. Our prayers and good wishes are with you.

Several member of the congregation have had viruses, bronchitis etc. I think maybe we should all begin to take more vitamins and get a little more in the Way of exercise!!

***If I have missed anyone out PLEASE let me know. With two radical changes at Dewi Sant things have been difficult to say the least. Rev. Eilert struggled for a while on his own with the help of volunteers. This was a hit or miss situation because Wanda was too unwell to be pestered by too many questions. Under the circumstances everyone has done very well.***

***As far as Y Gadwyn is concerned I am handling all incoming messages. As I mentioned last month ALL the information should be sent or given directly to me until further notice. Gadwyn donors, changes of address and***



*e mails as well as news of people that are unwell. Please help us in this way. It is far too much to load onto a new secretary as soon as she starts.*

*Any complaints about last month's Gadwyn, please direct to me. I understand that the electronic attempts left some of you out in the cold. I have got that sorted so do let me know who missed it, as I don't have a list of your names. Some of you were lucky enough to get a few extra sheets with my rough work included. So all in all it was either feast or famine*

**\*\*\*\*\*Here again are my details. [myfanwy@rogers.com](mailto:myfanwy@rogers.com) 905 737 4399 34 Carrington Drive , Richmond Hill Ont. L4C 8A2** Stick it on the fridge door in case you need it. I am looking for reminiscences, stories, poems, travel news, Welsh news, family news, humour, recipes. In fact **anything worthy of being printed in a church magazine.**

**This is going to be a short space between the two copies of a Gadwyn as I want you all to get a good Christmas edition with all the interesting submissions that I am going to get by Sunday December 19<sup>th</sup>. !! Myfanwy**

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### **The Pickle Jar**

The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom. When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar.

As a small boy, I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.

I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar to admire the copper and silver circles that glistened like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window. When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank.

Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck.

Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. 'Those coins are going to keep you out of the textile mill, son. You're going to do better than me. This old mill town's not going to hold you back.'

Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly. 'These are for my son's college fund. He'll never work at the mill all his life like me.'

We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. 'When we get home, we'll start filling the jar again.' He always let me drop the first coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other.

'You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters,' he said. 'But you'll get there; I'll see to that.' No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar.

To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me 'When you finish college, Son, 'he told me, his eyes glistening, 'You'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to.'

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed.

A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words: he never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done. When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and Susan took her from Dad's arms. 'She probably needs to be changed,' she said, carrying the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her. When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes. She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. 'Look,' she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser.

To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins. I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins.

With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

This truly touched my heart. Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse.

God puts us all in each other's lives to impact one another in some way. Look for GOOD in others.

The best and most beautiful things cannot be seen or touched - they must be felt with the heart ~ Helen Keller

**Happy moments, praise God. Difficult moments, seek God. Quiet moments, worship God.  
Painful moments, trust God. Every moment, thank God.**

## **December Calendar**

Lunch Bunch - Dec. 7-10:30

Bible Studies - Tuesdays 10-11AM

TWMVC-Wed. 7-10pm

Sportball - Thurs. 4:15-5:15, Fridays 1:15 - 2:15, Sat. 10 -12

Hope Church - Fri. Dec. 3 & 10th, 7-9PM, Sat. Dec. 4, 11, 18th - 6-7:30AM & 3-5PM

Welsh Class- Fri. Dec. 3 & 10th 7-9 PM-Sat. Dec. 4, 11, 18th- 9AM - Noon

Worship Services. Every Sunday 11.00AM Welsh Service First Sunday of the month 7.00PM

**TWMVC Concerts** Christ Church Deer Park

Dec.8th - 7:30PM

Dec.12th- 3PM

Gadwyn Donors. Ruth Hughes. Marjorie Williams.( If your name is omitted let me know!)

Change of address. Dr. John R G Maxwell,616 Sage Court, Pacific Grove, C A 93950 U S A

Bob and Helen Maxwell bobmaxwell@rogers.com**December Calendar**