



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

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Dewi Sant Welsh United Church

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“A Message from the Minister”

It is hard to believe that it has been almost a month since we celebrated Christmas and the New Year. So much has happened in the world around us in these few weeks... news of unspeakable tragedy in Egypt and the United States; devastating floods Australia and Brazil, the on-going brokenness of Haiti. And yet, there are signs of hope such as the current elections in Southern Sudan.

For Christians, there is only one sign of hope: the star that shone over “the place where the child was (*Matthew 2: 9*).” That star, that hope, is what we celebrate and gratefully remember during the season of Epiphany.

An “epiphany” is a moment of sudden and great insight and revelation, as when the wise persons from the East realize that the child in Bethlehem is somehow the most special and most holy being they have ever experienced. “They were overwhelmed with joy,” Matthew’s Gospel tells us. Their lives were transformed by this epiphany. And so I has been with people ever since: when they encounter Jesus of Nazareth, their lives are transformed by the sudden, great revelation of God’s presence in human lives to share our joys and bear our burdens, to weep with us and to rejoice with us.

My prayer for the people of Dewi Sant Welsh United Church and their friends here in Canada or at home in Wales is that lives will be transformed in this new year as we make known God’s presence in the lives of people across the globe.

Eilert Frerichs. Intentional Interim Minister.

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When to the flowers so beautiful,
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue- eyed one,
All timidly it came,
And standing at its father’s feet, and gazing in His face,
It said in low and trembling tones.

“ Dear God the name Thou gavest me
Alas I have forgot.”

Kindly the Father looked him down

And said, “**Forget-me not.**” **Anon**

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U C W Merched Y Capel.

We continue to care for the needs of Dewi Sant as they arise. We are still encouraging you to sign up for the “Sunday Tea” list. There is always a need there, and always someone to help if you don’t know the routine. On Saturday January 15th we catered the Memorial Tea for Owain Jones. This was very well attended after the Memorial Service in the Sanctuary. Thank you to all the ladies that helped set up, serve and provide the food. Some of the family also brought in food and we thank them for it. Diolch yn fawr i bawb. We will be providing a dinner on Good Friday. This will be between the afternoon worship service and the Gymanfa Ganu at night. Please reserve your tickets before hand as it makes it easier if we know how many to cater for. M.

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O’r Gegin From The Kitchen.

This recipe has had a long journey! Glen Grove sent this to Pamela Myers, from the Rehoboth, Delta, Cook Book.

Snowdonia Hot Pot

Ingredients:- 8 ounces of bulk pork sausage meat: 8 ounces of lean ham: 8 ounces of diced tomatoes: 1 pound of potatoes: 1 apple; 1 onion: 2 tablespoons of flour: 1 teaspoon of mixed herbs: salt and pepper to taste.

Method:-Mix the flour, herbs, salt and pepper. Cut up the ham. Dredge the ham well in the herb mixture. Next peel all the vegetables and apple. Layer all the ingredients in a casserole dish. Start with a layer of potatoes, meat, tomatoes, apple, and onion. Continue to layer, but make sure that you finish with a layer of potatoes. Half fill the casserole dish with water. Bake at 350 Fahrenheit in a pre heated oven .for 2 hours. This sounds like an excellent winter comfort dish. I imagine that you can add more ingredients if you want a larger meal. From Glen, Pamela and I please enjoy. If you make changes, go easy on the tomatoes!

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SPECIAL EVENT!

We can’t have a celebration as important as a 50th anniversary without doing something very special. As readers of Y Gadwyn know, at the end of April we return to Niagara Falls, birthplace of the **Ontario Welsh Festival** (OGGA). It was at this location that Dr. Doug Jones and his committee held that very first Ontario Gymanfa Ganu weekend.

What else is the Niagara Region famous for? Its vineyards, of course. And to make this 50th birthday even more special you are invited to join us on a Winery Tour on Thursday April 28, departing from the Sheraton Fallsview at 11 AM. “Crush on Niagara” (voted the best wine tour company three years running) will take us to two wineries (Flat Rock Cellars and Cave Spring Cellars) where we will be given a private tour and tasting of their award-winning wines.

From there we will be taken by our tour guide to Jordan, a very pretty village on the Escarpment. I think you have all heard of the splendid restaurant “Inn On the Twenty” and its reputation for pairing regional cuisine with regional wines. Here, we will enjoy a 3 course “Winemaker's Lunch” especially prepared by Executive Chef Kevin Maniaci.

Needing some exercise after lunch? Why not stroll the Main Street and visit the antique, craft and gift stores or, the local museum with it’s authentically restored the pioneer settlement. My favourite store? The truly superb Inuit Gallery (opposite the Inn on the Twenty).

A visit to the Upper Canada Cheese Company will be the final highlight of our tour. Come sample the premium handcrafted artisan cheeses produced on-site from the milk of local Guernsey cows. You will also be wowed by their gourmet store.

How can you resist such a superb event? Where else will you be picked up at the door and whisked around the area without a care in the world? And you will not need to worry about a “designated driver”!

The cost for this wonderful tour is \$85 (including the dreaded HST). Don't miss this opportunity. Contact Donna Morris at DONNA.MORRIS @mpac.ca or call her at (416) 756-1249-
Hefina Phillips

When you get back to the hotel you can rest up before attending a special free fun evening that we are preparing-.

Details to follow.

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Live Auction and Spaghetti Dinner

The O.G.G.A. is hosting a live auction and benefit dinner in support of the O.G.G.A.'s 50th Anniversary.

Date: Saturday March 26, 2011 (Dewi Sant Welsh United Church)
Time: 5:00 p.m. Cost: \$10

If you have any talents, services, goods, that you would like to donate to the auction, please call Sheryl Clay at 647 283 7537.

To order tickets for the dinner, please call Donna Morris at 416 756 1249

Lotsa pasta! Lotsa dough! Lotsa fun! All are welcome to come to this event. Bring friends, neighbours, anyone that you think might enjoy a fun evening. We can also provide for vegetarian needs.

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*An eye witness account from New York City:-On a cold day in December, me years ago: a little boy of about 10-years-old, was standing before a shoe store on the roadway, barefooted, peering through the window, and shivering with cold. A lady approached the young boy and said, “my ,but you're in such deep thought staring in that window!” I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes,” was the boy's reply. The lady took him by the hand, went into the store, and asked the clerk to get half a dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if he could give her a basin of water and a towel. He quickly brought them to her. She took the little fellow to the back of the store and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed his little feet, and dried them with the towel. By this time, the clerk had returned with the socks.. Placing a pair upon the boy's feet, she purchased him a pair of shoes. She tied up the remaining pairs of socks and gave them to him. She patted him on the head and said, “No doubt, you will be more comfortable now!” As she turned to go, the astonished kid caught her by the hand and looking up into her face, with tears in his eyes, asked her. **“Are you God's wife?” This is a true story.***

Teacher Debbie Moon's first graders were discussing a picture of a family. One little boy in the picture had a different hair color than the other members. One of her students suggested that he was adopted. A little girl said, 'I know all about Adoption, I was adopted. 'What does it mean to be adopted?' asked another child. 'It means', said the girl, 'that you grew in your **mommy's heart** instead of her **tummy!**'

New Book by Roger Roberts

Congratulations to Lord Roger Roberts whose book *Hei Tai* has just been released. The book covers many aspects of Roger's fascinating life. He has even included a chapter on his time spent here in Toronto (which he assures me he recalls with real fondness). The book is written in Welsh and can be obtained through any bookseller in Britain. It is available on line as well.

Roger will be here to minister to us for the Easter service. We look forward to seeing him and hearing tales from his new life as an author.

Submitted by Betty Cullingworth

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Floating

Trying to Leave Home, and Finding That It Won't Let You

By Meg Lloyd-Jones

When one thinks of the warmest place one could possibly be on a February night in Toronto, Harbourfront doesn't spring readily to mind. However, from February 15th-19th, Harbourfront Centre's World Stage series will feature a Welsh play, **Floating**, that, according to rave reviews from many sources, radiates warmth and infectious enthusiasm. It sounds like just the tonic to liven up our dreariest month.

Floating is the first in a trilogy of three autobiographical performances based on the upbringing and experiences of Hugh Hughes on the Isle of Anglesey. Produced by Hoipolloi, a Welsh theatre company, the plays have all originated at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, and have toured around the world, winning several awards along the way. On this tour, *Floating* will be performed in Victoria and Vancouver, as well as Toronto. Hughes notes on his website (www.hughhughes.me) that he is especially excited to be visiting Canada for the first time.

Hugh Hughes is the semi-fictional alter ego of Hoipolloi's artistic director, Shon Dale-Jones, who hails from Llangefni, on the little island in the top left-hand corner of Wales. In *Floating*, Hughes narrates the story and re-enacts it, playing himself. His collaborative partner, Sioned Rowlands, plays all the other parts. This fantastical tale begins when an earthquake strikes just as Hughes sets out to leave his home on the Isle of Anglesey. The bridge that connects Anglesey to mainland Wales collapses, and the island breaks free. While his fellow islanders don't want to leave their homeland, Hughes welcomes the chance to escape and discover life outside the small world he has always known.

As Anglesey floats across the Atlantic, up to the Arctic and beyond, Hughes and Rowlands transport the audience along on the journey, using globes, slide projectors, maps, lamps, and a range of props and costumes. A review in *The Guardian* by Maddy Costa notes that: "Much of the joy of the show lies in the rough theatrical tricks played by Hughes and his collaborator, Sioned Rowlands." For example, members of the audience are asked to close their eyes while the island is transported, willingly suspending their disbelief while Hughes hops onto a wheeled platform which Rowlands pulls to the back of the stage. Rowlands holds up a simple costume to represent which of the three characters she's playing--Hughes' Nain (grandmother), headmaster, or best friend. And the sound of the earth moving, expressed by the rattle of teacups, is described by Costa as "brilliantly effective in its simplicity." Publicity material describes *Floating* as exploring "in a fun and entertaining way how we deal with making monumental, life changing decisions, how the places we come from have a hold on us and how, over time, we get confused about what has actually happened in the past." The Welsh are known for their "hiraeth", a longing or nostalgia, especially for things Welsh. So it is perhaps not surprising that a play that questions the idea of home and what it means to leave it has its roots in Wales. A play that asks the audience to reflect on how we can come to feel both disconnected and alienated from, and yet eternally drawn to, our homeland, may have particular resonance for a group of expatriate Welshmen, and those of us who are Canadian by birth, but still feel an inexplicable longing for the land of our fathers (and/or mothers)

Costa writes: "It's a show that makes you think about the place where you're from, and perhaps have left behind; most of all, it's a show that makes you cheerfully aware of the temporary community with whom you sit in the

theatre, sharing laughter and a sense of wonder.” Audience members have described the play as hilarious, playful, unusual, wonderfully imaginative and deceptively moving. Harbourfront’s World Stage says: “Warm hearted and whimsical, with performances that exude old-fashioned innocence, charm and personality in spades, *Floating* has beguiled audiences and critics alike. This is comedy at its most relevant, poignant and triumphant. Join us for an unforgettable voyage.”

A group of Dewi Sant members will be attending the play on its opening night, which includes a reception, and we hope you will join us. The following night (February 16th) also offers a bonus feature, as a Q and A follows the performance. If sharing a bit of Welsh warmth on a cold Toronto night sounds appealing, we hope you will enjoy *Floating* sometime during its five night run.

The play starts at 8 p.m., runs for 90 minutes, and tickets are \$35, available by calling 416-973-4000 or through the website: <http://www.harbourfrontcentre.com/worldstage1011/floating.cfm> or by calling 416-973-4000.

“If there’s a friendlier, more engaging character in contemporary British theatre than Hughes, I’ve yet to meet him.” *The Times*

“Hugh Hughes is a mesmerizing personality...It’s an extraordinary sight, hilarious yet touching in the human fragility it conveys...Brilliantly effective in its simplicity.” *The Guardian (4 stars)*

“A piece of genius...charming, surreal, warm-hearted.” *The Scotsman (4 stars)*

“I found myself utterly charmed by both Hughes and Rowlands as they played out this strange and beautiful story...A rewarding experience and well worth a watch.” *The Independent (4 stars)*

Several people sent this notice to me, but since Meg had written a (much needed) article I chose hers. Thank you Meg.

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I received a pleasant email from **Peter Karrie** recently, letting me know that he was in Toronto for one night. Peter was Canada’s “WELSH” phantom (of the opera) from 1992-1999 at the Pantages Theatre. He is now touring Canada raising funds to support The Centre for Childhood Disabilities. His one appearance in Toronto is on February 20th at The Factory (Studio) Theatre in Toronto. He has a great supporting cast of artists with him and would be delighted to acknowledge “Welsh representation at his show. Please Phone the theatre for further details.

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Great Teachers are priceless.

I've reached that certain age when I can clearly recall the days of my youth better than where I was last Wednesday! Some of the events will live with me forever. At the urging of our Editor I will describe some of my earliest school years in Llanelli, Carmarthenshire.

I loved Old Road elementary school. Ms. Wrigley, the only female on staff, was my Standard One teacher and I guess I assumed the years ahead would be as happy. Wrong. Mr. Evans of Standard Two had a nasty habit of accurately hurling chalk at any boy for the slightest offense. When he ran out of chalk he would send the offending boy to a shop adjacent to the school to get more. (He probably ran a tab on the chalk.) When the boy returned Evans would throw more pieces at his target often bringing the boy to tears. We were children six, seven or eight years old! (Today he would not last long as a teacher!)

Standard Three must have been uneventful. I remember nothing of it.

Mr. Francis ruled Standard Four and, knowing my Welsh-speaking father, placed me with those who could speak Welsh, despite my objections. Dad and Francis were members of the Conservative Club and one evening Dad "persuaded" my teacher that I never lied. You crossed my father at your peril. Dad was also a member of The Workingman's Club. I never knew which way he voted to the day he died. I suspect his club memberships were to slake his occasional Sunday thirsts!

At half year I was moved into Mr. Rees' Standard Five. I adored him; he had taught in South Africa and had tales to tell. Because of him my interest in maps became a love of Geography. Before I knew it I was in Standard Six being prepared for the "eleven plus" exam that would get me into the County / Intermediate / Grammar school. The

name changed every few years. It's now known as "The Comprehensive" where the brighter ones are quickly streamed towards University.

It was assumed that those who succeeded in passing were University bound. Unlike other counties, there was a fee paid each term. In retrospect it seems modest but it meant that some boys (there wasn't any co-ed) couldn't attend. The depression was not over and many were still hurting. We also had to buy our textbooks. Many were bought from pupils a year ahead of us. This is when we learned that barter was better.

Those who didn't pass, or chose not to try, the "eleven plus" went to a Secondary School which offered a very basic curriculum. It was very difficult to enter University from "The Sec." but my future brother-in-law, Alwyn Charles, did so and was to get his Ph.D. on "The Pessimism of Schopenhauer." It was a great loss when he passed away at such an early age. He had been loved by everyone. He had such an infectious laugh! He was a Minister in demand all over the country, and I'm told, gave superb sermons in English and Welsh. His first love was teaching, and he was the Associate Dean at Bala/ Bangor in North Wales when he died. He could never say "no" to a request that he lead a service anywhere in England or Wales. It was said that he worked himself to death.

But back to my school days....

One hundred and thirty five boys made it each year; they would be in Forms two A, B or C of 35 pupils each. We were given exams on the first day; Civics, Geography and Arithmetic. The mysteries of Algebra, Geometry, and Calculus were yet to be discovered. Those first day exams would determine whether we were placed in A, B or C. I managed to be placed in Form Two "A".

The teachers wore black gowns, which to most eleven year olds was a little intimidating. We knew that different subjects would be taught by various teachers. We didn't know two would be sadists. We didn't know that beatings were often meted out for the slightest mistake and ignored by Mr. Shaw, the Headmaster, who ironically taught "The Scriptures". We also had to choose between French or Welsh. The Welsh-speaking boys were delighted but they lived to regret it. Oddly, I still remember much of my French despite the fact that our teacher had never seen La France.

I had always treated numbers as a game I liked to play. In one of my early Algebra lessons I was asked a question written on a Blackboard firmly nailed to the wall. My reply, "I'm sorry, sir, I can't see it". Within seconds Mr. Smith dragged me from my desk and slammed my face into the board yelling, "Now do you see it". My love of numbers was over. It took years to return..

The other teacher who had chosen the wrong vocation, a Deacon at the largest chapel in town, taught Geography. He would walk behind the rows of desks starting from the rear looking at the student's efforts to draw a map. When he didn't like what he saw he cracked the boy's knuckles with a ruler.

There was an unwritten rule, that you never let your parents know of the abuse. After I had left this school my best friend, Munro, told my parents. My father was furious. Munro, whose parents owned a pricey boutique ladies shop, was sent to a private school in Brecon. He got a law degree, joined the Royal Navy as an Officer and eventually became a Judge.

At year-end I and four other boys, with the lowest marks, moved up to Form Three B. The five best of Form Two B moved up to Form Three A. Complicated? Not really.

The good news; I had a different Maths teacher and took Latin which I loved. The bad news? I was in the top five at year-end and so moved up to Form Four A My new Maths teacher? He hated Mr. Smith. To make matters worse, he was our Form Master but all was not lost. We could drop the three Sciences for History, Geography or Latin. The latter had only four pupils when the 31 majority opted for Chemistry. But things were looking up. The rest of this saga must wait for another day.

Vaughan Lewis.

Thank you Vaughan. I wish that more people would react to my bullying

I can add a few short school memories. Firstly, I coveted a bright pink eraser that a standard 6 girl had on her desk I was in standard 2. When she went to the toilet I nabbed it!! I was not a clever thief and was caught! ...At playtime one day I was eating an apple. A big girl asked if I would keep the "stump" for her. When she came to get it, I had nothing left! I had no idea what that English word "stump" meant and had eaten the lot! She beat the tar out of me and tore my dress in several places. Nothing was said in class about my dishevelled state!

In Grammar school we had a Latin teacher with a big wart on her tongue. She was SO unkind. One Thursday afternoon I was standing with others at the local, bus stop. On the opposite side of the road was the Cattle Mart, outside of which was a chip van!! We would all dart across and get six- penneth worth of piping hot chips. in a paper bag, doused with salt and in my case lots of vinegar! Well on this particular Thursday we were all munching happily away and being a slow eater I was last. Along the pavement waddled Miss Pennington! My few remaining chips were in my pocket by then. “Miss Phillips are you eating out in public?” (A heinous crime in our school!) I couldn’t answer because I had a hot chip half way down my throat!! “You will learn the 8th of Corinthians by tomorrow morning and come to see me!” Well the next day I went to see her and told her that we only had **Welsh Bible** at home. She assigned the Head Girl, who spoke Welsh, to hear me the next day. On the way home in the bus Ruth Ivermay told me to forget it, as she thought the punishment was too harsh. I remember both those names to this day!....

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Eirlys Barker

It is with great sadness that we learned of the passing of Eirlys Barker, the longest serving member of Dewi Sant Welsh United Church. Eirlys’ father, William Thomas, was one of the founding members of the church in 1907 and thus Eirlys who was born in 1915 spent her entire life as a member of the Dewi Sant faith community. A funeral service was held at the Roadhouse and Rose Funeral Home in Newmarket on Tuesday, January 25.

A service in celebration of Eirlys’ life will also be held at Dewi Sant during the morning service on Sunday, February 16th.

A more complete account of Eirlys’ life will be included in the next issue of Y Gadwyn,

Y Lili Fach Wen (The Little White Lily.) Eirlys—Snowdrop

“O Lili Fach Wen o ble daethost ti?
A’r gwynt mor arw ac mor oer ei gry.
Sut y daethost ti allan trwy’r eira i gyd?
Nid oes blodyn bach arall i’w weld yn y byd.”

Traditionally, Wales in January is very cold. Yet despite the ice and the snow the tiny fragile plants of the snowdrops insist on showing their faces in the teeth of winter, despite all odds. Such boldness and such confidence! We admire the qualities of the snowdrop.

This is for you Eirlys. Rest in peace.

M

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Talfryn Griffiths

It is also with regret that we relay the news of the passing of Tal Griffiths. Tal passed away in Carmarthen last week. He was a great friend to many of us, especially those who went to The Ontario Gymanfa Ganu weekends. Tal loved to sing and harmonize (especially after the official functions were over). I remember him, John Griffiths and Don Mills (all from Ottawa) singing their hearts out until the early hours! Those were the days. He was a good friend to many of us. The last time that I saw Tal was at the National Eisteddfod in Cardiff. His wife Shirley and daughter Sian had brought him up from Carmarthen. He had heard that I was speaking on behalf of the Overseas Welsh contingent and demanded that he be helped to the Eisteddfod to hear me. I was able to get the three of them in to the “guests” only tea etc. I was so touched to see them. He was by then very frail and the journey had been arduous for him. I appreciated that so much. Rest in peace my friend, you will be very fondly remembered. M

My oldest and dearest friend Tal died today. He had suffered dementia for the past year or so.

I write believing that many of you probably knew Tal Griffiths.

He followed me to Ottawa from Montreal when I was transferred to the capital. He moved into my house when I was transferred to Toronto just before Tal arrived. It worked out so well.

He went there to be a teacher. If he had stayed in Montreal he would have had to go to Teacher's Training College for a year. Something he could not afford at that time.

He became the President of the St. David's Society.

He returned to Carmarthen about 12 years ago because his wife insisted that they do so. Ironically, he settled in immediately but his wife didn't!

That's it. I could talk of Tal for hours. To know him was to love him.

Vaughan Lewis.

Tal and Vaughan were best friends for over 50 years.

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“And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it has left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.”

William Wordsworth

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Owen Wynne Jones

At the age of thirteen Owen was a natural jockey. He would ride horses that were considered unrideable around the slope of Snowdon. He would ride in local races and with the winnings treat his friends to Golden brown ale. His advice to his granddaughter upon hearing that she was taking riding lessons was, “grab the mane and dig your knees into the horse's sides if you ever get in trouble!”

Trucks were an integral part of Owens's life for 30 years. He drove one of the old retail milk trucks and sang away at the top of his voice in Welsh. His advice on driving in the dark was, “to follow a transport truck at a safe distance and let its tail lights guide you. He proudly received a certificate for 25 years of safe driving without an accident. In the 1950's and 60's the other milkmen scoffed when Owen put a blanket over his engine at night. Come morning there was no laughter when Owen drove away and they still needed battery boosts.

He loved his 1996 Volkswagen Jetta and treated it the same way as a racehorse. It is fitting that one of his last acts was to drive his beloved car to take my mother out for lunch.

He was an incredibly hard worker. He was taught manual labour in Wales at a very young age. He was pulled out of school at 12 years of age and apprenticed at the Slate Quarry in Llanberis. All his maternal ancestors were quarrymen. The edge was taken off this work when he saw an uncle lose his eye. He left and worked as a farm labourer on the slopes of Snowdonia. It was in this role that he gained entry into Canada. When called a DP (displaced person) he shot back a reply that he was a “Delayed pioneer.”

In the early 50's he applied to Borden's Dairy for a job. The man doing the hiring said, “You're Welsh, can you sing me a song?” Owen replied, “I came here for a job, not to sing, do I get the job or not?” He got the job and gained a friend.

He delivered milk door to door and gained many awards for excellent salesmanship. He was often in trouble with the Union. When doing relief work he would do twice as much work as the “regulars.” When threatened by the union, he said that the Company paid him to work, not the union!

MY dad began suffering terrible pain in his hips. My mother found him one day rubbing a mixture of goose grease and turpentine on his hip. He said that it is what he did when the horses where a little stiff! Eventually he had a hip replacement.

He considered a good education mandatory for all his children, and was proud of his children's achievements.

After his retirement he chose another career. Him and my mum provided accommodation for International Language Students. He cooked and coached students from all over the world. He didn't stop developing. At 76 he got a computer and sent email to the BBC and family and friends.

When Owen arrived in Montreal, there was a Players Cigarette Company representative welcoming everyone to Canada with a carton of cigarettes! Owen took a train to Toronto arriving on Sunday June 19th 1949. The first thing he did was go to Clinton Street (the old Dewi Sant Church). After his passing we found The Order of Service for that Sunday. His church and Welsh community were very important to him.

In 1953 my dad married my mother, a beautiful redhead with three tiny children. Being an instant father took considerable courage, but he loved his beautiful Josie with all his heart. Later four more of us arrived on the scene.. Money was very short but we managed to get an education, piano and singing lessons and field trips to all the important places.

Owen was Welsh to the core. His beloved car had a license plate, “Y Cymro,” The Welshman. He believed in fair play, spoke first, **then** thought!! His intentions were good, but sometimes the validity of the point was lost in the delivery. Diplomacy was not his strong point!

Owen was always involved with music, either in choirs or as a soloist. His favourites were “Myfanwy,” and Unwaith eto Nghymru Annwyl.”

I could go on for a very long time, but hopefully I have managed to paint of a true Welsh man who was larger than life. We all have been enriched and blessed by his love and care.

David Jones.

I have shortened the beautifully written Eulogy to Owen, by his son David. This was delivered by David at the memorial service. A full copy of the words are available if anyone would like an emailed copy.

M.

Our sympathy goes to Josie and all the family.

Saint Davids Celebration in Toronto.

The Saint Davids Society of Toronto is proud to announce our special banquet celebration. The Toronto Male Voice Choir will be joining us for dinner and then a performance. We are delighted with this change. Instead of a speaker, this year we are celebrating with song(s).

Please join us for this very special night. Dinner is Leek soup, lamb shanks and something sweet for our palettes.

Price is \$75 per head. Cocktails at 6 pm and dinner at 6.30 pm. There is plenty of free parking. Dress as formal as possible. Let’s make our special night a glamorous one! It is always fun to dress up, and what better occasion than to honour our Patron Saint?

Have you noticed that the Saint Davids Society has **still** not put up the cost of the tickets for many years now? Other Society banquets are well over \$100! Please contact Harold Woodey 416 -221 -9178 or myself at 905 -737 -4399. or e -mail me. My details are always in Y Gadwyn. Please note- ***There will be NO tickets sold after March 1st. Please honour this request as the lamb shanks are ordered specifically for the numbers that we submit to the club on the March 1st. They have also promised to give vegetarians a good dinner this year—NOT pasta etc.!***

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I have so appreciated the kindness shown to me during my illness. Cards, phone calls, and visits often with accompanying food/goodies etc. have really raised my spirits. Please accept my thanks for all your love and support.....**Wanda Sweet.**

Gadwyn Donors

Gwyn Roberts, Charles Oakley, David Jones, William Hudson, Alun Hughes
Joan Humphrey, and Brenda Jones.

Diolch yn fawr to you. These donations are really needed to cover the cost of postage etc.

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On the Move

Tom and Betty Jones- 51 Greenway Dr.-Wasaga Beach- ON L9Z 0E6-705-429-5655

Upcoming Church Activities

Special Congregational Meeting February 13th immediately following service

Annual Congregational Meeting March 13 @ 12.45 pm

Ash Wednesday Service March 9 @ 7.00 pm

Maundy Thursday Service April 21 @ 7.00 pm

Good Friday Service **April 22** @ 3.30 pm –Lord Roger Roberts taking service

Good Friday Dinner at 5.00 pm.

Good Friday Gymanfa April 22 @ 7.00 pm

Easter Sunday Morning Communion April 24 @ 9.00 am followed by breakfast

Easter Sunday Service April 24 @ 11.00 am –Lord Roger Roberts preaching

Everyone to bring a spring flower for the on Easter Sunday 11.00 am. Service please.

*The dinner on Good Friday is at 5 pm. Please order your tickets **ahead of time** in order that we may have a good idea of how many to cater for. The price of tickets is \$12. Get your tickets from Elizabeth Stroud or Myfanwy Bajaj. After the Gymanfa there will be a “te bach down in the Fellowship Hall. There will be Welsh Cakes Bara Brith and other goodies to go with the tea and coffee. (free)*

March 1st. Saint Davids Day Celebration.

Join The Burlington Welsh Male Choir with guest soloist Shannon Mercer at the CBC Glenn Gould Studio

Time 7.30 pm. Tickets are \$25 and can be obtained from Roy Thompson www.roythompson.com or from www.burlingtonwelsh.com

An interesting web site to check is newsletter@academia.org (Welsh events)

GADWYN Deadline is Sunday February 13th. myfanwy@rogers.com 905 -737 -4399 34 Carrington Drive Richmond Hill Ont. L4C 8A2