



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

Volume 42; Number 8 /9

Ebrill / Mai April /May 2011 .

Dewi Sant Welsh United Church

33 Melrose Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. M5M 1Y6

A Message from the Minister

Easter is passed but not gone! In the Christian tradition, the Easter season lasts for seven Sundays; the reality is, though, that every Sunday is a “Little Easter,” because every time the community of God’s people gathers we remember and celebrate the living presence of the Risen Christ among us. So after the cold and wet month of April - it is, after all, the “cruellest month” in the words of T.S Elliot – it is wonderful and miraculous to witness the arrival of spring in the last two weeks. At Easter we proclaim the new life of the Risen Christ even as we experience new life springing up everywhere around us. And what always astonishes me is the extraordinary extravagance and generosity we see in God’s creation – the bold colours of the flowers, the delicate greens of new leaves, the astonishing variety of all that God has made.

At the same time, we are mindful that spring can and does bring with it terrible tragedies such as the flooding in Western Canada, in Quebec and along the Mississippi River in the U.S.A. It reminds us how much we are a part of all that God has made; humans are not in control of everything.

Easter this year was very special for me personally. Not only was it my first Gymanfa Ganu at Dewi Sant Welsh United Church, we were also blessed to have the Rev. Lord Roger Roberts with us on both Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He conducted the Good Friday afternoon service and then preached on Easter Sunday. I am so very grateful for the message he brought us both times.

The Gymanfa Ganu was an amazing experience: the spirited singing of so many people was great to hear and to take part in. Meriel Simpson conducted *con spirito* and with much humour and on behalf of all present I want to thank her again. Merched Dewi also contributed to the evening with their usual style and joy in singing. Again thank you for the gift of music and especially to Betty Cullingworth, their conductor. David Jones graced the evening with his beautiful voice and we are immensely grateful to him.

A special mention is due to Arleigh Quesnell and her helpers who worked mightily to prepare a wonderful dinner on Good Friday. Thanks you so much, Arleigh. Thanks must also be given to all those folk who helped prepare the Easter breakfast. As I said in a recent sermon, food and drink, their distribution and sharing were major preoccupations of Jesus in all four Gospels and, according to the Emmaus story in John’s Gospel, it is in the breaking of bread and in the sharing of it that we experience the living presence of the Risen Christ.

Much has happened at Dewi Sant Welsh United Church in the last few months. The most important of these is that the Joint Ministry Needs Assessment Committee has done its work and presented it the congregation for its approval on April 17th. It is now before the Presbytery awaiting approval. The Committee worked hard on the Ministry Needs Assessment which, in The United Church of Canada, is the first step in the process of calling new ministry personnel. Mindful of its particular mission “to maintain and encourage the music, Welsh heritage, language and culture for future generations” Dewi Sant is naturally looking for a minister who is bilingual and steeped in the culture of Wales.

Ein cenhedlaeth ni yw'r dyfodol. Mae angen i arweinwyr y byd gyfathrebu'n well er mwyn sicrhau heddwch byd-eang. Mae rhyfel yn mynd yn erbyn hawliau dynol ac rydym yn mynnu bod gan bawb hawl i ryddid. Gwerthfawrogwn y gwahaniaethau rhwng pobl a'i gilydd a pharchwn ein gilydd. **Ein byd ni yw hwn. Gadewch i ni uno mewn heddwch.**

Lluniwyd gan ddisgyblion ysgolion Uwchradd Bryntawe a Llandeilo Ferwallt, Abertawe

Y TANGNEFEDDWYR

Uwch yr eira, wybren ros,

Lle mae Abertawe'n fflam.

Cerddaf adref yn y nos,

Af dan gofio 'nhad a 'mam.

Gwyn eu byd tu hwnt i glyw,

Tangnefeddwyr, plant i Dduw.

Angel y cartrefi tlawd

Roes i 'nhad y ddeuberl drud :

Cennad dyn yw bod yn frawd,

Golud Duw yw'r anwel fyd,

Gwyn eu byd tu hwnt i glyw,

Tangnefeddwyr, plant i Dduw.

Ni châi enllib, ni châi llaid

Roddi troed o fewn i'w tre.

Chwiliai 'mam am air o blaid

Pechaduriaid mwya'r lle.

Gwyn eu byd tu hwnt i glyw,

Tangnefeddwyr, plant i Dduw.

Cenedl dda a chenedl ddrwg ----

Dysgent hwy mai rhith yw hyn,

Ond goleuni Crist a ddwg

Ryddid i bob dyn a'i myn.

Gwyn eu byd, daw dydd a'u clyw,

Dangnefeddwyr, plant i Dduw

By Waldo Williams

Gwyn eu byd tu hwnt i glyw, Tangnefeddwyr, plant i Dduw.

Blessed are they the peacemakers, children of God.

"The Peace message" and "Tangnefeddwyr" submitted by **Nest Pritchard.**

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

The Ontario Welsh Festival. 50th anniversary

At last the long awaited Festival arrived. Many months of hard work and planning by Betty Cullingworth and the Board brought this festival to a very successful conclusion. Due to the fact that it was the anniversary there was a great deal of additional planning and fine tuning to be done. There are far too many people to thank for their wonderful efforts so **thank you all who participated.** (You know who you are!)

Unfortunately it all started on a very low note. Thursday morning a bus load of festival goers were waiting in the Niagara Falls hotel lobby, ready to go on a Vineland tour, when a cell phone came in asking for help in the car park. Sheryl Clay and Hefina Phillips had been injured by a mini tornado. Help soon came and they were hospitalized as was the hotel manager who tried to crawl out to help them. Sheryl was released but had many cuts, and bruises. Unfortunately Hefina was injured rather badly sustaining several broken bones. As this is written she is still in the Niagara Falls hospital. We all send prayers for Hefina's recovery. Hefina is a very strong believer in the power of prayer. Although there was sadness in many hearts, the Festival went ahead.

Thursday night a Film on Patagonia was shown and Myfanwy conducted a mini Noson Lawen--- a free for all ! By this time most people were too tired and emotionally spent, so an early night was called.

By Friday lunch time there was a hub of activity as displays were set up and the tea room opened. We were once more back in the old routine. Many old friends met over a cup of tea, Welsh cakes and bara brith. It was very busy. Betty Jones had set up a pictorial display of Gymanfa activities throughout the years. Very very interesting! The display of "famous Welsh Canadians" also drew a great deal of attention. This is the busiest that the tea room has been for many years.

The Noson Lawen was a very special on this year. There were celebratory poems and songs performed by Mairwen Thornley and Sheryl Clay. The Reverend Dr. Cerwyn Davies and Hefina had collaborated and Mairwen Thornley read on behalf of Hefina. Sheryl Clay made a valiant effort to sing through her stitched mouth. What a trooper! Cerwyn then called on all the past presidents to come forward to receive congratulations and roses from Katie Quesnelle and Madison Freemantle. These two young ladies donned their "best" Welsh costumes for this occasion. Good job girls. Roses for absentee past presidents were put in a vase and taken to Hefina the next morning in hospital.

Myfanwy Bajaj was introduced as Mistress of Ceremonies for the ensuing Noson Lawen. Myfanwy firmly let the audience know in no uncertain terms that she had never been a mistress, paid or unpaid!! From then on she was on an unstoppable roll, with something humorous to say in between every act. Just be careful that you are not grist for her mill next time. (advice from one who knows!!) Her poor husband was "ribbed" mercilessly !!!

There were excellent items including some from the visiting choir CHF1. This was a very well attended function, with tea and Welsh cakes served afterwards.

As usual Saturday proved to be very busy. Hefina had worked hard with the children who performed a pageant. They had chosen their own Welsh heroes, from Mari Jones, to Llywellyn, boxers and pop singers. Dialogue had been written for them by Hefina. Some of the children also performed individually and those who had plucked up courage asked some "knock knock" questions. It was very encouraging to see such a grand revival of Awr y Plant. Long may it continue.....

At the annual banquet Hefina was to be presented with her well earned **Gold Award**. All her family were present. Both of her children Sian and Alan and partners were on hand to act on her behalf. A grand concert followed, given by CHF1, a choir from Cardiff. They showed the audience what a truly versatile choir they were, full of energy and vigor. Their director Eilir Wyn Davies put them through their paces leaving them and the audience breathless.

Y Gymanfa on Sunday morning filled the hall to capacity. Eilir was a master at his craft. After their contribution the choir had to dash off to catch their plane. This spot was ably filled in the afternoon Gymanfa by Merched Dewi.

This Festival was a success in every way. May this be repeated for many years to come!
Llongyfarchiadau.

A big fan and well wisher.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

It may be that your sole purpose in life is simply to serve as a warning to others!. Never buy a car you can't push. Never put both feet in your mouth at the same time, because then you won't have a leg to stand on. Nobody cares if you can't dance well. Just get up and dance. Since it's the early worm that gets eaten by the bird, sleep late. The second mouse gets the cheese. When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane. Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live. You may be only one person in the world, but you may also be the world to one person. Some mistakes are too much fun to make only once. We could learn a

lot from crayons. Some are sharp, some are pretty and some are dull. Some have weird names and all are different colours, but they all have to live in the same box. A truly happy person is one who can enjoy the scenery on a detour. Always keep your words soft and sweet, just in case you have to eat them.³ * Always read stuff that will make you look good if you die in the middle of it. Drive carefully... It's not only cars that can be recalled by their Maker. If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague. If you lend someone \$20 and never see that person again, it was probably worth it..

Trish Stevenson.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

It is always encouraging to hear what our “young Dewi Sant folks” are doing now that they have gone out into the big wide world.

Kelly Watson (nee Stevenson) is the eldest daughter of Peter and Trisha Stevenson and attended Dewi Sant Sunday School for many years. Currently she is working at Georgian College, while going back to school to get her Masters Degree in Business. In addition, Kelly has for several years volunteered with the Barrie Out of the Cold program, which is a community endeavour that provides safe, respectful and welcoming overnight accommodation and meals to the homeless from November to April. Last year Kelly was voted in by her peers to hold the position of President and Chair of Barrie Out of the Cold. This year BOOTC was honoured to receive the David Busby Street Centre Community Service Award, which Kelly will be accepting on their behalf on Saturday, May 28th, 2011 at a gala event attended by the community’s top officials.

As much as Barrie Out of the Cold was once considered a temporary solution for those who could not find a shelter bed, the increased number of homeless people has, over the past several years, made this program a necessity. Every effort is made to ensure that nobody has to spend the night outside but a better, long term solution needs to be found. A mat on a basement floor with a stranger sleeping beside you is not the answer to homelessness.

Their wish is that homelessness, hunger and poverty no longer existed, but, as long as people seek food and shelter, we hope that this program can be there for those who need our assistance.

The Barrie Out of the Cold program provides guests with a hot dinner, breakfast and a place to sleep from mid November until the end of April. BOOTC is indebted to the six host churches and to the over one thousand volunteers who make this program successful year after year.

We at Dewi Sant are very proud of our youth and if you can help in any way by donations of food, clothing or monetary support or if you would like to volunteer your time please visit the Barrie Out of the Cold website at www.barrieoutofthecold.org or contact by phone at (705) 331-1396. Include your full name and telephone number in your message for a personal reply.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Amira Bajaj Christie Is studying toward a teaching degree to add to her other qualifications. In April a competition by the name of “**Dance Dance Canada**” was held in Niagara Falls. Amira won the senior choreography award for her senior lyrical small group, out of 900+ routines. Her winning routine is called "The Nicest Thing". It was also awarded the 2nd highest mark of all the competitions, consisting of many categories.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Of Interest *This piece has been written by **Betty and Gareth Evans’s** brother in law, Godfrey Owen (now deceased) This was written for his granddaughter Bethan Owen for a school project :- Our Childhood. Back in the 1930’s things were quite different to what they are today. Parents were not as “well off” as they are at present. Our mothers didn’t go out to work, they stayed at home to take care of the family, doing all the necessary house work such as, cooking, washing, ironing, darning and keeping the home clean and tidy. Boys and girls seldom had any money to spend on sweets and chocolate as our parents didn’t have the money to give us. Our fathers earned very small wages which was spent on food and clothing for the family.*

Most of all the children's clothes were often handed down from the older ones to the younger ones. "Best Clothes," were only worn on Sundays to go to Chapel or Church second best clothes were always for school and changed on returning home, and nearly worn out things were put on to play.

These days children talk about their holidays, "abroad," whereas in those days the only places that we went to were Porthcawl and Barry Island. We travelled by what was called a "Charabanc"- which was actually a large bus with an open roof which could be closed if it rained!

In those days many houses were without electricity or gas. The only lighting was by oil lamps (paraffin) and candles. Of course everyone had coal fires for heating and cooking. The only oven was built into the grate at the side of the fire. To keep the fire going. Cooking could be done at anytime of the day. Several buckets of coal would be used daily.

Washing day was always on Mondays when a large "boiler" was placed on the fire and all the dirty clothes were put in it and boiled for about an hour or so. They were then places in a tin bath of hot water and rubbed with soap on what was called a scrubbing board.(No washing machines in those days.)

The tin bath also served another purpose, on Friday night which was bath night. A large saucepan of water was heated on the fire then poured into the tin bath which was put in front of the fire place.The same water was used by two or even three children, by just adding more water!

For our entertainment the only thing that we had was the then called "wireless."Today it is called a radio. Television was not yet invented.

In fine weather games were played outdoors such as Whip and Top, Cat and Dog, Hook and Wheel, Dicky Five Stones, Weak Horses and Strong Donkeys and cigarette cards. Football and cricket would be played on a local field. All these were played by boys. Girl's games were Skipping, Scotch, On It (Touch) and Hide and Seek. We would also play such things as Ludo, Snakes and Ladders or Dominoes. We would also read books and comics which we exchanged with our friends after reading our own.

In Summer we would take long walks which would be safe to do in those days.

Saturdays were always enjoyed. We often built a "camp" which was made of old potato sacks and pieces of wood. We would build a fire out of old newspapers and bits of sticks. We would roast potatoes and eat them, just like at a picnic!

One of the most exciting nights of the year was always 'Bonfire Night' when we would make a 'Guy Fawkes and carry it around the streets in the daytime before setting fire to it at night. The few fireworks that we had would be bought out of money that we had saved for weeks. After we had let all of ours off we would go and watch other children's bonfires.

Christmas was of course the most wonderful time of the year. We would go in little groups to sing carols around the houses. The little money that we were given would go to buy a little present for our parents. Our childhood was enjoyed to the full even though we had no money to spend, but surely you would have enjoyed those days as much as we did.

The late **Godfrey Owen.**

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

I am sending out a challenge to you the "readers"..... How many of you can describe the MORE obscure games. I will publish your answers in the next Gadwyn !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! M

That Green Thing

In the line at the store, the cashier told the older woman that she should bring her own grocery bag because plastic bags weren't good for the environment. The woman apologized to him and explained, "We didn't have **the green thing** back in my day." The clerk responded, "That's our problem today. The former generation did not care enough to save our environment." He was right, that generation didn't have **the green thing** in its day. Back then, they returned their milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store. The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. But they didn't have **the green thing** back in that customer's day.

In her day, they walked up stairs, because they didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. They walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time

they had to go two blocks. But she was right. They didn't have **the green thing** in her day. Back then, they washed the baby's diapers because they didn't have the throw-away kind. They dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine burning up 220 volts - wind and solar power really did dry the clothes. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But that old lady is right; they didn't have **the green thing** back in her day. Back then, they had one TV, or radio, in the house - not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief, not a screen the size of the state of Montana. In the kitchen, they blended and stirred by hand because they didn't have electric machines to do everything for you. When they packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, they used a wadded up old newspaper to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap. Back then, they didn't fire up an engine and burn gasoline just to cut the lawn. They used a push mower that ran on human power. They exercised by working so they didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right; they didn't have **the green thing** back then. They drank from a fountain when they were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time they had a drink of water. They refilled their writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and they replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull. But they didn't have **the green thing** back then. Back then, people took the streetcar or a bus and kids rode their bikes to school or rode the school bus instead of turning their moms into a 24-hour taxi service. They had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. And they didn't need a computerized gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 2,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest pizza joint. But isn't it **sad** the current generation laments how wasteful the old folks were just because they didn't have **the green thing** back then?

Francis Silburn

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Article for Y Gadwyn on China

Last fall I was invited to give a lecture on Hospital Management to the Private Hospitals Association of Yunnan Province, China. Well, that's not strictly true. EMAS Canada, the organization I work with has been sending health care teams to China for over 20 years and last year our counterpart in Yunnan asked if we could include in the team someone to talk about Hospital Management. We have lots of medical volunteers with EMAS but no-one with financial or management credentials, so I offered to do it.

In the last few years the Chinese Government has acknowledged that their public health care system in China is woefully inadequate and they have therefore encouraged private sector organizations to provide services. Private hospitals sprang up quickly – and many soon floundered as a result of being managed by ex-bureaucrats with little or no private sector experience, trying to compete on the basis of having the latest facilities and technology, and going after relatively few wealthy clients. So clearly some management training was needed.

Giving the lecture was also an opportunity for me, for the first time, to be with our China teams and to see them in action. Our surgical team consisted of over 50 people – a pre-operating team, the surgical team and a post-operating team. We took over an operating theatre and part of a ward in a local hospital and the first two days were spent assessing the patients who had been brought to us. These were mainly children from poor rural areas who had suffered from burns or who had cleft palates or tumours. Some were terribly disfigured. The assessment was hard to witness as some patients had to be turned away because they would need lengthy care after surgery and we could not guarantee they would receive it once the team departed. While the children were waiting to be assessed they gathered in a crowded waiting room, sitting silently and eying the team with great apprehension. One of the team members is an art therapist and in the waiting room with these nervous children she quietly opened a large bag and laid the contents on a table. There were large felt squares and dozens of cut out figures

and objects: people, houses, churches, animals, musical instruments and flowers. Soon the children were transformed, making tableaux, telling her the story behind each picture and talking to each other.

As you can imagine, the organization of a medical team of over 50 people is a major logistical exercise. A typical morning went like this: at 5:30 am I was phoned in my hotel room by a team member who was waking everyone up. At 6 am we met for devotions, breaking up into small groups. At 6.30 we planned the day's activities. At 7 we had breakfast and at 7.30 the buses picked us up to take us to the hospital. Our surgeons would keep going as long as they were allowed to but eventually the local staff had to go home which drew the working day to a close. The EMAS surgical team goes to Kunming twice a year and during the year back in Canada they meet regularly: they plan and hold fundraising events, they hold devotional meetings, they recruit additional team members and they plan for the next visit.

I was the guest of honour at numerous banquets throughout my stay. Lunches and dinners presented an amazing array of food, the likes of which I had never seen before. Our hosts took great pleasure in loading my plate with all sorts of delicacies, then watching to see how I reacted as I ate them. Sea cucumbers, jellied sea slugs and "across the bridge" noodles were some of the treats I enjoyed – interwoven with toasts and speeches that didn't leave me much time for eating. Throughout my trip I was treated with great warmth and courtesy not only by our hosts but also by everyone I met, even the airport security staff.

Churches must be registered with the Religious Affairs Bureau and I was able to attend church services, albeit at a church exclusively for foreigners – the first time I have had to show my passport to attend a service. Churches also exist for nationals, but they too must be registered; for fear of interference many churches do not register and constitute "house churches", not able to own property and sometimes vulnerable to harassment by the state.

I was very fortunate to see several cities (Xiamen, near Shanghai, Beijing and Kunming) and was surprised to see how the eastern cities in particular are very well developed, making Toronto look decidedly seedy. My mental image of China - which involved hundreds of peasants riding Pigeon bicycles in the main thoroughfares – was way out of date. Few bicycles, but hundreds of electric scooters whizzing along, their riders with one hand on the vehicle, one holding their cell phone.

Before I was due to give my lecture, I visited several hospitals and met their management teams. With each visit, I deleted more of my presentation as I found out that they had long ago adopted many of my recommendations. For example, as you enter one of the major hospitals in Kunming, you are confronted with computer terminals which allow you to check in, and book an appointment with the physician of your choice. After your visit you stop by the pharmacy to pick up your medication which has been delivered by pneumatic tube from reading the bar code on your prescription. And all the hospitals I visited had electronic patient records.

At the appointed time, I went to give my lecture. I was introduced and, as I stood, I was met by a collective gasp, not, unfortunately, because of my good looks but because of my height. Perhaps my talk literally went over their heads, I am not sure – there was no time for questions as I was hustled off to another banquet.

Michael Wills.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

The Irish have solved their own fuel problems – they imported 50 million tonnes of sand from the Arabs and they're going to drill for their own oil....My mate's missus left him last Thursday, she said she was going out for a pint of milk and never came back! I asked him how he was coping and he said, "not so bad, I'm using that powdered stuff."

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*!

I wrote this when living in Montreal. A Teacher friend from Newport, Mon., was about to return to Wales to see his mother .It can be read as a "poem", It has also be sung to the tune " MacNamara's Band.

I am a High School teacher, as anyone can see,
not in my native land of Wales but far across the sea.
So once a year when I return, my Mum dressed all in
black,

says " Very nice to see you, boy, when are you going
back".

So everyone comes to see me, this homeboy from afar,
and there's always a family party with the hosts, my Mum and Pa.
Where old acquaintances are renewed and the introductions flow
as freely as the beer and the river down below.

"Shake hands with your Uncle Dai, my boy, and here's your Auntie Get.
They've been together for 20 years but haven't got married yet.
And here're the Bowen brothers, the two that's out on bail,
their parents couldn't make it 'cos they're in Carmarthen Jail "

And here's your cousin Dilys and her latest baby Huw,
she hasn't found a husband yet but that is nothing new.
And this your old Mamgu, my boy, still clear in her head.
She credits her longevity to beer and laverbread.
And this is Jones the Minister from Capel ar y Bryn,
you can see he's pleased to see you by his idiotic grin.

And lastly, Captain Morgan, who insisted that he come
to tell you of his days at sea and drink your health in Rum.
And this is our big surprise for you, we have the chapel choir,
they dropped by just to say Hello and sing you the "Messiah"
So may we say "Good Luck" to you, wherever you may roam,
We'll all be here when you come back to wish you " Welcome Home"

There'll be;
Evans and Bevans, Cadwallader, Charles, Edwards and Ellis and Griffiths and Pughes, Howells and Hopkins and Jenkins and Jones, Lewis, Llewellyn and Morgan and Hughes.

Protheroe and Probert, Parry and Price, Powell and Phillips and Roberts and Rees, Davies and Daniels and Thomas and Lloyd, Owen and Bowen and Gwilym ap Rhys

By Vaughan Lewis.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

On The Move

**Mrs Jean Thompson , 837568, 4th Line East , Box 14 RR#2 Lisle Ontario LOM 1MO
Tel 519 925 4045**

Mrs Dorothy Jones , 113-6360. 16th Avenue, Swan Lake, Markham Ontario. L3P 7Y6

John Stephenson, 1193 Ashland Drive, Coburg. Ontario. K9A 5S4

Sheryl Clay Newell---new e mail address Sheryl.claynewell@gmail.com

Gadwyn Donors

Kate and Bruce Cherrett, Fred Morgan, Sybil Mather, Elwyn Jones, David Jones, Phyllis McLeod, Iris Rees, Bill Davies, Shirley Evans , M Thomas, Penclawdd Wales and Dilys Morgan. Thank You.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Editorial: A Plea for Help.

You may have noticed that Y Gadwyn is not coming out quite as regularly these days! I am truly sorry about this. Other than the website, this newsletter is the only platform we have at Dewi Sant Church and in the Welsh community at large to share our news and ideas, our joys and our sorrows. There is nothing I would like better than to get a copy to you every month. I enjoy writing it very much. Y Gadwyn depends on your news! So, if everyone that gets Y Gadwyn sent me just one small item it would keep me going for months! I am willing to re-write and show you the final copy, or be dictated to (!) over the phone. I will even come to visit and conduct an

