



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

Volume 43# 5

Mawrth/ March 2012

Neges y Gweinidog From the Dewi Sant Church Pulpit

I am writing this Easter reflection on one of those wonderfully warm and sunny spring days we have been blessed with here in Southern Ontario. Trees and flowers and lawns seem to be filled with renewed energy after their winter sleep and are about to burst forth with new energy to praise their Creator with their beauty and newness. A cardinal is singing its heart out just outside the church office reminding me that we are all part of a wonderful song-filled creation.

So it is with immense joy that I bring you Easter greetings from Dewi Sant Welsh United Church; at the same time, I want to invite those of you who are able to join us at Dewi Sant on Easter morning as we sing "Christ is risen! He is risen, indeed."

But before we reach to that climactic moment, we still must go through the darkness of suffering and death. We must join Jesus of Nazareth on his via dolorosa to that awful hill outside of Jerusalem that was called "the place of the skull." His execution by the Romans was the necessary and inevitable consequence of his life's work as Messiah to bring light and life into the world, to finish once and for all what God had set out to do when God called Abraham to become the ancestor of a great nation that would be a blessing to all peoples. Jesus proclaimed that God's sovereign rule was about to begin and, indeed, he embodied and lived out for all to see and touch what that rule, that "kingdom of God" as it is called in the Gospels is all about. That work is finished, as Jesus himself exclaimed from the cross. His life was the peace and justice, the mercy and grace that is God's kingdom, life in God's presence and in God's very being.

But light and life cannot co-exist with darkness and violence and death. And so the powers of violence and death – the Roman empire, in Jesus's time – crucified him, the punishment reserved for escaped slaves and opponents to Rome's rule.

And for precisely the same reason, i.e. that life and death cannot co-exist, God made sure that the life and work of Jesus would continue after his death, that God's life-giving presence would never again disappear from God's world. Our language is too poor to give voice to what exactly happened on Easter morning and so we sing of resurrection and new life for Jesus, for ourselves and, indeed, for the whole creation.

As the United Church's *Song of Faith* (2006) sums up the Easter event so beautifully, Divine creation does not cease- until all things have found wholeness, union, and integration with the common ground of all being. As children of the Timeless One, our time-bound lives will find completion in the all-embracing Creator.

In the meantime, we embrace the present, embodying hope, loving our enemies, Caring for the earth, choosing life.

Grateful for God's loving action, we cannot keep from singing.

Creating and seeking relationship, in awe and trust, we witness to Holy Mystery who is Wholly Love. Amen.

to remove the name of his old friend from Carey's blacklist of clergy who would never become bishops. He put John's name forward for the relatively modest role of bishop of Reading, knowing this was a red rag to the conservative evangelicals, who had opposed his ordination from the start. But he failed to anticipate the intensity of the furor. The crisis eventually hit such a peak that Williams, whose grand vision for a universal church takes priority over any conflict with what he sees as his duty of truth, backed down.

John was forced to withdraw his candidacy and Williams was badly damaged: if John had been forced to resign for views Williams shared, the evangelicals pointed out, why was one unfit for the bishopric of Reading while the other continued in Canterbury?

Much of Williams's time as archbishop was devoted to trying to hold the diverse churches within the Anglican Communion together despite the bitter dispute over homosexuality that put conservative and growing African churches at odds with liberal churches in the United States and Canada. Williams also caused a political storm in 2008 by suggesting that Islamic sharia law could have a role in Britain in settling **some** disputes. The ensuing frenzy in some quarters ignored the fact that Islamic principles were already used to settle some disputes.

The archbishop gained the support of Lord Phillips, then the senior judge in England, who said there was "no reason why sharia principles, or any other religious code, should not be the basis for mediation or other forms of alternative dispute resolution .

Frances Silburn

***** **Needed!! Volunteers for Pastoral Care Calling** *****

Within all church communities there are members who through illness, increasing age or lack of transport are unable to come to services regularly. We want these members to feel that they are still part of the church family and are trying to organize a more effective and regular routine for keeping in touch. This is a concrete way of putting into action the biblical teaching that 'God is love.... Duw cariad Yw'. If you feel that you could devote a little time to such an effort, I would really like to hear from you. Diolch...

Betty Cullingworth (486 0432).

The Ontario Welsh Festival Auction

What a great time was had by all those who attended the auction at Dewi Sant on the 24th of March! Aply organized by Donna Morris, a Board member of the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu Association, the evening featured a pub fare dinner, a truly demanding test of Welsh trivia and of course the featured auction. Items, large and small, were enthusiastically received by the audience. These ranged from an evening at home watching a DVD with all the trimmings of candy, popcorn, pop and.... Kleenex. (donated by Gaynor Williams) to a weekend at the Collingwood chalet of Peter Williams. Everyone who was so generous in donating goods for auction and all those who bid on these items receive a hearty 'diolch yn fawr iawn' from the Ontario Welsh Festival.

Of course the evening could not have succeeded without the efforts of the many volunteers who helped in a myriad of ways. Thank you to all of you!!

Our yearly Festival is one of the ways that we can keep our Welsh heritage alive and well here in Southern Ontario. Join us this year in Niagara Falls on the weekend of April 27-29 at the Marriott Gateway on the Falls.

If you are unable to attend the entire weekend, please consider joining us for a day. Friday night. A Noson Lawen full of fun and talent. Saturday features an Awr Y Plant (Children's Hour) in the morning, an afternoon of Welsh culture with a feature Welsh film, a banquet honouring this year's Gold Award winner, Myfanwy Bajaj, and of course our grand concert on Saturday evening featuring Cor Cwmni Da of Pembrokeshire.

The Cymanfa Ganu sessions on Sunday morning and afternoon are always the heart of the weekend. Under the baton of Marilyn Lewis, the conductor of our featured choir, we will raise our voices in song and praise.

Please come along and help continue the journey of the Ontario Welsh Festival as we celebrate our 51st annual event.

Betty Cullingworth

St David's Day Celebrations!

I have to confess that March 1st came and went without a **drop** of leek soup, no pice ar y ma'n (Welsh cakes) and not a daffodil in sight! This was the first time in living memory that I had not Celebrated (note the capital C!!) my patron saint. To defend myself, my young grand-daughter's illness (pneumonia) took priority, and it was late on Thursday evening when I realized that it was actually Dydd Gwyl Dewi Sant. Fortunately the Burlington Welsh Male Choir came to my rescue on March 2nd when I was able to attend their St David's Day concert at the Knox Presbyterian Church here in Oakville. Gwell hwyr na hwyrach (better late than never)!

Early on Saturday, March 3rd, I flew to Philadelphia to attend the Philadelphia Welsh Society's annual St David's Day Banquet. The society is the oldest in the United States, having been founded in 1729. The very dignified event (but not in any way "stuffy") was held at the Cricket Club and was emceed by Trefor Williams of Milwaukee. It was rather interesting to see how things are done in other societies. Rather than sit around and wait (impatiently) for the meal to be served, we were encouraged to take up our specially printed song-books and join Trefor in a sing-along. I met only three members who spoke Welsh, but Trefor soon had everyone "counting the goats" in addition to heartedly singing Calon Lan and Rachie. The time passed quickly and very pleasantly.

The current president of the society is a young man called Charles Lenz. He reported on the many achievements of the Society and spoke warmly of the help he had received from Society members during his tenure. I was especially impressed by the money they had raised for scholarships for young people of Welsh heritage.

The celebrations didn't end there. On Sunday afternoon it was time for the annual Divine Service. This was a special service and cymanfa at St Mark's church in the centre of the city. Attached to this church is a chapel dedicated to the Welsh, and engraved over the altar were the words with which we are so familiar, "Deuwch, Canwn i'r Arglwydd". Three ministers participated in the service, two of whom are members of the Society. The sermon was given by the Rev Sean Mullen, who gave an outstanding address based on the word "Welsh". Had he been Welsh speaking I would have kidnapped him and brought him here to Dewi Sant!

Trefor Williams did a sterling job as Cymanfa director and led us in rousing renditions of some well-known hymns. When I looked at my watch I was astonished that the service had lasted more than two and a half hours.

During the weekend I met up with old friends and made several new ones. The welcome I received was amazing and I am extremely grateful to everyone for their kindness. Will I accept their invitation to return? You bet!

Hefina Phillips

Addendum: Hefina is too modest to include the reason for her recent trip to Philadelphia to speak at the banquet. She was in fact the honoree this year. The plaque she was given reads as follows: "The Welsh Society of Philadelphia, founded in 1729, at the 284th Annual Meeting confers upon Hefina Phillips-Educator and Welsh Language Advocate- the Robert Morris Award of the Society recognizing her as a Distinguished Welsh leader."

Betty Cullingworth

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In memoriam.—Er Parchus Gof

Our church family was saddened at the news that Kim Davies had passed away. Our condolences go out to the family in their grief. You are in our prayers.

"We would like to thank the various church members who have expressed their condolences in the recent passing of our beloved son, **Kim Davies**. Thank you especially to Lyn Jones and her encouraging phone calls over the past few months.

A very gracious "thank you" to our minister, Eilert Frerichs, who made the trip to Kitchener to preside over the Memorial Service. It meant a lot to us." **Death is a heartache no one can heal - Love is a memory no one can steal."**

Gretl and Vincent Davies

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Howell Pritchard

The Welsh community in Southern Ontario was saddened by the news that one of our most ardent supporters has passed away.

Howell Pritchard was one of a kind!

Born in Colwyn Bay, Wales, served as a captain in the REME. In 1957 Howard and his wife Norah immigrated to Canada. Soon he found employment with Avro Arrow Canada as a planner on the Avro Anson, which two years later was to meet its fateful demise!

Undaunted, Howell set his sights on Alberta where he secured a position as a teacher in a technical college in Calgary. However, soon thereafter Toronto was beckoning, and he returned to take up a position in George Brown College, working his way up to the office of Vice president of academic programmes, having earned himself at night school, a B A and an MA in education at the University of Toronto.

He was a valued member of Dewi Sant where he served both as an Elder and a Stewart.

Of all things Welsh his prime delight was in singing. He was one of the founding members of the Toronto Male Voice Choir, and for many years was a keen supporter of the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu Association as well as Caravan when Welsh choirs would visit from Wales.

He will be sadly missed, this man, who Sunday mornings would wait outside Dewi Sant until the last minute before the service began so that he might enjoy one more puff on his pipe before 'parking it' ceremoniously in a special pouch which was characteristic of the man himself. **Cerwyn.**

June Denise Roberts Irvine born Llandudno, North Wales, June 23, 1935 passed away after a long illness Dec. 9, 2011. She will be missed by mother Freda Owen-Roberts, sister Jeanette and family, brother Michael, husband Neil, children Stephen and Kathleen and grandchildren . Rest in peace, Love Jeanette

There has been so much written about our Patron Saint and yet slightly different aspects are revealed.

Saint David

St. David (Dewi Sant) was born towards the end of the fifth century. He was a scion of the royal house of Ceredigion in west Wales and his mother was Saint Non. He founded a Celtic monastic community at Glyn Rhosin (The Vale of Roses) on the western headland of Sir Benfro, at the spot where St David's Cathedral stands today. He was a monk who lived on bread, water, herbs and

Fast before making judgments, recall how Jesus overlooks our faults.
 Fast from discouragement. Hold on to Jesus' promise that he has a perfect plan for your life.
 Fast from complaining. When you find yourself about to complain. Close your eyes and recall some of the little moments of Joy Jesus has given you.
 Fast from resentment and bitterness. Work on forgiving those who may have hurt you.
 Fast from spending too much money. Try to reduce your spending by ten percent and try distributing what you have saved to those in need. There are many needy people around us.
 Fast by spending time in prayer in quiet meditative moments.
 Wishing you Peace and happiness during Lent.

Myfanwy

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As many of you may know Wanda Sweet is out of hospital after major surgery. We all wish this very brave lady a speedy recovery and keep her and Caroline Lewis in our prayers.

Dear Friends and Family at Dewi Sant

As most of you know, I am pretty much housebound at the moment. I am keeping myself busy with crocheting and knitting for the upcoming fall bazaar at Dewi Sant.
 I am putting out a heartfelt plea for scraps of yarn and wool that you may not need any more so I can make some things for a stall. Any and all would be ever so much appreciated. Also any pattern books that you no longer need or want would be put to good use.
 If you are able to help me out, please give me a call at 416 485 3981. Alternatively you could leave a parcel at the church marked to my attention.
 Thank you for this and for everything you all do for me- food, soups, cards, phone calls, visits. I don't know what I'd do without you!!!
 I send you love and many hugs....

Wanda Sweet

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The Old Dented Bucket.

Our house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore . We lived downstairs and rented the upstairs rooms to out-patients at the clinic.
 One summer evening as I was fixing supper, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see a truly awful-looking man. "Why, he's hardly taller than my 8-year-old," I thought as I stared at the stooped, shrivelled body. But the appalling thing was his face, lopsided from swelling, red and raw. Yet his voice was pleasant as he said, "Good evening. I've come to see if you've a room for just one night. I came for a treatment this morning from the eastern shore, and there's no bus 'til morning."He told me he'd been hunting for a room since noon but with no success, no one seemed to have a room. "I guess it's my face . I know it looks terrible, but my doctor says with a few more treatments ..."For a moment I hesitated, but his next words convinced me: "I could sleep in this rocking chair on the porch. My bus leaves early in the morning."I told him we would find him a bed, but to rest on the porch. I went inside and finished getting supper. When we were ready, I asked the old man if he would join us. "No, thank you. I have plenty." And he held up a brown paper bag. When I had finished the dishes, I went out on the porch to talk with him for a few minutes. It didn't take a long time to see that this old man had an oversized heart crowded into that tiny body.He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her five children, and her husband,who was hopelessly crippled from a back injury. He didn't tell it by way of complaint; in fact, every other sentence was preface with a thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He thanked God for giving him the strength to keep going. At bedtime, we put a camp cot in the children's room for him. When I got up in the morning, the bed linens were neatly folded and the little man was out on the porch.He refused breakfast, but just before he left for his bus, haltingly, as if asking a great favour, he said, "Could I please come back and stay the next time I have

a treatment? I won't put you out a bit. I can sleep fine in a chair. He paused a moment and then added, "Your children made me feel at home. Grownups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind."

I told him he was welcome to come again. On his next trip, he arrived a little after 7 in the morning. As a gift, he brought a big fish and a quart of the largest oysters I had ever seen! He said he had shucked them that morning before he left so that they'd be nice and fresh. I knew his bus left at 4:00 a.m... And I wondered what time he had to get up in order to do this for us. In the years he came to stay overnight with us, there was never a time that he did not bring us fish or oysters or vegetables from his garden. Other times we received packages in the mail, always by special delivery; fish and oysters packed in a box of fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk 3 miles to mail these, and knowing how little money he had made the gifts doubly precious. When I received these little remembrances, I often thought of a comment our next-door neighbour made after he left that first morning. "Did you keep that awful looking man last night? I turned him away! You can lose roomers by putting up such people!" Maybe we did lose roomers once or twice. But, oh! if only they could have known him, perhaps their illnesses would have been easier to bear. I know our family always will be grateful to have known him; from him we learned what it was to accept the bad without complaint and the good with gratitude to God.

Recently I was visiting a friend, who has a greenhouse, as she showed me her flowers; we came to the most beautiful one of all, a golden chrysanthemum, bursting with blooms. But to my great surprise, it was growing in an old dented, rusty bucket. I thought to myself, "If this were my plant, I'd put it in the loveliest container I had!" My friend changed my mind. "I ran short of pots," she explained, "and knowing how beautiful this one would be, I thought it wouldn't mind starting out in this old pail. It's just for a little while, till I can put it out in the garden." She must have wondered why I laughed so delightedly, but I was imagining just such a scene in heaven. "Here's an especially beautiful one," God might have said when he came to the soul of the sweet old fisherman. "He won't mind starting in this small body." The LORD does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the LORD looks at the heart. (1 Samuel 16:7b)

Don Davies

A whole stack of memories never equal one little hope.

Charles M. Schulz

All you need is love. But a little chocolate now and then doesn't hurt.

Charles M. Schulz

Next Gadwyn deadline is Sunday April 22nd. I would REALLY appreciate some articles, stories, poems etc. Please try! Myfanwy. 905 737 4399 myfanwy@rogers.com ``