



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

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Neges wrth Y Gweinidog

Message From The Minister.

Easter has come and gone...or has it? In the Christian tradition, the Easter season continues to be celebrated from Easter Sunday until Pentecost (the fiftieth day, in Greek). And so here at Dewi Sant United Church we are asking ourselves two questions in this Easter season: 1) how have our lives been changed by the Easter event and 2) what new things have we experienced about Jesus in his death and resurrection?

I have been deeply impressed by the first words Jesus says when he appears among the disciples who are hiding somewhere in Jerusalem after the crucifixion: "Peace be with you." What a wonderful and gracious gift to have received: peace. Our lives sometimes seem to be in constant turmoil in one way or the other: we are worried about the well-being of family and friends; we are confounded by the ways of the world in which we live: the benign neglect of the environment by governments and corporations and the seeming helplessness of the world in the face of brutally repressive governments, to name just two pressing issues. Our church life, too, appears to be in increasing turmoil as our members age or grow ill and there are fewer and fewer of us to do the things that we used to do. We find it difficult to adjust to the changed world and church in we live.

That is why the peace the risen Christ blesses the frightened disciples with is so very important and so very much needed. One of the wonderful parts of the old-fashioned "high church" liturgies comes just before the celebration of Holy Communion. The minister (or priest) intones "the peace of Christ be with you all." The congregation responds with "And also with you." Then everyone in the congregation is invited to share the peace of Christ with one another by taking the hand of another person and praying, "The peace of Christ."

The proclamation of peace is at the very heart of the Christian Gospel: "Blessed are the peacemakers" in Matthew's Gospel or, in John's Gospel, "Peace I give to you;

my own peace I give you: a peace which the world cannot give, this my gift to you. Do not let your hearts be troubled or afraid.”

We need to know how radically new, ground-breaking, even, this proclamation is. In the world in which Jesus lived and in which the Gospels were written, the Roman Emperor was hailed as the “Prince of Peace,” because Rome had in fact pacified large parts of its empire. But it was a peace enforced by the Roman legions and had been accomplished only through force of arms. The Roman historian in his book *Agricola*, written some 70 years after Christ (about the same time as the Gospel of John) quotes a Briton general, Calgacus, as saying of the Romans,

“they are the only people on earth to whom covetousness of both riches and poverty are equally tempting. To robbery, butchery and rapine, they give the name ‘government;’ they create a desert and call it peace.”

If Rome’s peace comes about through force of arms, then the peace of Christ comes about through love and justice and the equitable sharing of the earth’s resources in a community of love and unity. Indeed, the description of just as such a sharing community was one of the Scripture readings for the first Sunday after Easter (Acts 2: 44-47).

This Christian proclamation of peace through justice and love remains as radical and ground-breaking today as it was when it was first heard in Jesus’ life-time by his disciples and followers.

At Dewi Sant Church, in May of each year, we read the Message of Peace and Goodwill created by children in Wales and sent out to the whole world. I want to quote this year’s message in both Welsh and English:

Neges Heddwch ac Ewyllys Da Urdd Gobaith Cymru 2012

Citius. Altius. Fortius.

Yn gyflymach. Yn uwch. Yn gryfach.

Gredwch chi mai bwriad yr Olympïaid cyntaf oedd paratoi dynion ifainc ar gyfer rhyfeloedd? Gyda gweledigaeth dreisgar, edrychwch sut y gall y daliadau cynnar gael eu camddehongli a throi pobl yn arfau yn erbyn ei gilydd. Er bod rhyfeloedd yn parhau i’n rhwygo, mae’r Olympïaid yn gyfle prin i sbarduno fflam undod rhyngwladol. Ystyriwch dri o ddaliadau’r Olympïaid erbyn heddiw; chwarae teg, gwaith caled a pheidio twyllo. Ychwanegwch y gymdeithas o gannoedd o ddiwylliannau amrywiol, ac wele’r Olympïaid yn rhoi cartref i

heddwch. Mae pawb yn sefyll ar y llinell gychwyn gyda'i gilydd; i ddathlu dawn ac i anghofio'n gwahaniaethau.

Citius. Altius. Fortius

Bobl ifainc y byd; mae'n rhaid i ni ddefnyddio'r geiriau hyn yng nghyd destun heddwch. Down i benderfyniadau teg, cyflawnwn fwy nag erioed, byddwn yn uned gyda'n gilydd.

Cyhoeddwn Neges Heddwch ac Ewyllys Da yn gyflymach, yn uwch ac yn gryfach nag erioed o'r blaen gan rannu grym ei fflam i bedwar ban byd.

Lluniwyd gan Fforwm Ieuenctid Eryri

Urdd Gobaith Cymru's Message of Peace and Goodwill 2012

Citius. Altius. Fortius.

Faster. Higher. Stronger.

Were you aware that the purpose of the first Olympics was to prepare young men for war? With a violent vision, look at how the early principles can be misinterpreted and turn people against each other.

Although wars continue to tear countries apart, the Olympics are a rare opportunity to ignite the flame of international unity. Consider three modern Olympic principles – fair play, hard work, and a commitment not to cheat. Add to these principles a society consisting of hundreds of various cultures, and the Olympics provide a home for peace. Everyone standing at the starting line together to celebrate talents and to forget our differences.

Citius. Altius. Fortius

Young people of the world; we have to utilize these words in the context of peace. We shall come to fair decisions, achieve more than ever, and stand united.

We shall announce the Message of Peace and Goodwill faster, higher, and stronger than ever before, and spread the power of its flame to the four corners of the world.

Created by Eryri Youth Forum.

The Peace of Christ be with you all.

The Rev. Eilert Frerichs

A slight change to the usual Ginger Cookies made with ground ginger – these are made with chopped candied ginger

Ginger Cookies

3/4 Cup soft butter
1 Cup white sugar
1 3/4 Cups flour
1teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon Cream of Tartar
2 egg yolks
2 Tablespoons corn syrup
3/4 cup chopped candied ginger.

Mix as usual and form dough into small balls. Place several inches apart on large parchment-lined baking sheets (cookies will spread out).
Flatten with a fork dipped in cold water. Bake at 300 deg 15 to 17 minutes until just golden.

Berries are delicious, but they're also kind of delicate. Raspberries in particular seem like they can mold before you even get them home from the market. There's nothing more tragic than paying \$4 for a pint of local raspberries, only to look in the fridge the next day and find that fuzzy mold growing on their insides. Well, with fresh berries just starting to hit farmers markets, we can tell you that how to keep them fresh! Here is a tip I'm sharing on how to prevent them from getting there in the first place:

Wash them with vinegar.

When you get your berries home, prepare a mixture of one part vinegar (white or apple cider probably work best) and ten parts water. Dump the berries into the mixture and swirl around. Drain, rinse if you want (though the mixture is so diluted you can't taste the vinegar) and pop in the fridge. The vinegar kills any mold spores and other bacteria that might be on the surface of the fruit, and voila!
Raspberries will last a week or more, and strawberries go almost two weeks without getting moldy and soft. So go forth and stock up on those pricey little gems, knowing they'll stay fresh as long as it takes you to eat them.

Another award for Anna Dunnets Wills

Anna is the recipient of the 2012 Meritorious Service Award for Community Service by Engineers Canada. This award recognises outstanding service and dedication to society through voluntary participation in community organization, government sponsored activities or humanitarian work. This follows on the receipt last year of a similar award from the Professional Engineers of Ontario. The award will be presented on June 2.

We are all so proud of Anna. If more people were like her the world would be a far better place.. Llongyfarchiadau from all of us.

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Learn the Language of Heaven

Cymdeithas Madog presents
Cwrs Cymraeg 2012 - Cwrs Halen y Ddaear
University of Utah, Salt Lake City
July 22 - 29, 2012



Cwrs Cymraeg, meaning Welsh Course, is a unique educational opportunity for language enthusiasts, individuals or families of Welsh descent, or anybody interested in the beautiful Welsh language and culture. It is a week-long residential course emphasizing the spoken language and provides instruction/classes at seven levels, ranging from the absolute beginner to those who are well advanced.

There are approximately 5 hours of language class each day, supplemented by further language and culture-related activities in the afternoon. Evening events such as singing, folk dancing, Welsh-language films, and a Noson Lawen (talent night) provide additional opportunities to relax while enjoying a Welsh-language atmosphere. In addition, this year's course will include a trip to This Is the Place Heritage Park and Temple Square in downtown Salt Lake City, plus an opportunity to attend a rehearsal of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

On-line registration and deposit payment are available now--please visit www.madog.org. For questions, please contact [the registrar](#).

Learn the Language of Heaven.

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Myfanwy's Gold Award.

My thank you goes to those who thought that I was worthy of this honour. I really appreciated this and it has in a way made me look at myself in a slightly different light. I have been asked to include my thank you speech in Y Gadwyn.

Madam president guests of honour and friends, and my 2 most favourite people in the world Madison and Keiran .

. I won't bore you with a long speech, I can do that just as easily with a short one. I am truly honoured and at the same time humbled by this award. It is so much more special as it has been given by my peers who have known me for many years, warts **and all!** This is very problematic for me.! Do I go all intellectual, using up all my big words. Or should I try to be humorous? But as you all know **humour is a very serious thing!**

After much soul searching I came to the conclusion most people like to talk about themselves, **so here I am with a captive audience!!! I found my answer to be a short journey through the evolment of Myfanwy's Welsh side..... As you see I am wide enough to have many sides! . So bear with me for a short while.**

My early years were spent on my grandparent's farm in the wilds of Pembrokeshire, and I MEAN wild, rugged and unforgettable.

What a magical place this was for an imaginative, child. Across the fields in the distance were the indigo mist shrouded hills of the Presely, On the other side the ever changing sea with its windswept ,cliffs. There is mysticism about Pembrokeshire that I have not found anywhere else in all my travels. It was love from my very first conscious thought. Although there has been a great deal of time and distance, this love has never diminished.

The Reverend Cerwyn grew up in those Presley hills and look how it has affected him ----- poor dab! During my formative years I was honing my Welsh skills I thrived in a tightly knit, **self sufficient**, circle, **with no outside influences** .There was plenty of wholesome food on the farm and always petticoats from my grandfather's welsh wool cast offs. Oh the itching!!!!

Within this circle I gained my geographical knowledge, Welsh history and literature. My **spiritual** side and **my rich heritage** were also very well taken care of...I was constantly preparing for an eisteddfod, gymanfa ganu, or concert. Life was very predictable and exciting.. There was always a poem to learn or a story to write. Competitive skills were all important. I was like a boxer, ready to knock the next competitor down with... **a recitation!!!**

I went to Chapel 3 times on Sunday and a prayer meeting once a week, where during my teens I took on some leading roles there.

Eisteddfodau were a way of life. My writing, public speaking and drama skills were as natural as breathing. I gained such great knowledge of our wonderful prose and poetry through these channels and helped make roadways into creating my own works.

Then I went through the looking glass as it were.....

I went to college, choosing one with a good Welsh programme and **would you believe** one that had a Blazer with a dragon on the breast pocket !!!!! That was me ! Welsh to the core.

Things naturally took a dramatic turn My circle had become much larger. I was introduced to the **Welsh Nationalist Party. Plaid Cymru** I was in my element . My cry was, "I never knew ,I never Knew.. **I never knew that my beloved language and country were struggling for their identity. I had been so cocooned and protected in my small circle.**

With slightly dented dreams and ideals, off I went to teach in Birmingham and subsequently London. On Saturdays I taught Welsh to children of Welsh heritage in both cities.

I lived in the **London Welsh** Greys Inn Road for six years and weekends saw me off to Wales in a dormobile. We were a small hardy, intense bunch, canvassing, knocking on every door in the Welsh Valleys as if our very lives depended on it. WE really did struggle.

Of course **NOW we are** reaping the benefits of those early struggles, and those of our predecessors. **Wales has its own legal Welsh channels. And acknowledgement of the Welsh language in its own right.**

Then came the biggest transition of all. I got **married** and shortly moved to Canada with my husband and son. We quickly forged a new life and new friendships. I loved my new Life and new country but, I was **devastated** at the loss of most of the things that I held so dear to me. Wales had vanished.

I never heard a word of Welsh I kept myself going by rereading the few Welsh books that I had brought with me.

I must say that in retrospect I have found that the Scottish and the Irish are far better at publicising and selling their heritage than the Welsh. We are sadly **very lacking** in publicising our presence. Neither the chapel or the society ever thought of putting their names in English in the telephone book! Such a small gesture would have saved someone like myself 8 years of misery..Luckily I happened to be at a church bazaar one day when a voice from across the table asked "are you Welsh then?"... The rest is history. Irene Hughes, bless her (Trish Stevenson's mother) took me under her wing, telling me about Dewi Sant church The Welsh Club, the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu and so on. Irene

unbeknownst to her had opened the door to a new life for me in Canada .MY chance of settling in my new land became far more likely. To Irene I am ever grateful.

This subsequently led me to Dewi Sant Church where Tom Jones persuaded me to allow my name to be put forward as a trustee for the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu.Association I was hooked AND **now they can't get rid of me! I have been the president of this organization twice and have had a seat on our North American counterpart. Diolch Tom a waelod fy nghalon.**

Now life evolved into another circle at Dewi Sant Church, teaching Sunday school, UCW, and a member of session, joining in all the activities and even, with Tom, starting a small Urdd group and Folk dancing competitions for our young.

The Saint Davids Society and Metro Toronto Caravan also entered my life. There was a Cardiff pavilion. After the hungry years there was a veritable feast. I have been the president of the Saint Davids Society for more years than I wish to recall. **I just couldn't get enough.** Metro Toronto Caravan was an annual 2 week multicultural festival. We brought in choirs from Wales and housed them in our homes. What an era this was! **Welsh culture** was being introduced to Toronto, **Wales was on the map!**

This made me feel very close to Wales. At the same time it created **the hiraeth or longing to be greater.**

Eventually there came a realization that in my **own growth** and appreciation of all things Welsh I was developing a new sense of identity with my **homeland.**

Upon visiting the senate chamber, in Ottawa what a surprise and joy it was to see the Welsh dragon carved there. This was to commemorate the great contribution made by Wales—a country which would geographically fit into **Ontario 8 times** and with a population less than that of Toronto. What a sense of pride I felt upon learning that Canada was mapped by David Thompson a map maker and explorer. He was known as Canada's greatest geographer. During his surveying he covered over 130.000 kilometers on foot.

Also one of the First Welshmen to arrive in Canada is believed to have been Sir Thomas Bufton who lead an expedition to find the North west passage in 1612.Although his mission was a failure he was knighted by James 1st.which just goes to prove that laud and honour can be achieved simply by constant effort and perseverance! **So I guess that digging your toes in and being stubborn can sometimes pay off!!!!**

A sense of **pride, belonging, nationhood** and **identification** has been **motivation** enough for me to have been involved in my many Welsh activities. This is something that has come straight from the heart. **This has never been done to achieve any honour**, but having said that it is very **satisfying** to realize that one's accomplishments have been recognized in **Wales** as well as in Canada. Hence the honour of being a member of The Bardic Circle—Gorsedd Y Beirdd.at the national eisteddfod and also to have been chosen to lead the International Welsh people—previously known as Cymry ar Wasgar. What a thrill it was to speak to the vast audience in that huge pavilion in Cardiff, knowing that it was being televised and sent to the 4 corners of the earth.

I must admit that speaking here tonight **in English** has been far more of an ordeal for me. In conclusion may I once again express my everlasting thanks for this honour.

For the recognition tonight here in Canada by my peers, for promoting our Welsh heritage..

here in a strange and wonderful land. **Myfanwy.**

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Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak. He who laughs last, thinks slowest. or what I've sometimes called The Teacher's Motto: He who laughs, lasts! A day without sunshine is like, well, night. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine. Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't. Nothing is foolproof to a sufficiently talented fool.

Murphy has many OTHER Laws.

Myfanwy's Gold Award Song

Sung by Sheryl Clay-Newell to words by Cerwyn Davies
with apologies to Frank Sinatra

We sing our song tonight
With words of true appreciation
To show our great delight
in this our act of celebration.
We're proud to stand as one
to greet Myfanwy on her highway
And testify to all she walked it her way!

The steps she took so bold
Just tell us of the paths she's trodden,
The winning of the "gold"
tells her that we have not forgotten!

Wherever was a door, Myfanwy sure would walk right through it
And any good she could, she did it.....her way!
Her love of song is clear to all
And with the "Merched" she had a ball,
And when some notes they went astray
She showed no sign of great dismay
She just stood there without a care and lipsynced her way!

Her love of Wales tops all,
Her times and efforts, always giving,
She answers every call; to give some help with Welsh-style living,
To think she did all that
And may I say, not in a shy way,
Oh no, oh no, not her,
She did it her way.

And so tonight we're glad to honour
One of our own, this spunky warrior,
Whose gifts to us are manifold, for which we gladly give her "gold"
And knowing that in all she did, she did it her way!!

As we say in Pembrokeshire, "diolch yn dalpe." I also have a tiny rebuttal! I only lipsync the very high notes!! **Myfanwy**

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Our congratulations go to Meriel Simpson on becoming the New President of the OGGA. We wish her all the luck, joy and hard work that this post entails.

The 50-50-90 rule: Anytime you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, there's a 90% probability you'll get it wrong. . It is said that if you line up all the cars in the world end-to-end, someone from California would be stupid enough to try to pass them. If the shoe fits, get another one just like it. The things that come to those who wait may be the things left by those who got there first. . Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he will sit in a boat all day drinking

beer. . Flashlight: A case for holding dead batteries. . The shin bone is a device for finding furniture in the dark. . You can't fix stupid.

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Ontario Welsh Festival, 2012

Another successful Ontario Welsh Festival is over! Although there had been twelve months of intense preparations and worry, we were able to smile contentedly as we acknowledged that the meetings, worry, hundreds of emails and phone calls had all been worth it. Betty Cullingworth was an exceptional president and no “i” was left undotted and no “t” uncrossed. That made for a flawless weekend. It also meant that every Board member knew what was expected of him/her and we all pulled out the stops. Also the Marriott Hotel was super attentive-probably as a result of last year's wind-blown incidents!!

This year's Guest Choir was Co'r Cwmni Da from Pembrokeshire. Under the leadership of Marilyn Lewis this young choir was spectacular. Their soloist, Catrin Ann Taylor was an extraordinary 17 year old. Not only did she possess a superb soprano voice, she is a prize winning poet, a first class student and will represent the Urdd in Patagonia this Fall. The choir members and the friends who accompanied them were very sociable and participated in the Noson Lawen. And they certainly enjoyed the Afterglows! Marilyn was astonished at the singing during the Gymanfa, commenting that she couldn't get over how well we knew the hymns and needed no books. Although during the past few years the afternoon Gymanfa session has been much weaker than the morning's due to fewer attendees, this year's afternoon's session was excellent, thanks to the Pembrokeshire “friends” who lent such strength to the singing. And a special thanks to our organist, Alan Thomas.

Over the years the Festival has grown to consist of several events. Greeters in Welsh costume welcomed attendees as they arrived and the formal events began on Friday evening with the annual Noson Lawen. This year's was emceed by both Myfanwy Bajaj and Cerwyn Davies who introduced members of his former churches in Pembrokeshire. Saturday morning's AGM discussed the possibility of having one extended morning Gymanfa session instead of the usual two sessions. However the suggestion was rejected and we will continue with the two sessions.

The AGM was immediately followed by Awr y Plant (Children's Hour) during which 13 youngsters took part. In addition to solo performances they again this year participated in Heroes and Heroines of Wales. Characters varied from the appropriately dressed pirate Barti Ddu to contemporary singer Charlotte Church. Thanks to all the parents and grandparents who “went the extra mile” to ensure that the children appeared “in character”. “Richard Burton” swaggered on stage sipping away from his hip flask!! “Tom Jones” wore a large curly wig, “Catrin Finch” (official harpist to the Prince of Wales) carried a large harp made from cardboard, “Santes Dwynwen” looked exquisite with her floral head-dress, the “sportsmen” were in appropriate garb and “singers” looked as “mod” as possible. Thank you so much, children. The audience loved you!

A shortened poetry reading led by Myfanwy Bajaj preceded the Welsh movie “Cameleon”, shown by Leah Darke and Donna Morris. The movie tells the story of a young soldier during the Second World War who absconds from the army and hides in the attics of the Row Houses in his home village. The story examines the relationships that develop between the soldier and the various neighbours. No-one gives him away. An excellent, award winning movie.

Then it was an enormous rush to get changed for the pre-banquet drinks.

This year's Banquet was a special event for Myfanwy Bajaj. She was the recipient of the 2012 Gold Award which is presented annually to the person considered to have contributed the most to Welsh

culture and traditions in Ontario. It was especially "special" for two other reasons: a) her husband, Ram, had been discharged from Niagara Falls hospital after being rushed in there for a blood transfusion, and b) so many of her friends from home (Pembrokeshire) were there to witness her being honoured. The ceremony ended with Sheryl Clay Newell serenading Myfanwy with words written by Cerwyn Davies to the song "My Way".

In between the official events we spent time in the Market Place, drank tea and ate Welsh cakes and Bara Brith in the Tea Room, admired the history panels supplied by Catrin Brace, the Welsh Assembly representative in New York City and generally socialized with friends old and new-including representatives from NAFOW, Hywel and Mari Davies and Beth and Bill Landmesser.

On Sunday Betty Cullingworth transferred the Chain of Office, gavel and Pittsburgh Bible to Meriel Simpson, thus ending her two years of presidency.

And now it's back to the grindstone! President Meriel Simpson called her first Board meeting immediately after the final Gymanfa Session. The 2013 Festival will again take place in Niagara Falls and the visiting choir will be Cor Meibion Taf, a Male Voice Choir from Cardiff.

A special "thank you" to everyone who supported the Festival in any which way this year.

Hefina Phillips

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Lord's prayer - (this kid is a thinker) please read to the end.....BY: A 15 yr. old school kid who got an A+ for this entry

(TOTALLY AWESOME)! Since the Pledge of Allegiance And The Lord's Prayer IS NOT ALLOWED in Public schools anymore

Because the word 'God' is mentioned...A child in Arizona wrote the attached NEW School prayer:

"New Pledge of Allegiance"

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Now I sit me down in school Where praying is against the rule For this great nation under God Finds mention of Him very odd.

If scripture now the class recites, It violates the Bill of Rights. And anytime my head I bow Becomes a Federal matter now.

Our hair can be purple, orange or green, That's no offense; it's a freedom scene.. The law is specific, the law is precise.

Prayers spoken aloud are a serious vice. For praying in a public hall Might offend someone with no faith at all..

In silence alone we must meditate, God's name is prohibited by the state. We're allowed to cuss and dress like freaks,

And pierce our noses, tongues and cheeks... They've outlawed guns, but FIRST the Bible. To quote the Good Book makes me liable.

We can elect a pregnant Senior Queen, And the 'unwed daddy,' our Senior King. It's 'inappropriate' to teach right from wrong,

We're taught that such 'judgments' do not belong.. We can get our condoms and birth controls, Study witchcraft, vampires and totem poles .. But the Ten Commandments are not allowed, No word of God must reach this crowd. It's scary here I must confess,

When chaos reigns, the school's a mess. So Lord, this silent plea I make: Should I be shot, My soul please take! **Amen**

**Olwen Morgan.**

***Maybe this is something that we should all be thinking about and try to prevent this happening here in Canada.***

**Myfanwy**

## A “Good Friday”?

*This was definitely not a good day for the First Nations people of Canada . Friday April 6<sup>th</sup> 2012 was when it was announced that the Federal Government had cut the \$5,000 allocated for the National Aboriginal Health Organization (NAHO). This was seen as a major blow to the health of the aboriginal people of Canada (See Globe & Mail April 10/2012). This was confirmation of what I had learned on March 31<sup>st</sup>. when I attended the workshop sponsored by KAIROS.*

*Aboriginal people are three times more likely to suffer from diabetes, have a higher rate of tuberculosis, suicide, and infant mortality than non-aboriginal Canadians. They also suffer from problems with addiction and family breakdown. This is not surprising when we read of the residential school system, the housing conditions, and the lack of clean water in many reservations. Education is also a matter of concern amongst aboriginals. The money given for schooling of First Nations children on reserves is much less than what is allowed for the average Canadian pupil. In the recent Federal budget there was a small increase in this amount.*

*In Toronto there is now an Aboriginal Education Centre, responsible for Urban Native Education, and it is possible for students to learn, and obtain a credit, for one of 6 native languages instead of French! As there is progress on one front, backward steps are taken on another!*

***What can we, as Christians, do to support these, our fellow Canadians?***

*The ecumenical group KAIROS has the situation of the First Nations as one of it's priorities, and supports the U.N. Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples, for more details see the web site at [www.kairoscanada.org](http://www.kairoscanada.org) . If you have comments or questions, I will do my best to answer:- **Nêst Pritchard.***

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## In memoriam Er Parchus Gof

### Johann Baptiste Erich (Hans, John) Mayerhofer

MAYERHOFER, Johann (Hans, John) Baptiste Erich - 1932 - 2012 After a courageous battle, passed away peacefully on February 20, 2012 at the age of 79. He was the devoted husband of over 58 years to Johanna and loving father to Ulrike (Huw), Wolfgang (Deborah), Anton (Susan), Barbara (Heath), Susanna (Derek) and Robert (Sheila). Proud and loving Opa to Crystal, Katherine, Matthew, Neil, Mitchell, Andrew, Nicole, Ethan, Shane, Kayla, Erich and Emily. Great-Opa to Damon and Meliyah. He is also survived by Brother Maximilian (Rosa) and Sister Leopoldina Puttinger (Max), both of Austria, sister-in-law Trudi (Rudolf) of Rexdale, Ontario and brother- in-law Franz Schierz (Isabella) of Durham, Ontario. He will be interred in Boston Mills Cemetery on may 11<sup>th</sup> 2012. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the Heart & Stroke Foundation or the Boston Mills Cemetery Charity.

Hans spent many happy Nosen Lawen with us in Dewi, he might not have known the language but that did not stop him from enjoying the strong fellowship of Dewi, and the food always met with his approval, both in quantity and in quality. He also loved the Welsh music that was played in my car. In fact I can still hear him “Jones, put on some that gut Waelisher musica”. He was a character that moved across the stage of life, I can see him now at our wedding, my father, rather the worse for wear, talking to Hans in Welsh, and Hans, equally the worse for wear replying in German, and they both understood each other, I knew at that moment I had found a father in law that was one in a million. He might not have achieved any “great” achievements, he didn't have millions of dollars or fancy cars, but he had more than all that.

For he died a very rich and successful man who was very generous with his wealth. He was rich in the love he and his wife Hansi had given each to other for over fifty eight years .He had made so many others rich by simply talking to them, cracking a small joke with them, even if he didn't know them from Adam, and becoming in many cases lifelong friends with them. His success can be measured on the success of his children, for they are all happy, with their partners with who they are and with what they are.. Each son and daughter passing on Hans's life lessons to their offspring. Live, Laugh and love.

It can be said of him, he was truly a Christian Gentle Man.

The best epitaph can be said of him “ We will miss him, I know I do”.  
As an aside, Boston Mills Cemetery.

Set on the southern slopes of the Niagara Escarpment near Cheltenham, Boston Mills Cemetery is a designated heritage site and one of the oldest cemeteries in the Town of Caledon, and is still accepting interments. Although land for the cemetery was not formally deeded until 1858, the first recorded burial was that of Welsh pioneer David Williams in 1823. Killed by a falling tree while clearing his land, it is said that Williams was buried in its bark. The cemetery was enlarged in 1896 and again in 1908, and in the 1930s the existing stone and iron entrance gate was erected. In 1966, the Cemetery Board purchased the adjacent school property, and the former one-room stone schoolhouse, S.S. #8 Chinguacousy, was converted into a mortuary.

**Huw Jones.**

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

### **Ingrid Taylor**

It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Ingrid Taylor. What a friend we had in Dewi Sant. This gentle, gracious lady was loved by us all. She attended church regularly even when her health was failing. She always had a gentle smile for everyone. Ingrid was a big fan of Y Gadwyn and never failed to let me know of her enjoyment of it. Ingrid came to the church every time that it was the day for folding and posting! Diolch yn fawr Ingrid for all your help over the years with this. It was appreciated.. We will surely miss her presence amongst us. Her quiet ways endeared her to all of us.  
“Sleep peacefully dear lady.”

**Myfanwy.**

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### **Dylan Thomas' Secret Gower**

Our eBooks are presented through a page-turning eBook on the internet and can be downloaded onto private computers. Each purchase will entitle readers to enjoy future updates in the formats of the eBooks.

#### **Dylan Thomas' Secret Gower**

A beautiful eBook that brings the haunting poetry of Dylan Thomas and the creative images of photographer Brian Gaylor together to present a special journey to the heart of South Wales. Of the Gower, Dylan wrote: *‘There is bay almost too lovely to look at. You shall come and see it with me; we shall both utter words of maudlin wonder; and swoon away on the blasted heath’.*

Now you can travel there too through the pages of the eBook. [www.focalview.co.uk](http://www.focalview.co.uk)

#### **Where summer birds had been given hatch**

This beautiful stone walled thatched roundhouse is the storytelling room at Cae Mabon in Wales. It's just one of many beautiful natural buildings there. You can read about the roundhouse here [www.naturalhomes.org/caemabon.htm](http://www.naturalhomes.org/caemabon.htm). If you take a close look at the ridge of the entrance to the roundhouse you will see it has plants growing there. This isn't by accident or a lack of maintenance. Plants, particularly Iris, are used to reduce any moisture in the ridge. You can see another example of plants on the ridges of thatch here: [www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=320651841321220](https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=320651841321220)

A collection of natural homes with thatched roofs. You can find many more lovely homes at [www.naturalhomes.org](http://www.naturalhomes.org) The title for this album is from American poet Robert Frost's poem 'The Thatch'

By: Natural Homes (for those who use the computer)

**Lou Ann Shipp**

On Thursday 10 May at a star-studded event at Theatr Brycheiniog in Brecon, Literature Wales announced the nine English and nine Welsh-language titles which have reached the Wales Book of the Year Award 2012 Short **Poetry**. This year, categories are introduced for the first time. Three titles have been short-listed in each of the three categories: Poetry, Fiction and Creative Non-Fiction (Welsh Short List below). The three poetry collections to have reached the short list are *Catulla Et Al* (Bloodaxe Books) by **Tiffany Atkinson**, a collection of poems which summon up the sensual and scandalous spirit of the Latin poet Catullus, with one foot in a recognisable "real world" while still bending it out of shape; *Deep Field* (Bloodaxe Books) by **Philip Gross**, a collection of deeply felt and deeply thought poems about the poet's father's loss of his several languages, first to deafness, then profound aphasia; the third publication in this category is *Sparrow Tree* (Bloodaxe Books) by **Gwyneth Lewis**, a highly inventive collection that puts nature writing in a spin and launches into flights of avian fancy or fantasy on several levels.

**Fiction** The three titles in the Fiction category this year are *Wild Abandon* (Hamish Hamilton) by **Joe Dunthorne**, a novel which delves into the lives of brother and sister Albert and Kate on their communal farm in South Wales, which involve preparation for the end of the world and a 10k sound system; *The Keys of Babylon* (Seren) by **Robert Minhinnick**, a collection of interlinked short stories which look all over the world at people who are on the move, searching for a better life, and comes to a crescendo as the individual narratives are drawn together at the same hour on one momentous day; and *The Last Hundred Days* (Seren) by **Patrick McGuinness**, the author's first novel which takes the reader to Bucharest in 1989, a world of danger, repression and corruption, but also of intensity and ravaged beauty.

**Creative Non-Fiction** The three titles in the Creative Non-Fiction category are *Ghost Milk* (Hamish Hamilton) by **Iain Sinclair**, a work which explores the grandest of Grand Projects – the giant myth that is 2012's London Olympics as the author deems it, and a statement on the throwaway impermanence of the present; *The Vagabond's Breakfast* (Alcemi) by **Richard Gwyn**, a memoir which is an account of his "lost" years; of addiction and reckless travel; love and fatherhood; recovery; living with viral hepatitis, and the life-saving gift of a liver graft. Last, but not least, is **Byron Rogers'** *Three Journeys* (Gomer), a part reminiscence, part gazetteer, part portrait gallery, and turns on Byron Rogers's experiences of growing up in, and leaving, Wales. **Spencer Jordan**, Chair of the English-language Judging Panel said:

"The quality of the writing has been astounding. Submissions have come from some of the biggest names in fiction. But we've also had the best of the 'new' writers. Actually arriving at just three authors in each category has been a monumental task. But, with a lot of discussion, and reading, we've done it. Looking at the nine short-listed books, what emerges is the breadth of the work. Wales Book of the Year should be about passion, ambition and talent, and the short-listed authors have it in bucket loads."

**Lleucu Siencyn**, Chief Executive of Literature Wales said:

"The Wales Book of the Year 2012 Short List reflects the quality of the writing that is published here in Wales today; three categories and eighteen authors who deserve recognition for their work. This Award gives a voice to those who write diligently and quietly throughout the year so let's celebrate their achievement and most importantly, read their words." The titles on the Welsh-language Short List are, in the Poetry category *Siarad Trwy'i Het* (Cyhoeddiadau Barddas) by **Karen Owen**, *Waliau'n Canu* (Gwasg Carreg Gwalch) by **Ifor ap Glyn**, and *Rhwng Gwibdaith a Coldplay* by **Gerwyn Williams**. The three titles in the Fiction category are

*Neb Ond Ni* (Gomer) by **Manon Rhys**, *Y Storiwr* by **Jon Gower** and *Pantglas* by **Mihangel Morgan**, and in the Creative Non-Fiction category the three titles are *Kate: Cofiant Kate Roberts 1891 – 1985* (Y Lolfa) by **Alan Llwyd**, *John Morris-Jones* (Gwasg Prifysgol Cymru) by **Allan James** and *Hen Enwau O Arfon, Llŷn ac Eifionydd* (Gwasg y Bwthyn) by **Glenda Carr**..

Myfanwy

## I know him as Joseph from Uganda. His surname is Munyambanza.

My grand daughter Leah, 18 last Christmas, volunteered to work in a Ugandan refugee camp for a month last Summer. While there she met this remarkable young man, **Joseph**.

Born in the Congo, high school educated in South Africa; he returned to the Congo which then burst into a place of death and destruction. He had been awarded a half scholarship to a college in the States. Getting there was the problem. He had very little money.

He fled to Uganda and has lived there ever since in a camp for refugees. He thinks he's 20. His mother says there was lots of rain the year he was born ! His home was a crudely made hut with a dirt floor.

Joseph listened to B.B.C.World news everyday in a building that caters to the refugees; he also had access to a computer. He and Leah began emailing each other. Leah showed her mother Joseph's emails who sensed that he was a fine intelligent young man. She wondered how she could help him realize his dream of a college education, i.e. being a doctor before he returned to Uganda. She and her husband felt fortunate that they were in a position to pay his college and living costs and now do so. His incredibly happy letter of thanks is worth framing.

Joseph lived an appalling life; he had to dig ditches with bare hands that left him bleeding. There were days when he had little or nothing to eat. Despite this he formed a group of refugees from other countries which encouraged young men to accept a program which would buy text books and accept mentoring. Their grades began improving and more children attended school.

Amazingly, he was only 14. Three years later he had opened two hostels in a nearby town which enabled the students to go to high school and have a place to live in while there. He started club activities for the children so that they would not feel like refugees.

Among his other successes was forming a club that he called "Anti - violence." This was to give support to the young women in the camp who, if not raped, were being forced to marry at a young age and denied an education. They were provided with counselling and taught trades such as dress making.

In the summer of 2008 he left all this behind, and the people he loved, and joined a second family at the African Leadership Academy. It was here that he met Dr. Jennifer Hartley, a social worker and resident of Cardiff, who is devoting her life to helping poor Africans. Dr. Hartley recognized his talents and became his Official Guardian which allowed her to enrol Joseph in Westminster College, Missouri for four years.

I had the pleasure of sharing a dining table with Joseph in Atlanta when my daughter invited him to spend his college's week - long March break with her family. I have wondered what he thought when given a four post bed in a very large room with Hi - def. television over the fire -place.

A speech he gave recently ends as follows.

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*I am a man. I am an African. I am a student and a teacher. I am a brother and a son.*

*I am a friend. I am a leader. I am a dreamer and a realist. I am many things.*

*I am so much more than a "refugee." I am Joseph Munyambanza.*

Thank you. Vaughan Lewis

**When you go into court, you are putting yourself in the hands of twelve people who weren't smart enough to get out of jury duty. .**

**I know the voices in my head are not real. But they have some really good ideas.**

**You can't fix stupid, You can only hope to survive the symptoms.. Artificial intelligence is no match for Natural Stupidity**

**Pauline Prosser**

My mom, Pauline Prosser, is/was a member of the Welsh Church being Welsh herself. I believe she still gets the paper that the Church sends out.

My two children were also baptised by Reverend Cerwyn Davies back in 1985 and 1988.

Pauline was in a serious car accident back in January 2012 and right now does not have the use of her legs as she has broken them.

It would be a nice gesture is she could hear from the Church. She currently is at Extendicare Scarborough located on Lawrence Avenue East in Scarborough.

**Mandy Prosser**

**I spoke to Mandy today and she said that Pauline will be going to Bay Crest rehab in the next few days. It is anticipated that she will be there for the next three months. We wish her well in this very lengthy process of recovery. M**

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I am the author, and fellow Welshman I hasten to add, of a new book, **Jack the Ripper: "The Hand of a Woman,"** published by award winning South Wales publisher, Seren Books, last month.

If you or your members have the opportunity of reading the book, I wonder if you would be kind enough to let me have your views on the case as presented, and of course on the book itself. If you feel that you are able to post a favourable review on Amazon, that would be of great assistance and much appreciated - not everyone wants the truth to come out.

Diolch yn fawr and kind regards.

**Iorwerth John Morris**

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**Merched Dewi and friends in Concert**

On a perfect Spring evening, Merched Dewi and friends were in Concert at Dewi Sant Church. There was an encouraging large audience waiting to be charmed with song and indeed charmed they were. The soloists etc were in fine voice and were enjoyed by all. Betty has named all the participants in the paragraph below. From the comments that I overheard everyone left for home with smiles on their faces and a song in their hearts. Betty deserves a great deal of credit for the hard work that she puts into Merched Dewi.

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**Merched Dewi and Friends Concert**

With apologies to Shakespeare, "If music be the food of 'life', play on". That is exactly what happened at Dewi Sant church on Friday, May 11<sup>th</sup>. Merched Dewi and their talented friends played on and made music to the delight of all in attendance. Special thanks to soprano, Sheryl Clay-Newell, baritone, Gwynnaf Jones, pianist, David Chodoriwsky, Sunday School members, Katie Quesnelle, Kieran Cordy and Nia Contini (poetry is the music of words) for making the evening extra special.

Merched Dewi was joined by five choristers from Ottawa most of whom had been part of the choir's trip to Wales. It was definitely a rewarding reunion. Diolch yn fawr iawn to all of them for working on the music in Ottawa and coming so well prepared to join the choir for the concert.

Merched Dewi and all the soloists were accompanied by the extraordinarily talented Shalom Gao. We owe him a tremendous vote of thanks for his commitment to our group and to the special sensitivity that he brings to his playing.

Our emcee, Hefina Phillips, in her usual inimitable style brought the program together skillfully with a mixture of musical information and well delivered 'humorous items'.

In expressing thanks at the end of the performance, one group of volunteers were inadvertently omitted. Under the leadership of Emily Smith, the kitchen refreshment crew made sure that all the attendees were properly fed and watered. Special thanks to Kyle Cordy who initiated a moveable feast on his food cart, serving food and picking up dishes with aplomb.

Finally a special thanks to all those 'friends' who attended the concert. Many have said that they left the evening with a smile on their faces. That is the mark of a most successful evening. Until next time...  
**.Betty Cullingworth**

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### Gadwyn Donors

MAUREEN JONES, DAVID JONES, PHYLLIS EDWARDS, SHIRLEY EVANS, GLENYS HUWS, MAINWEN EDWARDS, GWEN WILD, JULIE WENZ, MRS. ELUNED J MACMILLAN, ROSE AND GERAINT ROBERTS, HARRY WILLIAMS, REV. CERWYN DAVIES

*Thank you to the Gadwyn Donors. Your donations are appreciated. If you hand in a cheque during the Sunday collection, please make sure that it is clearly marked **GADWYN**. A few people have mentioned that they gave donations without specifying that they were for Y Gadwyn.*

### The Saint Davids Society of Toronto.

The Society 's annual meeting will be held on Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> May 2012. At Dewi Sant. come at 6.30 for 7.00. a light supper will be served as well as annual dues collected. Please let Myfanwy, Mabel or Harold know if you plan to attend in order that we may plan the appropriate amount of food. See you there.

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Thanks for the contributions. This is a bumper edition bridging over 2 months. There is quite a lot of reading material for you this time! Positive comments, articles etc. would be greatly appreciated. Please help me keep up this momentum so that all may feel that Y Gadwyn has been worth reading. The next deadline is June 17, 2012

DIOLCH  
MYFANWY