



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

Volume #43 - 7

Summer Edition 2012

FROM THE MINISTER'S DESK... Neges wrth y Pregethwr

"Praise the Lord! Praise the name of the Lord (Psalm 135 1:a)." These will be the first words the minister will say at the beginning of this coming Sunday morning's service. "Praise the Lord!" That is what we are all about at Dewi Sant Welsh United Church (as are/should be? all churches everywhere) and everything we say and do as a community of faith flows from that act of praise.

It all starts with the fact that God makes covenant with God's people: God has given a solemn promise time and again (beginning with the rainbow covenant with Noah after the great flood) that God will be faithful: *"As long as the earth endures, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease."* That is the reason for our act of praise every Sunday, indeed at every moment of our lives.

And God has been faithful; just reflect on that for a moment. It does not always seem that way, especially when we are faced with illness or tragedy or by "natural" or human-made disasters. Then we want to question God, we want to rail angrily against him/her, accuse God of being unfaithful to the promise. Fair enough, I want to say, go ahead, be angry: you have good reason for it. But are you angry at the "right" God? Or are we angry at some childhood fantasy, at an image of God as the angry old man in the sky who punishes us by making us sick or by visiting tragedy upon humankind.

That is not the God whom we praise and worship as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The God whom Jesus knew so intimately as "abba" or "daddy" is the creator-God, who keeps promises faithfully, who nourishes and upholds all that God has made. That God is the God who gives "us this day our daily bread." That is the God whose good will for humankind is justice and peace.

That is the God of the Bible. To be sure, sometimes the people of the Bible experienced God as angry with them... but always as the consequence of their own doing. The biblical prophets constantly warn their people about consequences: if you persist in doing this, then such and such will happen whether great national disasters or personal tragedy. But at the same time, the prophets also keep on proclaiming that God is one who faithful to the covenant, even if the people are not. God will forgive and restore and heal.

We praise this God not despite of tragedy or disaster. We praise this God because God good will is for justice and peace.

So yes, let us praise the Lord, this coming Sunday and everyday of our lives.

**Eilert Frerichs,
Intentional Interim Minister.**

Ladies of the Church

Merched Y Capel

A few weeks ago there was a birthday party... an 80th birthday party for John Griffiths in Ottawa. Many of you will know John for his faithful attendance at the Ontario Welsh Festival. He always sings at y Noson Lawen. Over sixty friends and family gathered to honour John and to share in the sumptuous buffet. One special dish, I thought that I would share with you as it was very tasty and "moreish!"

Greek Salad

4 or 5 tomatoes chopped in 1/2 inch chunks (roma are great!), 2/3 or more long cucumber chopped in 1/2 inch chunks, 1 red onion sliced into rings or diced, 1 green pepper diced 1/2 inch pieces Black olives, pitted, big Greek ones from a deli, if you can get them, 1 cup crumbled feta cheese, 1/2 cup virgin olive oil, 2/3 cup red wine vinegar (or use balsamic vinegar), Oregano & basil leaves.

Leave the skin on the cucumber; dice the vegetables, into large bite sized pieces.

Take feta cheese out of its brine, rinse and then crumble. Combine olive oil with vinegar and a pinch of oregano and basil. Mix everything together and chill. This can be made ahead.

This is very similar to the salad that is available in our local Deli and to those that are sold in many restaurants. Delicious! This is easy to increase and great for a buffet meal. Leave out the olives if you don't like them.

Lynn Griffiths (John's daughter.)

St Mike's O. R Cake. Apple Spice Cake.

_3 tbsps. Butter: 1 cup sugar: 1 beaten egg: 1 cup flour: 1 tsp. baking soda:

1/2 tsp. **each** salt, cinnamon and nutmeg: 3 cups cored, chopped apples (about 2 -3, and I left the skins on) 1/2 cup chopped walnuts: 1 tsp. vanilla

1. Cream butter and sugar together. Add beaten egg and mix well. Stir together dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture. Stir in apples, nuts and vanilla. Pour into a greased 8" x 10" pan.

2. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Enjoy!

I took this cake to St. Mike's when I went to see surgery being performed on one of my patients; a "thank you" to the surgeon and nurses who allowed me to observe the operation.

Lynnette Jenkins



Christmas Bazaar.

Can you believe that it is already time to start our preparations for this annual fund raising event. The ladies put a great deal of effort into this one day a year and raise a good amount of money. These funds are used to buy some of the necessities for the church.

It is a day full of comradeship, hard work and fun. If you are able to help in any way please let us know. We are asking for the usual articles, stressing that everything needs to be functional and clean Gently used china and ornaments, pictures, Welsh goods, knitting, crafts, and of course **baking**...etc etc. I have probably missed quite a few things out! If anyone would like to rent a table, the cost is \$25. All donations should be placed at the back of the cloak room clearly marked Bazaar

Donna Morris is in charge this year. Please get in touch with her with any questions or information. Tel # 416 756 1249 Thank you in advance. Help make this the very best bazaar ever !!!!!!! There will be more details and the date in the next Gadwyn

Congratulations Meriel!

As many of you are aware, Meriel Simpson has begun her journey towards the ministry as a full time student of Emmanuel College. Recently the Board of Emmanuel College selected Meriel as one of the four recipients of an award marking the 50th anniversary of the Toronto Conference UCW. The following information gives background on the award that Meriel received:

The Toronto Conference United Church Women Anniversary Award, is awarded to a person pursuing a vocation in ministry in the United Church of Canada. The value of this award is \$1000. In 2002, the Toronto Conference United Church Women celebrated the milestone of its 40th anniversary by launching a year long fundraising drive to endow an award at Emmanuel College to benefit a student pursuing a vocation in the United Church of Canada. The response was overwhelming and an Emmanuel College student has annually been presented with The Toronto Conference UCW Award since 2003 receiving vital support in their journey to ministry. This year, the 50th anniversary of the Toronto Conference UCW, Emmanuel College chose four students to receive this award. The recipients were invited by the award founder, Betty Ward, to a luncheon with the Toronto Conference executive at Nobleton United Church to celebrate. Since the award's establishment, annual contributions have brought the value of the endowment to just over \$70,000. In honour of its 50th anniversary, the UCW aims to raise the total to \$100,000 thereby increasing access to this source of vital financial aid.

Congratulations Meriel on receiving this award. It represents the hard work that you have put into your studies as you pursue your journey to ministry in the United Church of Canada.

Betty Cullingworth

Diolch yn Fawr iawn

A very belated and sincere thanks are extended to Betty and Tom Jones for overseeing the decorating of the apartment being used by the Reverend Roger Roberts during his stay here in Toronto. Using furnishings lent by various church members, Betty and Tom have transformed the apartment into a very attractive, comfortable home. Sion Glyn and Kevin Cullingworth lent their brawn to the endeavour as well.

Diolch yn fawr iawn to all those who helped make this initiative a success but special kudos to Betty and Tom for their leadership and considerable work on the entire project.

Betty Cullingworth

Diolch Yn Fawr Iawn

Those of you who have been to the church will realize that the lawns and gardens this year have been exceptional. This result only comes as the result of hard work and loving care by our 'gardeners extraordinaire'...**Maureen Davies and Reg Trodd**. Maureen lovingly tends the gardens while Reg mows the lawn. I don't recall the exterior of the church ever looking so colourful and inviting.

I understand that as part of the maintenance Maureen also washes down the lower windows on a regular basis as well. Many hours a week are devoted to this labour of love.

We are so fortunate to have members who give unstintingly of their time to Dewi Sant. To Maureen and Reg, we extend a most sincere '**diolch yn fawr iawn**'.

When push comes to shove the important ingredients of a happy successful life have remained much the same.

Fourth Annual Octogenarian Luncheon....A Great Success!!

This year, yet again, a good time was had by all the celebrants at the octogenarian luncheon. Of course, there is always a phalanx of volunteers behind any successful event. Nina Morris outdid herself in creating the

invitations and the party favours that were given to each of the honorees. Nina, Risti Jensen and Nest Pritchard organized the kitchen and members of Merched Dewi provided sandwiches. Murray Black helped provide the musical backdrop as did Merched Dewi and Meriel Simpson. Mairwen Thornley read an original piece co-written with her sister Glenda. (A copy of the reading will be sent to all honorees.) Volunteer drivers ensured the attendance of many non-drivers.

Again this year, the inscription on the cake exhorted the celebrants with the words: "80+ and Still Truckin". The annual musical tribute to the group sung by Merched Dewi to the tune 'the Ash Grove' went as follows:

It's been 80+ years since you all greeted daylight,
A significant time span, I'm sure you'll agree.
When tots in your playpen,
Did you ever think forward
To imagine how wondrous your time here would be?

The TV, the computer and all techie devices
Would have seemed quite Sci-fi in your early days,
The I-Pod, the I-Pad are now part of our vocab,
If you're like us, you'll find that they still can amaze.

BUT You don't have to be a scholar to identify clearly
The contributing factors and call them by name.
It is family and friends and a philosophy to live by
That enrich all our years however many they be,
Being Welsh at Dewi Sant is the final ingredient
The icing on the cake, I'm sure you'll all agree.
SO...

We admire you greatly, we celebrate with you,
Raise our glasses to toast you for yet another great year!!!

We hope that all those involved in this year's celebration will return next year to celebrate our 5th anniversary event. In the meantime, 'stay well.....and keep truckin'...

Betty

Many many thanks to Betty and Ross for once again opening their home to us old folks. WE know that it takes a great deal of time and preparation to organize these events.

(From us old folks)

Happy Birthday Anne!!

Long standing member, Anne Croombs, celebrated her 95th birthday on Sunday, June 24. Anne is a resident at the Castlerview Nursing Home in downtown Toronto. Special thanks should be extended to Olwen Morgan for her regular visits to see Anne and to Olwen Dunets for her care and concern. Anne, a constant at our Sunday services, was a vital contributing member of our congregation for over fifty years. Her presence among us is missed and we wish her God's blessing as she celebrates her 95th...

.Betty Cullingworth

In Memoriam: Er Parchus Gof

Dr. William Gordon Francis, MD. FRCS(C)

It was with great sadness that we learned of the passing of Bill Francis on June 3, 2012, after a very brief illness.

The following excerpts are taken from the funeral programme:

“Bill had a huge heart, was very bright and witty and had an awesome sense of humour. During his medical career, he brought into the world over 8,000 babies.

...Bill graduated from the University Of Toronto School Of Medicine in 1954 and received his Fellowship in 1959. A highly skilled Obstetrician and Gynecologist, with energy, wit and wisdom, he became Chief of his department and then Chief of Staff of the York Finch General Hospital (now Humber River Regional Hospital).

Leona, Bill's wife was very active in Dewi Sant on the centenary planning committee and Bill was always there to support all her initiatives as he was throughout their life together. We will miss Bill's ready smile and wit. Please remember Leona in your prayers during this difficult time.

In Memoriam: Carolyn Isabella Lewis

Carolyn Lewis left us on May 24, 2012 after a valiant struggle against ovarian cancer. During the last few months, Carolyn managed to radiate a calm positive attitude that was exceptional. Phone calls were taken with a smile in her voice as Plan A turned into Plan B and then Plan C. One of the original members of Merched Dewi, Carolyn was always anxious to hear how the church and the choir were faring and was delighted by the video sent to her by Lyn Jones of the choir's trip to Wales.

Fourteen years ago, Carolyn and Alan moved to Sidney, British Columbia where Carolyn helped to build and maintain a community cinema with her sister, Sandy. Warm, compassionate and caring, Carolyn will be missed by the members of Dewi Sant who have such fond memories of the considerable work that she did for our church and the Southern Ontario Welsh community at large.

We send our love to Alan and to her two sons, Keith and Jeffrey,

Donations may be made in Carolyn's honour to the Canadian Cancer Society or the Save Star Cinema community campaign (www.starcinema.ca)

Betty Cullingworth

Elwyn Thomas Clay

(September 21, 1933 – August 3, 2012)

Elwyn was born in Tonyrefail, a village located in the County Borough of Rhondda Cynon Taf surrounded by green mountains and bordered by the River Rhondda and River Taff. Historically a rural hamlet, Tonyrefail became industrialized in the second half of the 19th century when coal and steel became synonymous with the Valleys of South Wales.

After leaving school at 16, Elwyn enlisted in the Royal Air Force where he was training to be an engineer. However, any aspirations of a military career were quickly extinguished when he met Violet. After a two-year courtship Elwyn and Violet were married and set about establishing their family home in Gilfach Goch, located just 2 ½ miles further up the Rhondda valley.

While Elwyn never worked underground, mining, and the life of a mining community, must have been in his soul as they were to figure prominently in his life and shaped his destiny – first, leading him to take a position as Foreman at a quarry at Clearwell in the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire, and then further afield, to the “nickel capital of the world” Sudbury, Ontario where Elwyn found employment at Falconbridge as a Training Standards Officer where he worked closely with government representatives in establishing criteria for the mining trades in Ontario. In 1976, the family was on the move again to another mining town, Elliot Lake, known for its large uranium deposits. Here, Elwyn was retained by one of the principal mining companies, Rio Algom, as Superintendent of Training and Personnel Services.

When Elwyn retired, he and Violet left northern Ontario and settled in London, Ontario where they became actively involved in the St. David's Society and the London Welsh Singers where Elwyn's good tenor voice was a welcome addition. While living in southern Ontario, Elwyn and Violet frequently visited their daughter, Sheryl, who was living in Toronto. This brought “The Clays” to Dewi Sant on many occasions and I recall seeing her father's face light up, just gleaming with pride, every time Sheryl delighted us with one of her solos. The family eventually moved to Toronto in 1998 and they became increasingly involved in the local Welsh community.

During their “Dewi Sant years”, Elwyn served on the Board of Session and they happily attended and supported everything going on in the church. They particularly enjoyed the Lunch Bunch each month. Being a professed “Mr. Fix-It”, Elwyn noticed that the pews were a bit wobbly. So for a number of weeks, he and Violet spent every Tuesday replacing each nail that affixed the pews to the floor with screws to make the pews more secure – purely an act of love and dedication.

About five years ago, Elwyn and Violet returned to Elliot Lake to re-join their son Ralph who had relocated there. Due to failing health brought about by Alzheimers, Elwyn moved to St. Joseph’s Manor where he received wonderful care and lots of love and attention, though none greater than that which he received from his devoted wife of 57 years who visited him daily.

On August 3, 2012, Elwyn completed his life journey and ended his days just as he started in a place of stunning beauty, surrounded by dense forests, winding rivers, and the hills of Precambrian rock. Fortunately, Sheryl and Gwyn were blessed with the opportunity to travel to Elliot Lake to be with their father, mother and brother, Ralph, before his passing.

Elwyn will be remembered for his keen intelligence, ability to fix anything, love of his wife and family, and great sense of humour. He will be missed by his wife Violet and his children – Sheryl, Ralph and Gwyn, and, all who knew him.

It is with great sadness that the congregation of Dewi Sant extends its love and heartfelt sympathy to VI, Sheryl (Ed), Ralph, Gwyn (Allison), extended family and friends.

A memorial service will be held at Holy Trinity United Church in Elliot Lake on September 21, 2012.

Donna Morris

Gwyneth Hanna

Gwyneth passed away on August 14 at the age of 96. She was at West Park Long Term Care Centre. Her daughter just wanted us to know.

Our condolences go out to the family from us as a congregation.

Jim Nicole.

Jim Nicole passed away in June. Jim and his family were faithful members of Dewi Sant for many years. Our sympathy goes to Elaine and the family. We have very fond memories of the family.

Madalaine Johns.

Madalaine passed away last week. Our condolences go to her son and family. At one point Madalaine was a faithful member of Dewi Sant.

“Great” Britain”?

At the time of writing I have just heard that the Border Guards at Heathrow will go on strike the day prior to the opening of the Olympic Games. In addition the train service will hold a three day strike. Welcome to “GREAT” Britain!

Have you recently had the (mis) fortune of travelling through Heathrow? I sincerely hope that it was on your EU passport. Your EU passport ensures a swift and easy transfer from plane to baggage carousel. If, however, you are travelling on your Canadian passport, heaven help you!

Recently I took my 14 year old Canadian grandson to London. He travels on a Canadian passport so, in order to accompany him on this his first vacation in London, I also used my Canadian travel documents. Greater love hath no grandmother.....

We lined up for more than two and a half hours, slowly (VERY slowly) shuffling our way towards the few people manning the Passport Control. (These days they are called Border Guards.) Children and babies were having melt downs, older travellers started to look pale and faint, the line-up got longer and longer, and all the

while there were empty “windows” which, had they been manned would have speeded up the process. And why couldn't the Border Guards sitting quietly in the empty EU Passport Section have helped out? Just as I was about to have my own melt down, I started to laugh. On a large notice I read that one could send complaints - in either English or **Welsh**!! That ironic information saved the day for me. Did I complain- in English OR Welsh? Of course not! What's the point?? I'm just sharing my frustrations with you. That was in the middle of June. The Games hadn't even begun. Not funny! A few recalcitrant individuals seem hell-bent on holding the government to ransom and ruining the most important symbol of Peace in the Sporting World. Tonight's News about the upcoming strike at Heathrow made me shrug my shoulders. I wonder if anyone will notice!!!

Hefina Phillips

Gadwyn Donors

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lusk: Ian and Brenda Thomson: David Jones: Hadrian Evans: Joan Humphrey:

On The Move

Joan Humphrey, 119—105 Clement Road, Toronto, Ontario, M9R 4C2

Heaven's Grocery Store!

I was walking down life's highway a long time ago.
One day I saw a sign that read, "Heaven's Grocery Store".
As I got a little closer the door came open wide,
and when I came to myself I was standing inside.
I saw a host of Angels, they were standing everywhere.
One handed me a blanket and said, "My Child shop with care".
Everything a Christian needs is in that grocery store,
and all you can't carry, come back the next day for more.

First, I got some Patience, Love was in the same row.
Further down was Understanding, needed everywhere you go.
I got a box or two of Wisdom, a bag or two of Faith,
I just couldn't miss the Holy Ghost, it was all over the place.
I stopped to get some Strength and Courage to help me run this race,
but then my blanket was getting full, and I remembered I needed Grace.

I didn't forget Salvation, which like the others was free,
so I tried to get enough of that to save both you and me.
Then I started to the counter to pay my grocery bill,
for I thought I had everything to do my master's will.
As I went up the aisle, I saw Prayer and had to put it in,
for I knew when I stepped outside, I would run right into sin.
Peace and Joy were plentiful, they were on the last shelf.
Song and Praises were hanging near, so I just helped myself.

Then I said to the Angel, "How much do I owe"?
The Angel smiled and said, "Just take them everywhere you go."
Again, I politely asked "How much do I really owe?"
The Angel smiled again and said, "My Child, Jesus Paid Your Bill
A Long Time Ago."
Elizabeth Stroud I

God Has A Sense of Humor...!

While creating women, God made a promise to men that good and obedient wives would be found in all corners of the world. And then He smiled and made the earth round!

Common sense (Groaners!!!)

When chemists die, they barium! Jokes about German sausage are the wurst. I know a guy who's addicted to brake fluid. He says he can stop any time. How does Moses make his tea? Hebrews it. I stayed up all night to see where the sun went. Then it dawned on me. This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I'd never met herbivore. I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can't put it down. Why were the Indians here first? They had reservations. I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me. Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils? England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool. All the toilets in New York's police stations have been stolen. The police have nothing to go on. How do you handle an angry cheese?Caerphilly !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

INFORMATION

We are Wales' only ballet company and are revenue funded by the Arts Council of Wales. We perform ballets based on Welsh stories and culture such as Dylan Thomas' 'Under Milk Wood' and next week we Premiere Roald Dahl's 'Little Red Riding Hood' with live music from the Welsh Session Orchestra and the original score by Paul Patterson, which featured in the film with Danny de Vito and Julie Walters. We would like to tour to North America but do not yet have any contacts that would be looking for Welsh cultural exchanges. I found your website on the NWAf. If you are interested in cultural exchanges or know of anyone who is, I would be very grateful if you could let me know. In the meantime please accept my kind regards, Patricia Valliso www.welshballet.co.uk

Things as they were "back then".....

..I was born in a small village on the border of Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire. It was far enough north to be outside the "little England beyond Wales", and I was brought up in a Welsh-speaking family. My village sat on a North-South road, and it was divided into two halves by the Great Western Railway mainline from London to Fishguard.

I lived with my parents, brother, and four sisters in the second house of a row of four houses which had been built by my father, his brother, and some friends. Uncle Dai and his wife, who were childless, lived in the first house of the four, at the south end. His house was named "Llys Dewi", ours was "Awelfa", then came "Bron y Gar", which was occupied by a solitary spinster, and the last was "Gwynfryn", where two of my aunts lived with their son and nephew.

North of our little row was a vacant lot, known to us as "pishyn tur". Around the sides lived a number of chickens, but the place was famous to us, in Winter, as "Ninian Park" where we played our football, and in Summer as St. Helen's, where we played cricket. It was the venue of many memorable games, and it was worthy of the large crowds we knew we deserved, but somehow never showed up.

Next to "pishyn tur", our Welshness lost some of its shine, as the owners of the first house in the next row named it "Rock House". Making things worse, two more doors, then "Green House", and next to that "Police Station". We did have lots more Welsh names like "Tegfan" and "Derwen Deg", but we also had to put up with the likes of "Aston Villa" and Manchester House.

I was lucky to have a number of boys of roughly the same age as I was from the day I was born. Born on March 23rd, I was the youngest of six boys of whom the first was born on January 17th of the same year. The oldest was born in "Rock House", and the next in "Green House". The one after that was born in another little town, but move our way at an early age. Then there was one born in the village just north of ours, and lived

there all his early life, but somehow became one of the close members of our group. And the last one had the same kind of story, but, to this day I have no idea of where he was born, or even where he lived, but he was just there as one of US.

All the locals first attended school at the little one-room primary school, where the teacher was a great lady, and she greatly influenced many lives, mine included. The school was located on what I later referred to as Station Road South, so it really belonged to us "southerners", and "northern" children were accepted. In the south we also had the local garage, which later included a generator which supplied the village with electricity. We also had a farm, a public house, shoemaker, blacksmith and butcher. The north half had a chemist, another public house, two bakers, two general stores, the post office, the Co-op, and a barber shop. On the religious side of things, "we" had the Church of England, and "they" had the Methodist. When I left school I was not too sure what I wanted to do with my life. I had gone through all the usual phases - preacher, engine driver, rugby player, footballer, and countless other endeavours, but somehow or other I got diverted into becoming an apprentice chemist. University was out of question for financial reasons, so the other way to get there was to become an apprentice. It was part of the reason, I think, why for many years, I was on the road to becoming a day or two too late. Looking for a chemist shop that was looking for an apprentice took some time, and then more time was needed for me to locate lodgings, as I had to go away from home for the first time. I would have to attend classes at the local High School as part of my training, and this is where I first found out that I was a little too late. School had started a few weeks earlier, so I would not be allowed to start classes until the beginning of the next term.

I found a comfortable room with a wonderful family about a mile from where I would be going to work. The staff at the chemist shop were a mixed bunch, but we all got along quite well from the start. Most of my time for the first few weeks was taken up learning how to be a shop assistant - not exactly what I had in mind. After a few weeks, however, my training really began. There was a special array of bottled chemicals in the basement, and I would have to spend half an hour each morning familiarizing myself with the smell of various chemicals used in every day dispensing. It was an experience, and that being said with feeling, will be my only comment on this part of my life.

A few weeks later, the store manager announced that I would begin my studying seriously every Thursday afternoon in the upstairs office. In reality, the office was a storeroom with a small desk and a very comfortable chair. The location was ideal, but not as a place to study. The chair was placed beside a window, and the window overlooked the local square, and had a great view up the street towards the school that I would be attending in a few months. Right now I can remember the happy times I had watching what went on in the streets below, but I have no memory of the books I was supposed to read. Luckily (or unluckily) no one ever checked on me during my "study" times, and I was never questioned on any subject that I was supposed to learn. In fact, I was enjoying working five and a half days a week, my train trips home every Saturday evening and my 6 a.m. mail train trip back to work on Monday mornings. I was already wondering about my dreams of becoming a pharmacist, and with the possibility of conscription ahead of me I just drifted along sniffing my bottles and enjoying my times studying people from my window,

Then it came - decision time. My call-up papers arrived in the mail some three weeks before I was to go back to school. It was suggested by someone - I forget who - that I apply for deferment from my call-up. I said I would think about it, so I did, then I didn't. That's where things took a different turn. I had applied to join the Air Force, but it turned out that the Army worked harder to get me, and they won. Up until then every boy I had known who had been called into the Army had joined up at Brecon. My paper told me I had to go to Retford - in England of all places, and that meant I would have to go through a place I had only heard of in public address announcements at some railway stations - "...change at Crewe..

Suddenly I had a last name and a long number, and I was thenceforth referred to by my last name and the last three digits of my number. I was in C Company along with 29 other young men, only one other being Welsh and he was an English speaker. I was there for three months, and I learned how to use a rifle, how to use and clean an LMG (light machine gun), how to throw a grenade, how to darn my socks and polish my boots, and, most importantly, how to make me bed to British Army standards. Compared to meeting the army's bed-making standards, using the weapons of war was easy, and before long I was beginning to think of myself as a commando or member of the S.A.S. I also learned some invaluable lessons about British Army Non-commissioned Officers. All drill sergeants have five birthdays each year - one to commemorate the appropriate

date of birth, and one a few days before the departure of each quarterly group - recruits are not allowed to leave until the sergeant has received his birthday money. Similarly, when playing what used to be the only gambling game allowed in the British Army - Bingo, or Tombola, or Housey-Housey - the caller, who was always the Company Sergeant Major, kept a mug on the table beside him, and it was imperative that each winner of a game deposit a percentage of his winnings in that mug.

When the time came for me to leave Retford, my past caught up with me. Most unfortunately, it was not the recent past in which I had imagined myself as a commando or member of the S.A.S., but of the past in which I had once dreamed of becoming a chemist, and I was posted to the headquarters of the Royal Army Medical Corps in Aldershot. My appeals were ignored as the Army High Command felt it to be unwise to waste my earlier "allied health" experience.Part One.....

Lewis Edwards

Please make a note

Sunday 9th of September is going to be a busy day. In the morning there will be Holy Communion. Conducted by the Reverend Eilert Frerichs. All are invited to take part.

Afternoon (after the church service) **M and S Barbeque** at Joan Lloyd's home. Thanks once again to Joan for opening her home to us. This is always a delightful gathering. Advance tickets can be bought from Meriel Simpson.

WELSH SERVICE AT 7 PM This is a special service as the Dr. Reverand Cerwyn will be with us from Stratford Ontario to lead us in worship. Please make an effort to attend this service.

Sunday School

As you know the children have been collecting pennies for "Sleeping Children Around the World" We have been able to raise enough money for sleeping kits for many, many children.

Now that the penny is going to be "dropped!" as of February would you **all search for all the stray pennies from every pocket and wallet, purse and every corner of your homes and bring them to church. We will make a special collection during the Welsh service, on behalf of the children.**

From the editor. This is a "catch up" Gadwyn, so much of the information has been dwindling in to me during the summer. Many of the "thanks" are slightly dated but just as meaningful. If I can get ALL the information, articles etc in by Sunday 16th we can have it in print by the next Sunday.

My Gadwyn is at times later than it should be. From now on I think that keeping to the due date is the answer. Let us say the 16th of every month, whatever the day. Thank you to Lou Ann for making sure it gets out to you and the ladies who help fold etc. Myfanwy