



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

Mis Ionawr March Edition 2014

Neges wrth Y Gweinidog.

Message from the Minister.

As I write this the sun is shining and the temperature outdoors is a balmy spring like 2 degrees. Kids are out playing and enjoying the weather and people seem more happy and hopeful! Spring is almost here with the promise of flowers, warm breezes and melting snow!

April brings us the promise of new life in our Easter celebrations. At Dewi Sant. Easter includes Palm Sunday, Good Friday and 2 Easter services. It also means that we gather for the Gymanfa Ganu to enjoy the Welsh culture in gifts of music and story.

Then to add to the pleasure, the Ontario Welsh Festival OGGA will be held on April 25-27 at Niagara Falls. I look forward it and to the new life in our midst that will energize and inspire us over the next month.

Bendithion!!

Rev Anne.

**DEWI SANT WELSH UNITED CHURCH
EASTER CALENDAR 2014**

WE INVITE YOU TO ATTEND FRIDAY APRIL 18- GOOD FRIDAY

3:30 PM SERVICE – MERIEL SIMPSON will be preaching
5:00 PM DINNER *SEE TICKET INFO BELOW
7:00 PM GYMANFA GANU- BETTY CULLINGWORTH conductor

SUNDAY APRIL 20 – EASTER SUNDAY

9:00 AM HOLY COMMUNION FOLLOWED BY AN EASTER BREAKFAST
11:00 AM EASTER SERVICE WITH CHILDREN'S PRESENTATION

*DINNER TICKETS ARE \$12 EACH. Please contact Elizabeth Stroud (416-465-1814) or Arleigh Quesnelle (arleighquesnelle@sympatico.ca). Tickets can also be purchased at the door, but we must be notified of your attendance in advance, to help us judge the numbers we can expect. We will be serving chicken in a tarragon sauce.

The next phases for intercultural ministry.

To CIM-Intercultural and Diverse Communities in Ministry
Mar 14 at 10:03 AM

Dear friends,

Lenten greetings to you. We are writing to let you know about two upcoming programs, focused on intercultural ministries that you might be interested in.



1. Engage Difference! Deepening Understanding of Intercultural Ministry (Winnipeg; June 23-28, 2014):

This is an interactive and engaging six-day ecumenical program for church leaders. It is offered by the Canadian Churches' Forum, of which the United Church is a member. If you are interested in discovering how to effectively nurture faithful relationships across difference, gathering insights on cultural relevance, and deepening understanding and awareness in your faith community, then this is the perfect program for you. It has practical ideas for implementation in one's own context, and for ministry leadership. Bursary assistance available.

Many more details are available online:

<http://www.united-church.ca/getinvolved/events/deepening-understanding-intercultural-ministry-winnipeg>.

2. Exploring Intercultural Ministry with Eric Law (Toronto; November 10, 2014):

This evening event is offered for congregational leaders and members who are interested in deepening their engagement and commitment to intercultural ministries. Join Eric Law to ask questions, talk about barriers and reflect

For more details, and to register:

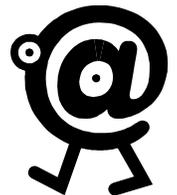
[http://www.emmanuel.utoronto.ca/coned/Continuing Education Events/conedevents2014-15/interculturalministryericlaw.htm](http://www.emmanuel.utoronto.ca/coned/Continuing_Education_Events/conedevents2014-15/interculturalministryericlaw.htm).

Please feel free to check in with questions about these programs.

With thanks,
The Church in Mission Staff Team

OGGA Launches Its New Website

The OGGA has truly entered the digital age and has embraced the next generation of technology. You can now check us out on the world wide web at www.ontariowelshfestival.ca or visit us on Facebook at The Ontario Welsh Festival.



To pay for these upgrades, the OGGA will hold a Silent Auction at the festival weekend. Funds raised through this effort will be specifically targeted to pay for the new web design and the webmaster's time and effort in creating it. If you have items that you would like to donate to this cause, we will gladly take them off your hands. Please contact Donna Morris at donnamorris2010@hotmail.com or leave a voice message at (416) 756-1249. If you are able to include a picture of the item that would be even better – we can post it on our new website!

The OGGA is indebted to **Leah Darke** for the countless hours she generously gave in overseeing the entire project from germination to implementation. We could not have achieved this without her. Diolch Leah!

Now for some further education, of the lighter kind !

“**Lexophile**” is a word used to describe those that love using words in rather unique ways, such as “you can **tune** a piano, but you can’t **tuna fish**”, or “to write with a broken pencil is pointless.”

A competition to see who can come up with the best one is held every year. This year’s winning submission is posted at the very end.



When fish are in schools, they sometimes take debate.
A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.
When the smog lifts in Los Angeles U.C.L.A.
The batteries were given out free of charge
A dentist and a manicurist married. They fought tooth and nail.
A will is a dead giveaway.
With her marriage, she got a new name and a dress.
A boiled egg is hard to beat.
When you’ve seen one shopping Center you’ve seen a mall.

Police were called to a day care Center where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.
Did you hear about the fellow whose whole left side was cut off? He’s all right now.

A bicycle can’t stand alone; it is two tired.

When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds.

The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine is now fully recovered.

He had a photographic memory which was never developed.

When she saw her first strands of gray hair she thought she’d dye.

Acupuncture is a jab well done. That’s the point of it.

And the cream of the wretched crop:

Those who get too big for their pants will be exposed in the end.

David Pugh.

I do hope that this little bit of nonsense has brought a smile to your lips. After such a hard winter (which isn’t over yet), we need some light relief. M

The Bear Hunter

And then there’s the one about the Christian who skipped church to go bear hunting.

As he was quietly stalking through the forest, suddenly a large, menacing bear popped out of nowhere and knocked his gun out of his hand. He gave a yelp, turned on his heels, and ran like a frightened rabbit.

He ran and ran and ran, the bear gaining on him every moment.

He looked back once to see how close the bear was, and as he did so he tripped on a tree root and tumbled down a hill. He hit the bottom with a “smack” and got up to witness the terrible sight of this immense bear about to lunge on him.

So he put his hands together and prayed, “Dear Lord, please make this bear a Christian.”

The bear began to lunge, then stopped frozen in his tracks. He backed off, sat on his haunches, put his paws together and prayed, “Dear Lord, I thank you for this food I’m about to eat.”



Rev. Anne.

Your Welsh Heritage



How proud are you of your Welsh heritage? Could I even use the word “passionate”? How do you celebrate your Welshness? I write this as March 17 approaches, a date when everyone and his father will be dressed in green and drinking Guinness. Why don't we attract such a following? Perhaps we can smugly state that we are Welsh 365 days of the year, not just the one when even the beer turns green!

But you haven't answered my question. How proud a Welsh person are you? What do you do to ensure that we keep our traditions alive here in Ontario? Perhaps you belong to a choir, or attend the only Welsh church in Canada. You may even be a champion baker of pice ar y mân (Welsh cakes) or Bara Brith.

The annual event that really keeps our heritage alive is the Ontario Welsh Festival. From its inception as primarily a Gymanfa Ganu it has grown to offer many traditional events such as a Noson Lawen, seminars on Welsh topics, the Gold Award to thank the recipient for his/her devotion to Welsh culture here in Ontario. We invite a choir from Wales to delight us at the Saturday evening concert and to participate in the two Gymanfa sessions.

This year's guest choir is Bois y Castell from the Llandeilo area, along with their director, Nia Clwyd. Our latest exciting bit of information is that Kim Morgans, their accompanist, is a fabulous harpist. Once we knew this, we were determined to track down a pedal harp so that we could take advantage of her visit. Finally we have succeeded! But, (and there's always a “but”, isn't there) all of this costs money –over and above our usual expenditure.

Do you think that you might consider making a donation towards the extra costs of this year's Festival . A harp? A champion harpist? One of the best Male Voice Choirs in Wales? Exciting seminars. And gallons of tea and Welsh “goodies”? How more traditionally Welsh can we get than that?

This is an extra opportunity for you to play your part in ensuring that we are indeed passionate, proud Welsh people and will do everything in our power to keep our heritage alive and well.

Any donations can be sent to our treasurer, Brian Hughes, 25-4360 Millcroft Park Drive, Burlington, ON L7M 4T7. 905-315-7972.

Don't forget to check out our updated website www.ontariowelshfestival.com

Hefina Phillips

Poem upon St. David's Day - 2014

Sun rising early in the lowering east
rosy light cold comfort against the polar wind
sweeping fifty miles of icy lake
No green leek or yellow daffodil breaking the soundless white,
brightening hat or adorning brow
frozen drifts and frozen ground and a frozen hole
for the lowering down
Dewi Sant they call him
born of Ceredigion
founding his church in *Glyn Rhosyn*, Vale of Roses
hard on the western headland
His cathedral crowns St. Davids
smallest city of Albion's isle
Seventeen hundred ninety seven souls,
without a cathedral you are a town
never mind how grand or teeming
Dewi died on the first of March at the age of one hundred
so leek or the daffodil, Peter's Leek, *cenhinen Bedr*
worn in remembrance
Remembering another
wending our way down Cuyahoga's Vale
to the burying ground
far from any hollow on the banks of the Gauley,
holding daffodils on *Dydd Gŵyl Dewi*
fixing them above our brows
gathering in the chilling wind,
frozen drifts and frozen ground and a frozen hole
for the lowering down **TAGS**

Bobdevo.



Gwen and David (a story of two neighbours, by *Joan E. Humphrey*)

Gwen had lived in her house for 40 years and had the same neighbours on one side all that time. She missed them, and wondered who in the world would be moving in.

It turned out to be a nice-looking man named David, a widower from Wales who had moved from Ottawa to Toronto to be closer to his niece and nephew. "What part are you from?", she had asked him over the fence. "Aberystwyth", he replied. "Well, fancy that!" exclaimed Gwen, "and here's me from Lampeter". "Llanbedr-pont-Steffan", said David, relishing the sound of it, "My granddaughter is at the college there; they've made it part of the University of Wales now, you know". Well, with one thing and another they got quite pally - chatting over the fence as they hung out their washing, doing their gardening in the autumn sunshine. Gwen invited her new neighbour when she had friends in at Christmas.



Early in the New Year it snowed heavily. David's offer of shovelling was gratefully accepted. "My husband used to do it, but of course he's been gone these 10 years and more..." So David shifted the snow all through January. Gwen loved to bake and so, to show her appreciation, took things

round to him about once a week: half-a-dozen muffins, Welsh cakes, a piece of bara brith. "It's a good thing I'm getting all this exercise, chuckled David, "or I'd be putting on weight". "I'm going to church this morning", Gwen told her neighbour one Sunday in February. "Would you like to come along? You'll really enjoy meeting everyone, and the singing. It's the only really Welsh church in Canada, you know." So David took out the car and off they went. Gwen introduced him to all her friends; he created quite a buzz among them especially being something of a "ladies' man".

On March 1st David came round with a pot of daffodils. "Happy St David's Day!" he said. As they were sitting in Gwen's kitchen drinking coffee, chatting of this and that, David said "You know, if we lived in the same house I'd only have one driveway to shovel ." "That's true, but what would the neighbours think?" Gwen giggled, making a joke out of it. David went back to his own house, looking a bit crestfallen, she thought. They decided to go to the Ontario Gwyl Gymreig in Niagara Falls, end of April. David said, "We'd save a bit of money if we shared a room". Gwen raised a hand to slap his face, and quick as a flash he grabbed her wrist. "No, no", he said. "I mean that if we got married..." "Before the end of April", Gwen finished his sentence. "Yes, yes", they both said together, laughing. ***Thank you Joan, maybe some couples will get an idea from your story!***

A different kind of drug

"The other day, someone at a store in our town read that a Methamphetamine lab had been found in an old farmhouse in the adjoining county and he asked me a rhetorical question - "Why didn't we have a drug problem when you and I were growing up?"

I replied, I had a drug problem when I was young: I was drug to church on Sunday morning, I was drug to church for weddings and funerals. I was drug to family reunions and community socials no matter the weather.

I was drug by my ears when I was disrespectful to adults. I was also drug to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents, told a lie, brought home a bad report card, did not speak with respect, spoke ill of the teacher or the preacher, or if I didn't put forth my best effort in everything that was asked of me. I was drug to the kitchen sink to have my mouth washed out with soap if uttered a profanity. I was drug out to pull weeds in mom's garden and flower beds and cockleburs out of dad's fields. I was drug to the homes of family, friends and neighbours to help out some poor soul who had no one to mow the yard, repair the clothesline, or chop some firewood, and, if my mother had ever known that I took a single dime as a tip for this kindness, she would have drug me back to the woodshed.

Those drugs are still in my veins and they affect my behaviour in everything I do, say, or think. They are stronger than cocaine, crack, or heroin; and, if today's children had this kind of drug problem, America would be a better place. God bless the parents who drugged us."

Some of us older folks fully understand this kind of "drug" upbringing.

Gretl Davies.

And so to Peru.

Peru is a beautiful and complex country. There are apparently 32 different climatic zones in the world, 28 of which can be found in Peru.

A flight to Lima, Peru, was interrupted by a short lay-over in El Salvador. A pre-arranged taxi took us from Lima airport to our hotel in Miraflores, a relatively affluent and safe suburb of Lima. It is a short walk to the sea shore, where surfing was popular. In the mornings, sea mists and fog is a common finding. A bus tour around Lima included a tour of the Larco museum, with its many Inca exhibits. Eating is a favourite pastime in Peru, and there are numerous restaurants to choose from. We enjoyed a seafood meal in Miraflores, only I had a dose of food poisoning, slowing me down for a couple of days.



From Lima we flew to Cusco, then we travelled directly on to the Sacred Valley by taxi, which took us to Pisac. Most of my time in this picturesque village was spent in bed, but my wife felt fortunate being able to wander around the market square shopping without hindrance from me!

Next stop Ollantaytambo, a taxi ride further up the Sacred Valley. Here are some impressive Inca ruins, temples, baths and granaries, as well as a natural “face” in the mountain side. The granaries built by the Incas, apparently have the optimum temperature and humidity for storing maize. This village has been around for centuries, preceding the Spanish conquest of 1536. Some old narrow streets are still to be seen. In the village square, there are still women in traditional clothing.

The train runs through here to Agua Calientes, (named for hot water springs), at the base of Machu Picchu. To reach Machu Picchu, we caught a bus, which took us up a winding road to the famous ruins found in 1912 by Hiram Bingham. There are a lot of steps, not easy at this altitude. The terraces, of which there are many, are about 7 feet high, and contain gravel at the base, topped with top soil and humus transported from the valley below by human labour. Apparently, the llama is not an efficient beast of burden. The temples and ruins reveal a lot of history.

We took a train down the Sacred valley to Cusco, or at least almost to Cusco. The rail line had been swept away by rain, and the journey had to be completed by bus. The next day we took a short flight to Puerto Maldonado, in the upper reaches of Amazon territory. From there, an hour’s boat ride up the Madre de Dios river, a tributary of the Amazon, brought us to a “Jungle resort”. The meals were buffet style, and the individual cabins adequate and comfortable, although electricity was limited to about 1 hour each evening. Luckily they supplied Wellington boots, necessary for the tours that they led us into the jungle. We did not see any tapirs or puma, but we did see monkeys, coati, tarantulas and caimans.

After returning to Cusco, the hub, we took a train up to Puno, on the shores of Lake Titicaca. The altitude here is even higher than Cusco at about 14000 feet. The attraction here is the islands in the lake. Some indigenous people live on reed islands which float on the lake, and if harmony is disrupted on one of these small islands, then the undesirable person is set afloat on a portion of the island which is sawn off and set free. Other tribes of indigenous people have settled on small islands, where there are no motorised vehicles, and little in the way of modern conveniences. Again there are a lot of steps, and climbing them is difficult at this altitude.

In Puno, we experienced torrential rain, thankfully short lived, and even snow on our luxury bus ride to Arequipa. Arequipa is Peru’s second largest city, famous for its main square and cathedral, built of white stone. Santa Catalina monastery is also a famous site, still active, and, it is said, that the affluent of Spain sent their daughters here in times gone by. Here they enjoyed better living conditions, though still austere.

From here we travelled to Colca canyon, staying overnight in Chivay. Colca canyon is twice as deep as the Grand Canyon, and it is here that we saw at close range the majestic condors as they rose on the thermals from their nests to go and feed down the valley. They are the second largest bird, second to the albatross, with a wingspan reaching 12 feet.

After returning to Arequipa, we travelled to Nasca, and enjoyed a short trip in a small aircraft over the famous Nasca Lines. Why did ancient man create these lines appreciable only from the air? Did early man have the ability to fly?

Not far away, on the coast, is Paracas. They boast that this is the Peruvian equivalent of the Galapagos, with a number of small islands and their protected bird and animal life. The guano is still collected here, though strictly controlled and not very often harvested. On the way, we pass another Nasca item, the "Candelabra", carved into the mountain side.

From Paracas, we journeyed back to Lima for a day. Enough time to see the Presidential Palace, and Cathedral, and enjoy the changing of the Guard and listen to the Presidential Guard's Brass band before flying back, via El Salvador, to Toronto.

Steve Jones.

Words to live by ...

Someone has written these beautiful words. It's a must read. They are like **the ten commandments** to follow in life all of the time!

- 1] Prayer is not a "spare wheel" that you pull out when in trouble, but it is a "steering wheel" that directs the right path throughout the journey.
- 2] So why is a Car's WINDSHIELD so large & the Rear View Mirror so small? Because our **PAST** is not as important as our **FUTURE**. So, Look Ahead and Move on.
- 3] Friendship is like a **BOOK**. It takes a few minutes to burn, but it takes years to write.
- 4] All things in life are temporary. If going well, enjoy it, they will not last forever. If going wrong, don't worry, they can't last long either.
- 5] Old Friends are Gold! New Friends are Diamond! If you get a Diamond, don't forget the Gold! Because to hold a Diamond, you always need a Base of Gold!
- 6] Often when we **lose** hope and think this is the end, GOD smiles from above and says, "Relax, sweetheart, it's just a bend, not the end!"
- 7] When GOD solves your problems, you have faith in HIS abilities; when GOD doesn't solve your problems HE has faith in your abilities.
- 8] A blind person asked St. Anthony: "Can there be anything worse than losing eye sight?" He replied: "Yes, losing your vision!"
- 9] When you pray for others, God listens to you and blesses them, and sometimes, when you are safe and happy, remember that someone has prayed for you.
- 10] **WORRYING** does not take away tomorrow's **TROUBLES**, it takes away today's **PEACE**.

If you really enjoy this, please pass on to others. It may just brighten someone's day... Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly. Leave the rest to God.

Frances Silburn (By request.)

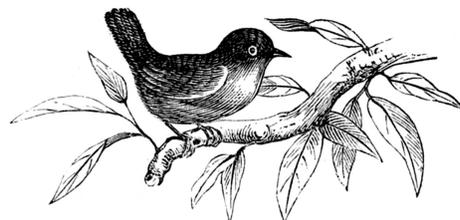
Elizabeth Cavell Jones

JONES, Elizabeth Cavell - Peacefully at LHSC Victoria Hospital on Friday, March 7, 2014, Elizabeth Jones of London, in her 67th year. Beloved wife of the late Rev. Hugh Tudor Jones. Dear mother of Gwyndaf and his wife Marlene Jones of Toronto, Jenna Cavell of London, and Dorian and his wife Robin Jones of North Carolina. Loving grandmother of Dylan, Aria, and Angel. Dear sister of Mariam of Wales. Also survived by family members in Wales. Friends will be received at **LOGAN FUNERAL HOME**, 371 Dundas Street, on Wednesday, March 12, 2014, at 2 pm, with visitation from 1-2 pm. Cremation has taken place. Friends who wish to make a memorial donation in Elizabeth's name are asked to consider the Heart and Stroke Foundation of the London Regional Cancer Program. Online condolences can be expressed at www.loganfh.ca. A tree will be planted, by the Logan Funeral Home, as a living memorial to Elizabeth Jones. 127185801

The congregants of Dewi Sant and your other Welsh friends send their condolences. May God hold you tenderly in the palm of his hand during this time of grief. Our thoughts are with you. **M**

Our condolences also go out to Dr. Steven Jones and family. We were sorry to hear of the passing of Steven's mother earlier this year

Dwedwch fawrion o wybodaeth,
O ba beth y gwnaethpwyd hiraeth
A pha ddefnydd a roedd ynddo
Na ddarfyddo wrth ei wisgo
Derfydd aur a derfydd arian
Derfydd melfed derfydd sidan;
Derfydd pob dilledyn helaeth,
Eto er hyn ni dderfydd hiraeth.
Hiraeth mawr a hiraeth creulon,
Hiraeth sydd yn torri 'nghalon,
Pan fwy' dryma'r nos yn cysgu
Fe ddaw hiraeth ac a'm deffry
Hiraeth, hiraeth, cilia, cilia
Paid â phwyso mor drwm arna',
Nesa' tipyn at yr erchwyn,
Gad i mi gael cysgu gronyn. **M**



Hiraeth.

Slowly in the curling evening fog
An evasive enchantment wistfully rolls
A sigh moves it slowly upwards

A dismal rainshadow hangs overhead
Then lets flow a mournful flood of sorrow
If eternity could tell its tale

Once more the call of Gwydion echoes
Silently through a valley and a peak
Which absorbs the everlasting grace

Freely called, though few discern
Longing rumbles distant in Time
Moving through the ages.....

The unspoken passage of messages here
Erupts the natural instinctive sense
Enthralls for a lifetime, and then lets go

hiraeth, a Welsh word that according to the University of Wales, Lampeter encompasses a “homesickness tinged with grief or sadness over the lost or departed. It is a mix of longing, yearning, nostalgia, wistfulness, or an earnest desire for the Wales of the past. ” While I am not Welsh, as a teenager I related to the feeling as I had always had a sensation of being strongly attached to those who came before me, as well as the land they and we had once inhabited—meaning the land itself but also what it once was in contrast to what it had become. When I walked through it I somehow felt the sensations of other beings, as if I were remembering them from times past, and was mournful over our ruptured bonds, longing for the connections to re-establish.

As I have discovered, there are a number who came before me, as well as the land they and we had once inhabited—meaning the land itself but also what it once was in contrast to what it had become. When I walked through it I somehow felt the sensations of other beings, as if I were remembering them from times past, and was mournful over our ruptured bonds, longing for the connections to re-establish. As I have discovered, there are a number of poems addressing **hiraeth**, one from *Tim Davis*, the first line of which speaks of the direction one might receive from the sensation. While Davis’s poem attempts to define, mine seeks words for the emotions I had been experiencing. I do not pretend to understand it completely, or connect myself with a land I do not know. I could only, then and now, express relief that someone actually had a word for my feelings and, having no other, I took hold. ***Hiraeth***

I apologise for not being able to find the name of the author of either piece. **Myfanwy.**

Gadwyn Donors

David Jones

Sincere thanks. Your contributions are gratefully received.

Please note that the deadline for April is Sunday 13th of April. No articles will be accepted after that. Thank you.

Myfanwy

Hi Myfanwy,

My name is Walford {Wally} Davies. I am a very proud Welshman having immigrated to Canada in 1954, following my parents who came in 1952. I was born in the village of Beaufort, near Ebbw Vale in the county of Monmouthshire. My father Irving died in 1980 and my mother Evelyn died in 2009 at the ripe old age of 103.



On leaving church this past Sunday a friend handed me a pamphlet containing details of the upcoming Gymanfa Ganu in Niagara Falls. It also contained a web-site, so on getting home my curiosity got the better of me, and I logged on. I found it most informative and interesting and spent quite some time perusing it. I opened a number of the pages with one in particular catching my attention, the Encyclopedia of Canada's Peoples. Page 1331 contained a brief history of the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu Association and its organization in 1957. This is where my interest really peaked and my memory bank went into overdrive.

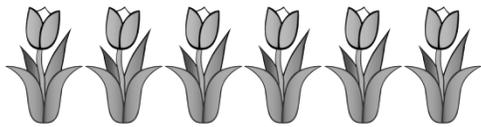
As a young man of 26 years {83 now}, I vividly recall being witness to a conversation which took place in the living room of our house at 164 Finch Ave. E., in Willowdale. The conversation was between my father, Irving Davies and dear friends Douglas Jones of Toronto and Ivor Davies of Oshawa. Douglas went on to serve as President of the N.G.G.A. from 1960 -1962. He was the first President from outside the United States. In addition to serving as treasurer of the O.G.G.A. for a number of years, my father also served as pianoforte accompanist at a number of National and Ontario gymanfaoedd The conversation was the result of a great desire of the three men to host a National Gymanfa Ganu in Toronto. To accomplish that, they initially needed two things, the support of the N.G.G.A. and a hosting association. Hence, that night the seeds were planted for the birth of the O.G.G.A.

I say all this with a great deal of pride and thanks for who I am, for where I was born and for the Welsh blood that flows through my veins. As I am writing this I am looking at a 4 ft.x 1 ft. framed picture of approx. 2000 Welsh men and women including those who wished they were, who attended the 26th. Gymanfa Ganu annual convention in Washington D.C. in September 1957. The picture was taken on the steps of the Capitol Building. While I have attended a number of national and local gymanfaoedd that ended a number of years ago. I now keep close company with my C.D. and record collection and all things Welsh.

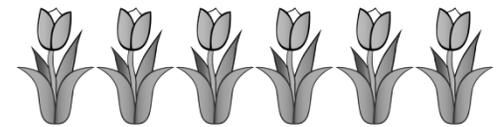
Looking at the picture of the 1957 Convention in Washington and the many familiar faces who are no longer with us gives me the reason why I am writing this. It is to express my admiration and thanks for those like yourself who are dedicating themselves to keeping Wales and its history and customs in the forefront and not to be forgotten. But at the same time, let us not forget those who have gone before us who also dedicated themselves to leading and achieving what the N.G.G.A. and the O.G.G.A. are today, like Douglas Jones, Ivor Davies, Lyndon Jones, London, Ont., Lewis Edwards, Niagara Falls, Ont., Rev. Dr. Elwyn Hughes, Rev. Dr. Caerwyn Davies, to name a few of the many.

I hope I haven't bored you but it's something I wanted to say and for some reason, chose you as my target. enjoy great success in Niagara Falls in April and God Bless Wally. {someone who witnessed the birth.}

This was of great interest Wally, so please excuse me for including it in Y Gadwyn. Diolch yn fawr Myfanwy



APRIL 2014



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 10 am Bible Study 11 am Staff Meeting 11 am Lunch Bunch	2 7 pm TWMVC	3	4	5
6 LENT 5 11 am Communion 2 pm Hope Church 7 pm Welsh Service	7	8 10 am Bible Study	9 7 pm TWMVC	10	11	12
13 PALM/PASSION SUNDAY 11 am Worship 2 pm Hope Church	14 	15 10 am Bible Study	16 7 pm TWMVC	17 MAUNDY THURSDAY (no service at Dewi Sant)	18 GOOD FRIDAY 3 pm Service 5 pm Dinner GYMNAFA GANU	19
20 EASTER SUNDAY 9 am Communion 10 am PANCAKE BREAKFAST 11 am Worship 2 pm Hope Church	21	22 10 am Bible Study	23 7 pm TWMVC	24	25	26
27 EASTER 1 11 am Worship 2 pm Hope Church	28	29 10 am Bible Study	30 7 pm TWMVC			
<div style="border: 1px dashed black; padding: 10px; width: fit-content; margin: 0 auto;"> <p><i>Ontario Gymnafa Ganu Niagara Falls April 25 - 27</i></p> </div>						