



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

Mis Ebrill April Edition 2014

Neges wrth y gweinidog. Minister's message.



Nowhere is new life more apparent than in the season of Easter. As we move from a harsh winter into warm weather our spirits lift and our energy returns. The blooming forth of spring enlivens the meaning of new life with tender shoots on trees and in gardens. Birds return and children and neighbours emerge to greet each other and enjoy the greening of the city. Spirits are high with the advent of warm weather.

The season of Lent draws to a close with Holy Week and the movement through the Parade of Palms to the Passion of our Lord.

As I write this, we are moving into Easter weekend at Dewi Sant. We will worship together on Good Friday at 3:30, observing the Crucifixion of Christ. On Sunday we will celebrate the resurrection with a brief service of Holy Communion at 9 am. Then at 11 am our regular service time will be a festival of Easter: this includes decoration of the cross with spring flowers and a presentation by the Sunday school of the story of Easter. Not to be missed!

The Ontario Welsh Festival takes place from **April 25-27** (the weekend after Easter) at Niagara Falls. I will attend: in my absence, Rev Rob Metcalf will take the service on Sunday April 27. I look forward to meeting people and experiencing Welsh activities and hospitality at my first Welsh Festival.

Bendithion y Pasq/ Easter blessings

Reverend Anne

Dewi Sant Picnic Sunday June 8th 2014

Anne Johnston has graciously offered to host a picnic at her property in Pontypool ON. It is approximately 1 hr northeast of Toronto. Her place is quite level and accessible to people with walkers/wheelchairs etc. She has a house with adequate room for us all if the weather doesn't cooperate. We would each bring our own food and utensils in a small cooler or bag and for those who have them, folding chairs. (Anne has some for those who do not.) We would have the service AND picnic lunch there; starting from here at approximately 9:30 and returning around 4pm.



Could you please email us at info@dewisant.com indicating interest and commitment? We can rent a bus for transportation or arrange carpools. Again, please let us know what you prefer so we can get started!

A Lifetime in 13 Months: April 201 – May 2011

“Yes, it is you. My mother was your first cousin and godmother”. My cousin’s excitement came through clearly in response to the e-mail I’d sent to “Lynne N” via genesreunited.com. Back up a bit .. well, 68 years. I had been adopted as a baby of a few months old, in 1943. There was great secrecy surrounding adoption in those days and, although I had been told about being adopted when I was about eight, the only other thing I learned from my mother was that she and my father travelled from Birmingham to Newcastle to “view” me and that I had been named Rayma Virginia, by my birth mother, Rena Ward.



Like many adoptees, I had been curious about my antecedents – even fantasized at times, spurred on by a certain kind of romantic novel! – but I had no way of finding anything out. Fast forward 1: to 1990. I had moved to Toronto in 1988, after living in Montreal for 22 years and was making my first visit to Britain in 18 years. Legislation in Britain had opened adoption records in the ‘70s, but only after an interview with a counsellor; I set the process of getting my original birth certificate in motion before I left Toronto. After I had it, I spent several hours and pounds searching the large tomes in St Catharine’s house, and ordering copies of certificates, only one of which proved to be of any use. What I did find out from my birth certificate was that Rena had been 32 when I was born, and not the teenager knocked up by a Free Norwegian, that I had imagined, AND that she was married – ‘tho, presumably, not to my father. There was no father’s name on my birth certificate. It was apparent that I would have to go up to Newcastle to look at parish and municipal records, and I didn’t have time to do that on this trip so that thought went onto a back burner. Rena was older than I had thought and the likelihood of her still being alive diminished, the longer I waited.

Fast forward 2: to 2010, and the age of personal computers. Around Easter, two friends, both of whom had had great success with tracing their family trees, encouraged me to take up this time-consuming pastime. I used ancentry.com and bmd.com with some success, but when I said I was more interested in finding contemporary relatives one of them advised me to try genesreunited.com.

And so it was, after I had posted my birth name on the site, that I received that excited e-mail from cousin Lynne, almost by return. And thus began a very strange period in which I felt that I was existing in a kind of vacuum. Lynne told me that, at 99, Rena was still alive and that I, an only child all my life, had an older half-brother and a younger half-sister. Phew! Lynne was amazing: within two days she had e-mailed me family photos, and we had talked by phone. She also put me in touch with my brother Ron who, being 10 when I was born, could fill in lots of details, including about my father. He was indeed, in the army, but not a Free Norwegian, and his name was Raymond Martin, which is how I got my unusual first name, Rayma. I had to wait to speak with my sister, Pauline, as she was on vacation ... a seemingly endless 10 days, as I wanted to leap onto a plane as soon as possible. At last we did talk but she and her husband were off again for a week’s motorcycling (!) trip, so I had to hold back a little longer. Finally, on June 10, I boarded that plane, full of anticipation and trepidation. **To be continued. . .**

Olwen Cox

Thank you Olwen. I’m sure that many have stories to tell.

The Nonagenarian Series Continues

Penblwydd Hapus!



This month's Gadwyn welcomes to the elite group of members who have passed their 90th birthday. Born on February 7, 1924, in Brecon (Aberhonddu) Wales, Olwen spent the first 18 years of her life there. The loss of her mother at age 4 years meant that Olwen was not raised in a Welsh speaking household. Though she is not fluent, she is proficient in understanding 'kitchen Welsh'. All of her family had attended university in Aberystwyth but Olwen elected to go to Bristol University where she studied geography, chemistry and geology. After graduation, she taught at the Neath Girls Grammar school from 1946-48.

The love of Olwen's life was Charles Morgan, the brother of one of her close friends when growing up. During the 2nd World War, Charles was posted to Canada with the RAF in Picton, Ontario for 2 1/2 years. On his return their relationship bloomed and when they decided to wed, Charles suggested that they relocate to Canada. Olwen was delighted to accept and in 1948, Charles and Olwen were married in Canada. They lived originally in Ottawa where Charles worked for the federal government and Olwen did some supply teaching before taking a job for four years with Ontario Hydro as a draftsman.

In the early 50's, the Morgan family moved to Toronto where Charles took a job with the provincial government. The family was growing to include their four children, John, Jane, David and Ruth. Olwen was kept busy running a household of six in Aurora.

Olwen originally heard of the existence of Dewi Sant Welsh United Church from Nellie Griffiths whom many of us remember as one of the stalwart female members of the congregation in those early days. The church was still located on Clinton Street and Olwen would attend occasional evening services and the Ladies Aid events.

When I asked Olwen what prompted her to travel many miles to attend the chapel at Dewi Sant both in her earlier years and to the present time, she responded without hesitation that it was to keep the connection with her Welsh family of friends and to keep alive her Welsh cultural links. Such is the role that Dewi Sant fills in the lives of so many of our members.

Olwen drives herself to the church regularly. But she does much more than this for us as a congregation. Olwen visits one of our longstanding members, Anne Croombs, on a bi-weekly basis. Such loyalty and commitment to keeping this connection alive is entirely laudable given that Anne no longer recognizes Olwen. To travel the many miles from Newmarket where Olwen presently lives to downtown Toronto to visit with Anne is not only a labour of love and friendship but a true testimony to the spirit of Christianity. We at the church sincerely appreciate Olwen's mission of love and service to Anne.

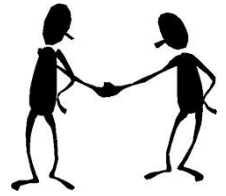
Congratulations Olwen in reaching this significant milestone. May your health continue to flourish and may you continue to grace our services with your presence for many years to come.

Betty Cullingworth

Please remember our good friend **Harold Woodey**
who is at present in hospital.

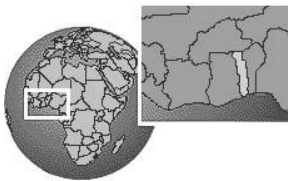
Six Degrees of Separation

Recently Ross and I attended a fund raising concert for the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir held in a small restaurant on Roncesvalles Ave. The singers were members of the choir and they were accompanied by two excellent jazz musicians, Peter Hill on piano and Tony Quarrington on the electric guitar. Being seated where I could see the music line for the guitar accompaniment, I marveled at how that simple line could be amplified into intricate chords that perfectly accentuated the vocal offerings. At the break, I approached Tony Quarrington and asked about his musical training. I volunteered that my love of music was influenced by my Welsh ancestry. To my great surprise, he looked at me and asked if I knew of the church called Dewi Sant. I assured him that I did. He then told me of his desire as a young man to learn to speak Welsh (his maternal grandparents had emigrated from Wales). To attain this goal, he had done some research and discovered the church that had recently opened on Melrose Avenue. So in 1963, three years after the church opened, Tony began to attend the services at the church. He became proficient enough in decoding the language that he was actually given the opportunity to read the Bible in Welsh at one of the services. After hearing this story, I mentioned that perhaps he would have met my dad who was a loyal attendee at the services in those days. He asked me my dad's name and I replied, Hugh Hughes. He looked at me with a smile and informed me that he still had a Welsh Bible given to him by my father. To say I was stunned would be an understatement. Fifty years later and here was a Juno award winning musician of whom I had never heard telling me of his connection with Dewi Sant and his ownership of a Welsh Bible given to him by my father. At this point of the conversation, the break was over and I didn't ask if he had ever re-established a connection with the church. However, on leaving the restaurant at the end of his gig, he waved goodbye with the Welsh phrase, 'nos da', pronounced to perfection. The evening was a most enjoyable one but I must admit that my conversation with Tony Quarrington was the icing on the cake. Six degrees of separation indeed!



Betty Cullingworth

Greetings from Togo(On tour distributing bed kits for SCAW)



We have had a really challenging time in getting WiFi access (five attempts at different cafés but no luck, and it's driving us nuts!)

The distributions have gone really well and we are 1/2 way into the trip, 2,500 children helped so far. Our hosts are so kind and the kids are a joy. They greet us at each village with the most exuberant music and dancing and, of course, we HAVE to join in... It is hot - 31 degrees with a real feel of 39. Wally, my puppet is having a ball - tickling, chasing and being just-Wally...

Hugs, *Lynette Jenkins.*

"4 Worms In Church"

Four worms and a lesson to be learned!!!!

A minister decided that a visual demonstration would add emphasis to his Sunday sermon.

Four worms were placed into four separate jars:

The first worm was put into a container of alcohol.

The second worm was put into a container of cigarette smoke.

The third worm was put into a container of chocolate syrup.

The fourth worm was put into a container of good clean soil.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Minister reported the following results:

The first worm in alcohol Dead

The second worm in cigarette smoke . . . Dead

Third worm in chocolate syrup Dead.

Fourth worm in good clean soil Alive!

So the Minister asked the congregation, "What did you learn from this demonstration?"

Maxine was sitting in the back, quickly raised her hand and said . . .

"As long as you drink, smoke and eat chocolate, You won't have worms!"

That pretty much ended the service.



Let's face it - English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant, nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France . Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat. We take English for granted. But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham? If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth, beeth? One goose, 2 geese. So one moose, 2 meese? One index, 2 indices? Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend? If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught? If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat? Sometimes I think all the English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship? Have noses that run and feet that smell?

How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites? You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which, an alarm goes off by going on.

English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the human race, which, of course, is not a race at all. That is why, when the stars are out, they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible.

PS. - Why doesn't 'Buick' rhyme with 'quick'?

The Baptist White Lie

Have you ever told a white lie? Alice Grayson was to bake a cake for the Baptist Church Ladies' Group in Tuscaloosa , but forgot to do it until the last minute. She remembered it the morning of the bake sale and after rummaging through cabinets, found an angel food cake mix and quickly made it while drying her hair, dressing, and helping her son pack for Scout camp. When she took the cake from the oven, the center had dropped flat. And the cake was horribly disfigured. She exclaimed, "Oh dear, there is not time to bake another cake!" So, being inventive, she looked around the house for something to build up the center of the cake. She found it in the bathroom - a **roll of toilet paper**. She plunked it in and then covered it with icing. Not only did the finished product look beautiful, it looked perfect. And, before she left the house to drop the cake by the church and head for work, Alice woke her daughter and gave her some money and specific instructions to be at the bake sale the moment it opened at 9:30 and to buy the cake and bring it home. When the daughter arrived at the sale, she found the attractive, perfect cake had already been sold. Amanda grabbed her cell phone and called her mom. Alice was horrified-she was beside herself! Everyone would know! What would they think? She would be ostracized, talked about, ridiculed!

All night, Alice lay awake in bed thinking about people pointing fingers at her and talking about her behind her back. The next day, Alice promised herself she would try not to think about the cake and would attend the fancy luncheon/bridal shower at the home of a fellow church member and try to have a good time. She did not really want to attend because the hostess was a snob who more than once had looked down her nose at the fact that Alice was a single parent and not from the founding families of Tuscaloosa , but having already RSVP'd , she couldn't think of a believable excuse to stay home.

The meal was elegant, the company was definitely upper crust old south and to Alice 's horror, the cake in question was presented for dessert! Alice felt the blood drain from her body when she saw the cake!

She started out of her chair to tell the hostess all about it, but before she could get to her feet the Mayor's wife said, "what a beautiful cake!" Alice, still stunned, sat back in her chair when she heard the hostess (who was a prominent church member) say, "**Thank you, I baked it myself.**" **Alice smiled and thought to herself, "God is good."**

*David Jones, Eurwen & Trevor Jones, Megan Wynne McKee,
Myfanwy Davies, Albert & Doreeta Lusk*

Sincere thanks. Your contributions are gratefully received.

Next Gadwyn deadline will be in the middle of May. If you would prefer not to get Y Gadwyn, please let the office know. Emails to myfanwy@rogers.

Snowdon Mountain Railway



If you are visiting North Wales, it may surprise you to learn that you can take a train to the summit of Mount Snowdon. The journey which takes about an hour begins at LLANBERIS and ends at the summit which is about 3500 feet above sea level. The railway is very unusual for several reasons.

Unlike other preserved narrow gauge railways, it is not a preserved railway, but is still doing what it was designed to do when it was opened in 1895, namely carry tourists to the summit of Snowdon. It does not normally carry freight except track maintenance equipment, and supplies for the snack bar at the summit.

It is a narrow gauge railway with the distance between the rails of 2 ft 7 ½ inches (which is 800 millimeters in metric). The track is unusual because there is a third rail which has gear teeth cut into its surface and these gear teeth engage with a gear wheel on the locomotive to enable it to push the train up the hill.

Normally railways locomotives work by adhesion. Although the surfaces of the rails and the wheels are smooth, the weight of the locomotive creates enough friction or adhesion to enable the locomotive to move its train forward without the wheels slipping. The Snowdon Railway uses gradients that are too steep to be worked by adhesion. The steepest part of the climb is at a grade of 1 in 5 ½ which is equivalent to about 18 percent.

The railway system was designed in Switzerland where the steam locomotives that operate on the railway were built. In recent years some diesel locomotives have been purchased to supplement the older steam engines. The diesel engines also work on the cog rail system.

The railway continues to be very popular with tourists so it is essential to pre-book and reserve your tickets. Tickets on a diesel powered train cost 27 pounds whereas on a steam train they cost 35 pounds. You can book through the website at snowdonrailway.co.uk.

The Snowdon Railway is not part of the Great Little Trains of Wales, but while you are at LLANBERIS check out the LLANBERIS LAKE RAILWAY. This railway operates over the former PADARN railway right of way for a couple of miles. The PADARN railway was built to carry slate from the DINORWIC Quarries above LLYN PERIS to the docks at PORT DINORWIC just west of BANGOR. The LLANBERIS LAKE RAILWAY is a member of the Great Little Train of Wales and you can reach their website via a link from the G.L.T.W. website.

Hadrian Evans.

Many people in Dewi Sant have commented on how much they enjoy the railway articles.

Please note the change of an email address. npritchard38@gmail.com
Nest Pritchard.

The Donkey

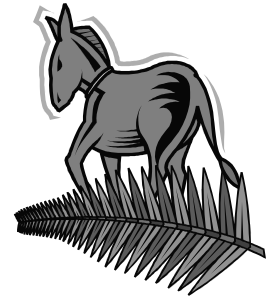
by G.K. Chesterton 1874 – 1936

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.



Submitted by *Rev. Anne*

April 11, 2014 marked the first anniversary of the death of
Aerona "Rona" Wilkie (née Davies)
in Kingston, Ontario.

Rona was born and raised in Nantyyffyllon, just North of Maesteg, South. Wales. She served proudly with the British Army on the Rhine (BAOR) after WWII. She loved her time abroad and this young woman from the Welsh valleys decided that she would like to go to Mexico(!) She got as far as Los Angeles, but having been introduced to Philip in Toronto in 1952 never quite made it to Mexico. Rona married Philip in 1954 at Dewi Sant, and her connections with many friends she met there were lifelong. Despite leaving Toronto for Kingston in 1956, she maintained connections with the church - and "Y Gadwyn".

Rona was a very proud Canadian who nonetheless always spoke reverently of Wales and her Welsh family, despite having left the country - by herself - in her early 20s. Needless to say, she sang - at home, in local basements with billeted Welsh choirs on their Canadian tours (now there was a noise!), in church, and at Gymanfa Ganus in Canada and Eisteddfods in Wales.

Son Christopher and daughter Susan and families thank Dewi Sant and those from the Welsh community in Toronto and elsewhere who attended her funeral and reception last year in Kingston. Some of her ashes will be spread over a Welsh hillside beloved by generations of Rona's family in Llangynwyd, South Wales, this summer.

Christopher Wilkie

MAY 2014



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1	2	3 2 pm Hope Church
4 Easter 3 STAFF APPRECIATION SERVICE 11 am Communion 2 pm Hope Church 7 pm Welsh Service	5	6 10 am Bible Study 11 am Lunch Bunch	7 7 pm TWMVC	8	9	10 2 pm Hope Church
11 Easter 4 Christian Family Sunday 11 am Worship 2 pm Hope Church Sunday School Sale	12	13 10 am Bible Study 12:45 Ministerial Lectionary Group Clinton Room	14 7 pm TWMVC	15 4 pm Meriel Simpson's graduation from Emmanuel College!	16	17 2 pm Hope Church 
18 Easter 5 Message of Peace 11 am Worship 2 pm Hope Church	19 VICTORIA DAY 	20 10 am Bible Study 7 pm Session meets	21 7 pm TWMVC	22	23	24 2 pm Hope Church
25 Easter 6 11 am Worship Board Meets 2 pm Hope Church	26	27 10 am Bible Study	28 7 pm TWMVC	29	30	31 2 pm Hope Church TORONTO UNITED CHURCH CONFERENCE