



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

May/Mai 2019

It is hard to believe - I am already entering into my third month of ministry with Dewi Sant Welsh United Church! It has been a time of getting to know the wonderful, faithful folk of DSWUC, celebrating and grieving together, and starting to discern how we will minister together. On Good Friday, I was initiated into the Gymanfa Ganu and this wonderful tradition of observing vigil through hymns and anthems.



On Easter Sunday, we celebrated with joy Christ's rising with the flower festival tradition - adorning the large cross with fresh flowers - and telling the stories of the Easter mystery of new life, hope, and God's strong love for us that could not and cannot die even in the face of the horrors and brokenness that continue to this day. Whatever our understanding of the resurrection, for Jesus' followers it is an event of depth and power - an event that invites us to live as if God's reign of justice, peace, love, and reconciliation has come near. Through the power of the resurrection event, God lives in us, loves through us, empowers us to dare live our lives as fully as God intended, and to dare believe that we can be agents of healing in God's world.

As we journey through this Easter Season, which includes the seven Sundays before Pentecost Sunday, we will continue to explore the theme of what it means to be a resurrection people. It is a time to remember Jesus' post-resurrection charge to his disciples - and by extension, to us - to raise up the power of God's love that Jesus embodied in his life and ministry. This love lives on still and it is the hope of the world. How will we, as the people of DSWUC - as a resurrection people - go out into God's world as a force of healing, reconciliation, and love? How will you? In this Easter Season, it is my hope that we will engage this question with courage, deep listening for God's guidance, strong hope, and in the power of God's love.

Rev. Liz Mackenzie

On April 21st, Easter Sunday we started with a light breakfast and 9:00 a.m. communion which included *Joy Comes with the Dawn* (VU #166). The regular morning service began with the beautiful



Concerto in B-Flat by Tomaso Albinoni, with Lisa Hartl playing the trumpet to accompany Matthew Coons on the organ. It was wonderful to have Lisa joining us again in the service in various hymns as well. The Lenten Symbols were removed from the Cross and replaced with spring flowers by the congregation in the Festival of Flowers. Merched Dewi performed *Mae Yn Fyw* by Emyr James.

In her sermon, Rev. Liz considered that for two thousand years there has been endless speculation about what the resurrection means – what does it mean that Jesus was raised from the dead? The former Moderator, the Very Reverend Peter Short, proposes that “what we may speak of intimately is the now and here.” “Resurrection is about life” and so it is best to speak of it in the present tense and suggests that we use a verb - he would rather call it “the rising” because, “when you think of the rising and live it, you are leaving theory and crossing over into happening.” “The rising



is not the stunning accomplishment of an individual but the rebirth of a relationship across a terrible divide.” God has brought heaven to earth. Whatever our thoughts of resurrection, today we are called to be a part of the rising. We experience the rising when we dare live our lives as fully as God intended; when we can see the face of Christ in the face of the stranger and even in the face of our enemy; when we have the courage to speak out against injustice and oppression and all the powers and principalities that deny life; when we risk a life of comfort for life abundant.



Time for the Children (and the young at heart) blowing a horn to announce the Good News

The second Sunday of Easter (April 28th), is, unbeknownst to many of us, Holy Humour Sunday, as the resurrection has shown that God has the last laugh, and death is not the final word. Greek Christians started the tradition of "Bright Sunday", celebrating what early Christian theologians called the "*Risus paschalis* - the Easter laugh." Holy Humour is about remembering that good news. It is about recognizing the limits of our abilities and where the grace of God begins. The service include the Voices United hymn #245 *Praise the Lord with the Sound of the Trumpet* which is a paraphrase of Psalm 150. If you missed this service try to find a performance of this hymn on the internet.

The Editor (thanks to Lynette Jenkins and Peter Lloyd Jones for the pictures)

CONGRATULATIONS TO LYN JONES



On April 14th we celebrated Lyn Jones' 90th birthday (who would have guessed?).



IN MEMORIAM

A BOY NAMED ANDREW...

We received the message of Andrew Pollock's untimely death while on a river cruise on the Rhine. The news seemed as surreal and unbelievable as the medieval castles seen through our cabin windows. Andrew was too young to die; he still had so much to contribute to life. As I tried to absorb the shocking news, my mind turned back to earlier, happy days of Andrew's childhood at Dewi Sant. As the oldest son of Gwyneth and Roy Pollock, Andrew, like his brother David, was immersed in the life of the Sunday School. Gwyneth, his mom, was a talented pianist. With her support, the musical life of our Sunday school thrived. The 70's and 80's were times of vibrancy at Dewi Sant and attendance at Sunday school increased. Andrew attended every week and was always ready to participate in class discussions or whatever endeavour was suggested from pageants to musical shows to black light performances. Andrew was as 'bright as a penny', musically talented and unfailingly polite. His smile literally spread from ear to ear. As his Sunday school teacher for many years, Andrew always referred to me as Mrs. Cullingworth. Well into his adulthood, he would still address me in the same way. When I suggested to him that he should start using my first name, he replied, 'I just can't. You will always be Mrs. Cullingworth to me'. So, Mrs. Cullingworth I remained whenever we met. That memory and so many others of that happy time in the life of our church came flooding back when I heard the news. I remember Andrew as a tousled haired youngster (take a look at the photos of the children dressed for a Christmas pageant on the east wall as you go down the front stairs at the church), as a young teen, always willing to help, as a young adult sitting on a ministerial search committee and always doing so with the utmost of courtesy and competence. Perhaps most of all I remember Andrew as a 'son' incredibly close to and supportive of his mom, Gwyneth, and her many endeavours. Andrew went on to build a successful life with his talented wife Beth and their two girls, Emily and Rachel, to develop a successful business career and to be a treasured member of Islington United Church where he played an integral role in the life of the congregation. His band Highgate Road was active until his death (and featured in Y Gadwyn recently).

Perhaps not everyone remembers that the large bush in front of our church was planted by Merched Dewi in memory of Gwyneth Pollock 21 years ago. What perhaps you also did not know is that for all those years, Andrew and his family came every spring to plant the flowers at its base. He did so quietly each year without fanfare but as regularly as clockwork. Such was the devotion of a son to a mother.

The visitation on Sunday, April 14th and the funeral on the 15th were attended by hundreds of Andrew's friends, a true testimony to him as a husband, a father and a friend.

Yes, a boy named Andrew became a man named Andrew...and a fine man he was indeed. He will be missed but he WILL be remembered!!

Mrs. Cullingworth

For more information about Andrew and his family please see the obituary posted on Turner and Porter (turnerporter.ca/memorials).

The Editor

SALLY LEWIS



Sally and I first met when I moved to Atlanta in early 1993. I knew no one locally. During my first week in Atlanta someone told me of "a society for British women" called Daughters of the British Empire!! Such was my need to get to meet people that I joined - trying not to worry too much as to what my father (a rabid Welsh Nationalist) would say if he ever found out!!

The great news was that TWO Welsh speakers were members, one of whom was Sally. We became firm friends almost immediately and she spent as much time in my house as in her own!

Sally did not like cooking. I would call her and say "I've just made some leek soup, or Welsh cakes or bara brith" and she'd immediately interrupt with, "I'll be right over!" Likewise she loved a trip - it didn't matter to where. I would call and ask "Wyt ti'n moyn dod gyda fi i...." and she'd jump in with "Ydw" (Do you want She was just so happy to accompany me to wherever I was going. We took some fun trips together - including one to Yellowstone National Park. Sally would be gung-ho to go anywhere - as long as I did the driving.

Through Sally I found out about the Atlanta Welsh Society, which, of course, I joined immediately. It became a big part of my life and our house was great for the society's parties and choir practices. Sally did have one complaint about me (quite justified) in that I always forgot her birthday! I knew her 70th was looming, and I also knew I'd better not forget that one. But it had to be a surprise. Huw Williams (a past president) suggested I call an urgent meeting of past presidents to discuss some burning issue (I forget what). Of course, everyone was invited - with instructions not to turn up at our house until after Sally had arrived. Into the kitchen she came with a long face and when asked what the problem was she replied, "Ti 'di anghofio'n benblwydd i eto a wi'n 70 heddi." (You've forgotten my birthday again and I'm 70 today). So I apologized profusely - and then everyone arrived! A huge success.

My proudest memory however is when she and Vaughan met at NAFoW in Buffalo in 2004. They immediately "clicked" and when it was time for their wedding here in Dewi Sant I was delighted to be Sally's "flower girl"!! Of late, unfortunately, ill health had caught up with her and she was a shadow of her former self. Yes, I will miss her very, very much, but am so grateful for the fun times we did have together and for her support of me when I needed it the most. Diolch, Sally. Ro't ti'n ffrind ardderchog ac fe geson ni lot o hwyl a sbri 'da'n gilydd.

Hefina Phillips

Sally passed away on April 23. Vaughan, who with Sally, were active and involved members of Dewi Sant, survives her. She is also survived by her seven (step) children in Canada and the USA. Condolences can be sent to Vaughan Lewis, Victoria Manor, 220 Angeline St. S. #103, Lindsay, ON, K9V 0J8. Vaughan and Sally have kindly asked that donations in her name may be sent to Dewi Sant Church. Vaughn and Sally gave me a lift to church when we both lived on the waterfront, and sat in the pew behind us. We miss their presence.

The Editor

IRENE FIELD

Irene Field passed away on April 6. She was pre-deceased by beloved husband Ed, daughter Jackie and son Jonathan and is survived by her daughter Bernice Field, several grandchildren and great grandchildren. A memorial service was held at St. James Presbyterian Church, in Stouffville, on May 4th. Irene and Ed are remembered by many people in Dewi Sant as they participated in a

There were also several "home grown" items, such as a song of welcome to the choir by Mairwen Thornley, songs by Merched Dewi, Merched Ottawa, Meriel Simpson, Sheryl Clay, to name but a few. Alan Thomas played a solo on the piano. A great start to the weekend. As usual Saturday was busy, busy, busy, starting with the AGM, presided over by Meriel Simpson.



Aled Wyn Davies and Aled Griffiths



Mairwen Thornley singing a solo to the choir at the Nosen Lawen

We were delighted to welcome Christine McSorley to the Board of directors. Vice President is Dr. Geraint Lewis of Ottawa. Meriel remains as President for another year. After the AGM there was a Welsh workshop for beginners, immediately followed by Welsh movies, arranged by Alison Lawson and facilitated by David Jeans.



Meriel Simpson - the President of OGGA



Menna Griffiths - the choir's accompanist

The winner of this year's Gold Award was Donna Morris. Her many achievements were lauded and after Alison Lawson presented Donna with the Award, Donna was serenaded by Merched Dewi and greeted by her friend Sheryl Clay. Well done, Donna. The Award was truly deserved.

Donna Morris with her Gold Award



Then on to St Andrew's First United Church for a musical feast. What a beautiful church - and the acoustics are superb. As stated previously, but cannot be over-emphasized, the choir was excellent and everyone commented on how much they enjoyed the concert. They got a standing ovation in the middle of the concert! Diolch o galon, fechgyn.

Aled Myrddin, conductor, leading the singing of the choir in "Bui Doi" from "Miss Saigon".

On Sunday morning we shared the service with the congregation of St Andrews's First United and were welcomed warmly by their minister, Rev. Michelle Down. Our president, Rev Meriel Simpson, introduced the service and an inspirational sermon was delivered by our own Rev Dr Cerwyn Davies. Aled Myrddin introduced the hymns and led the singing with gusto. Along with our own Alan Thomas at the organ, the wonderful acoustics, Aled's enthusiastic conducting and the splendid backing of Côr Meibion Machynlleth, it was a Gymanfa to remember.

A huge "thank you" to everyone who worked so hard to make the Festival such a success. It certainly was a weekend to remember.

Hefina Phillips

Thanks to Lynette Jenkins for the pictures of the Festival (except for the picture of Donna Morris).
The Editor

STUCK IN A RUT? FIND YOURSELF – AND ADVENTURE – IN WALES, THE U.K.'S OVERLOOKED GEM

The Globe and Mail devoted their Saturday travel section (April 27) to exciting things to do in Wales. So read it for the next trip if you want to do more than walking or attending the Eisteddfod. Domini Clark, their Travel Editor, wrote that *“When I tell people that I’m obsessed with Wales, they assume I mean whales. That makes sense. After all, which seems more likely: that I would be infatuated with some of the world’s most magnificent creatures, or with a small country that many folks a) have never heard of or b) assume is an odd part of England? But yes, it’s the land of dragons that has captured my heart.*



Riders can reach speeds of up to 160 kilometres an hour on the Velocity 2 zipline. over the abandoned Penrhyn Quarry

Some of the activities she mentions in her article include:

- Bounce Below, a multilayered trampoline park built into an old slate mine in North Wales
- Velocity 2, the world’s fastest zipline. which sends four people at a time zooming 500 feet over the abandoned Penrhyn Quarry; riders can reach speeds of up to 160 kilometres an hour as they fly, Superman style.
- the Pembrokeshire Coast Path with 300 kilometres winding through one of Wales’s three national parks, from St Dogmaels to Amroth, tracing the spectacular coastline of the Celtic Sea.
- coasteering – essentially jumping off cliffs and being sloshed about in open water - it has its origins as an organized activity in Pembrokeshire
- Waterfall Country in South Wales for a morning of canyoning (a.k.a. gorge walking)

DONATIONS TO Y GADWYN OR HOW ABOUT EMAIL?

Please contact the Editor if you wish to receive Y Gadwyn by email. If you want to keep using paper we are also looking for donations to cover the postage. Thanks very much to Olwen Dunets for recent donations.

Please send all donations payable to Dewi Sant Welsh United Church (with a note it is for Y Gadwyn) addressed to the church Secretary, Dewi Sant Welsh United Church, 33 Melrose Avenue, Toronto, M5M 1Y6.

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Please send in your contributions by May 28 which is the cut-off date for submissions to the next issue.