



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the
Toronto Welsh Community

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Greetings:

What a glorious autumn it has been, with late summer extended into mid-October. The colourful profusion of flowers and the aroma and texture of fresh fruits and vegetables reflect the wonderful extravagance of God's creation.

We have celebrated thanksgiving with songs on our lips and gratitude in our hearts. We are in-between-times with the season of Advent not yet, but not far ahead of us. It is a time of the year when the activity life within our churches approaches a crescendo. At Dewi Sant the ladies of the U.C.W. are preparing their contributions for their bazaar on November 9, 2002. The JNAC has almost finished its work. Lots of interest in the upcoming search for a Welsh speaking minister. It is an exciting time in the life of our congregation. It is also a time for healing and growth within our community. The past number of months have been painful and divisive. Now it is time to become a people of God in solidarity with one another. Dewi Sant needs all of us - everyone's voice is important as we shape together the future life and ministry of our church.

I continue to feel a sense of privilege in my role as your minister at this time. May the God of Jesus Christ continue to journey with us giving us support and challenging us on our way.

Rev. Dr. Larry Beech Phd.

Life is not meaningful, unless it is serving an end beyond itself; unless it is of value to someone else. There's wisdom in knowing what you don't know. It might inspire you to take a course, read a book, go into therapy, or explore unfamiliar territory.

Each man must look to himself to teach him the meaning of life. It is not something discovered it is something moulded.

Trust in life and it will teach you, in joy and sorrow, all you need to know.

Find a song, or a CD, with a message that inspires you. When your thinking is muddled, turn it on, turn up the volume---- and boogie till the fog clears.

Dewi Sant United Church Women

The United Church Women held it's election night on October 22nd. Christine Bailey is the new president. Congratulations and best wishes. The executives are as follows: Vice president, Wendy Van Der Voort. Treasurer Elizabeth Stroud, Secretary Arleigh Quesnelle, Corresponding Secretary, Lucille Harris, (also, acting Past President). Members at large, Myfanwy Bajaj, Donna Morris, Catherine Otley, Trish Stevenson, and Jean Thompson (Programme Convenor.)

Dates to remember are:

November 9th - Annual Bazaar: This is one of our biggest fundraisers. It includes crafts, books, Welsh table, white elephant, baking, preserves, oils and vinegars and a silent auction. There will be a tearoom and also Welsh cakes being baked on the spot..

November 26th - Advent Service.

POETRY FROM THE HEART

BARDDONIAITH O'R GALON

If God Should go On Strike

It's just a good thing that God above has never gone on STRIKE
Because he wasn't treated fair on things he didn't like.
If he had once sat down and said, "That's it, I'm through
I've had enough of those on Earth, so this is what I'll do.
I'll give my orders to the Sun, cut off your heat supply,
And to the moon, Give no more light and run the oceans dry.
Then, just to make it really tough and put the pressure on,
Turn off the "Air and Oxygen" till every breath is gone.
Do you know he'd be justified if fairness, was the game,
For no one has been more abused or treated with distain than GOD.
And yet He carries on supplying you and me
With all the Favour of his Grace and everything for free
Men say they want a better deal and so on STRIKE they go,
But what a deal we've given God whom everything we owe.
We don't care who we hurt or harm to gain the things we like.
But what a mess we'd all be in, if GOD should go on STRIKE.

Submitted By Ruth Hughes.

The Saint David's Society of Toronto

Saturday, 23rd. November at 7.30: A light –hearted, fun concert at Dewi Sant featuring Sheryl Clay and The Blues Busters. Proceeds will go to Dewi Sant and The Saint David's Society. For details contact Myfanwy or Marjorie Williams.

Memories of Childhood ----- Atgofion Mebyd

Early Memories,

My birthplace, Cwmbran, was a small village in the early 1920's, very unlike the bustling town it now has become. I remember well my early school days in the "Mixed Infants". I'd been sent to school well wrapped up for the inclement weather, a thick flannel scarf would be crossed over the chest and pinned at the back. Leather button-up gaiters, wool-gabardine coat or a Mackintosh with matching So' wester. The village school had fireplaces in each classroom and we were allowed to hang our wet mitts and gloves on the brass rail of the wire fireguard. Thus the classrooms were permeated with a pungent wet woolly smell.

The economic depression of the 20's and 30's hit South Wales very hard. My father was offered a job in London, so when I was about seven years old we moved to South London the first cultural shock of my young life! I had some difficulty making myself understood in my new L.C.C. school. I soon found that Daps were Plimsolls, (gym shoes), Mammy became Mum. We found that we had traded the wet weather of the Valley for the thick yellow pea soup fogs of London. Clean Fuel had yet to be discovered.

At the weekends we would visit the sights of London. My Father bought a second hand Morris Minor car. He asked a neighbour, a London Bus driver if he would teach him to drive. I remember the neighbour saying, "don't call me Mr. Heath, call me Fred- like the stuff you put froo needoos"--- A bit of depreciating Cockney humour. Evidently I too had picked up a South London accent. During visits to my grandparents in the Afon Valley, again I had difficulty in making myself understood.

In the summer, parents, small brothers and myself would pack into the tiny car for the annual visit to Wales. Petrol was ten pence per gallon and there were no motorways. Father would drive through South London past the astonishing Crystal Palace, through Reading and on to the new Oxford bypass. By the time we got to Ross-On-Wye I was usually carsick. A lady in the tea shop, there suggested I had some Schweppes Tonic Water, My parents were doubtful as they said it contained quinine. However, it did the trick, and I've liked it ever since.

The early 30's were memorable for the many Hunger Marches to Westminster. We would see the men marching under a banner and singing. They were the unfortunate unemployed from South Wales, Tyneside and Scotland. They would be labelled as demonstrators today. In those days they were called marchers and they brought their grievances to Westminster with quiet and orderly dignity.

My Mother moved back to Wales in the mid sixties. My brothers and I still have a strong affinity to Wales. Dylan Thomas, like us was a "London Welsh" for some years. He too knew something about hiraeth

“I know that I am home again because I feel just as I felt when I was not at home, only more so. And still are the harps and whippets on the castled and pitheaded hills.”

Well, no more pitheads Dylan.

Submitted by Francis H Silburn.

A Canterbury Tale

The most Rev. Rowan Williams has been chosen as the 104th Archbishop of Canterbury, the first such appointment from outside the Church of England since the Reformation. At 52, Dr. Williams is the youngest incumbent in modern times and will hold his new position until he must retire at 70.

Born in Swansea, his family were Chapel-goers who switched to an Anglican church after moving house when he was 12. Educated at Dynevor Secondary School and Christ College, Cambridge where he met his wife, Jane, daughter of the then Bishop of Bradford, and now a lecturer at Trinity College, Bristol. After gaining his 1st class degree in Theology he moved to Oxford to study Russian religious thought. He later returned to Cambridge to lecture on Christian doctrine.

In 1986, aged 36, he became the youngest Professor of Divinity at Oxford. In 1991 he returned to Wales as Bishop of Monmouth and in 2000 was enthroned as Archbishop of Wales.

Politically he describes himself as a “hairy lefty” in the spirit of Wm. Morris rather than Marx. Fluent in 5 languages he has been described as having a commanding intellect and an inspirational thinker, sympathetic to a wide range of interests. He is High Church, bearded, and looks good in cope and mitre- “like a Celtic Saint who stepped out of a stained glass window” in the words of one observer.

At this year’s national Eisteddfod he was inducted into a Druidic Order and then accused by conservative evangelics of flirting with paganism. He takes office as the Church of England faces a crisis in terms of severe ideological divisions within its clergy at a time when more people in the U.K. are said to attend weekly services in a Mosque rather than in an Anglican Church.

Submitted by J. V. Lewis.

A Word To The Wise - Leave it To The Professionals

To remove dust from the eye, pull the eyelid down over the nose. (awch!)

For a nosebleed, put nose much lower than the body until the heart stops.

To prevent contraception wear a condominium.

For drowning, climb on top of the person and move up and down to make artificial perspiration.

A Ghost Tour Of Wales

Legends abound in Wales- a country that has seen a brutal and bloody history. Vikings, witches, the Civil War, the Industrial Revolution all came and went, but not before leaving their legends. Most ghost stories are connected with castles.

The old ruined castle of Boverton has its own black lady who wanders miserably within its walls. She is thought to be Hadwisa the first wife of King John, whom he had divorced. However later when he was trying to escape from some angry baron, he sought refuge with her at Boverton castle. He hid here with her for some considerable time.

She is still seen amongst the ruins dressed in black, almost as if in mourning, with her long flowing hair reaching down to her waist.

She is not apparently an evil or frightening ghost, simply a very sad one.

From Ysbrydion Cymru.

Submitted by Olwen Dunets.

Cod In The Act

Pity the poor drivers of Llanelli, Carmarthen Shire. They are under persecution for finding an excellent way of running their cars cheaply. Instead of using diesel at 74p a litre, they have been filling up with a mixture of cooking oil at 32p a litre, and methanol. The discovery not only halves the fuel bills; it also produces a pleasant smell as the oil becomes cooked in the cars' engines. Llanelli motorists should be congratulated for their resourcefulness and for the pleasant whiff of gently frying oil that they are pumping into the Dyfed air. Indeed the town and county has never smelled better.

Instead they are under attack from authorities for dodging fuel duty. Once the police, nostrils twitching, have tracked down the fragrant but suspicious- smelling cars, they have been impounding them and fining the owners 500 pounds plus 150 pounds towing fee. Persistent offenders could face up to seven years in jail! Depressingly, **ASDA**, Tesco's biggest, local superstore rival, has volunteered its staff as "custom agents," on the lookout for customers making bulk purchases of cooking oil at the Llanelli branch.

One employee said in a tv interview that he thought it a bit odd that a young couple should be buying 100 litres of cooking oil each week. Another young man said that he was very careful to filter his wife's chip fat to get any chips out of the oil before putting it in his car!

The AA has warned of engine damage caused by this new sweet smelling Welsh fuel. However tests in Germany—where they are more progressive in promoting greener, renewable fuels—show that a VW Polo recently came through a 100,000 km test.

J. V.Lewis.

Many Thanks to This Month's Contributors

Bonnie and Gwyn Roberts, Richard T Jones, Patricia and Clive Mason, Doreen Bray, Peter Williams (Waterloo), Megan and Vaughan Lewis, Robert and Olwen Whiffin (Rockwood,) Ruth Hughes, Wanda Sweet, Myfanwy and Ram Bajaj, Marjorie and Tony Williams, Marie Hillier, Trevor and Eurwen Jones, Myfanwy Williams Owen, Carolyn Lewis and Dorothy Wilson.

Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau Land Of My Fathers

Here are some more names to the Welsh Hall of Fame:

Augustus John,---Artist. Ivor Novello---Music Dame Edith Evans, Gwen Ffrancon Davies, Ruth and Philip Madox--- Actors, Aneurin Bevin ---Politics, Sir Clough Williams Ellis--- Architect/Designer, W.H. Davies and Wilfred Owen---Poets, Iriis Gower and Ken Follet Authors.

Signed — One of the girls

Welsh Further A Field-----Or-----Polishing Up The Welsh Connection

The pleasures and pains of learning Welsh, the constant questioning of identity and culture---This post---lecture pub conversation was the same as wherever students of Wales' ancient language get together. Except these students are not Welsh, and the town is not in Wales---but, rather, the distinguished university town of Lublin in South Eastern Poland!

For around two decades the Catholic University of Lublin, where Karol Wojtyla taught before he became Pope, has taught Welsh alongside the more usual courses of British and American literature. By now hundreds of Polish students have studied the language and literature of Wales along with those of Ireland, as part of their understanding of the culture of the British Isle. Many have visited Wales in pursuit of their studies.

Welsh Lecturer, Aled Llion from Rhandir Mwyn is in his fourth year in Lublin. Now a fluent Polish speaker, he explained how it all came into being. It all began in Communist times. At that time the university was very much an island of 'free thinking,' and it was nice to think of teaching Celtic languages as part of 'Western orientation.'

Any student who chooses English has to learn at least one Celtic language for two years. Students enjoy the Celtic languages as they are seen to be exotic. Everyone has heard of Tolkien, and learning the languages gives them an insight into the linguistic background of his work. Tolkien of course drew inspiration from Welsh legends such as the Mabinogion.

Recently Lublin has played host to several Celtic events: The British Council- sponsored festival has included a lecture on post devolution literature in Wales, A Welsh, Irish and Polish symposium and readings by visiting Welsh poets.

Many students come to Lublin because Celtic languages are available. Certainly, the large numbers attending the festival, and the enthusiasm of the students for Celtic matters, seem to assure that Lublin will continue to provide a window on **Wales** for future generations to come.

Submitted by Francis Silburn.

Life is but a brief span of time

Life is but a brief span of time
Knocking on the door of eternity.
A fragile moment caught in the gossamer silk,
As dew of the morning is caught,
By the web of a tiny spider.
As the warmth of the sun banishes the dew,
To some world unseen.
So life is banished by ever evolving time,
To a dimension beyond our imaging.

Jean Marie Murray 1998.

KITCHEN CORNER

CORNEL Y GEGIN

Pumpkin Pie. -----Pastau Pwmpien

This is a typical old Welsh recipe as handed down through the generations. There are no measurements except those gauged by tasting. This recipe is from the Gwaun Valley. I could not get anyone to give me any more details as the pie has, “always been made this way.” After a couple of tries the flavour will adjust itself! It is quite different to the pie filling available in Canada.

Ingredients:

- 1) Pumpkin, 2) Brown sugar, 3) Ginger powder 4) Cloves, (powder will do.)
5) Sultanas. 4) Your favourite Pie Crust.

Method:

Slice the pumpkin “flesh” quite thinly.
Put the pastry in the bottom of a deep pie dish.
Arrange the pumpkin in a layer to cover the pastry.
Sprinkle brown sugar liberally over the pumpkin.
Lightly dust with ginger powder. Add some sultanas.
Scatter several cloves on top (be sparing).
Repeat this process until you have the makings of a good pie.
Place the pastry over the top, brush with beaten egg or milk and put two slits in it.
Bake the pie in a moderate oven. Test with a knife blade to see if the pumpkin is done.

M.

Just a bit of Humour

Let's face it—English is a crazy language---Part Two.

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|---|--|
| 1) The bandage was wound around the wound. | 2) The farm was used to produce produce. |
| 3) The dump was so full they had to refuse more refuse. | 4) We must polish the Polish furniture. |
| 5) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert. | 6) When shot at the dove dove into the bush. |
| 7) After a number of injections my jaw got number. | 8) I did not object to the object. |

A Message from the Committee of Stewards To our “Gadwyn” Readers.

As we approach the end of another year it is time to thank, again, all those who have helped to cover the costs of production and postage of “Y Gadwyn”. Many of you also contribute generously each month to ensure the continued existence of Dewi Sant.

The letters that often accompany your donations, particularly from those readers who live far afield, confirm how much enjoyment is received from each issue.

On a sombre note, this is also the time when your Stewards review Members' offerings for the current year; regrettably, there are those who have yet to contribute. However, we know from experience that some will soon make their customary year—end donation. Not all will do so and we must now advise these readers that unless an appropriate donation is made by November 30/02 we will reluctantly conclude that you no longer wish to receive future copies of our newsletter.

J. V. Lewis Chair. Committee of Stewards.

From The Mail Bag.....

Margaret Frampton wrote a wonderful letter, full of memories and reminiscences.

Margaret begins by talking about parachute packers of long ago:-

“I wish to acknowledge some of the parachute packers, beginning of course with grandmother and our mother-“Mom and “Mum.” Mom who was badly crippled with rheumatism, helped me with homework, made sure that I read aloud properly. She had been a milliner and made me a hat for my Easter Beauty doll. Mom was the one who introduced me to crossword puzzles and letter writing. She is the one that taught me comparison shopping when she used the big catalogue from Eaton’s Mail Order in New Brunswick. Her main contact with the outside world was the Montreal Daily star and it’s columnist Margaret Currie’s Mail. She wrote letters to this column and also to our aunt and uncle in Michigan. Lux Flakes had to be used for washing black woollen stockings, and they had to be rinsed out thoroughly, three times in cool water—how things have changed!

Mum insisted that I took music lessons and then changed to singing because I made too many mistakes. My next special teacher was in grade five, in a school of ten grades. The first five teachers were women and the others were men. Some were World War 1 veterans. Miss MacMillan had arthritis, her legs were immovable, but you’d never forget her multiplication tables! The next memorable teacher was Miss Hugh at the Prince of Wales College. Her ankles were also riddled with arthritis. She taught Physics and studied privately for a further degree. Sadly she passed away at a young age. All through the years there were good teachers.

Following my school days I trained as a nurse and like many others I joined the services when World War 2 started. I was privileged to serve with, an army based hospital from Montreal, in England and Italy. In London I saw Ivor Novello’s “Dancing Years,” the music, of which I’ve never forgotten.

After so many memories, I’d better get on with what I had to tell you. The article, “Salem,”--- I’d seen the picture and heard the story at one of the Welsh Heritage weeks. Thank you for including it in Y Gadwyn. Margaret shared many other memories that I’ll include at another time. Diolch yn fawr .

Richard (Dick Trevor) Jones writes the following,

In memory of friends from Peterborough who have passed on:- Robin Williams, Ed Reid, Ritchie Edwards, Gwilym Hughes. Many thanks for Y Gadwyn. I read it from cover to cover and enjoy it very much. I am enclosing a little gift. I wish that it could be more. I was born in Caernarfon in 1911. I am in my 92nd year. Best wishes and God Bless, Richard.

Richard sent a lovely post card of Llyn Padarn and Mount Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales. He writes that, at the foot of Snowdon is the town of Llanberis and the church of St. Padarn.

Thank you once again for your contributions. With Christmas around the corner I'm sure there are many memories that could be shared and recipes that could be handed down. Diolch Myfanwy.

Date of the next Gadwyn Deadline is November 10th. Please send all contributions to Dewi Sant Office or to myfanwybajaj@hotmail.com

Thanks to Tara Siân Bajaj- Freemantle for technical help.

Dewi Sant Calendar of Events - 2002

The community of Dewi Sant Welsh United Church will meet Sundays at 11 a.m. for worship. Sunday School is scheduled to take place every Sunday morning at the regular time.

Welsh Language Services are held at 7pm on the first Sunday of every month. The next one is on Sunday November 3rd with the Reverend Norman Jones preaching.

Sunday December 1st will be the Welsh language Christmas service with the Reverend Dr. Cerwyn Davies preaching and Merched Dewi singing.

Up Coming Events:

St. David's Society Annual Banquet: March 1st. 2003.

Ontario Gymanfa Ganu: Stratford, Ontario, April 25-27 2003.

North American Festival of Wales: Featuring the 72nd Annual Gymanfa Ganu. Richmond, (Vancouver) B.C. August 28-31 2003: This festival promises to be excellent. Side trips are being arranged to Whistler. Olde World Victoria on Vancouver Island, an Alaskan Luxury Cruise and a West Coast Adventure. Dunvent Male Voice choir, Jason Howard, Ysgol Gerdd Ceredigion are but a few of the Headliners.-----Details available upon request. Myfanwy.

Curtains For Welsh B and B's

Wales is to become the first part of the U.K. where all B and B's must be licensed. The Welsh Tourist Board claims that "in order to compete on the global stage in terms of quality of the accommodation being offered," to Wales' 13 million annual visitors, all such establishments must be registered and meet a stringent list of requirements. There, will of course be an annual fee yet to be determined.

Enforcing the new system is expected to be a problem-----Will it be enforced by the police, or yet, even more civil servants? Weary travellers might still spend a pleasant night in an unlicensed Farmhouse, IF THEY GET IT FOR FREE.

Submitted by Megan Lewis.