



Y GADWYN

(The Link)

News of the Toronto Welsh Community

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Dewi Sant Welsh United Church
33 Melrose Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. M5M 1Y6

From the Minister's Desk

Summer is over... here in southern Ontario it seems to have ended literally overnight. The swallows that had built nests all over my neighbourhood (including my own house) decided on the last weekend in August that it was time to head south, as did the robins and all other song birds. Now all I hear is the honking of geese from the pond in the nearby conservation area.

How quickly things change! And how quickly the slow life of summer has turned back to the routines of fall. And now it is Thanksgiving already.

We have been so richly blessed in this country, even though at the moment the dominant voices seem to be those of doom-and-gloom prophets. The markets are going up and down, unemployment remains high, whole countries are in danger of not being able to pay their debts. The dreaded "R" word remains unspoken but seems to be on the minds of bankers and economists.

Yet Christians are a people of promise and of hope. Despite seeming odds, we keep holding onto the Biblical vision of a community where just social relations are practiced and of a world in which God's peace will prevail. Jesus' message two thousand years ago and still today for his followers opens up the possibility of a different future, one of justice and peace, where the fruits of the earth and the fruits of our labours are shared equitably. The Gospel reading for this Thanksgiving Sunday speaks of ten people being healed by Jesus, only one of whom returns, falls at Jesus' feet and says "thank you." The other nine go off to show the priests (who were responsible for such things) that they had been made clean. Jesus, in turn, invites the prostrate man to get up, because "you faith has made you well."

It is our faith in God's good and gracious will for God's creation that will keep us well even in troublous times. And as we celebrate Thanksgiving we give thanks to God for keeping us well.

I want to leave my readers this month with a **Franciscan Blessing** which comes to us from St. Mark's Episcopal Church in in St. Louis, Missouri:

May God bless you with discomfort at easy answers, half truths and superficial relationships, so that you may live deep within your hearts. Amen.

May God bless you with anger at injustice, oppression and exploitation of people, so that you may work for justice, freedom and peace. Amen.

May God bless you with tears to shed for those who suffer from pain, rejection, starvation and war, so that you may reach out your hand to comfort them and to turn their pain into joy. Amen.

May God bless you with enough foolishness to believe that you can make a difference in this world, so that you can do what others claim cannot be done. Amen.

And the Blessing of God who creates, redeems and makes holy be upon you and all you love and pray for this day and forever more. Amen. Peace,

Eilert Frerichs,

defrocked, then doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted models deposed dry cleaners would be depressed

MEYRICK BROWN follows the career of Rt. Rev Dr Cerwyn Davies, brought up in the Pembrokeshire hills.

The boy from Castlebythe

Almost 84 years ago a baby boy was born to Hugh and Gertrude Davies at the small farm known as Penbanc, near the village of Castlebythe in north Pembrokeshire.

Named Cerwyn, he was their third son and one of four children.

He was a studious little lad, keen to learn and this was evident when -after moving with his parents a few miles away to live at the Tufton Arms when he was 10 years of age -he gained admission to Haverfordwest Grammar School for Boys from the little primary school which he had attended at Carnwchwrn, located between Tufton and Maenclochog.

With no school buses in those days he had to obtain lodgings for six nights each week in Haverfordwest some 10 miles distant –in those days school had to be attended on Saturday mornings as well.

Later, after successfully gaining admission to and completing a course at the Carmarthen Theological College, he qualified to become a Welsh Congregational Minister and was ordained at Capel y Glyn, Glynneath.

Cerwyn recalls some of the social activities nearer home where he had become a member at Siloh Chapel, Tufton. The singing festivals and eisteddfodau together with summer outings to the seaside and seasonal pleasure fairs at Maenclochog, Puncheston and Letterston. It was during these years that he had met up with Nora, a daughter of Oliver and Jane Luke of Summerton East Farm, near Little Newcastle.

Nora had herself done well in her education and graduated as a teacher serving various local primary schools before becoming Headteacher at Llawhaden.

The couple was married at Smyrna Baptist Chapel, Puncheston in 1954 and Cerwyn progressed to serve the pastorates at Horeb, Loughor and at Tabernacle, Haverfordwest where he followed Howell Davies of Prendergast, and a man who had become known as the "Apostle of Pembrokeshire."

Early in his ministry Cerwyn accepted an invitation for a three month exchange with a minister in Chicago, Illinois and from this he was bitten by a bug to spread his wings farther.

On their return trip from Chicago they chose to detour via Ontario in Canada and to research the opportunities that might await them.

Finding members of the Canadian churches very welcoming and courteous the decision was not difficult and in 1963 they left Tabernacle -a Chapel with a membership of almost 250.

Now with two young sons, they took on the living of the United Church of Canada at Grand Valley, an agricultural area not unlike Pembrokeshire some 85 miles north west of Toronto.

Later moves were to Brantford (notably home of the Cockshutt tractors and ploughs) and then to 14 happy years at Dewi Sant Welsh United Church, Toronto –now the only Welsh church in Canada.

Although Churches and Chapels in Canada cannot boast of the large families who attend religious services as in the United States, it was still not unusual for 600- 700 adults to attend a service and to welcome more than 500 supporters of the Sunday school.

Around a century ago more than 100,000 Welsh people sailed to a new home across the Atlantic and this led to at least 604 Welsh churches in Canada –today 40,000 people in Toronto and 176,000 in Canada as a whole claim Welsh ancestry.

Although Cerwyn and Nora re-visited Pembrokeshire as often as other calls on their time allowed, they chose, in 2006, to return to Pembrokeshire for a longer stay and Cerwyn made a pledge to assist a group of six small Welsh chapels for a period of about three years. On 18 October that year, before a congregation numbering over 200 gathered at Tabernacl, Maenclochog he was again "inducted" as minister of six Independent churches in the Prescelly area: Brynberian., Cana, Felindre Farchog., Ebeneser, Newport., Gideon, Dinas Cross., Llandeilo Chapel and Tabernacl, Maenclochog.

During the service the congregation sang a hymn composed for the occasion by national poet Eirwyn George -Cerwyn's cousin, a message of greetings from the Dewi Sant United Welsh Church, Toronto was read and the children and young people of Brynberian and the Maenclochog area were said to have "presented musical items in a polished and joyous manner".

The years have passed and that undertaking is now complete. When I called at their little bungalow in Haverfordwest in mid July they were packed and ready to return to their adopted home in Stratford, Ontario. The furniture had already gone, the flights booked and only a few personal items left to gather together.

What a remarkable couple: Cerwyn –to give him his full title, Rt. Rev Dr Cerwyn Davies, BA., BD., Ph.D., K.St.G. has other claims to fame. "The boy from Castlebythe" also holds academic degrees from universities in Wales, England, Canada and the USA. He is a worthy past President of the Welsh National Cymanfa Ganu Association of North America, Past President of the Ontario Cymanfa Ganu Association, Canada, a member of the Gorsedd, vice-President of Wales International, a Paul Harris fellow (the highest honour awarded by Rotary International), former leader of Cymru a'r Byd (Wales and the World) and an International motivational speaker, poet, humorist and, he claims "totally in love with the best of Welsh culture".

What of Cerwyn and Nora's sons?

Geraint Wyn dropped out of college when studying for an economics degree and has since become a major tv personality and leading Shakespearian actor for over 20 years regularly performing at Ontario's Stratford theatres, New York's Lincoln Centre, Los Angeles and at Washington DC's Shakespeare theatre.

Businessman Emyr Wyn is a bush pilot in Thailand during the summer and over the winter months runs a large sailing enterprise from Vancouver.

Of Haverfordwest, his "home" town Cerwyn says "After 43 years of living full time in Canada, the town has seen many changes, but the old fish and chip shops still stand on the same corners, and the Palace Cinema still draws a crowd on Saturday nights!".

Their future plans?

When they return to Ontario in mid August Nora says "For the time being we will retain both our home in Toronto and our cottage in the Kawarthas, and will spend the summer months in Ontario -apart of course from visits to our grand children in California and British Columbia. We shall also return to Wales from time to time to visit family".

Freemason Rev A Causton said "As I sit at the computer and write this message, my thoughts go back to the wonderful Divine Service that our Rameses Chaplain Rev. Dr. Cerwyn Davies conducted on Sunday, 15 April 2007. It was one of the most inspiring and up-lifting

were no good for these, as they just grew in their own little magic circles at their choice of time and place. They appeared one day, but they were gone by next morning, and gathering mushrooms meant long walks, keen eyes, and a strong back, and perseverance. Competition among pickers was fierce. It was not unusual to come across twenty or more gatherers during a morning's walk, some with full baskets, and others with nothing. Success in this area brought many admirers, but failure brought contempt, helped just a little bit by the thought of getting up a little bit earlier next day.

Most homes in the village had back gardens, and each one had its little rows of carrots, parsnips, turnips, peas, broad beans, plus radish, lettuce, mustard, cress, and so on, but my favourite was the kidney bean, I still remember everything about them from the planting to the eating. The planting had to be done on a dry day, with just the right amount of manure added to each row. Sticks for support could be cut at any time, and many were often used year after year, but it was very important that they were available when needed. When the plants showed above ground, the sticks would be strategically placed so that each plant had its personal stick to climb as it grew. Then the scarlet flowers started blooming, and from them came the beans. The next days were extremely painful, waiting for the beans to come to maturity, but they finally did, and heaven was a little bit closer. Each bean was individually cut at the correct diagonal before being put in a saucepan with just the right amount of water and the exact amount of salt, boiled to perfection, served on a plate and brushed with butter, and then eaten. And heaven was there. There were also potatoes. Some were grown in back gardens, some were grown in farmers' fields, and some were grown in Giltar's Grove. Those grown in back gardens were common enough and served everyone well. Those grown in farmers' fields were better, and these were the result of co-operation between farmers and local men who helped farmers at hay-making time. Participating farmers ploughed a large field, opened up rows to which they added manure, and then local men planted their own seed potatoes. These were then covered by the farmers, opened at harvesting time, and then the men who "owned" a row or two would come along, usually with family members, to pick the potatoes. This is the time when I learned the difference between various kinds of potatoes - Aran Pilot, Sharps Express and the like. All of these were great potatoes, and were taken home to be stored, usually in 50 lb bags, with enough to last several months. And then there were the potatoes from Giltar's Grove. During the war years I attended County School, and each spring students were offered the opportunity to take some days off to help with the year's new potato harvest. Transportation to the fields and back was provided, free milk was supplied, and participants received a couple of pennies and a bag of potatoes per day for their work. The place of choice was Giltar's Grove, which was located in a truly beautiful part of the South Pembrokeshire coast, and the potatoes that were grown there were, without any shadow of doubt, the best the world had to offer. I know that to be the truth, because my friends and I were there to enjoy them. A day in the sun working on the harvest had its true reward in a magnificent end product, which was enjoyed year after year by thousands of people. Every potato grown elsewhere lost something when compared with the Pembrokeshire New Potato.

From the time I entered primary school until the time I left my village to enter the cruel world of seeking employment in the county town; many memories have stayed with me. The changes that happened over the years were shared with my friends as we were always together for large parts of our daily lives, school days and holidays alike. We sometimes had truly desperate fights, with cricket bats used to defend attacks from thorn bushes. Some fights were so bad that they lasted as long as twenty minutes, but in the end all was forgotten. No blows were landed, no blood was spilt, and no one boasted of winning or felt they had lost. Strangely enough, we never visited each others' homes but we never had to knock on a door to find one of our friends. We instinctively just knew where everyone else was at any time of the day we knew what was going on today just as we knew what would happen tomorrow with hardly a word needing to be spoken - we were friends.

When we were old enough to wander around the village on our own, we soon realized that life had a lot more to offer than we could see at home. One of the areas of interest which just grew in importance as we got older was the north's combined fish and chips shop/ice cream parlour/billiard hall. The complex was owned and operated by a very determined, but very friendly couple. Their fish and chips shop had a few tables, but most of the business was take-out, and on every night but Sundays, the male owner could be seen (and heard whistling) as he rode his bicycle making deliveries all over the village. Our family were able to partake once in a while, and such occasions would be like Christmas dinner and birthday party put together. Their fish and chips matched our own kidney beans for taste and flavour. The second part of their business, ice cream, was in the same top class. Home-made soft ice cream, vanilla flavour only, sold in cornets. Large and small, wafers of various thicknesses, and the pride of South Wales - the "thruppeny ninety-nine", which was the thickest wafer with a bar of chocolate in the middle. I never tasted a "thruppeny ninety-nine". In fact, I never even saw one, but one of my friends told me that he had heard that his father's uncle had once bought one, and that this man agreed with what everyone else said about it. Somehow we never found out what it was that everyone else had said. As far as I was concerned, I so enjoyed the small cone that I once had that I was unable to eat any other ice cream for years. I still have no use for the many flavours that are available today, and I know that if I order vanilla flavour I will regret it, so I now content myself with chocolate flavour.

The third part, the billiard hall, was a place that I was not allowed to enter for a long time. The "hall" was actually a shed attached to the restaurant. It contained one billiard/snooker table, several benches along the walls and a wood stove at one end. The manager was the fish and chips delivery boy, and no one could ever have done as good a job as he did looking after the place. Except for some weeks during the summer, the wood stove was lit about one hour before anyone was allowed to use the table. No smoking was allowed in the room, and no food or drink was allowed within six feet of the table. The chalking of cues had to be done over the floor, and nothing was allowed which could even remotely affect the table in any way. The cost of a game was reasonable, and a game of snooker was expected to be completed within a reasonable time. For billiards, a game was ended when an agreed-upon score was reached. When play was ended each night, the table surface was lightly brushed, then lightly ironed. After a cooling fifteen minutes, a cloth was draped over the table, and it remained in place until its removal prior to the next day's first game. The owner was an excellent player, and he taught most of us how to play in the first place, and then continued to teach us some of the finer points.

The highest accolade he could give was to select a player for his famous touring team. For two years in a row, he picked my number one friend, my brother, and me, to join him on his team to play the Annual Competition against the Tenby Conservative Club. This was the only place ever visited by the touring team, but we were, at last, in the big time because of this one event.

At some time during this period, my friends and I moved up to the elementary school, which was in the village to the north, about a quarter of a mile closer than our Chapel. The walk from home to school and back again every weekday was always interesting. We hardly noticed the flowers that grew all over the place - we were too busy looking for birds' nests, or trying to catch lizards. We learned a lot about nature, first hand, but it was not something we thought about very much. A robin's nest was fairly commonplace, and we easily recognized its distinctive features and the colour of the eggs. Finding a wren's nest was a real treat, and anyone who found the nest of any kind of finch was a hero for several days. We liked to think that the large noisy black birds that built their nests in the top branches of trees were ravens, but inside ourselves we knew the truth - they were really crows.

Catching lizards was a skill that needed of practice. Those little creatures had mastered the art of camouflage, and they moved with lightning speed. It was not unusual to make a grab for one only to find that it had magically disappeared and the grabbing hand held a handful of moss or grass and a tail which kept on wiggling for what seemed to be hours. Every so often, one of those that had escaped an earlier attempt at capture was caught at a later time they were easily recognizable as they had successfully grown a stub of a tail to replace the original. Captured lizards were taken home and stored in a box which contained a layer of moss, and once in a while a mother lizard would lay some eggs. At first, these small rubbery black eggs would just lie there, but in a little while they would start to move, and then little baby black lizards would emerge. The mother and babies were without fail, returned to where they had been captured and released to; hopefully enjoy the rest of their lives.

The other little black things in our lives were tadpoles. They were not much fun to watch at first, but when they started losing their tails and growing legs it was a different matter. We learned more about life and death from lizards and from tadpoles and frogs than we did about a lot of things in school. Some of those life and death lessons were sad, especially in the case of four other source of enjoyment, minnows. We used jam jars tied to the end of a piece of string to catch our minnows in a nearby stream, and those same jam jars filled with river water were used to transport the little fish, and the jars which then became their homes. At some time, some place, someone had told us that the water in the jar had to be changed on a daily basis to keep the fish alive. Unfortunately, that someone forgot to say that tap water, or water stored in a wooden cask was not quite right for fish, and the minnows always died after a day or two. That kind of result did teach us a lesson, however, and once the lesson was learned we let minnows live and prosper in their proper home.

One part of my life in which my group of friends played no part at all was singing. None of them could carry a song and not one of them was in the least bit bothered. I, on the other hand, was brought up in a musical environment. My father had his own Male Voice Choir, the "Woodbines", and he also conducted our Chapel's Children's Choir. Both Choirs were regular winners at Eisteddfodau and he was the proud owner of several trophies, two of which were ebony batons with silver trim, but his proudest possessions were two diplomas attesting to his prowess with tonic sol-fa. He taught me to sing at a very early stage in my life, and the system he used was tonic sol-fa. I was soon a regular competitor at local Eisteddfodau, and I was a regular winner at various age levels. I still have two silver cups that I won as a boy soprano. One is engraved "Wiston C.M. Eisteddfod. 1941. Juvenile Champion Solo. Winner." That one has memories, but nothing to compare with the one that was not engraved. I must confess that my memory is playing some tricks, but I like to think that that was the silver cup that I won when I last competed against the greatest competitor I ever knew, and someone who I looked upon as my greatest enemy. Her name was Haulwen. She lived in another village, and she attended different schools, so we only met as competitors on the Eisteddfod stage. When I first saw her, it was love at first sight – she was beautiful. Then she sang, and she sounded as beautiful as she looked. And at our first competition she won. I was devastated. I was used to being the best, and she had the nerve to be judged better than me. So I hated her – for a while. I got over the loss, and love returned. That is until the next time we met, and hate returned. This time I won and love for her returned again. For the next few years I lived on an Eisteddfod roller-coaster –losing brought the lowest of lows, whilst winning put me among the stars. Haulwen made me feel so many things, and she made me sing as I had never sung before whenever we competed. I never did get to speak with her, and somehow I feel that that made no difference whatsoever in her life.

The song that caused me the most trouble ever in Eisteddfod competition was one of the all-time greats – "Mynd drot drot". It was easy to sing, not too long, and the words made sense. It was probably a little bit boring to most people having to listen to a dozen little children sing the same song – some of them not too well – but to me it was fun. It was when this particular competition was being judged that I really started to listen to the adjudicators. I had long been listening to the kind words that were spoken about each child because I liked to hear such words when they applied to me. For this song, however, every adjudicator had differences of opinion as to the exact speed at which a horse should trot. Some judges would hum a few lines just to impress everyone that they knew the tempo, so it became my aim in life to win this particular competition as I sang it with a different tempo each time. I don't know if I proved anything, but I do know that I won singing "Mynd drot drot" at six different speeds!

I had the wireless to thank for much of the music in my life. Our first radio was one that had been made by one of my uncles. It was contained in two cabinets, one for the receiver and one for the loudspeaker, and in order for us to hear any programmes they had to be situated at least twenty feet apart. That meant that the receiver was located in our "rwm canol" and the loudspeaker was in the "gegin fach", where we spent most our time. We did listen to quite a few non-music programmes, among them the 6 o'clock news in Welsh. I will always remember hearing "Dyma Raglen Cymru. dyma'r newyddion, a dyma Aneuryn Talfan Davies yn eu ddarllen". Then there was the famous English-language comedy show "ITMA", and we listened in once a week in the hope that the Welsh element, in the person of "Sam Farfeckan" would be featured. Saturday night brought "This is Henry Hall speaking, and tonight is my Guest Night". It was this show that gave us what we all recognised as the best kind of music that could be heard from any non-Welsh source. Most of all, the duets sung by Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth, gave me the greatest pleasure, and it was on this programme that I first heard "The Holy City" and I later learned to sing this song, along with "Cartref", "Y deryn Pyr", and so many more.

One day, our local family doctor asked my sister and I if we would be interested in joining a concert party that he was planning, and of course we jumped at the chance. Eventually there were about thirty people in our group and for a couple of years we performed all over the area.

We sang solos, duets, and choruses in English and Welsh, and our repertoire covered everything from sacred music to musical comedy. I remember singing "Juanita" as a duet with my sister, and we would follow immediately with the most famous duet "Nicodemus the Slave." My solos would include any number of Welsh favourites. Interspersed with songs such as "Eneir VIII" and "The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo". In later years we would claim that we showed the way for such groups as "Bois y Frenni" and "Llanciau'r Llan" who came later.

The same doctor was later responsible for a magic lantern show which he took around many local villages. He owned a large number of slides of various Welsh beauty spots, and he made a list of some lines of poetry which my sister or I would read as the slides were shown. My finest contribution was – "Y llynnau gwyrddion llonydd orweddant dan gysgod y mynydd." I'm sure that my contribution as I read those particular lines more than made up for the fact that my sister usually ended up reading about ten times as many as I did.

Most of these events took place in the years leading up to the beginning of World War II and the early years of that war. There was no great change to our lives as children, but we all knew that somehow things had changed and more changes were happening every day. Things seemed to have a habit of sneaking up on us. One day we received ration books and we found that we had to produce one of these books so that we could buy certain foods or articles of clothing. We were not particularly hurt by these regulations as we had always been raised to use money very carefully. We were also lucky that the land had been good to us for a long time, and we continued to receive its benefits so that food shortages did not cause problems. Many veterans of World War I, my relatives included, joined the Local Defence Volunteers, later to become the Home Guard. They did their drilling faithfully, even though their "rifles" more often than not, were pitchforks,

meeting this challenge ideally requires a willingness and intention to stay with the Dewi Sant community for a minimum of five years.

Are you the person we need? Are you willing to begin an adventure in a new locale with new challenges? This report of the Joint Needs Assessment Committee (JNAC) will give you some information about Dewi Sant Welsh United Church, about immigration issues, about Toronto and its amenities, about Ontario and about the United Church of Canada. While there are websites listed in the body of the package document, which you may wish to visit, there is also included a page of website addresses(Appendix II) that will provide more detailed information about many of these areas. If there is other information that you require, please do not hesitate to contact the Search Committee c/o Secretary, 92 Olympia Cres., Brampton, Ont. L6X 4W3, or email at dewisant100@gmail.com .

Please give this opportunity your serious consideration. We look forward to hearing from you and would ask for the inclusion of a recent Curriculum Vitae (C.V.) in your return correspondence by November 15, 2011. The committee requests that further correspondence be in English. Be assured that all enquiries will be kept in the strictest confidence.

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Diolch yn fawr iawn y big thank you to all for the love and support shown to me during my "**bump in the road.**" Major surgery is not pleasant at best especially when the big C word is floating around. It is at times like these that you realize how many caring friends you really have and all the prayers that have been said. I thank God every day that things are looking up right now. Getting stronger is on the agenda for the next little while. I have been totally overwhelmed by all the kindness. My family has been wonderful... (Except Ram's comment that my tongue was NOT affected..... was the exception)!

The major delay in getting y Gadwyn was unavoidable. Thanks to all of you again. **Myfanwy.**

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"I wish to take this opportunity to thank all my friends at Dewi Sant Welsh United Church for their get-well cards, telephone calls and emails with messages of concern and best wishes. Your kind words of comfort and prayers during my recent spells in hospital were very much appreciated. Whilst you can all appreciate this was a very stressful time for Bonnie and myself, so your undivided support during this time was a tower of strength which really meant so much to both of us. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts to all of you at Dewi Sant for being so loving and caring

Gwyn Roberts.

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The North American Welsh Festival in Cleveland.

Who in their right minds would choose to go to Cleveland, you may ask. Well, if you have had five months of enforced inactivity, you would understand why I was delighted when, on the Tuesday evening prior to Labour Day Weekend, I was given permission by my doctor to travel. Hooray! Cleveland here we come- "we" being Myfanwy Bajaj, Ann and Ray Days (of London, Ontario) and myself. If I had won the lottery I couldn't have been happier! On Thursday morning early off we set for the North American Welsh Festival. (As we pulled out of my driveway my neighbour shouted instructions that the others were not to allow me outside if it was windy!!) Have you ever driven with Myfanwy?? Myfanwy's preferred location on any highway is the outside lane, and regardless of who or what is behind and wishing to overtake, she sticks to her lane, come hell or high water!! However, we arrived safe and sound, for which I am extremely grateful, as I was still not allowed to drive at that time.

A full and exciting programme awaited us and trying to choose one's timetable without missing out on the socializing was difficult. The Festival was well organized, as usual, and the seminars were of great interest. Thanks to Gerry Baker there were several films to choose from, but one that I found fascinating was "The Last of the Tough Welshmen" - a documentary about Tom Jeffrey's, a Llanelli native who had relocated to the Eastern United States to work in the steel and tin industry. This was followed by a PBS documentary about Tom, subtitled "A great Welsh talker". These were introduced by his grand-daughter, Rachel Jeffrey's. The films gave an excellent picture of the Welsh community in that area during the last century. Very emotional. The visiting choir was Hogia'r Ddwylan, "dwylan" meaning both shores of the Menai. Their soloist was none other than Aled Wyn Davies, whom the Ontario Welsh know very well. It was certainly appropriate that he should attend what was to be

Alan Thomas' last N.A. Gymanfa Ganu. It was Alan who sponsored Aled's visit to us two years ago. And, yes, he's as gorgeous as ever, and his voice is even better, if that's possible! Alan Thomas' musical skills will be sorely missed however, readers will be delighted to learn that Alan will still be at the keyboard at the Ontario Welsh Festivals. Jenny Hubbard Young worked hard to bring us a full programme at the Eisteddfod. The winner of the David Morris Award was the lovely Catrin Davies, daughter of Mari and Hywel Davies of Washington. Catrin will compete in the National Eisteddfod in the Vale of Glamorgan next summer. The weekend was an opportunity for Coŵr Cymry Gogledd America to get together for the last time before setting off on their tour of New Zealand. Only Myfanwy Davies of Ottawa and her sister Gwen Dodson will be representing Ontario on this tour. There were several familiar faces from Wales, such as Gwyneth and Edward Morus Jones. Gwyneth adjudicated the recitation competitions and Edward represented Cymry A'r Byd. Visiting for the first time were Hywel Lewis and his wife Eiri. Hywel's role was to market the Celtic Studies courses available to N.A. students at Trinity College Carmarthen and Lampeter College. This is a really important project and opens many new doors. Hywel and I spent several hours discussing these exciting possibilities. Aficionados of the NAFOW are very familiar with the recipients of this year's Heritage Award, presented by the National Welsh-American Foundation. They are Alan and Gretta Upshall. They have contributed tremendously over the years, are extremely popular in the North American community and totally deserved the Award. Llongyfarchiadau i chi'ch dau. Apologies for omitting so many details of the weekend, but suffice it to say that a super time was had by all (especially me, thanks to Myfanwy.) The organizers, both local and Board members, deserve a huge "diolch yn fawr". See you all in Scranton, PA in 2012.

Hefina Phillips

(REBUTAL----- I DO keep up with the traffic, quite tidy!!! Myfanwy.)

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The Ontario Welsh Festival, 2012

It is never too early to start planning for the next Ontario Gymanfa Ganu, and, yes, you will be delighted to learn that we return to Niagara Falls again. Book your room at the Marriott Gateway to the Falls as soon as possible if you want a view of the cascading waterfalls! Please be sure to reserve under the Ontario Welsh Festival name, not only to get the reduced "special rates" but also to help us reach the number of guaranteed room nights that are needed to ensure those special rates.

The visiting choir is Coŵr Cwmni Da, a mixed choir from West Wales, under the leadership of Marilyn Lewis. They come extremely highly recommended. Marilyn describes the choir as "country people enamoured of the pure joy of music and camaraderie". The media has described Marilyn as musically energetic, enthusiastic and naturally talented. She brings to audiences a freshness and sheer love of expressiveness.

Last year, to celebrate our 50th Anniversary, the Board, in conjunction with Dewi Sant, The Toronto St David's Society and the Ottawa Welsh Society, decided to present an Award to the person deemed to have contributed the most to the Welsh community in Ontario. This Award is on-going and we welcome any suggestions from you regarding a person you consider worthy of this recognition. Please send any names to our President, Betty Cullingworth at 416-486-0432-0432 cullingwho@rogers.com

Successful Festivals don't just "happen", and the Board meets regularly to discuss ideas and plans for the next one. Would you like to help in any way? If so, contact Betty at the above address.

Last year's Awr y Plant was a huge success. Hopefully we can produce an equally successful programme this year. Would your children or grandchildren be willing to participate? Contact Hefina Phillips for details (905-847-5474) or hefina@cogeco.ca Highlight the last weekend of April in your 2012 calendar right now. Niagara Falls awaits us

Hefina Phillips

THE GOLD AWARD

In order to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Ontario Welsh Festival in 2011, the president, Betty Cullingworth, launched the idea of a special Award to be presented annually to a person deemed to have contributed extensively to the Welsh community in Ontario.

A committee was established with a representative from the Ontario Welsh Festival, the Ottawa Welsh Society, The St David's Society of Toronto, Dewi Sant Welsh Church plus the president of the Ontario Welsh Society.

Board members and members at large were asked to submit the names of candidates with a resumé of their contributions to the Welsh community. Requests for candidates were placed in Y Gadwyn as well as the above societies.

It is now time to begin the search for the 2012 winner. Should you wish to submit the names of potential winners of this prestigious award, please contact Betty Cullingworth at 416-486-0432 or cullingwho@rogers.com All suggestions will be welcome.

Hefina Phillips

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A Visit To India.

I recently returned from a visit to India with a team from Canadian Baptist Ministries. We visited hospitals and food security projects in the southern states of Andhra Pradesh and Orissa States after which I visited a hospital and a project run by the Emmanuel Hospital Association north east of Delhi.

The hospitals which are supported by CBM started out as mission hospitals and are now run by a local Board, the Council of Christian Hospitals. The one at Pithapuram in Andhra Pradesh was founded in 1904 and has a long association with Canadian Baptist and other doctors and nurses. It serves about 100 villages within 20 kms and has 200 beds and a staff which includes three resident doctors. It has an operating theatre, an active physiotherapy department and a basic ICU which lacks some equipment. The hospital treats poor patients for no or nominal fees and as a result runs at a loss. They find it difficult to attract staff and would dearly love to have Canadian doctors visit for short or long periods, with a view to training and supporting the very dedicated local staff. Nurses would also be welcome to support the Pithapuram Nursing School

From Pithapuram we travelled to Serango in Orissa where CBM has supported the Serango Christian Hospital. This region is home to people from the Soura tribe many of whom have adopted Christianity. This has caused conflict with Hindu Nationalists and as a result many Soura have been persecuted for their faith. CBM has partnered with them for many years, helping in the formation of self-help groups and also, in the coastal region, providing funds and support for Tsunami relief. Wherever we went we were greeted by groups of drummers before having garlands of flowers placed around our necks. We visited several Soura churches and at one our hosts washed our feet, a very humbling experience. At another church where I preached, I was amazed to see the children spread out on the floor of the church following my references on their Bibles. The Soura excel at terraced cultivation and I was in awe at not only the beauty of the terraced paddy-fields which cascaded down the hills but also at the amount of labour required to maintain them and to cultivate and harvest the rice.

The Serango Christian Hospital was established by Canadian Baptist Missionaries in 1928 and consists of a 50-bed general hospital located at 3,000 ft above sea level and an Eye Hospital in the nearby town of Parlakhemundi. The Eye Hospital has received support from the Christoffel Blinden Mission and is busy enough that it supports the general hospital. A new Mother and Child care centre is planned to be built on land that has been acquired in the nearby town of Ranipeta. The Hospital is one of only a few that is available for this rural population and, like Pithapuram, would very much appreciate Canadian doctors and nurses for short or long-term stays.

From Serango I returned to Hyderabad and then on to Delhi where I met with Dr Mathew Santosh, Executive Director of the Emmanuel Hospital Association which manages a network of 20 hospitals and over 30 Community Projects in the poorer states of India. I was able to visit their Shalom project in Delhi which manages an outpatient department, a 10-bed in-patient unit, and a Home Based Care program all of which serve HIV infected and affected patients. From there it was an overnight train journey to Dehradun where I visited Herbertpur Christian Hospital a busy 120-bed hospital whose staff included 17 doctors, but surprisingly no gynaecologist on staff. They also lack the ability to repair and maintain their equipment and would like to have a bio-medical engineer come to train their staff in equipment repair and maintenance. 30% of their patients do not pay for treatment but nevertheless the hospital manages to cover its costs.

All the hospitals I visited are in danger of compromising their mission to serve the poor because of financial pressures. They cannot afford the capital expenditures to maintain their infrastructure and take advantage of advances in medical technology. Meanwhile private hospitals are attracting the wealthier patients who can afford to pay – without these wealthier patients, the mission hospitals will not be able to subsidize the poor. Please remember these hospitals and their dedicated staff in your prayers and be mindful that even short term visits to these hospitals from Canadian doctors and nurses will do much to train and encourage them.

Michael Wills.

Vivienne Muhling (Nee Stenson.)

I will be giving a professional dramatic reading of Dylan Thomas' A Child's Christmas In Wales at 8 p.m. on Friday, December 18 at the Green Door Cabaret, 100a Ossington Avenue. I have had the pleasure of performing this lovely Dylan Thomas book for the past 5 years at various locations ever since I was invited to do so at a Welsh Banquet staged by the public library in Norfolk County.

This time, at The Green Door Cabaret, the delightful soprano Alison Arends will also be on the programme, and she will include songs dear to the Welsh heart, such as Ar hyd y nos.

Some longtime members of Capel Dewi Sant may still remember me before I married and went to New York. Then I was Vivienne Stenson, and presented many music concerts at both Eaton Auditorium and Massey Hall. It was I who first brought the Royal Welsh Male Voice Choir to the Massey Hall and for a tour of several US cities. In the 1950's. I was quite active in the St David's Society, and am even god mother to a child christened at Capel Dewi Saint. Now, in what my father used to call my "twilight years", I am grateful to be able to pleasure audiences with Thomas' lovely story of the way things were once at Christmas time, home in Wales.

Can you please tell people that I will be honoured if they want to come and hear Alison and me performing our Christmas Concert at the Green Door Cabaret. .Tickets can be purchased from the Lower Ossington Theatre email **lowerossingtontheatre.com** and by phone at **416.915.6747416.915.6747**.

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Dr. Glenys Huws Oussoren Is Honoured!

Glenys was recently honoured by receiving the distinguished Alumna Award of Emmanuel College at the University of Toronto. The award was given in recognition of her lifelong work in the United Church of Canada on behalf of the marginalized in our society.

Glenys was the principal of the Francis Sandy Theological Centre where First Nations people train for the ministry. She has worked with and on behalf of the deaf community and was an early worker in the challenges that faced women in ministry. More recently Glenys taught at the Vancouver School of Theology.

Glenys is a child of Dewi Sant and generously continues to offer her services to our congregation on special occasions. She is the daughter of Cassie and Tom Hughes (Essex), both strong, committed members in Dewi Sant's past. Her parents would be delighted by this honour accorded to Glenys but perhaps not surprised. Glenys has championed causes since her youth and she is to be congratulated on her continuing support of those whose voices need to be heard in our society. Llongyfarchiadau Glenys!!

Betty Cullingworth.

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It is with great regret that we announce the passing of our friend Catherine Otley. A full memorial will be in our next edition.

Changes of Addresses and Telephone Numbers.

- Ruth Edwards: from 305 - 575 Avenue Rd Toronto M4V 2K2 tel.# 416 922 1455
- The Briton House Suite 610 720 Mt. Pleasant Rd. Toronto . ON M4S 2N7
- Violet and Elwyn Clay 41 Mississauga Avenue Elliot Lake Ontario P5A 1E1 tel # 705 461 8864
- Audrey and Cyril Evans 1905 Broad Hollow Gate Unit 55 Mississauga Ontario L5L5Y2 905 606 2202

Celebration.

On June 15, 2011 Harry and Louise (nee Griffiths) Williams celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary with their children Lynne (Glen Timney), David, Kenneth (Janet), James (Kim) and Paul (Angie) and with their grandchildren Laura, Kevin, Matthew, Paige, Brooke, Chase, and Hailey. Harry and Louise are also both celebrating their 82nd birthdays this year as well.

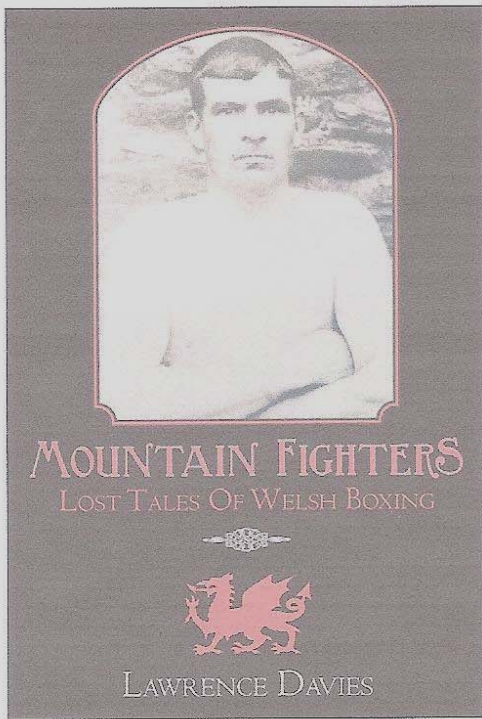
Lynne Timney.

Gadwyn Donors

- GWEN WILD, FRED AND KATHLEEN MORGAN, KATE AND BRUCE CHERRETT, PATRICIA MASON,
- DAVID JONES, STEVE STEPHENS, SHIRLEY EVANS, MYFANWY DAVIES, DILYS STEVENS, MOYRA THOMAS.LYNNE TIMNEY,
- INGRID TAYLOR,

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER 2011

Tuesday, November 1st: The Lunch Bunch will gather at 11:00am. Our guest will be Mr. Max Eisen, a Holocaust survivor. Come prepared with your lunch bag for a few hours of fellowship!



Mountain Fighters

Lost Tales of Welsh Boxing

Wales has a long and proud history of fist fighting. While many boxing fans may be familiar with the stories of such fistic royalty as Jimmy Wilde and Jim Driscoll from the early days of the boxing ring, the lives of the men who fought bare-fist on the mountains of South Wales or in the fairground boxing booths for a handful of coins have been far less well documented.

These are the forgotten fighting histories of some of the good, the bad and the ugly from the days of the bare-knuckle outlaws known as the 'mountain fighters'. This fascinating book charts the early history of pugilism in South Wales, from the days of some of the earliest bare fist champions of distinction. These are the stories of a fighting tradition previously shrouded in myth and legend that paved the way for a country's future champions.

For the first time, the deeds and exploits of many of these men are recorded here in full. The product of countless hours of original research on the part of the author, there are many rare illustrations and photographs, many of which have never been printed in any book previously, this is a must-buy for any boxing fan who wants to re-discover the forgotten origins of Welsh boxing.

This is the first book on Welsh bare knuckle fighting to be released by Peerless Press, and will be available from November 2011 in Wales from gwales.com and directly from Peerless Press, PO Box 4352, Cardiff, CF14 8HS.