



Voz dos Macaenses de Vancouver

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Voz dos Macaenses de Vancouver

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The Presidents Report

It has been slightly over six months since our elections and I must admit how time flies when one is having fun !!!!

I have just returned from a vacation tour to Brasil where I had the opportunity to represent your Casa at various functions hosted by our sister Casas in Brasil - a short report on my trip can be found on page Page 4.



Mickey pictured with representatives from other Casas from Brasil and San Francisco.

Photo Credit: M. da Roza

On the local front, we had a “super” Mother’s Tea, a successful but not sunny Picnic and just lately, our annual “Octoberfest/Retro Dance” where over a hundred people who attended, ate & danced the night away. It was sure nice to see so many members & guests at these functions - some which I haven’t seen for a while and hope to see them again on a regular basis. I would like to invite our members, your families and friends to attend our “Ano Novo” party where a scrumptious buffet will be offered and music to keep your feet tapping and fingers snapping ‘till the wee hours. Tickets are limited so be sure to get your early to avoid disappointment.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the rest of my executive committee for helping this “velo presidente” out during these busy times, the socials (Meetings & Special events) and all the contributors, the cultural department, the seniors, for all their enthusiasm and dedication for doing such a good job, and the phoning committee who just keep on dialing and dialing and dialing and

- Mickey da Roza

Profile: Cassiano Dias Azedo

(EDITORS NOTE: The article below was published recently in the South China Morning Post and written by Virginia Maher, both of whom we are very grateful to for allowing us permission to republish for the enjoyment of our members.)

Cassiano Dias Azedo is one of the most senior members of Hong Kong's Portuguese community. Born in the territory 89 years ago, the only time he has lived outside Hong Kong was during the Second World War when he moved to Macau with his wife and young child. He talks to Virginia Maher about his life as part of a community within a community.

The exodus of Hong Kong Portuguese began after Shanghai Portuguese came down after the war, in the early 1950s. The Shanghai people started emigrating to America and other countries, and our people went also. The younger people wanted to go. The older people, like us, were left behind. We didn't want to go. Over the years, my daughters tried to get us to go and live with them in America and Australia, but we prefer to stay here.

There are not that many of us Portuguese left in Hong Kong. We were quite a community within a community last century. There was a time when the Portuguese owned great chunks of Tsim Sha Tsui - Kimberley Road up to the corner of Jordan, Mody Road, Granville Road, Pratt Avenue. Those properties were bought when they were cheap. Now, most of those places are big multi-storey buildings. In those days, they were gracious streets of two-storey houses with enclosed gardens.

In the old days, the Portuguese were the backbone of Hongkong Bank. At one time, there were no fewer than 700 Portuguese working at the bank. Almost everybody was Portuguese, even the bank's telephone operators.

We had our own institutions. In addition to the Club Lusitano on Hong Kong side, there was the Club Recreio in Tsim Sha Tsui, and we also had our own school, Escola Camoes, which has been handed over to the government. Most of the pupils now are Indians and Chinese, and Portuguese is not taught there any more. Recreio stands on government land in Gascoigne Road and most of the membership is now Chinese. The Lusitano in Ice House Street owns the land and the 28-storey building that sits on it.

Our community is now small. There are probably fewer than 700 Portuguese left in Hong Kong, including children, and the Lusitano has only 200 or more members. I seldom go there because I am the last one

left of my circle of friends and it reminds me of all the good friends who have gone.

I was born in 1914 in Bellios Terrace, near Robinson Road. I was the second of five children and went to St Joseph's School on Kennedy Road. My father died when I was six and my mother raised us. I had to leave school at 14 and find a job to help the family. My first job was as a clerk for Jardine Engineering where I was paid \$30 a month. I stayed with them for a few years before moving to Shewan Tomes and Company as a \$200-a-month clerk. I worked in Guangzhou for them until the Japanese occupied the city in 1938 and I came back to Hong Kong. I stayed with them until I retired at the age of 70 as chief accountant.

In the old days people didn't care whether you had a degree or not. What mattered was whether you could do the job. You were promoted on two counts - loyalty and ability. So, even though I never finished school, my bosses still promoted me to chief accountant.

I met Lucy Heloisa Jorge at Rosary Church [Chatham Road, Tsim Sha Tsui, near his current home]. I used to go there every Sunday for mass. I was a Hong Kong boy and she was a Kowloon girl. Until she met me, she had never set foot on Hong Kong side. She was a devout Catholic and through her I became a good Catholic myself. We were married in 1940, five or six years after we met. Why did I take so long to pop the question? She was a very popular girl, with lots of boyfriends. I had few girlfriends, but I was the strong, silent type. We have been married for 63 years. What's the secret? I don't know. Some people can do it, some people can't. We can. We have one son and three daughters. We also have eight grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Life was good here. Every day after work, I used to go to the Lusitano club to play mahjong and meet friends. Although we stuck together, it did not mean the Portuguese were not good mixers. We got along with all the different communities in Hong Kong. Other than working at the bank, Portuguese in Hong Kong became solicitors, doctors, set up import-export companies and those who worked for other people held positions such as managers and accountants.

When we were first married, Lucy and I used to enjoy going night-clubbing. Our favourite was the Paramount on

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Cassiano Dias Azedo

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Queen's Road, Central. We also enjoyed tea dances at the Hong Kong Hotel, inside the old Gloucester Building, on the corner of Queen's Road and Pedder Street in Central. The nightclubs were expensive. I can't remember exactly how much. The tea dances went on for the whole afternoon. For that you got tea, cakes and sandwiches and danced to good big bands. Art Carnie used to play there.

When the war came at the end of 1941, we were evacuated to Macau. We had one daughter, Olivia, and the baby went with us. Our second daughter, Loretta was born in Macau during the war. We stayed with my uncle. The Portuguese government provided monthly subsidies of 30 patacas in addition to rations of rice and bread. No one starved in Macau, but there were no luxuries. It was wartime. Lucy came back first. Her company, Hong Kong Telephone, sent for her in 1945. My company didn't need my services until the beginning of 1946. Our two other children, Gabriel and Andrea were born in Hong Kong.



Since my retirement, I have had two strokes and I fell and broke my hip, so I seldom go out any more. I don't mind staying in, I can do what I want. Every morning, I read the South China Morning Post, it has been my paper all my life. I like reading the sports and watching sports on TV.

Longevity has its moments. Little things become important. For example, did you know I am the third oldest member of the Lusitano? The oldest is Sir Albert Rodrigues who's 91. The second oldest is Godfrey Agabeg who is also 91 and the next is me. I am also the older of the two life members. The other is Sonny A de O Sales. He is a relative youngster at 83."

-- Virginia Maher, SCMP

Photo Credit Courtesy of SCMP

(Our next issue will profile yet another familiar personality from HK courtesy of SCMP and Virginia Maher - Ed.)

Ama Cama

Sempres uma semana antes de dia de casamento, noiva e noivo logo choma eles-sa familias e bom amigas pa vai casa novo pa cha gordo. Amah de casa de noiva e novo amah sempre logo ving pa casa nova pa ajouda faze coisas.

Aqueles chuchumecas logo vai ola casa novo ya ! - elas nunca si logo faze cerimonia ! Noiva sempre logo teng ela-sa Bridal List na Lane Crawford e ela logo scole ela-sa "silverware, stemware e china".

Noiva ongsong logo compra coisas de couzinha, quartos e quartinho. Noiva logo treze todos presentes pa fora e logo bota estes presentes com cartas na sala de casa novo. Todos gente sabe qui durante festa de ama cama, aqueles chuchumecas logo ola vai, ola ving todos presentes e cartas. Aiya, fala sung ya ! Todos chuchumecas logo tenta qui tenta este presentes – quing ja da cousa – quando cousta - quing mao largo, quing misquinha – quing assing "cheapskate", quing nung-quero perde cara !

Chega tal horas, sempre depois di toma cha, noiva logo bota fora todos novo lingsaul, amfadas, "meen-tois", etc. Depois, noiva logo sai de quarto de noiva e noivo e todos raprigas jovens logo intra quarto, ficha porta e ama cama de noiva e noivo. Sung verdadi, elas logo ama cama..... mas elas logo ama cama com tanto d'imaginacao – elas nung-e sau faze cama, elas logo bota tanto "boobi-traps" drento de cama e quana todos coisas bem botado e escondido, elas logo coubri todos com "bed-cover". Quana todos teng pronto, ningqueng logo toca cama mais !

Noiva e noivo logo abri cama sau quana eles ving de volta de honeymoon. Nos pode imagina de noiva e noivo logo qui medo abri cama primeiro vez por curso eles nung sabe cousa aqueles raprigas jovens logo esconde drento de cama.

Voce pode lembra cousa voce ja busca quana voce abri voce-sa cama primeiro vez?

- Boca Tanto

MyTrip to Brasil

It was adventuresome right from the start. Two ladies from our group were asleep in the transit lounge when the last call was broadcast and a search party was sent to find them, thankfully they were found or we would have left without them. Another member of our group lost his passport in Maimi but was lucky enough to have it returned to him the next day, where he caught up with us in Rio - "que sorte" !!!! for all of them.

The long flight to Rio from S.F via Miami seemed so tiresome. After being cooped up in a plane, I couldn't get out of the terminal quick enough to catch my first breath of Rio's air !!!! It was warm, the temperature was 20 degrees and it was only 11 a.m.! We did the usual touristy things around Rio, visited a gem factory, various restaurants, Sugar Loaf Mountain, their botanical garden, a trip to an island on a schooner, and a dip in the Atlantic Ocean, and of course shopping, shopping & more shopping !!!!

An unforgettable trip for me was to the "Corcovado Mountain" to see the statue of "Christ the Redeemer" (something I always wanted to do, since I was a young teenager, and I was not disappointed.) This statue stands atop this mountain, a 2300 feet peak . Atop this mountain one can see most of the city below you.



Photo Credit: M da Roza

It was not all play as I was invited to visit Casa de Macau, Rio de Janeiro where I met up with their President, Francisco Rodrigues, and joined them for a "Cha Gordo" and saw many familiar faces, which I hadn't seen in over 20 years. We ate (as usual) danced, and were treated with a TKD demonstration, singing and guitar playing. After this we exchanged gifts between the Casas in attendance.

After Rio it was São Paulo's turn, where I was invited by Casa de Macau, São Paulo to view their club house and a late lunch. Saw many familiar faces again, met their new President "Gilberto Silva", took pictures, heard their choir sing old tunes, and music by "Trio Macaense" and again exchanged gifts.



Casa de Macau, São Paulo

Photo Credit: M da Roza

It was sad having to leave this place, of sun, sand, and friendly people, and those that I hadn't seen in such a long time, and new ones that I met.

One day I hope to return

- Mickey da Roza

Obituaries

ALVES, Elysio Antonio dos Remedios - Peacefully in Unionville, ON on Sunday, June 29, 2003 in his 88th year. Beloved husband of Vivian Hazel (nee Castro), father of Elaine, Isabel (Peter Tsui) and Melissa, grandfather of Justin and Jeremy Tsui.

JOHNSON, John (known as JJ) beloved son of Gracie Johnson (nee Archer), grandson of Tina Archer (Cha Cha) and brother of Tony Archer, passed away suddenly on August 18th, 2003 in Vancouver, BC.

STARKEY, Irene (nee Castilho) passed away on October 23rd, 2003 in Richmond, BC. She is survived by her sister Tina Archer and two brothers, Johnny and Chico Castilho of Hong Kong. Irene was predeceased by her husband Jim.

St. Anthony's Place

In June this year, Humphrey and I were part of a travel group which visited Rome, Florence and Venice. The trip was sponsored by Children's Education Funds Inc., the company Humphrey works for. I reviewed the itinerary and, lo and behold, I read that we were to visit St. Anthony's Place in Padua on our way from Florence to Venice. I never dreamt I would ever have the chance to visit St. Anthony's Place, and if I were asked to find only one reason to go to Italy, this would be it.

We had left Florence later than planned which meant we had to cut short our time in Padua so much so that our guide told us we would have only a maximum of about 45 minutes in Padua. I knew we had much to do in Padua so I told Humphrey we would have to move fast when we got off the bus in Padua.

As soon as our bus parked to let us out, Humphrey and I lost no time and headed straight for the basilica. We made sure we were dressed properly – no shorts, no bare shoulders, no bare feet! We had finally arrived at St. Anthony's Place to say hello and to thank him in person – somehow I felt a closeness to the one who had helped us so much for so many years and now I am finally at his place!



St Anthony's Basilica in Padua

Photo Credit: Fernanda de Pinna Ho

On entering the basilica, we made a b-line for St. Anthony's tomb. We were told by our tour guide that people who placed their hands on St. Anthony's tomb could feel his power. As I placed my hand on the tomb, I did not feel anything as tears were just streaming down my face - I suppose I was too overwhelmed by just being there at St. Anthony's Place. We prayed there for a while, made our donation and then toured the basilica. We saw St. Anthony's cloak, his tongue and other relics.

We checked the time and hastily left the basilica to buy St. Anthony souvenirs rosaries, medals, etc. from the stalls outside. I ran back into the basilica not knowing exactly where to go and actually ran everywhere looking for the blessing place, but could not find it! Then I saw Humphrey who directed me to the blessing place! He seemed to know just where everything was! Humphrey is not a Catholic, but hey, St. Anthony is his good friend! We lined up at the Blessing Chapel and were allowed to go ahead of another couple because we were in a hurry. Our stuff got blessed, we

even got blessed and then we ran out of the basilica to catch the bus. I believe that St. Anthony was guiding us and that he was with us all the time we were there. We managed to do everything we needed to do – visited the basilica, took pictures and bought souvenirs, even got blessed together with our souvenirs - all in record time. In fact, we were one of the first ones to arrive back at the bus meeting place! I was still overwhelmed, still wiping tears even after we got back on the bus, and as our bus drove along the streets of Padua, I remember saying to myself St. Anthony actually walked in person along these streets and here I am! It was an awesome experience!



- Fernanda de Pinna Ho

5th Encontro - 2004

At the invitation of Associação Promotora da Instrução dos Macaenses (APIM), Mickey da Roza and Antonio Amante will be going to Macau to attend the preliminary meeting later this month to help with the planning of the 5th Encontro slated for late 2004. A full report of their trip will appear in our next issue along with details of what to expect at the next Encontro.

A Local Miracle

by Molly Diaz

This is about a miracle. It is a true story about my husband, Rudy Diaz.

On December 10, 1998 Rudy suffered his second stroke. He was rushed to the Richmond General Hospital where I was told that his condition was "not good". In the days to follow "not good" would be commonly used. I knew that it was really bad when a social worker met our family and took us to a private room just off the emergency area. I immediately phoned our parish priests to give Rudy his last anointing. With rosaries in hand, the family prepared for the worst.

Rudy had experienced an embolic stroke, which caused massive damage to his left brain. This left him unable to speak. I could see that his right eye was crossed. His left eye seemed normal. But within hours of his stroke his eyes were closed. He was not even given a bed in the Intensive Care Unit. I could only think that he was not expected to live very long; but, after two days, he was moved into the Intensive Care Unit when he developed a fever and an infection in his lungs.

On the fourth day, a second CT scan was done. The prognosis was that he had hemorrhaged even more and the left brain had swollen and was pushing against his right brain. The neurologist told us that if he survived he would be a "vegetable" and it would be better if he did not survive the stroke. Rudy was moved to a regular bed with no special care, just the basic monitoring of his vital signs.

The hospital internist apologetically told me that there was nothing more he could do for Rudy. I thanked him and assured him that it was okay and that we would pray. I also asked him if he was Catholic. He replied that he did not belong to any denomination.

From the moment Rudy entered the hospital, we prayed night and day...rosaries...Divine Mercy...St. Bridget prayers...all the special prayers for the dying in the Pieta prayer book (The Pieta Prayer book is a gold mine. Get hold of one and read the promises, which are outlined for the various prayers. They are not just words. They are very real.) With all these prayers came the acceptance of God's will. The details of the funeral were already discussed among us. Initially, I was just praying for Rudy's soul as he faced death. I was actually urging him to let go because I did not want him to be bedridden for

the rest of his life. I also thought that it was God's will and so be it. Then a couple of friends said to me, "Pray for a miracle." I replied, "Did you not see Rudy? Did you hear what the doctor said? That is impossible." I spoke to the nurse in the Intensive Care Unit and asked her if she knew of any miracles happening to patients as badly off as Rudy. Her positive answer gave me some encouragement. I then prayed that God would restore Rudy's health but only if it was His will.

Our parish priest, Fr. Chiang visited us daily and joined us in prayer. I still remember his words even as Rudy was dying. He said, "Molly, it is God's plan. You will see. This will be a Christmas you will never forget." "I know Father. He has a plan", was my response.

Rudy's condition continued to deteriorate. His face was dark and gaunt. He had lost so much weight. His breathing was shallow. His eyes were slightly open so that one could see that they were rolled back revealing only the whites of his eyes. I confided to Sr. Mercy Sexton, another frequent visitor that his time was nearing. She agreed and said that she too could tell by the way the nurses acted around him.

It was very painful for me to watch Rudy hiccup incessantly hour after hour, day after day. His whole body would lift off the bed with each hiccup. I authorized the administering of medication to stop the hiccuping. I was told that it would not only ease the hiccuping but shut his system down.

I would place Rudy's rosary in his good hand and would pull it through his fingers as I said the rosary aloud. This was a routine that he seemed to know. At times he would get agitated and move his fingers as if to indicate that he wanted to say the rosary. That was basically his only form of communication.

On the tenth day, despite the adverse medication that was given to him, Rudy opened his eyes. I noted that his eyes were perfectly normal. The right eye was not crossed. He was paralyzed on the right side. What did the internist have to say about Rudy's recovery? He said, "Molly, you have your faith."

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Socials & Entertainment Committe

In March 2003, the new Social and Entertainment Committees started their term of office. Our bi-monthly Meetings are a great time for members to get together for a cup of tea and delicious savouries and cakes. On 8th November, we will be having a birthday cake for Humberto Pires who will be celebrating his 103rd birthday. We are proud to have Humberto in our Casa and wish him a very Happy Birthday.

The year started with Mother's Day on 10th May with a 'Hongkong English Tea' with all the trimmings. Next on 14th June, we had our usual São João Picnic - a BBQ spread that was unbelievable. In August, a group of members made it across the border to a Casino - some came back happy and a few bucks richer whilst others were not as fortunate but everyone had a great time and enjoyed a free buffet.

Next, all energy was directed toward the Retro Dinner Dance on 18th October. The theme was focused on music and costumes of the Roaring Twenties (Charleston), 40s (Big Bands Fox Trot), 50s (Rock'n Roll), and 60s (Twist). It was a big success and we were a happy family with great laughter resounding within the hall. There was also line-dancing which is the 'in' thing for the young and young at heart. This is very popular at the Seniors' Centres which is a good way for exercising, and classes there are very well attended. We were honoured by the presence of the Portuguese Chancellor for Vancouver, Mrs. H. Ghouri and her husband, who enjoyed the informal camaraderie extended by all.



Mr. & Mrs. Ghouri with our President, Mickey.

The buffet highlight was Roast Baron of Beef personally carved by Chef Jakob Hauser, in addition to the salad bar and hot dishes. Dessert of Fresh Fruit Bowl, Black Forest Cake was added to Macanese favourites of Pudim Chocolate, Pudim Manga, Porto Pudim Flan, Bolos de Manteiga, Genete, Pasteis de Coco, Bebinga, Pão de Leite, Bagi, and Arroz Poulu, etc. These delicacies called for action on the dance floor and justice was done.

We thank the Volunteers and the donors of the Macanese desserts and Coca-Cola, plus the 50/50 draw, which resulted in a net income for the event of \$118.59. It was indeed a joint effort by all the members and we are proud to be a part of our Casa Family.

We are now concentrating on our next function to say goodbye to 2003 and welcome in 2004. It will be held at the Richmond Inn Hotel, 7551 Westminster Hwy from 6:00 pm to 2:00 am. Without doubt it will be a Deluxe Buffet Dinner and balloons will be dropping, and champagne popping at midnight. Members at \$40.00 is partly subsidized by our Casa, (new memberships are welcome) while guests will be at \$80.00 each. A registration form is provided on Page 8 - please return this form to Isabel Ma (address provided on the form) as soon as possible together with your cheque made out to Casa de Macau by **18TH DECEMBER AT THE LATEST.**

(Sorry no refunds after the 18th December as we must confirm final numbers to the Hotel on that date.)

- Margie Rozario

Entertainment Co-ordinator

NEW MEMBERS

Please welcome the following new members :

Joaquim Mendonca
Johnny and Mariana Garcia
Tony and Philomena Ng
Yip Kuen Chan
Tony Fong

