



VOZ DOS MACAENSES DE VANCOUVER

Official Newsletter of the Casa de Macau (Vancouver) since 1995

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OUR CASA PRESIDENT ATTENDS SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF RAEM

Members of the Lusitano Club of California, Casa de Macau USA, União Macaense Americana (UMA), and Macau Cultural Center celebrated the Sixth Anniversary of the Região Administrativa Especial de Macau (RAEM) at the Full Moon Seafood Restaurant in Oakland on April 8, 2006. The party was hosted by Nuno Prata da Cruz and Henrique

Manhão, President and Vice President respectively of the Associação dos Empresários Macaenses da Califórnia, and funded in part by the Conselho das Comunidades Macaenses. A total of 120 people attended, including Antonio Amante, president of the Casa de Macau (Vancouver).



Unity Celebration of the Sixth Anniversary of RAEM in California, USA - Lusitano Club, Casa de Macau USA, UMA and Macau Cultural Center.

RAEM ANNIVERSARY (CONT'D)



Nuno Prata da Cruz, Maria João da Cruz, Antonio Amante, Irene Manhão and Henrique Manhão.



In the January issue of the Voz, Casa president Antonio Amante reported on his visit to Macau for the 4th Asian Games, October 2005.

Due to space limitations in that issue we were unable to include this picture which was taken on that occasion at the Government House.

Antonio Amante and Dr. Jose Rodrigues, President APIM and CCM.



YAN YAT DINNER

by Pat de Albuquerque

On Saturday, February 4, 2006, we celebrated **Everybody's Birthday** on the actual day of the Chinese Lunar year – appropriately with a Chinese Banquet.

The celebration was very well attended with seventy members, at the Granville George Restaurant. The food, from Beijing Duck to Consommé Crabs, was sumptuous and every dish was devoured with “gusto”.

Antonio Amante, president of the Casa de Macau (Vancouver), welcomed the happy group and with wife Rebecca, presented each participant with a Chinese New Year lucky ornament. As well, everyone was given a lai see with a Scratch & Win ticket, compliments of the Casa - there were a few lucky winners.



Marlene Pereira, Antonio Amante, Reggie Rocha, Cathy Fung, Rita Rocha.



Catriona Haslam, Antonio Amante, Aleixa Haslam, Kyle Lawrence, Fatima Natascha Renfro and little Jocelyn Cunha.



The intoxicated (with food) group sang Happy Birthday to Aleixa Haslam whose actual birthday was that day! Aleixa was surprised and was curious to know who was the *big mouth*! Well, as we told her, a little birdie told us.

Happy Birthday everyone!
Happy Birthday Aleixa!



CELEBRATING 35 YEARS

by Ann-Marie da Costa

In a time when it appears that you hear more about marriages ending than beginning, it is nice to see that some endure to reach milestones that can be celebrated. On April 24, 2006 my parents, Francis and Marge da Costa celebrated their 35th Wedding Anniversary.

Over the 35 years they picked up and moved their young family from Hong Kong to Vancouver, Canada, made a home and life for themselves, added to their family, and have continued to find ways to experience new things together. As their roost is emptying

my parents have discovered a love for dancing and can regularly be seen attending get-togethers where they strut the latest steps they have learned. My father has also re-discovered his love of playing guitar and enjoys getting together with others to play music, including the reunion of the Mystics in Hong Kong last year.

In celebration of their milestone my parents, Isabel and I went on a five day trip that included two nights in Las Vegas, staying at the Monte Carlo Hotel & Casino, and a three night coastal cruise from Los Angeles to Vancouver aboard the Holland America MS Volendam. Las Vegas was a whirlwind tour as we really only had one and a half days in the town. While we

were there, Las Vegas was experiencing a freak wind storm that made it quite cool especially in the evenings. However, the call to gamble endured and we faced the wind to visit the different hotels and make our required contributions to their coffers (other than my sister who kept beating the odds at the slot machines??!!). Our first night there Isabel and I treated our parents to dinner at an Italian restaurant within the Aladdin Hotel for their anniversary. The atmosphere was nice and the food quite good. Unfortunately my father was experiencing a rather bad head cold and his night ended early. The next day was spent at the Las Vegas premium outlet mall where we spent a total of



Dancing on the Volendam / A family portrait.



CELEBRATING (CONT'D)

six hours! However, it was capped off with the Mikado Sushi and Seafood buffet where you could have King crab legs, oysters (raw or cooked), all kinds of sushi, other cooked seafood and dessert. YUMMY!

After flying in to Los Angeles and boarding the Volendam there was the standard lifeboat drill before leaving port. It became quite comical to see everyone trying to maneuver around with these huge orange life vests on. Otherwise

the days on the ship were very relaxing as we ate when we felt like it, slept when we felt like it, and in the evenings we attended the shows, gambled (where my sister still beat the slot machine odds and kept winning!!!), and then danced the night away in the night club. There were a couple of rocky days at sea as there was a storm off shore but that just made the dance steps more interesting.

Alas, all good things must come to an end and we had to disem-

bark the ship in Vancouver but in true Macanese fashion we immediately went out to eat. We all had a great time and I can't think of a better way for us to have celebrated this occasion and I am happy that Isabel and I were able to be there with our parents.

HAPPY 35th ANNIVERSARY
MOM AND DAD!!! (and Auntie
Mon and Uncle John too!!)

THOSE GOLDEN YEARS

by Margie Rozario

In a split second my life was changed. Falling down a stairway of twelve steps resulting in a broken left shoulder blade and cervical, as well as two neck vertebrae, landed me in hospital for six months. With a hard collar brace and a sling, I was despondent with a 'come what may' attitude.

When I first arrived at Queen's Park Care Centre, a patient asked "what happened to you?" In no mood to talk at that time, I merely replied "Just returned from Iraq." "That must have been terrible" he said. "Yes" was my answer and walked away. I later apologised and told him the truth.

The Doctors, Occupational Therapist, Physiotherapists, and Nurses were all very encouraging and kept me on my feet with daily class exer-

cises. Then support and gifts flooded in from relatives, friends and acquaintances from Canada, Australia, England and the U.S., with prayers and best wishes for a quick recovery. It was then that I took an interest in my surroundings.

The patient next to my bed asked my age and when I replied 80 years, she said "you're still a kid." She was almost 91 years. A kid? Why am I here? That sort of woke me up, there was still a long way for life - God willing.

The next day, at exercise class, I looked at the group around the room - some in wheelchairs, others with strollers, some one-armed bandits like myself. Patients from Holland, Poland, Switzerland, England, India, China, Russia, etc. - now all Canadians.

One day, one of the men said

"give me water." Another one said "say please." There was a moment's silence before a sheepish "please" was heard. This reminded me when we used to ask the children "what is the magic word?" Is this what is called second childhood?

In the ensuing days I made many friends but they kept coming and going as I outlasted their stays. The ladies usually reminisced about the old days and how the way of life has changed and the good old days when life was less complicated. Some complained about their children while others praised them. They spoke of their love lives and one recalled how her best friend tried to steal her husband.

see page 6

GOLDEN YEARS (CONT'D)

A blind lady who loved to sit close by the fire place so that she could feel it's warmth, told me that she used to be a singer at concerts and she was invited to entertain at an official dinner at the home of Gorbachev (past leader of the Soviet Union). They became good friends and have been keeping in touch. He wrote to say that he will be visiting her in Spring. (fact or fiction?).

I met a lady wheeling along the corridor. "I must go home, can you show me the way?" she asked. "Yes" I said, "you're alright - just keep going" and off she went rolling on.

A good looking lady came to visit her mother. "You have a very pretty daughter" I said, to which she replied "Thank you. We're from Afghanistan. We are glad our family is here and away

from all the trouble going on over there. "

The men usually recalled their 2nd world war days. One said he was with the troops at the beach landing in Dunkirk (the turn of the tide for the Allies and even made famous on the screen). He was wounded but managed to swim back to the ship.

Chatting with a German he told me, 'I was 16 years, given a uniform and a rifle, and sent to the front in Russia. Food supplies did not come through (if there were any at all) but we had plenty of booze and cigarettes. I smoked three packets a day. I was there for three years.' He was minus a finger - it was stuck in the hand grenade pin so his finger was cut off or it would have exploded. He was in hospital when the war ended. He was against killing - senseless - he

thought but said that there were others who enjoyed it. His lungs were in a bad shape and now he is continuously on oxygen as a result. His wife is a nice French Canadian lady who visits him every day.

These stories brought back thoughts of my husband Cicero's trials during those days when he was captured by the Japanese in Hong Kong and sent to Japan to work in the coal mine.

Yes, the last 6 months, though trying, has taught me so much about life. We cannot undo what is past but learning from our mistakes we can build a better future. As the saying goes "Do not put off what you can do today for tomorrow may not come." With every sunrise there is a sunset.

MACANESE CLUBS IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

by Margie Rozario

I was hospitalised for six months due to an accident, and returning home I was saddened to read in the Boletim Macaense, by Vice President & Editor - Luiz M. Souza - of Macau Cultural Association, dated 1st April, 2006, that the past is being hashed again and not put to rest after all these years. Furthermore, after twelve years, Macau Cultural Association has now accused me of being the culprit for the so called 'breakaway'.

Regarding matters pertaining to a joint Club House, I will not delve on this as I have been away, however, I do wonder why Luiz has made such a derogatory remark that Antonio Amante could not have written the letter himself, or have received some outside assistance. I wonder if Luiz has also received 'outside assistance' in the early days as editor. In any case, assistance or none, as the young ones will now say "No big

deal!!!" None of us are perfect and there comes a time when we all need help in one way or another.

At the meeting in November 1994 to which you refer - while discussions were taking place to ascertain the by-law regarding voting rights (there was no Parliamentarian at that time) Luiz Souza told a lady to SHUT UP - (is this rational behaviour, while accusing Casa de Macau of

MACANESE CLUBS (CONT'D)

irrational behaviour?) This was also followed up by another lady. This caused much confusion and excited others to the extent that a member shouted to the general assembly, pointing to the door - "Anyone can GET OUT" At this, some members walked out, and consequently, Casa de Macau Club Vancouver, was born. Casa de Macau was referred to as "breakaway club".

Would this have happened if members were not told to "GET OUT"? Are the members who saw fit to leave, the perpetrators or the victimised?

I consequently made a personal visit to Luiz's home in an effort to clear whatever differences there may have been but to no avail as whatever I had to say, I got the same answer "I don't buy it." No one knew I made this unsuccessful visit but 6 months in hospital has given me much to think about and the frailty of life. Before my sun sets, it is time for the truth to be known. I bear no grudge Luiz for we are all entitled to our own opinions and my only regret is that we are not on the same page.

It is true that Macau Cultural Association is the first Club established in Vancouver. I must however point out that upon returning from the very first Encontro, at the next meeting, a member suggested changing MCA (HEREAFTER REFERRED TO AS MACAU CULTURAL ASSOCIATION) to Casa de Macau in keeping with our Casa Family. This was backed up by some other members but the Executive Committee was not in favour of the

change. It was only after CASA DE MACAU CLUB VANCOUVER was officially registered that dissatisfaction was voiced by MCA resulting in MCA changing to - Macau Cultural Association (Casa de Macau) of Western Canada. The name "Casa de Macau" was never used by MCA before Casa de Macau Vancouver was officially registered. Although this change had caused some confusion for those who wished to join a Macanese Club, on being enlightened, they were free to make their own choice.

Once again on 18th April, 2006, Luiz continued to bring up the past with accusations in An Open Letter to the Macanese Community in Vancouver & Elsewhere. He who shouts is not necessarily heard while silence is more eloquent than words. I was also accused of borrowing MCA's membership list, which I did not.

The members who joined Casa de Macau were not drawn in by ball and chain but came of their own free will. MCA also said that a letter was written to me by the then president, Laura Cordeiro, accusing me of misbehaviour and had tried to usurp her position. I never received such a letter - of course you will not believe this - on the other hand I could say this letter was made up. I am surprised as Laura never voiced to me any dissatisfaction and I thought we got on well working together and my husband even hand painted a lovely scroll in her honour which I gave to her. At that time I had also organized social functions for the club.

It is claimed that quote "Casa de Macau wanting to lay hands on the money." MCA asked for a division 70% for themselves and 30% for Casa de Macau. Is there any logic to this

There are always two sides to any disagreement. Who is right and who is wrong? 'JUDGEMENT DAY' for each and everyone will come.

After twelve years (some members from both MCA and CASA DE MACAU are no longer with us - may they rest in peace) discontent is still being aired. To what purpose except perhaps to cause more animosity! We cannot undo the past but we can make a better future. Right or wrong it is best forgotten. It is the strong that can find peace within to put it to rest and live again.

This is my LAST reference to this topic - no more queries - no more answers - we should give more thought to our own twilight years and pray for peace within and for the whole world. In these troubled times coping with nature's wrath, wars and hunger, all else is so PETTY. Our generation has been through trials of World War II and now would like to enjoy peace and leisure as the sun sets.

We graciously thank the Macau Government for having provided us with food and shelter during our refugee days, and we shall forever be grateful.

JANUARY BAKE SALE

by Pat de Albuquerque

Our first Bake Sale, held on Saturday, January 14, 2006, was an overwhelming success, albeit disorganized but the final result realized a very significant return of \$285.00!

Needless to say, such an event is not possible without the generosity of Casa's members; besides contributions of various baking, they also dedicated much time as one can tell from the yummy yummys donated.

We would like to extend our sincere thanks to all the Culinary experts. Some of the goodies are pictured, those that are not include:

Chocolate Swiss Roll and Apple Strudel - Charles Curry

Spiced Loaf and Blueberry Muffins - Aleixa Haslam

Double Chocolate Chip and Cranberry Cookies and

Banana Nut Loaf - Cattriona Haslam

Split Pea Pudding - Gilly Marshall

Chestnut Cake (Fresh Cream) - Freda Neves

Cake varieties - Marlene Pereira

Chilicote - Angelina Rozario

Apple Cakes - Maria Santos

Chocolate Tai Choy, Walnut Cake and Oatmeal Cookies - Pat de Albuquerque

As we underestimated the many varieties and donors, we were not prepared for the enthusiastic and zealous purchasers. The sales just went crazy and we do apologize for not being organized and upset some members who were not able to purchase their choices. As this was our first experience, we learnt from it and will definitely ensure a smoother method for future!



Loh Pak Goh (steamed turnip cake) - Cathy Fung



Chocolate and Marble Cakes - Tessie Delgado

Photos - Leonard Rivero

BAKE SALE (CONT'D)



Red Bean Pudding and Cassava Cake - Rebecca Amante



Gummy Cakes - Rita Rocha and Monica de Carvalho

Pão de Leite - Rowena Tan

Welcome to New Members

Tony da Costa

Fred Gordo

And anyone else I may have inadvertently missed!

Reminder

The \$15 annual membership renewal fee for 2006 was due April 30, 2006. After a three month grace period (July 30) the fee will increase to \$25 (\$15 plus the \$10 new member initiation fee). These fees are our main source of cash flow which allows the Casa to carry out its regular functions and activities. Prompt payment is appreciated. Muito Obrigado!

REMEMBERING DR. GERMANO RIBEIRO



Germano Antonio Vieira Ribeiro

was born in Hong Kong in 1913 and died in Vancouver on April 3, 2006. He was the son of Francisco Xavier Vieira Ribeiro, Jr. and Maria Dolores de Sousa. The Vieira Ribeiro family traces its Macau roots to 1780 and five generations thrived there. During the sixth generation (around 1850) the family's centre of gravity started to shift to Hong Kong.

Germano was the beloved husband of Alice Artindale (deceased) and the loving father of John, Christine, Michael and Elizabeth. His grandchildren are Natasha, Tristan, Kim, Thea, Kevin, Gregory and Brandon.

He was predeceased by his brothers, Luis and Gilberto and sister, Angelina.

His father, Francisco Xavier Vieira Ribeiro, Jr. was the chief accountant of the Texas Oil Company in Hong Kong. Germano won a scholarship to Hong Kong University from St Joseph's, and there studied and graduated before the outbreak of the Pacific war. His nephew, Dr. Gilberto H.V. Ribeiro, Jr., credited Germano as the one who inspired him to become a physician.

Although he was not a Volunteer (the predecessor to the HK Regiment) he was called up as a medical auxiliary and served in first aid posts in various parts of Hong Kong treating battle injuries among civilians and servicemen. When Hong Kong surrendered he moved over with his wife, Alice, to Macau and there worked for the British Consulate as the Consular Doctor, serving a very large refugee community.

In an era before penicillin (it came into use mid-way through the war but because Macau was off the beaten track it did not get any), Germano pioneered the use of sulfa drugs and treated a number of patients with them, saving their lives and putting them back on the path to health. Many were unable to pay him because as refugees they had no funds, but after the war when they returned to Hong Kong, they repaid him in the hungry years after the Liberation with baskets of fruit and vegetables, cooked chickens and other delicacies which the Ribeiros appreciated because of their young family.

Germano then went to the UK to further his studies and gained pediatric qualifications first in a leading Scottish hospital, and then worked at the Children's Hospital at Great Ormond Street in London, before returning to his practice (Rodrigues, da Roza and Ribeiro) in Hong Kong. The practice eventually closed and Germano served in various Government hospitals and built a magnificent home overlooking Shatin Bay in the New Territories where his family grew up.

It was while living in Shatin that they had a home invasion, Germano sustained a blow to the head which though terrible to look at, did not cause any serious long-term injury. He and his son Michael had

tried to fight off the bandits with poles but they were quickly overwhelmed. Following this terrible incident, Germano moved back into the safety of Kowloon Tong and later decided to resign from his Government duties and immigrate to Canada. They settled in Vancouver where he spent many happy years with Alice, until her death in 1990. In the sixteen years afterwards, he took a great pride and interest in his grandchildren. Alice taught him to cook and do the laundry so he could take care of himself. He was still driving at the time of his death. He cultivated orchids, studied Chinese and learnt to use the computer, keeping in touch with family members by email. In March 2006, his daughter installed Skype video on his computer and he would skype her every day.

The Casa de Macau became an important social and cultural aspect of his life. Through the club he was able to renew old friendships and make new friends. He enjoyed the trips to Macau tremendously.

Germano loved his mother-in-law Lucy Artindale dearly. When Lucy died, all her friends and family thanked him for the care and love he had shown her.

These words from Robin and Bea Hutcheon (Alice's dear cousin) describe the man Germano was:

"Bea and I are really stunned by the news of Germano's sudden death - he was one of those robust lively people who seemed he would go on forever. But there is an end for all of us and in most cases when we least expect it. The consolation is that he lived a full, active, creative and happy life and that he went to the Lord from his own home and surrounded by the things he loved. Sadly you could not all be there, but the memories of this wonderful life and your devoted, loving father will be a consolation always. I doubt whether he could have had a happier life or a more closely knit (even if diversely domiciled!) family.

I can't tell you how much Bea and I appreciated and honoured him - Bea more than me for to her he was almost step-father (of the best kind) as well as protector and guardian and family doctor and counselor. For me, he was a source of endless admiration. I was most impressed with his goodness and righteousness, his deep faith, his happiness and sense of achievement in all the right ways. I admired the fact that he was not just able to become a medical practitioner in times that were not propitious - war, family circumstances, etc - but that he subsequently gained higher pediatric qualifications and was so valued both in Hong Kong and, during the war, in Macau.

He brought me nearer to Catholicism than anyone else, for his was a quiet assurance buoyed by a deep and abiding faith. I will always remember him kneeling at the foot of Alice's coffin in Vancouver, uttering his Hail Mary's, and I weep for his simple trust in the love of our Lord and Saviour to whom he has now gone.

We say a little prayer at the end of our Sunday Eucharist: May the souls of the faithful departed in the mercy of God rest in peace. And we reply: And rise with Christ in glory. We say it again now believing Germano is there with Alice."

Christine Ribeiro Wong (daughter)



APRIL FESTA

by Monica de Carvalho

Our annual April Festa was once again well attended (94) and as per our festivities in the past.

I would be remiss if I didn't mention Pat Albuquerque, our Social Convener – her creativity and attention to detail has always made our occasions “special”.

Young and old alike joined in the dancing and singing. Socializing is a core event in the Macanese tradition along with the food and merriment.

The evening once again brought us new members and they totally enjoyed all the food and festivities whether they are of our ethnic background or not.



Margie Rozario, Anne Remedios and Irene Remedios.



One two three, one two three, one two three!

Tiara Shuster and Darien Archer enjoying the Salsa.



Our talented dessert padeiras:

Gilly Marshall, Marge da Costa, Hercia Delgado, Tessie Delgado, Rita Rocha, Elga da Roza, Pat de Albuquerque, Cathy Fung, Norie Isono, Rebecca Amante.

