



Newsletter

Of the Bishops' High School Alumni, Tri-State Chapter, New York

Summer Edition, 2010

Message from the Chapter President

My fellow alumni, greetings from your Executive. As we enter the final months of our tenure as your Executive, we would like to thank everyone for their support and confidence in us. It has been very enjoyable serving you and working to ensure that we achieve the Chapter's goals of service both locally and in assisting our alma mater.

Our Chapter celebrated its 20th anniversary last year October and it was decided that we would have a humble celebration. We reflected on our achievements with a commemorative church service at the Church of St Mark in Brooklyn. Because this was an important milestone our address was given by our founding member and first President Paula Hazlewood. All of our past Presidents participated and gave of their time to ensure that this church service was the reflection that it was intended to be. I take this opportunity to thank each President for their individual service which has helped me to continue on the trajectory of service to the Chapter. Paula

in her address charged us with improving on our service locally. We took up this mantle, did some research and decided that we would donate food to assist in a particular community. This resulted in the Chapter as a body and several members individually making donations monthly to the Church of St Mark Feeding Program and helping people in that community. We have donated milk, canned meats, pasta and peas to date. And we will continue to participate in this project.

Our Chapter has also maintained its commitment to bringing a little Christmas cheer to children. Last year at Christmas we donated gifts to children living with AIDS.

We continue to support each other in our time of need and celebrate with each other at birthdays, personal achievements, births, weddings etc.

I would like to remind everyone that paying of dues and attendance at our meetings are essential to maintaining our Chapter

The Tri State Chapter has undertaken fundraising efforts in its response to the



school's request for assistance to purchase furniture for all the classrooms. So far we have completed one classroom.



Students at new desks we provided the school

This year we decided to do something new and instead of the tea party in the spring we will have a fall jazz evening on October 2nd, which will be held at Chef's Orchid Restaurant at JFK airport in Queens. Please save the date.

I would like to personally thank my Vice President and the members of the Executive, for their support, dedication, willingness to respond, share ideas and give their utmost to keep this Chapter a vibrant, effective organization. This has been a great journey, very humbling and a real learning experience. I thank you.
Gillian Sue,
President

Miss Lily Banishes the Silence

By Paula Hazlewood

As the sultry summer day eased its way into a glowing moonlit evening Miss Lily got out of the cramped, humid subway car and headed for the cobbled street. She dragged herself along the well-known route to her solemn apartment building. It was the same old dreary route that she

had traversed these past five years. At the far end of the courtyard was her condo. The short flight of stairs to the entrance held no joy for her.

The condo itself was an unwanted burden. She had purchased the two- bedroom model with great anticipation when her only daughter, in fact only child, wished to return to New York and live with her. It never happened. Daughter changed her mind! Now, Miss Lily was left to pay the mortgage and the maintenance on her own. What a turn of fortune! She arrived at her door, stretched out her hand, turned the key in the sturdy lock, opened the door and stepped in. On entering the silence greeted her as it always did these days. There was no human around, the chairs, tables and the grandfather clock stayed in their stately places, stared and ventured not a word. They kept their silence. Where was the welcome she longed for? Depression walked in besides her. Alone again! Silence reigned supreme.

Miss Lily flung her pocket book onto the damask covered couch and flopped into the well worn, leather recliner. Exhausted, lonely and with a sense of dread she muttered. "How I wish someone would call me now." "Daughter, call your mother now, please". Only an arm's length separated Miss Lily's solitude and the cordless hand phone. It didn't ring as her arms rested listlessly in her lap. If only her sister would call. So lonely was she that even a call from her Ex would be welcome. He would probably annoy her but at least it would be someone to talk to.

Silence reigned supreme.

Loneliness, a constant companion sat on her shoulder. Heaving a sigh, Lily joined the silence. "What is to become of me?" she enquired.



Ms. Lily kicked off her purple suede pumps and stretched out her weary, numbed 'stockinged' legs. Silence was a peacemaker; at last she sat down, it lulled her until her mind became a blank entity. She no longer cared whether anyone came or went. Being present in the moment she became aware of yellow, glistening ribbons of patterned light streaming on her marble tiled kitchen floor. Loneliness was tangible. Yellow beams of moonlight crept through the slats of the grey plastic blinds. They asserted themselves by creeping closer and closer to her. Their appearance cheered her up, somewhat.

"Oh! If only I could share this evening with someone," she mused. Silence engulfed her. "I might as well go sit on the porch; nobody is going to call this phone number." In her

'stockinged' feet, she lumbered her way across the cool marble tile and unto the moonlit porch. "Alone again, naturally," she hummed.

Into the old wicker rocking chair she settled herself. Still brooding. Little by little she became aware of the gleaming scene before her. The presence of the moonlight forced her to witness the shadows of the tree branches and the delicate light which created shadows and patterns. The leaves had their own intricate design in the glimmering light. The mischievous small night creatures scampered about, darted hither and thither. Their fur glistened in the moonlight. In spite of all this, the silence was complete.

A small refreshing whiff of breeze floated by. It cooled her body and quieted Dear

Miss Lily's soul as depression receded.

She felt at peace gazing towards the sky.

The moonlight swallowed her up,

Silence reigned supreme, not a sound to be heard. She reminisced on her life thus far. She conjured up the future.

Time of youth;

Time of companionship;

Time for loving and being loved. How she savored the memory of that time. If only she could get it back.

How brilliantly the moon shone then.

Walter de la Mere had written;

"Softly, silently now the moon walks the night in her silver shoon.

This way and that she peers and sees silver fruit upon silver trees..."

She sighed.

Now, she surmised was Time for being

alone in the Silence. She was grateful for those past decades, but this Aloneness did not sit well with or fit her.

SAVE THE DATE

October 2, 2010

Jazz evening

Chef's Orchid Restaurant at JFK airport

She tried to conjure up the future. If only she could see some joy in it! She glanced up at the lit sky, at the bright shiny silver full moon smiling down on her, giving her all the benefit of its presence. It whispered tenderly "I will wane away, but I will return in all my glory. Just hold on."

The moon endeared itself to her as it caressed her wrinkled face. Its soothing glow lay on her lap. Miss Lily felt a warm breeze waft by. She considered the moon. It was dependable, predictable and glorious. She thought, after the brightness of the full moon there was always a period of darkness in the sky, but everyone knew the rising moon will return in due time. It drove away the blues and with its presence dispensed Hope.



Miss Lily was now calm and rested. Depression got off her shoulder and exited. Loneliness still kept company. Yet she moaned, "What is to become of me? I am all alone. What can I do?" To her surprise a glimmer of hope entered her brooding. If only?

The full friendly moon, now a symbol of Hope, enticed her with an appeal to "Just hold on." Lily smiled at herself, "How childish can I be? Who cares?" She winked at the moon, got up and took one last look at her enchanted moonlit scene. "I know what I'll do. I'll marry the Man in the Moon." She declared defiantly.

She hummed as she returned to her living room; the grandfather clock began to chime. Silence was no longer supreme, depression left and the telephone rang. Loneliness did not reappear. Miss Lily had been consoled by her lover the moon. ☺

*Toronto Chapter Wins
Community Service (Organization)
Award*

The Bishops' High School Alumni Association in Toronto was awarded the prestigious Community Service Organization Award by The Guyana Awards Council in Toronto, Canada. The award was among several awarded by the Council to recognize "outstanding achievements of distinguished individuals and organizations in the Guyanese-Canadian community, and their sterling contributions toward the promotion and development of Guyana, and Guyanese heritage and culture." Other 2010 awardees included Dr. Dindyal Ramotar–Special Achievement Award, Mr. Cyril Dabydeen- Lifetime Achievement Award,

Mr. Albert Sweetnam– Leadership Award, Ms. Gloria Rajkumar – Business Excellence Award, Dr. Bram Ramjiawan– Academic Excellence Award, Jennifer Welshman – Community Service (Individual) Award, Melanie Fiona Hallim – Media & Culture Award, Lisa Punit, MBA – Youth Award. Congratulations to all awardees. ☺

Update No. 7: Even the birds recycle!
(09 May 2010)

From Cheryl Noel's Diary

Last week, I believe either Monday or Tuesday, just after mid-day, I was making a quick dash to my container when I heard my little bird companions kicking up a racket nearby. Quite a number of them were flitting around on the sand trying to untangle a ball of shredded paper. I stood long enough to see them extract a long ribbon of paper, which one of them took off with in its beak, surely to add to its nest. How cool was that? I would have applauded if it won't have scared them away.

Right outside the massive compound where I work and live, there is an IDP (internally displaced persons) camp. There is a growing number of plastic bags and other trash, blowing across the desert sands and snagging in the fences daily. The powers-that-be (as my mother would say) are talking, and have been for a while, about having a Clean- Up campaign. In East Timor, it took six months from the time I suggested a Clean Up campaign, to the day it actually happened, and you cannot begin to imagine the politicking that took place during that period.



Over there, I assuaged my spirit in the interim, by having a stab at it on my 40th birthday. It was a joyous occasion. The Brazilian soldiers were just down the beach in what I believe were army-issued speedos (nice!!!). Since my boss and a number of colleagues in my “party” were Brazilian, I am sure the choice of beach site was no coincidence. The soldiers’ singing, infectious drumming and capoeira moves (“an Afro-Brazilian art form that combines elements of martial arts, music, and dance. It was created in the Congo and was brought to Brazil by slaves from Africa” – see Wikipedia) attracted the Timorese who came down the hills to enjoy the music and swelled our numbers for our clean-up efforts. A good time was had by all and the beach looked almost spotless in a short space of time. My “party” then caravanned to a Brazilian restaurant outside Dili (the capital) where the singing was robust, fueled no doubt by the free flowing wine and in anticipation of the aromatic roasted meat, which was eventually served with black beans and rice. But, as folks in the Caribbean would say, “But I’ve digressed, since that my friend, is another story!”

We all know what happened to Rome while someone fiddled, and I ain’t waiting. Today I placed my finger in the dyke against the sea of plastic mucking up the environs. Trash is not what I want to be remembered for having contributed to Darfur when I leave this place. So, after liaising with Av,[names have been disguised] my Sudanese office colleague, I gave SDP50 (i.e. Fifty Sudanese pounds, the equivalent of US\$20) to begin the clean-up process. He has assured me that that is a more than fair sum of money

for about 10 persons x SDP5 each, to clean up as much plastic as they can tomorrow morning. One Sudanese pound can buy a bag of about five pieces of freshly baked bread (each the size of a pita).

Will have a look-see tomorrow after “breakfast” (lunch for us), and if all goes well, I am going to round up some colleagues to contribute US\$20 each to help keep the IDP camp and surrounding area clean, most importantly, to remove the scourge of the plastic bags. If a Rothchild heir can build a viable boat using recycled plastic bottles, I am counting on the genius of a Sudanese IDP to come up with a good use for a large number of plastic bags. If not, at least the place will be cleaner and that’s a good thing for all. Haven’t decided yet how to go about fairly distributing the work, but I am sure that we’ll figure it out.

Tomorrow is the day Hofi and Mamua go to the authorities to get their ID cards, so they can begin the process of opening bank accounts. It is not my intention to westernize these women, but to support them in standing more firmly on their own two feet. Hofi and Mamua are the sole income earners for their families and they would never step into that bank without some encouragement.

Av and Maj are standing by to assist with the filling of the forms (4 pages long). I pray that this step which we see as a right, and that is for them a privilege, will change their lives for the better. (A married woman requires her husband’s permission to open a bank account). I hope I am there when they get their ATM cards and use them for the first time.



These two women, who are friends as well as colleagues, clean our offices in a cooperative manner that would put many of us to shame. They are strong physically and mentally, and celebrate their femininity on a daily basis. At the end of the day, they wash the dust off of their feet, lotion their hands, put on jewelry that match their clothes, apply fragrance, and cover their heads and bodies with colourful, diaphanous material. On special occasions, the good jewelry comes out. Throughout all their challenges, they have never asked me for a single Sudanese pound.

So, on this Mother's Day, wherever you are, as you celebrate your mothers and/or are celebrated as a beloved one yourself, say a little prayer for these two sisters in the Darfur desert and all the others they represent. They are not to be pitied, just remembered in the circle of our connected lives.

May He who is Holy and merciful, place a hedge of protection around you and your loved ones and may you know peace until the end of your days.

I love you all. Happy Mothers' Day!
Cheryl ☺

*Alumna Waveney Moore
is 2010 Pulitzer Finalist*



BHS Alumna Waveney Ann Moore was among 2010 Pulitzer Award finalists. Waveney also won the 2010 Dart Award for an investigative series. A writer for the St.

Petersburg Times, Waveney has a BA in English and Communications from the

College of New Rochelle in New York.
Congratulations, Waveney. ☺

Selwyn Collins Does it Again

New York businessman, BHS alumnus Selwyn Collins has once again spread his wings. This time his aim is to "inspire friends by reminding them of their abundant gifts and innate abilities". See for yourself at: <http://www.ewoowe.com/>.
Congratulations, Selwyn! Good Luck! ☺

Congratulations to Alain Sue

Alain Sue, son of our Chapter President Gillian Sue, was recently promoted to First Class Petty Officer in the Navy. He has been in the Navy for 6 years. We offer Heartiest Congratulations to him, and continued Blessings for his stellar service.
☺

20th Commemoration Service Bernice Fraser

On Sunday October 4th, alumni of the Bishops' High School, friends and well-wishers assembled at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Crown Heights, Brooklyn to participate in the 20th Anniversary Commemoration Service of The Bishops' High School Alumni Association (New York Tri-State Chapter).



Attendees travelled from far and wide and many Guyanese schools were represented at this event, among those represented were: Queen's College, St. Rose's, Tutorial High School, St. Joseph's High School, Central High School,



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