



CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH KANARA

Founded in 1914

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Pope Francis has declared 2016 as the Jubilee Year of Mercy and has stressed the relationship between justice and mercy. He said *“These are not two contradictory realities, but two dimensions of a single reality that unfolds progressively until it culminates in the fullness of love.”* Mercy is a quality of the brave and not of the faint-hearted. Mercy is not about ignoring the wrong but on doing all one can to address it and overcome it. Mercy is rooted in justice. As we usher in the New Year 2016, let us remember the profound words of the Holy Father.

One of the most heart-warming news of 2015 was the announcement by Mark Zuckerberg, Founder of ‘Facebook’ and his wife Priscilla Chan of two births (i) Birth of their daughter; (ii) Birth of a philanthropic organization in honor of their first-born daughter called ‘Chan Zuckerberg Initiative’ through which the couple have pledged to give away 99% of their Facebook shares in their lifetime, currently worth about US \$45 million, towards charitable causes. The organization is structured not as a charity but as a limited-liability corporation (LLC) with broadly charitable aims. The LLC, which has “the mission of advancing human potential and promoting equality”, will be administered by Mark himself and is already on track to be worth US \$3 billion by 2018. The Zuckerberg couple seems to have followed the example of Bill and Melinda Gates and Warren Buffett. I wish and hope that billionaires and millionaires around the world, including India will be encouraged and inspired to follow such noble examples of high scale philanthropy.

Of course philanthropy is not to be restricted to millionaires. All of us blessed with a good life have an obligation to give and share our wealth with the less fortunate. Coming to India, someone has rightly observed that if all the money that goes into temples, churches and mosques is directed towards development schemes like drinking water,

sanitation, irrigation, education, health promotion and nutrition, poverty will be eliminated from India. In a very small way, CASK is encouraging and promoting such ‘impactful’ charity, through its projects like ‘Safe Drinking Water in Schools, Footwear for Barefoot School Children’ and Health Care. At the cost of being repetitive, I appeal to our members and well-wishers to join us in undertaking such impactful activities.

CASK had two ambassadors travelling abroad in December (at their own cost of course!). CASK President-Capt John Prasad Menezes, along with wife Sunita were in UK and took the opportunity to attend the Christmas Get-together of the Mangalorean Catholic Association-London on 6th December. Past President-Dr Derek Lobo was in USA and attended the Christmas function of the Mangalore Association of Los Angeles on 5th December and a Re-Union of St Aloysius High School Batch-1962 at Houston-Texas on 12th December. Both Capt Menezes and Dr Derek highlighted CASK activities and urged our diaspora to enroll themselves as CASK members and subscribe to the ‘Mangalore’ magazine. Thank you John Prasad and Derek.

This issue has interesting articles on Christmas and New Year and is part-sponsored by Cecil and Raneer Noronha of Bangalore in honor of their mother Nellie Peris who recently passed away at the venerable age of 101. We also had an interview with the eminent ‘Daughter of the Soil’ – Judith Mascarenhas aged 84 and 100-year old and still battling Aunty Ivy Mathias, both living in Mangalore. The lives of Aunty Nellie, Judith and Aunty Ivy are an example and inspiration to all of us. Thank you Cecil and Raneer for part-sponsoring this issue. CASK considers it a privilege to dedicate this issue to Aunty Nellie – a Lady of Substance.

The editorial team wishes all our readers a very happy and edifying new year 2016. R. Joseph Hoffmann has said ‘The new year festival is an act of faith. It is easier for the year to change than to change ourselves. But we believe that somehow, magically, one will lead to the other’. Thank you for your support and encouragement! It means a lot.

Until next time.....Patsy Lobo

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS



LIVE LIFE, LAUGH OFTEN AND LOVE MUCH HAPPY NEW YEAR 2016

The month of December took the two of us, Sunita and me, to London. I was invited to be one of the nine readers at the ‘Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols’ in aid of Mission to Seafarers held on 9th December 2015. The Patron to the Mission to Seafarers is Her Majesty the Queen and the President is Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal. During my sailing days I have been exposed to, and familiar with, different types of worship around the world. The order of service at St. Michael Paternoster Royal (earliest mention of this Church is in 1219) started with the arrival of the Royal Party, the National Anthem and the Bidding Prayer. The order of the nine lessons is as follows:

First lesson – In the Garden of Eden God pronounces the Judgement. The second lesson - God Promises to faithful Abraham that in his seed shall all the nations of the Earth be blessed. I had the privilege to read the third lesson – Christ’s Birth and Kingdom are foretold by Isaiah. The fourth reading was of Isaiah, too, and was done by HRH The Princess Royal, President, The Mission to Seafarers, highlighting The Peace that Christ will bring is foreshown. The fifth lesson was: Angel Gabriel Salutes the Blessed Virgin Mary, with the sixth, St Luke tells the Birth of Jesus. The seventh lesson was Shepherds going to the manger while the eighth was the wise men being led by the star of Jesus. In the ninth lesson, St John unfolds the great mystery of the incarnation. Between each of the readings, the Lloyds Choir sang the appropriate Carols. Prayers of the faithful followed and the service concluded with the final blessing.

The cocktail reception that followed gave us an opportunity to individually spend some time with HRH Princess Anne and her husband Vice Admiral (Retd) Tim Laurence. For me it was a greater experience meeting my fellow-readers as, for all the positions and wealth they had, were simplicity and humility personified.

We were also invited for the South Kanara Association (SKA) in London for the Christmas Dinner get-together on 6th December 2015. We were the guests of Patrick and Laura Goveas and personally driven to the venue by Roland Saldanha - originally from Valencia. I was given five minutes to express CASK views which went in social pleasantries.

It was nice to see Mangaloreans living up their own lifestyle and keeping up the language, tradition and culture in a far-away land. The touching point was one senior lady citizen made me sit beside her and she wanted to converse only in Konkani to brush up the language. I then realised how we take so many things for granted. Konkani songs and music definitely binds us together. The dance and live band ended with the Baila and the Birdie Dance as it happens at functions in Mangaluru. The CASK publications were effectively marketed and had a good response.

Every year, we all look forward for the season of Christmas and wait to usher in the New Year. One of the best homilies preached this season was on 'Tolerance' by Rev Fr Leo D'Souza, SJ during the Christmas Mass service at St. Aloysius. Perhaps we will be able to publish this masterpiece in the 'Mangalore' at a future date. We all make resolutions every year but do we look back and rate our performance against achievements made at the end of each year? To be honest, I barely manage a success rate of 50%. This year my resolve is to 'Restore the Morals of Men and Women in Society'. This is a tough task but one cannot remain a silent spectator to the erosion of moral values in society. Can we sit quiet and say 'not my business or not my problem'? I hope you too will help to uphold and promote moral values in your own way to fight the system rot, the corrupt practices and hypocrisy we face in our community and society.

Finally, I bring you Joyous Republic Day Greetings for 26th January 2016 with a sad note. Let us remember, pray and salute our armed forces for the sacrifices they make especially when the President of India lays the wreath at the Amar Jyoti – Unknown Soldier Memorial at India Gate, New Delhi. The recent attack at the IAF base at Pathankot is worrying. With unflinching integrity and dedication, Lt Col E K Niranjan, NSG, Head of Bomb Disposal Squad, and 6 other brave-hearts sacrificed their lives for our peace and security, fighting terrorists. CASK offers deep and sincere condolences to the bereaved members of the seven families. To quote Julius Caesar: 'As a rule, men worry more about what they can't see than about what they can'. Well we citizens see 'Religion and Politics' in our media, while our defence forces have to worry about the 'Invisible Threats' all the time. So, let's live life, laugh often and love much. The first part is manageable, the second part is difficult and following the Greatest Commandment to love one another beyond barriers has been the toughest of all. Jai Hind.

John Prasad Menezes

INDOMITABLE, UNCONQUERABLE JUDITH!



Patsy lobo

The story of Judith Mascarenhas is not hidden to anyone in Mangalore. She is one of the most kind and loving Social Workers and Activist that Mangalore has ever known, devoting a life-time for the welfare and progress of the poor, neglected, marginalised and forlorn and development of Mangalore city.

As I entered her old house on Commander George Martis Road-Kadri, the garden was welcoming with huge shady trees and a dog lay sleeping in the compound unaware (or perhaps aware) that his mistress lay in distress but still smiling and ready to share and give advice to all who came by to visit her. In the verandah, lay a plaque with a picture of Mother Mary and the following quote of St Theresa-the Little Flower of Jesus, in her very own hand writing : “FAITH makes us surrender ourselves totally to God. I wish to be a Ball in the Hand of God. Let Him do what He knows is best for me”.

The sitting room had a beautiful old altar which one sees so rarely these days. It caught my eye as I am a lover of antiques and as I stood there for a moment I whispered a prayer for Judith who has inspired me for as long as I know her.

Judith recently had a major fall resulting in a hip fracture. As we walked into her bed room, she had a tube that was obstructing her speech, but she recognized me and my husband and warmly welcomed us. She answered all the questions we asked. We were truly inspired by her determination to give off her best even though it was a struggle.

Here are some extracts about the contributions Judith has made, courtesy an article by Mr John Monteiro “Judith has inherited her social service legacy from her parents-Aloysius Mascarenhas, a noted Konkani poet, journalist and a social activist, and Magdalene Mascarenhas who combined teaching with social service. Aloysius was the founder of Society of Vincent de Paul, committed to the uplift of the downtrodden in Mangalore Diocese. He set up the Diocesan Arbitration Court to save people from court litigation

and launched the first Konkani magazine, *Dirve*.

Judith was born on December 22, 1931-last of the 8 children of her parents. She obtained her B.A. at St. Agnes College in 1953, with a First Rank in the College and a high rank in the university. She completed BT in 1956, again with a high university rank. After a short 2.5 year stint teaching at Sophia Cambridge School in Bangalore, she moved to Capitanio High School-Mangalore and continued teaching till she took voluntary retirement in 1983. Even while she was teaching in Capitanio, she would often be distracted by the suffering people on the road and there were instances when she would first attend to such cases even at the risk of being late to school. She then took umbrage under a provision that allowed teachers with 20 years of service to take leave on loss of pay up to 5 years and plunged into active social service.

During this period, Judith lobbied with the then Chief Minister, Ramakrishna Hegde, to extend the benefit of pension, available to teachers with >20 years of service in government schools, also to non-aided school teachers. She succeeded in this and promptly resigned and got into full time social service – falling back on her pension.

Then, in 1983, there emerged a provision for 25% reservation for women in civic elections and Judith plunged into politics. She contested on Janata Dal symbol and won – the only woman to win from her party. Judith won the election for 3 consecutive terms – first in the reserved category and the next two in the general category. She became the Deputy Mayor of the Mangalore Municipal Corporation for 1999-2001.

Judith admits that being Deputy Mayor made it easy to move things in Bangalore. She feels that politics offers a readymade platform to do good. She also concedes that being a party Corporator one has to compromise one's independence. She pushed through many measures for her constituency and the city at large. One of the things she doggedly pursued and succeeded related to metering water for apartment buildings. Earlier, the total consumption by the building was billed involving higher rates for higher slabs of consumption. Her reform involved dividing the total building water consumption by the number of flats and then apply the lower rate.

Judith networks with a number of NGOs and advocates that her fellow Catholics should go out of the church compound and join the mainstream movements for social action and change. When she became the Corporator, she launched a bi-monthly magazine, *Nagaradeepika*, to communicate with her constituents. One of her latest concerns is to save the Kadri Park for the citizens of Mangalore, part of which has been surrendered for commercial developments.

Judith's love for Leprosy patients always drew her close to me since Leprosy was of special interest to Derek and me. She established a colony for disabled leprosy patients at Kateel and helped them build houses. On our recent visit there, we came to know how much they loved and respected her.

Her parents Aloysius Ignatius Mascarenhas and Mary Magdalene would have indeed been proud of her today. In her faint voice she whispered "I still have lots to learn from people like you who visit me." To which I replied "Judith, You inspire us and we are very proud of the good work you have done" Quick was the reply "I hope God will say that too." She then pointed to a picture on the wall - of Edel Quinn, one of the founders of The Legion of Mary and smiled! Apparently Edel Quinn greatly inspired and influenced Judith.

I came home and instantly surfed the internet to know about Edel Quinn and would like to share this information with you. One day in 1937, a Dutch priest was driving an Irish girl to a Legion of Mary meeting some miles from his mission in Africa. They came to a river in such flood that the bridge across it could not even be seen. He was about to turn back when the girl cried out, "Oh Father, please go on, I'm sure Our Lady will protect us". He was aghast but found he couldn't resist such faith. Some men standing by formed a human chain to see if the bridge was still there. It was, so he drove on blindly, carrying the car across and up an incline at the far side. He dried the plugs and tried the starter. The car got going and they were in time for the meeting. The girl was Edel Quinn! The year - 1936. She always faced challenges with unwavering faith and courage. When others faltered her invariable response was, "Why can't we trust Our Lady?" or "Our Lady will see after things". At the source of all Edel's activity was her deep union with God, sustained by constant prayer.

I now know the secret of Judith's determination to do good and help others. She believed in miracles too.

In conclusion, I wish to quote the words of Fr. Joe Mannath in his book "You surprised me and I speak for Judith "Thank you Divine Designer, for making me who I am—For you made me and everything in me. Help me, Oh Lord and give me the strength, for I am sick and in pain. This sickness has shown me the need for others." And Judith – you have always responded to the needs of others. You are indeed an eminent 'Daughter of the Soil' in Mangalore.

2016 ALREADY ??

Veronica Shearer, Morpeth-UK

January 2016 heralds another year, another 365 days for us to do all the things we wanted to do but couldn't in the past years. Writing a new chapter, making a new life and a new future for ourselves is in our hands. But is it really so?

A new grandchild came into our family on the 30th September 2015 and from the moment he was born, everything changed. Sleep was a forgotten luxury. Routines went out of the window. Breakfast, lunch and dinner were non-existent, as every hour rolled into another and Baby Jeet's cry became the clarion call for us to cater to his needs. It was my first experience of attempting the role of a 'Baintyposthali' and I think I failed miserably. I had great plans for the forty days ahead. I even had a timetable to hand: Steaming hot porridge for my daughter in the morning followed by oil massages for daughter and grandchild, followed by a hot bath for mother and baby, followed by chicken soup for mother and swaddle for the baby and so on, but not a single element of the timetable actually happened. Life just took over. We scrambled through the day, bleary-eyed. The mobile phone which had ruled our lives before Jeet's arrival, was now discarded. It lay in the corner....messages piling up with no chance of being replied to. All our good intentions had flown out of the window. And so it is with all our New Year resolutions....Life takes over.

I have hopes and resolutions for 2016 – do you think I can keep them?

Living in the UK has shown me how generous the British are with their time, compared to me. When I retired, people suggested I could volunteer in a charity shop, a care home, a school or college. But I refused. I didn't want to offer my services without getting anything in return. I was selfish and possessive of my time. But when my mother was diagnosed with Vascular Dementia, in January 2015 and was moved to a care facility where the 24 hour care she received would be far superior to the 24 hour care I was giving, I was jolted into action. I had to do something. This desire to learn about a condition I knew nothing about drove me into the world of Dementia, forcing me to make every effort to learn about this disease and help other carers like myself to understand what was happening to their loved ones. I had to work hard to remove the fear and stigma that is attached to this condition. If in the UK, 1 in every 14 people over the age of 65 is diagnosed with some form of dementia, then I have a good chance of developing it myself. Without realising it, I soon became a volunteer with the Alzheimer's Society. Today I find myself driving around the huge county of Northumberland running information sessions for groups of people who want to know more. I am a volunteer! What I never wanted to do, I am doing with joy and without counting the cost.

So it is with New Year resolutions...what we plan may turn out different to what we actually do. I plan to learn a new language because research has shown that learning a new language keeps the brain active and could prevent the onset of dementia. This applies to children too. Children from the age-3 are now encouraged to learn a second language so that their minds are stimulated and their brains develop, especially for Mathematics. This is because learning 2 languages encourages problem solving and boosts creativity. With the internet and audio books so readily available, I will be able to learn another language in the comfort of my own home. Roll on 2016...

So now that I have decided to sharpen my brain and to be more generous with my time, what else can I do to help the other areas of my life, namely, my dealings with others, my physical and spiritual life and my preparation for the next life because this one is just temporary. This is where I can get unstuck.

2016 has been declared a Year of Mercy by Pope Francis. The Catholic Church and all of us its members have to think seriously about the 14 works of Mercy. For me, two stand out. Forgive wrongs done to me and bear these wrongs patiently. Familial loyalty surges through my very being and I impulsively say or do something even worse. It is so much easier to just forgive and forget and never refer to it again, but we are human and we are dealing with other humans, which is a two-way process. It takes two to tango as they say, and what we cannot transform, we transmit. So if I am unable to change the feelings of bitterness or hurt I have for someone then I transmit my feelings to other unsuspecting people. In 2016 I have to learn that if someone throws nasty comments my way, I must pray that these harsh words are turned into manure for my garden of happy memories. Life is too short to harbour grievances and imagined hurts. That is going to be one of my resolutions for 2016.

Spending just 15 minutes a day in personal prayer is one of the most difficult. Just 15 minutes in silent contemplation, whether it's in a park or in my study or a chapel. No other thoughts. Mere silence without a single distracting thought. This is more difficult to do than one thinks. I have studied Christian meditation along the lines of Indian meditation, based on silence, stillness and simplicity. Sadly I have never persevered. I hope I can make it happen in 2016.

When we usher in the new year 2016, think of me trying to keep all these resolutions and I'll think of you. My wishes for you are that you meet new challenges with courage, do something different, live every moment you have with enthusiasm and if you make mistakes....if you fall down from the perch you have set for yourself, don't worry. Brush yourself down and start again. Happy New Year!!

Corrigendum – In the December 2015 issue, in the article on Corine Rasquinha, it is inadvertently mentioned that the 'White Doves' home at Jail Road, Mangalore is given by Royston Prabhu of Goa. It is given by Royston Prabhu of Mangalore. We regret the error.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Joan Lobo

The bells chimed, fireworks adorned the sky, the strains of Auld Lang Syne filled the air, family and friends warmly greeted each other with a hope in their hearts and a prayer on their lips welcoming the new year with great zest. For many who had a rewarding year it was aspiring for a more eventful year and for many others it was ardently hoping that 2016 would be promising to cherish their longstanding dreams and desires. I was delighted to start the new year with close friends. As the celebrations culminated, the merry making came to a halt, and I was in the confines of my home, reality set in and I realised 2016 was really here, offering me one more opportunity to proceed from where I had stopped short, to achieve where I had failed, to look beyond the horizon for brighter morrows, to make amends for not reaching out to people enough and so on. The beautiful Eucharistic Celebration and the very inspiring sermon at the Fatima Retreat House on new year's eve was a perfect prelude being on the threshold of 2016 and left me pondering for a long while. I spared a little time and thought, to dwell in the past and count my blessings and it sure surprised me what the Lord had done. I recalled the nostalgic memories and the joys of my journey in 2015 which nourished me with fresh energy to begin the new year.

Counting our blessings! This can sometimes sound so trite. More often than not we feel blessings for us are few, we are not the lucky ones, and that's the perfect moment when we should stop and give our life a thought. Perhaps every sunrise could be perceived as an extremely lavish blessing to someone who suffered from a life threatening ailment. Many of the finest blessings we have are such constants in our lives that we don't even think of them as blessings.... The tulip is, among flowers, what the peacock is among birds. While a tulip lacks scent, a peacock has an unpleasant voice. The one takes pride in its garb, the other in its tail is a French proverb which says it all.

There was a friend of mine who was a victim of rags to riches and back to rags to riches story. Life had gone two full circles for him. Once when I met him when he was in dire straits, he confidently told

me that despite his predicament, he still had a lot to be grateful for and spelt out - his caring family, good health and a sound mind, dependable friends who stood by him in distressed times, and most of all his unfailing faith in God and belief in himself. I marveled at his optimism and positive attitude. He had not given up on life in a dispirited fashion nor was he wallowing in self-defeating pity. He was back to business soon and in a few years time he built up an even larger business. This only indicates that if we count our blessings, our sufferings recede into the back ground. We get strength and peace of mind to think and act rationally. We can then find the door to walk through to better avenues despite the fact that one door was slammed in our face. Complaining, ranting, sulking or cribbing only displays our far from congenial disposition. We have so many invisible blessings showered on us and yet for every inconsequential thing we grimace.

The small things in life... there is just so much that we take for granted. Eyes that can see! Ears that hear, Fingers that can touch... We can go on and on... If we stopped worrying about missing the world's grand rewards of fame, wealth and success we would feel doubly blessed. Rather should we focus on and enjoy life's tiny delights. So often we get wrapped up in the troubles of our lives that our complaining eventually becomes a habit and a miserable part of our ungrateful existence. So, I believe every morn we should find the time, to stop, and smell the roses. Matthew Henry, the famous Bible scholar, was once mugged and robbed of his wallet. He wrote these words in his diary."Let me count my blessings first, because I have never been robbed before. Second, because although they took my wallet, they did not take my life. Third, although they took my money, it was not too much. And fourth, it was I who was robbed, and not I who was the robber". He was able to discover blessings even in a negative scenario.

When we count our blessings, not our sight but our vision improves. Not our eyes, but our outlook, our attitude. We begin to see the doughnut and not the hole, we see the glass half full and not half empty. We see the potential and the opportunity and not the problem. Where many of us falter is when we don't have the grace to see the glass half full.

A neighbor of mine who owned a small property once wanted to sell it. She asked an estate agent to write an advertisement describing the house and the land. When the ad was ready, the agent took it to the owner and read it to her. "Read that again," said the owner. The agent read it once more. Pondering for a moment, she said: "I don't think I'm going to sell it after all. You know, I have been looking for a property like that all my life. I just never took the time to realize how valuable it was. "That's how narrow minded we view what we possess.

Let us count our blessings and realize how precious we are and how much we have going for us. That's the only way our smiles will return, the sun will break out, the music will play. Counting our blessings will surely transform melancholy into cheerful laughter and joy - a sign of life's glories. Very importantly, we should feel blessed ourselves to be a blessing for others. I conclude with the inspiring words of an unknown poet.....

- Count your blessings instead of your crosses;
- Count your gains instead of your losses.
- Count your joys instead of your woes;
- Count your friends instead of your foes.
- Count your smiles instead of your tears;
- Count your courage instead of your fears.
- Count your full years instead of your lean;
- Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.
- Count your health instead of your wealth
- Count on God instead of yourself.

**“On what rests the hope of the republic?
One country, one language, one flag!”**

-Alexander Henry

We convey Republic Day Greetings to all our readers

CRÈCHES FROM THE AMERICAS OFFER AN EPIPHANY ON MIGRATION, SOCIAL JUSTICE

Jamie Manson- Courtesy NCR

Just outside of New York City, a drive to educate and illuminate through the art of the manger crèche or crib is on display in the show “Nativity Scenes from the Americas” hosted by the College of New Rochelle.

The exhibit features Nativity scenes from different countries in Latin America, the Caribbean, the American Southwest and Canada. And it shatters any sense of sentiment or piety that one may associate with the crèche.



The show’s curator, Professor Nereida Segura-Rico, a scholar of Spanish language and literature at the college, says the issues that currently dominate the national and global conversation - immigration, border security, and the refugee crisis, had a strong influence over the pieces she selected.

If St. Bonaventure’s account in *The Life of St. Francis of Assisi* is accurate, it was the much-beloved Francis himself who staged the very first crèche scene in Greccio, Italy, in 1223.

Bonaventure writes “Gathering hay and corralling an ox and a donkey, “St Francis stood before the manger, full of devotion and piety, bathed in tears and radiant with joy.”

For St Francis, the Nativity was an evangelist and theologian. It could enkindle the fire of faith in the Italian townspeople while also deepening their understanding of the Gospel story.

Professor Segura-Rico explains “What resonated especially with me as I put the exhibit together was the reminder that the Nativity story

is about a poor migrant family. By focusing on the Americas, and not only on North or South America, the exhibit dismantles notions of others as alien people.” The exhibit draws from a set of crèches given to the college by Eileen Canty, who named the collection in honor of her late daughter, Kate. Canty is an alumna and retired professor of psychology at the College of New Rochelle.

Canty’s love of Nativity scenes led her to collect more than 1,000 crèches, *retableos*, and other artworks from 90 countries and 40 states. Though she has donated the bulk of the collection to various institutions, including her alma mater, to this day she keeps several dozen crèches on display year-round in her Manhattan apartment. “People ask me why I don’t put them away after Christmas,” Canty said in an interview with *NCR*. “I tell them, Christ is born every day.” Segura-Rico says that the richness of Canty’s pieces from the Americas convinced her to make the region the focus of the exhibit.

“As a scholar of Latin America, I was enthralled by how these figurative representations of the birth of Christ ground a universal story of divine presence in local contexts, that is, how they bring the story home,” Segura-Rico says in the show’s curatorial statement.

For many communities in the Americas, particularly those with indigenous or Hispanic roots, the crèche is an enduring art form, one that invites artists to blend elements from their religious traditions and cultures.

Instead, a sacramental understanding of nature runs through each crèche. Many are molded from the stuff of the earth: wood, clay, animal bones, gourds, loofah sponges and eggshells. Other artists use common materials that come from their location. In one set from Puerto Rico, the artist brilliantly fashions the Holy Family and the Magi out of horseshoe nails, while another crèche, from Mexico, is constructed out of recycled auto parts.

Not only are the artistic materials different, many crèches feature animals not typically seen in the standard Nativity. In some crèches from Central and South America, native species like llamas, jaguars and jungle birds keep watch by the family.

The gifts of the Magi offer some of the most creative expressions of the artist's geographical and culture space. An Inuit scene is set in front of an igloo, with Joseph's staff re-imagined as a spear and a small fish brought as a gift to the baby Jesus. A Navajo Nativity depicts gifts of tortilla flour and woven blankets, two items that are of the highest value to their nation.

Taking in these details, one gets the incarnational sense that all of creation, even the smallest creatures or the tiniest elements, celebrates and participates in the presence of God.

Canty says that years of meditating on the similarities and differences in each crèche led her to "realize that we all have different gifts and all can be used to do God's work."

But the presence of crèches in the Americas also speaks of a troubled history. Spanish missionaries brought the art form to the New World. The native peoples quickly adopted these new holy figures as an expression of syncretism with their other deities.

The exhibit's stunning examples of crèches made by the native people of New Mexico, including the pueblos of Zuni, Santa Clara and Taos, poignantly demonstrate that these communities continue to find meaning in the Incarnation, even if their history with Christendom is more of a reflection of the Crucifixion.

Segura-Rico sees ongoing signs of the power of redemption in the collection, particularly one crèche by Annie Merrill that features a Native American, a cowboy, a Mexican with an offering of chilies, a miner bearing gold, and a shepherd.

"Merrill's set remains a fitting symbol of the Americas, that is, of inclusion and fusion across frontiers," Segura-Rico says. The crèches, she believes, speak to the principles of social justice in the way they teach us "about the beauty, creativity and dignity of all human lives."

At its heart, the crèche celebrates the Incarnation, that radical idea that God would so long to be in relationship with us that God would immerse Godself in all of creation. The manger scene is ultimately a scene of vulnerability: The Holy Family has been turned away from shelter and forced to give birth in a stable exposed to the elements, and

later will flee certain death at the hands of Herod. It offers a powerful reminder that God is present in a special way within our world's most broken, estranged and forsaken people and places.

But the crèche also celebrates the Epiphany, the idea that God is fully revealed in the person of Jesus. In the 20th century, the word *epiphany* found a new understanding in the thought of Emmanuel Levinas, a French philosopher who has had an enduring impact on theology and ethics. Levinas believed that we experience an epiphany whenever we look into another person's face. Our face-to-face encounters, he said, make us realize that we have a deep moral obligation to one another.

Today's holy migrant families, of course, are being forced to live in barbed-wire refugee camps, drowning in the sea while fleeing violence, and collapsing from dehydration in the deserts of the Americas.

The crèche reminds us that their faces, too, are reflections of the face God. And their bodies are bodies of Christ, broken by endless violence, warmongering and social injustice. The crèche calls us to look into their faces and recognize that we are all migrants searching for safety and a sense of home; it implores us to honor and care for one another on that journey. We are all God's beloved, and there are no borders, therefore, that can truly separate us in our shared humanity. Rarely in our recent history has such an epiphany seemed so important and needed.

A WARM WELCOME TO THE NEW LIFE MEMBERS

1. Mrs. Romany Teresa Mascarenhas - Tilakwadi-Belgaum
2. Mrs. Sarita Lisa Dsouza - Andheri (East)-Mumbai
3. Mr. Cyrus William Dsouza - Texas-USA
4. Mrs. Rosemarie Pinto - Frazer Town-Bangalore
5. Mrs. Anjali Vaz - Pashan-Pune

BELIEVE (12)

Dreamcatcher

Franz Stigler was 26 when he was conscripted into Hitler's Luftwaffe in 1942, a former commercial airline pilot whose father and brother had both died while serving their country. Stigler had been assigned to Squadron 4 of the German air force, and was initially stationed in Libya.

On his first day on base, he was taken aside by his commanding officer, Lt. Gustav Roedel, who would have a profound impact on his life during and after the war.

On the afternoon of his first mission, Roedel decided he'd join the young pilot. Before takeoff, they talked. "Let what I'm about to say to you act as a warning," Roedel said. "Honor is everything here."

"Every single time you go up, you'll be outnumbered," Roedel said. Stigler nodded, but said nothing.

What did Roedel mean by that? Stigler was overwhelmed. There never seemed to be a right way to respond, and the irony that he couldn't, above all, trust his fellow soldiers was not lost on him.

Roedel kept on: "What will you do, for instance, if you find your enemy floating in a parachute?"

How to answer? How to answer? May be with a hedge. "I guess I've never thought that far ahead," Stigler said.

"If I ever see or hear of you shooting at a man in a parachute," Roedel said, "I will shoot you down myself. You follow the rules of war for you — not for your enemy. You fight by rules to keep your humanity."

Roedel was not alone in this philosophy, and not just among the Germans. Most of these young men now at war — American, British, German — had grown up on the stories of the great World War I fighter pilots: the American Eddie Rickenbacker and Manfred von Richthofen, the German Red Baron.

These were men who fought by a code, who would look each other in the eye mid-air, who would never strafe an enemy plane that was already going down. They had been taught that they very well might survive the war and, if they did, they needed to know that they had fought with honor and as much humanity as possible. It would be the only way they would ever be able to live with themselves

It was the morning of December 20, 1943, Franz Stigler had been

on the ground in Oldenburg, Germany, smoking a cigarette while his plane, a Messerschmitt 109, was getting re-armed and refueled. At first it sounded like a high pitch, off in the distance, and then it was crushing, like a multitude of drums, a low-flying aircraft.

Here it came, just a few miles out, this American bomber that dropped no bombs. Then, suddenly, it was over them and gone. No one said a word. The crew unhooked the hoses, Franz flicked away his cigarette, saluted his sergeant and was gone, off in pursuit of the American plane.

If he could down this one, Stigler would have his 23rd victory, and he'd be awarded the Knight's Cross, the highest honor for a German soldier in World War II and one that symbolized exceptional bravery.

Within minutes, Stigler, alone, was on the B-17's tail. He had his finger on the trigger, one eye closed and the other squinting through his gunsight. He took aim and was about to fire when he realized what he wasn't seeing: This plane had no tail guns blinking. This plane had no left stabilizer. This plane had no tail-gun compartment left, and as he got closer, Stigler saw the terrified tail gunner himself, his fleece collar soaked red, the guns themselves streaked with it, icicles of blood hanging from the barrels.

Stigler was no longer energized. He was alarmed. He pulled alongside the plane and saw clean through the middle, where the skin had been blown apart by shells. He saw these terrified young men attempting to tend to their wounded. He drew equal to the B-17 and saw that the nose of the plane, too, had been blown away. How was this thing still in the air?

It was Second Lt. Charlie Brown at the American B-17 controls. At first, he didn't notice the small German plane to his right. He was thinking, thinking and thinking. He had six wounded men in the back. Some were strong enough to jump out, but the critically injured would never survive the German forest. He'd have to keep flying, try to make it to England, but the others should jump — the chances that this plane would make it much farther were minuscule.

Brown's co-pilot, Pinky, re-entered the cockpit. "We're staying," he said. "The guys all decided - you're gonna need help to fly this girl home." Brown wasn't listening. He was looking past Pinky, frozen. Pinky turned to his right, and saw the German.

Brown finally spoke. “He’s going to destroy us,” he said. Stigler, too, was panicked. This plane was going down, and its crew was paralyzed. Stigler pointed to the ground, and, finally, a reaction: The Americans shook their heads. They’d rather die in flames than be taken prisoner by the Nazis.

Stigler was exasperated. As it was, he was risking his own life. If Stigler’s plane was to be spotted by a civilian alongside a B-17, and if that civilian wrote down the number on his tail and reported him, he was as good as dead. Then Stigler remembered what Roedel had told him, that to shoot the enemy when vulnerable went against the code of chivalry and honor. Stigler felt he had to do what was right.

Near the Atlantic wall, flak gunners spotted the two planes approaching, the American and the German. They were stunned — they’d never seen anything like this, the enemy B-17 flying alongside a German plane, both seeming to be in sync, neither one firing or in pursuit or dodging or spiraling.

Stigler had thought of this and pulled away right before he was spotted — he knew that if his compatriots could identify his 109, they’d never shoot one of their own. How would they ever know what was really going on in his mind?

To the Americans, though, Stigler was death. Brown couldn’t take it anymore, and that was when he snapped out of it, yelling at his gunner to get in the turret and take aim.

That’s when the German saluted and finally disappeared.

Against all odds, Brown landed his B-17 in England. He stayed in service and served right up until the beginning of the Vietnam War and eventually settled with his wife in Miami. Stigler — who spent months after Dec. 20, 1943, living in fear that he’d be found out — served through the end of World War II and, unable to ever feel at home in Germany, relocated to Vancouver, Canada, in 1953.

Aside from telling their wives, both men had rarely spoken of that encounter: In Stigler’s case, it was an act of treason, punishable by death. Brown had actually told his commanding officer but was instructed to treat the event as classified: No one wanted to humanize the enemy.

Brown, who was still deeply traumatized by the incident, thought about searching for the German until finally, in January 1990, knowing

the odds were against him, he took out an ad in a newsletter for fighter pilots, “Looking for the one who saved my life on December 20, 1943.” He held back one key piece of information: Where the German pilot had abandoned his B-17.

At home in Vancouver, Stigler saw the ad. He yelled to his wife: “This is him! This is the one I didn’t shoot down!”

Franz had always wondered if the great risk he’d taken had been worth it, if the American had made it home. Brown had always wondered what the German had been planning to do to him, and why he had let him go.

He immediately wrote a letter to Brown. Brown was too impatient to actually read it. He called the operator and had her look up Franz Stigler’s number, then place the call immediately.

“When I let you go over the sea,” Stigler said, “I thought you’d never make it.”

“My God,” Brown said. “It’s you.”

Tears were streaming down his face. Stigler had answered Brown’s secret question without Brown having to ask it.

“What were you pointing for?” Brown asked.

Stigler, too, was crying. He explained everything: that he could tell that Brown had no idea how bad the plane was, that he was pointing first to the ground, to Germany, and then pointing away, mouthing “Sweden,” that he was trying to escort them to safety and that he abandoned them only when he saw the gun swing from the turret.

“Good luck,” he’d said to Brown from his cockpit. “You’re in God’s hands.”

The two men, in many ways, had parallel lives. Stigler had one daughter; Brown, two. Both were Christians, and in combat, Stigler kept rosary beads in his left pocket, the paint stripped bare from terror. Brown flew with a Bible in his pocket, and in moments of extreme fear he’d pat it “so that my prayers would beam up faster.”

Both felt that they should tell their story to as many people as would hear it, not for money but to make people realize that there’s always another way, that the world could be infinitely better than it was.

Stigler and Brown both had heart attacks and died in 2008, six months apart. Stigler was 92; Brown, 87.

In their obituaries, each was listed to the other as “a special brother.”

THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS

Fr. Cedric Prakash sj

The heart of Christmas is Jesus! It is the celebration of his birth as Saviour of the world, bringing to all men and women the message that God is love, peace and joy! It is above all the promise of redemption: hope for all mankind!

The Christmas story is intertwined into several poignant scenes which include: the journey of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem to fulfil the requirements of a census; the birth of Jesus in a stable “because there was no room in the inn”; the homage of the shepherds to Jesus after receiving the tidings of the angels; the search of the wise men from the East for the Messiah as they followed a star; the flight into Egypt by the Holy Family; and the ruthlessness of King Herod in ordering the killing of innocent children. Christmas is not Christmas if the depth of each of these realities is not understood, internalised and communicated to our world of today.

Over the years, the ‘Christmas season’ has been hijacked by a market-driven economy which emphasises crass commercialisation. Pope Francis in ‘*Evangelii Gaudium*’ refers to this new idolatry of money as “*a new tyranny is thus born, invisible and often virtual, which unilaterally and relentlessly imposes its own laws and rules*”. The dominant message of Christmas becomes one where Santa Clauses and Christmas trees; lavish spending and merry-making; eating, drinking and dancing; decorations and illuminations; new clothes and gifts - become the focus of the festivity. Sadly, all this has nothing to do with the birth of Jesus; that historic and fundamental fact, is relegated to the background and drowned into insignificance by the cacophony of a material and pleasure-seeking world

Christmas this year, has to be more than special for a disciple of Jesus; if one is sensitive to the fact that Jesus had to be born in a stable because there was no room for Mary and Joseph in the inns of Bethlehem that night; besides, a little after his birth Jesus became a refugee who together with his parents had to flee the wrath and jealousy of the Herod of the day.

Christmas is about the courage and compassion to reach out to the other: to make our hearts a home where the other can find acceptance and warmth; it is about the joy we experience when we try to lessen the hardships of internally displaced people who live on our pavements and on the margins of our society; it is the ability to transcend the comfort of our own selfishness and to seek Jesus in the poverty, grime and dust of today; it is the openness we need to realise that the refugee crisis in this world is created by the greed and power of vested interests who, do all they can to deny others of their rightful place in society.

Christmas is above all a moment of grace when we celebrate the mercy of God to every single human on this earth. It is a call for each one to profoundly experience this mercy and to share it with others in tangible ways.

We certainly do need some of the materiality of this world, but unless we touch, experience and communicate the heart of Christmas, we surely would have missed the bus!

Editor's Note : This article should have appeared in the December 2015 edition of 'Mangalore' but we believe it is not too late to publish it in this issue.

WHITHER MINORITIES?

*-Fr. Cedric Prakash sj**

December 18th is observed as 'Minority Rights Day'. Given the fact that minorities all across the world were subject to systematic targeting by 'majoritarianism' and in order to strengthen the cause of the minorities, the United Nations promulgated the 'Declaration of the Rights of Persons belonging to National or Ethnic, Religious and Linguistic Minorities' on 18th December 1992 proclaiming that "*States shall protect the existence of the National or Ethnic, Cultural, Religious and Linguistic identity of minorities within their respective territories and encourage conditions for the promotion of that identity*".

Several instances adversely affecting minorities can be pointed out in India - the ghastly murder of Akhlaq in Dadri village following a rumour that he had slaughtered a cow and eaten its meat (this was proved to be totally untrue); the murder of rationalists like Kalburgi and Dabholkar who thought differently and who challenged the obscurantism propagated by right-wing fundamentalists; the hegemony by some of the majority community on what others (particularly the minorities) should eat, drink, wear or see; the derogatory remarks made on the minorities by officials and other functionaries of the ruling class; the attempt to change school curriculum to foist a ‘majoritarian’ agenda; the decision by the Government to rename December 25th (which is Christmas, a sacred day for Christians - the birth of Jesus Christ), as ‘Good Governance Day’ and make it mandatory for Government employees to work on that day.

Inspite of the grim ground reality, we may see acts of tokenism with some programmes on December 18th in order to show that ‘all is well’ with the minorities of the country. There will be photo-ops with some minority religious leaders ‘to prove the point’. However is there so far no political will to rein in those who continue minority bashing.

On September 12th 2014, eminent jurist Fali Nariman delivering the annual lecture of the National Commission of Minorities (NCM), strongly asserted that “*India is losing its traditional tolerance because some Hindus have started believing that it is their faith that has brought them political power – and because this belief is not being challenged by “those at the top”*”. Nariman’s words have had no effect there have been manifold instances of attacks on minorities ever since that lecture.

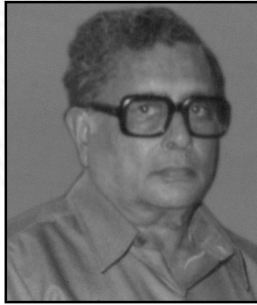
The observance of December 18th is not about ‘minority-ism’: heightening the fears and insecurities of minorities but rather of the ability and courage of those who belong to majority communities to tangibly show that in India all have their space, rights and freedom.

***A Tribute of Love on His
25th Death Anniversary***

BEN D'SILVA, Cordel

Husband of late Matilda D'Silva

15-1-1915 - 28-1-1991



*A silent thought, a secret tear,
Keeps the memory ever dear,
Time eases the edge of grief,
Memory turns back, ever leaf.*

*Fond Memories Today and Always
Your ever loving Sons and grandchildren*

*Loy/Lita Castelino, Joy/Judy Colaco.
Roy/Amita Zacarias*

*Grand Sons : Len/Priya D'Souza
Rohan/Preethi D'Mello
Nitin/Anjali Sequeira,
Vivek/Dr Nisha and Riya D'Silva*

THE TRIPLE DIGIT BIRTHDAY

An interview with Ms Ivy Mathias who completed 100 years on 9th December 2015.



“I am delighted that the Editor of ‘Mangalore’ has come to interview me at the age of 100. I was thrilled to celebrate this milestone birthday last month. God has blessed me - I can proudly say I am 100 years and one month young. Does that call for a bottle of pink champagne? I heard that nowadays they toast the bride and bridegroom with

champagne”

“I only know that Queen Elizabeth, the queen mother was one of the most well documented centenarians, who lived till 101 years. I always loved to read about her and have tried to be as active as possible mentally and physically like her. I am not afraid of death... why should I be? I am privileged to live a full century, enjoy the comforts with my dear helper friend, support and guide - Leena and her husband Marcel D’Souza and children Meera and Manoj who have been my family for the past 35 years. They have been very dedicated to me. I remember when Leena got married to Marcel she had the most beautiful smile on her face and as a radiant bride I knew that she will be there for me”

“Time goes by, above all don’t fear difficult moments - the best comes from them.

When I was teaching, I always followed one mantra.... Whatever you do, do well. Was it not Nelson Mandella who said ‘Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to

change the world? I strongly believe it. I have very happy memories of teaching in Karachi, Calcutta Loretto Convent and in Nagpur. Karachi was peaceful at that time-now I cannot understand what has happened! Ofcourse how can I forget my beginnings-I was one of the first students of St Marys School when it first started. I am grateful to the Apostolic Carmel Sisters who had faith in me and gave me the push. From there I moved on.”

“I have had my ‘Karathay Kasay’ every morning for as many years that I can remember. I enjoy sweets, chocolates and pork with the fat ofcourse! I remember the times I used to get up at 4.30 am and do Yoga but eversince I got osteoporosis 15 years ago, I gave up doing Yoga on the Doctors recommendation. Did you ask me the secret of my longevity? Yes, its Prayer, Yoga and Music. I forgot to mention that I loved to play the mandeline and the guitar. Those were wonderful days and I have nothing to regret. I only thank God for the mercies he has bestowed on me. It is a great big wonderful world and I enjoy being in it. He will call me when the time comes.”

I was delighted to receive the Papal Apostolic Blessing from Pope Francis on the occasion of my 100th birthday. My message to all is “Be devout and strong in your Faith; say your daily prayers, the rosary and never miss the weekly Mass.” I have to add that until I was 97 years, I went for daily mass and every Saturday I went for Confession. It is only since the past 3 years that I cannot go for Mass but I listen to the mass on TV and pray for all who take care of me and come to visit me”.

Editors Note : A woman of exemplary Faith and Courage, Ivy has been a woman of strength. Thank You Aunt Ivy, for giving me an opportunity to interview you. I was amazed by your good memory at age-100 and inspired by your calm and composed self, your elegance and style of speaking English, your warm and friendly countenance.

EULOGY TO MRS NELLIE PERIS

Delivered By Her Son Joseph Prabhu : December 12, 2015, Bangalore

My sister Ranee and I, thank each of you for your presence this morning to mourn her death but also to celebrate her life. The Christian liturgy in which we are participating insists that physical death is not an end of life but a transformation. In that spirit and understanding, my brief remarks are meant to bid my mother farewell, just as this requiem mass is meant to bestow blessings on her as her soul begins the next phase of her life. But my reflections are also designed to celebrate the 101 years of her remarkable life and it is appropriate that we do that together as a community. It is a feature of a Christian community that all the major events of life-birth, Holy Communion, marriage, priesthood and death are celebrated in community and my mother would no doubt be gratified, just as our family is, that you have come in such large numbers.

My remarks will be brief because we have just heard a fine homily by Fr. Adrian and also because many of you were present at two previous celebrations of her life, one for her 90th birthday in Mumbai and the other, more recently, for her 100th birthday on May 4, 2014, at the Catholic Club-Bangalore.

Today, I wish to highlight just three aspects of my mother's many-faceted life, aspects that reveal something of her character, disposition, and indomitable will.

First, her great love and loyalty to family and friends. As the matriarch of our family, she ran our household superbly and gave Ranee and me the best education and the most loving family life. She was one of the first graduates of St. Agnes College-Mangalore, and as an occasional school teacher with an ardent love of knowledge, and of history and literature in particular, she spared no effort in pushing us to excel in our studies and extra-curricular activities. When my father was sadly stricken with Parkinson's disease she nursed him tenderly through 12 years of illness, all the time making sure that there would be no significant interruption in our lives. When my father passed away in 1967, that maternal role continued with her grandchildren Jaideep and Jatin, when their parents were away. She was the rock and the steady presence in our family to which we clung and whose wisdom, competent management, and constant love and support guided us through our lives. And beyond our immediate family she also cared and looked after her siblings, Cam, Edie, Tony and Jeff and various relatives on both sides of the family.

She was also a very sociable person with a large circle of friends in

the many cities in which she lived: Mangalore, Secunderabad where she and my father first lived after marriage, Kolkata, Bangalore and Mumbai. At her 100th birthday celebration, there were some 160 families that greeted her, and she remembered each of them, asking occasionally about their grandchildren and even their great-grandchildren. They were astounded at her memory. It was equally gratifying to see how many friends and family members turned up in Mumbai for her 90th birthday celebration, given that she had just come to the city.

Apart from friends and family, she found time to help in charitable causes from the Missionaries of Charity in Kolkata to Father Muller Hospital in Mangalore. And she encouraged Ranee and me in social service projects that we engaged in through the Catholic Students' Union (CSU) and the All India Catholic University Federation (AICUF). Part of what fueled this love of family and friends was her great zest for life and her passion for living. It astonishes me that she lived almost half her life as a widow. She had an insatiable and inveterate appetite for books which she read at a prodigious rate - all with only one good eye. She took up yoga at the age of 90 and enjoyed herself in Mumbai. Ranee and Cecil lived in Chaitanya Towers complex in Prabha Devi, with 100-150 families living there. They lionized mummy, with Nita Ambani taking special pains to send flowers on mummy's birthday, and asking mummy to hoist the flag on Republic Day.

I remember keenly the lovely summer excursions she used to organize always to new locations from Puri to Assam and Darjeeling. And when she visited me when I was a student in Cambridge in 1972, she was an exuberant traveler to some 12 different cities all over Europe and the UK over a period of two months. She was a wonderful travel companion using her knowledge of French to good effect, and tireless in her quest for adventure. Her wide reading had already acquainted her with some of these cities in print and she was now savoring them in person.

She was a forceful character who knew what she wanted and was not about to be thwarted. Her memory was absolutely stunning with an almost effortless capacity to remember names, personalities and events from long ago. I remember telling her about my 50th High School class reunion at St. Xavier's High School in Kolkata in 2012. To my amazement she remembered most of the boys in my class with whom I had interacted years ago. The same holds true for Ranee's friends. I used to joke with her and my friends that she had the memory of an elephant and that even elephants would consult her about their affairs. I can recall the pleasure with which she reacted –she had a good sense of humor and

quite enjoyed being teased.

I never actually saw mummy playing tennis in Secunderabad but I do recall a photograph of her on the tennis court dressed in a sari and wielding a racket with her trademark grit and determination. Indeed if I had to summarize my mother's life and character in just five words, I would say: inner strength and outer grace.

It was that strength that allowed her to withstand the early death of our brother Eamon at the age of 10 and the long illness of my father over a 12-year period. It was that strength that enabled her to enjoy almost to the end the 48 years of her widowhood, keeping fit and alert and engaged and looking after her family and friends. That strength allowed her to be gracious to the many people she encountered in her long life.

In turn, it was her faith and prayer life that fueled in large part that inner strength. She acquired this from her own remarkable mother, Lily Lobo of Bejai, Mangalore. I have the fondest memories of my grandmother Lily, another dynamo but this time even shorter at 4 feet, 11 inches. Ranee and I used to visit Mangalore regularly when we were children growing up in Calcutta (as it was then called). It made a huge impression on us to see the quiet efficiency and grace with which Lily ran a big household and attended to her many business responsibilities. At 7.30 in the evening without fail she would round up the family around the family altar in the main interior hall and lead us through the rosary and family prayers in Konkani. Just a few yards away in the main portico of the house the adult men folk would often be shouting and arguing volubly, having been fortified with perhaps more drink than was good for them. But my grandmother was undeterred and the family prayers would continue through all the noise and din. My mother, likewise, had a steady and constant prayer life, from regular attendance at mass to her daily rosary and prayers. It was this need for and love of prayer that caused her to be such an enthusiastic and faithful member of the Konkani Rosary Group. It was this unconquerable faith that gave her great calm and steadiness in the midst of both the joys and trials of her life.

This then is a brief account of my mother's life as I experienced it. I see it as an organic whole, where her love of God, of life, and of family and friends interconnected and flowed together. Having been one of the beneficiaries of that beautiful life, I am filled with gratitude that Ranee and I were given such a priceless gift. We both feel immensely blessed that we had such loving, good, and remarkable parents. And so while today is undoubtedly a sad day as we bid a fond farewell to Nellie on her final journey, the overwhelming emotion that we both have is one of

immense gratitude for a life well and nobly led. Both you, dear mum, and dad set an example that we can only try to emulate and that we now pass on to our children and grandchildren. Your earthly task is done and I can well imagine the God you have so faithfully served over your long life, now saying to you: “Well done, good and faithful servant. You have proved trustworthy in a few matters; I will now put you in charge of many. Come and share your master’s joy.” (Matthew, 25:21)

“Gone from our earthly lives, but a radiant light always in our hearts”

TRIBUTE TO MAI, BY JAIDEEP PRABHU

My grandmother Nellie Peris was also my godmother. In many ways, especially when I was a young boy, she was also like a second mother to me. Perhaps it was fitting therefore that I called her mai, which means mother in Konkani, rather than wodlimai, which would have been more literally correct. I recall many periods, some as long as a month at a time when I was growing up, when I spent my vacations with her in Mangalore or when my parents were away in the UK or the US, when mai would assume full parental duties on their behalf. She was singlehandedly more than capable of substituting for both of them!

She had a most effective and interesting parenting style, one I dearly wish I could replicate with my own children. It began with the unshakeable sense she gave me of being totally supported in everything I did, and at all times. But this didn’t mean that she was indulgent. Far from it. Somewhat paradoxically, it was her utter belief in me that allowed her to be strict without having to so much as raise her voice to make a point. And I willingly did as I was told without resistance or resentment.

She was strict but she was also loving. And from both these attitudes I imbibed many life lessons and interests. I also benefitted from many other traits she possessed. Her great sense of community and love of people meant that we were constantly visiting relatives and friends when I spent my holidays with her in Mangalore. Her prudence meant that autorickshaws and even buses were ruled out for these journeys. So at an early age I learned to love walking. These walks with her were delightful affairs. She’d keep me regaled with stories of her parents, her brothers and sisters, her husband John (who died one month after I was born), her eldest son Eamon who died when he was ten years old, and so on. Later, at home, she would read to me. She had a real feeling for Charles Dickens and Mark Twain and from her I gained a lifelong love of books and literature. She also spoke admiringly of the achievements of people who were important to her. These achievements were more

often than not intellectual and spiritual rather than material. (For instance, she would speak with great love and admiration of her husband John's mathematical abilities.) From all this I gained a lifelong regard for scholarship and learning.

Mai was steely and had a seemingly unbendable will. Anyone who ever took her on in the courts, probably found this out the hard way. And yet she could also be gentle and soft-spoken. She had a deep faith which remained constant through the ups and downs of life. She was utterly committed to those who needed her. She nursed her invalid husband for many years with complete dedication. And she went on to do the same for some of her brothers and sisters.

She seemed always to be drinking from a perpetual fount of youth. A lot of this was due to her attitudes and habits. She lived frugally, walked a lot and was always interested in others. She loved going to social events even into her nineties. I remember one particular gathering in her eighties when she leaned over to me, pointed to someone a good 20 years younger than her, and said: Who's that old lady there, ba?

The great wonder of mai's life was not only how long she lived but also how sharp and healthy she was all that time. Her memory in particular, especially for people, was something to behold. She had stored away in her mental data bases quite possibly the entire Mangalore community. She could summon up at a moment's notice, without any great effort, exactly how any member of the community was related to any other member. This immense facility remained undimmed to the very end.

The last time I saw mai in flesh was in April this year. I went to see her in the home with my parents. She had recently lost much of her remaining eyesight and, as a result, had been parted after nearly a 100 years from the books she had consumed at a prodigious rate. She was also having difficulty hearing. She sat in her chair and seemed more subdued than I ever remembered her. But all this changed when my father, partly to provoke her, mentioned some distant relative from the past. Without skipping a beat, mai proceeded to point out that he had got the person's name wrong. She supplied the correct version and then went on to mention, quite casually, how the lady in question had been well known in the community for owning not one but two flats in Bombay. This was mai at her best: remembering people and details about them long after most things would have been forgotten by others.

It goes without saying that I will miss you dearly, mai. It also goes without saying that I will continue to aspire to many of the things you stood for and achieved so effortlessly throughout your life. And I can only hope that my memories of you will prove as resilient as your memories of all the people you knew and loved during your rich and rewarding life.

***A Tribute of love to our
Dear Benefactor
(Late) Mrs. Rose Vas***

(04.09.1924 – 04.12.2015)

**(Beloved w/o. Late Sebastian Vas
"Vas Bakery", Mangalore).**



***for her concern and support to the
rural youth of the weaker sections of the Community***

From:

J J V Fernandes
Hon. Chairman

F M Lobo
Hon. Secretary

M. T. Mascarenhas
Hon. Treasurer

and

Board of Trustees - Xavier Educational Trust, Mangalore

and

Xavier Industrial Training Centre, Assaigoli

Investing; Intuition Vs Analysis

Nobel Prize winning, Israeli-American psychologist, Daniel Kahneman, in his best-selling book, *Thinking Fast and Slow*, has put forth empirical findings that challenge the assumption of human rationality prevailing in modern economic theory. He has developed, along with David Schkade, the notion of “focusing illusion” to explain in part, the mistakes that people make when estimating the effects of different scenarios on their future happiness.

But before we are overwhelmed by the rarefied thinking of these jargon wielding behavioral economists, let us consider one of the quirks of our brain, which makes us react differently to the same information when presented differently.

Take the example of a wonder drug that is useful in the treatment of, say, arthritis. Imagine that a new version of the pill has come out. And while it is more effective, there are confirmed reports that the risk of suffering a potentially life-threatening side effect has gone up by 100%! What would you do? You might in all probability, panic and may stop taking the pill. But what if I told you that the risk has gone up from 0.02% to 0.04%? Would you still panic? Unlikely.

The information conveyed was the same in both the cases. The only difference was the method of conveying it. While the first explanation spoke in relative terms, the second used absolute numbers. The emotions that were triggered were as different as chalk and cheese.

Kahneman likes to describe our brain in terms of two systems. System one is the brain’s fast, automatic, intuitive approach. Its main role is not to analyse but to give instantaneous feedback so that an appropriate action can be taken. It is the system responsible for making us run at the sight of a predator in a jungle. And it is in such situations that it truly excels. However, its limitations come to the fore in an environment that demands analytical thinking and sound reasoning. Here, it is the System two that excels.

Our evolution was largely conditioned by the most important goal for our ancestors - survival in the wild. One couldn't expect them to calculate the escape velocity as per Newton's laws of motion when face-to-face with a large, hostile beast. They used system one much more than system two, and it is these genes, among others, that have been passed on to us. While we don't have to roam in the wild and be alert for beasts, our mental hard wiring of the Stone Age still exists, and system one still informs our reactions to many environmental inputs. This is the reason our first reaction was fear when we heard the statistics about the arthritis drug. We didn't consult system two for a deeper understanding. We just ran (panicked).

But in making important decisions, you could do yourself a huge disservice if you rely on system one alone. Try to bring system two as much into the equation as possible. Keep asking why, until you arrive at a conclusion that makes sense, if necessary with additional facts.

Most long-term investing is about fighting the forces of system one. It is about letting system two get into the driver's seat as often as possible. When a stock falls by 50%, don't be overwhelmed by the fear reaction of system one. Don't panic and run away from the stock. Instead, involve system two and ask whether it has become more attractive relative to its intrinsic value. And then let system two do its work of calculating its intrinsic value. Also, when a stock touches a 52-week high, don't let system one pull you on to bandwagon. Instead, involve system two and question whether the stock has already crossed intrinsic value and is therefore risky.

Here's the most powerful statement in terms of system two thinking if you want to be a successful long-term investor: 'Be fearful when others are greedy and greedy when others are fearful.' Explained differently: Use system two when everyone else is hell bent on using system one.

Wither SWFs & Indian Stocks?

A Sovereign wealth Fund (SWF) is a state owned investment fund or entity that is commonly established from balance of payments surpluses, official foreign currency operations, the proceeds of

privatization, governmental transfer payments, fiscal surpluses, and/or receipts resulting from resource exports. While SWFs have been around for nearly a century the concept really took off only in the last fifteen years. (SWFI)

The primary object of a SWF is to channel some of the enormous wealth generated by commodity exporters, mainly oil producers, and to invest them in various assets including bonds and equities. All SWFs aim at providing their societies with a cushion when their natural resources run out. The Kuwait Investment Authority (KIA) is the oldest sovereign wealth fund in the world. It was started in 1953 to invest the state's surplus oil revenues. The KIA says its long-term objective is to provide "an alternative to oil reserves, which would enable Kuwait's future generations to face the uncertainties ahead with greater confidence." The fund has \$592 billion of assets under management. (July 17, 2015, CNBC).

In recent years, with surpluses flowing in from high commodity prices, many SWFs have gone on a buying binge. The size of the average deal has shot up to \$516million in 2014, much above the 2013 levels. The top ten acquisitions accounted for more than 50% of the total investment. Similarly purchases of real estate have also jumped. There were 32deals worth \$31.5billion in 2014; this forms 46% of the total reported investment in 2014. (Sovereign Wealth Annual Report 2014, Baffi Carefin, Bortolotti)

Norway's SWF, the largest in the world, is worth almost \$900billion, while Abu Dhabi's fund is worth more than \$700billion. The Chinese and Saudi Arabian funds hold more than \$500billion each. By last year SWFs had an estimated \$7trillion under their control, and were becoming some of the most influential players in the capital markets.(Moneyweek, 17/10/2015).

With commodity prices tumbling, many resource rich countries are struggling to make ends meet. For example, the IMF estimates that Saudi Arabia needs an oil price of \$106/barrel to balance its budget. With prices at less than half that level, the Saudis are likely to pull funds from their SWF to finance current expenditures, while Russia reportedly has already withdrawn \$14.5billion. For the first time, even the well

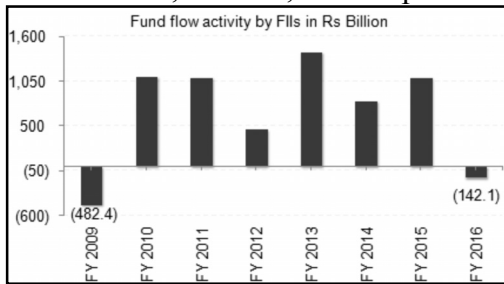
managed Norwegian SWF has drawn \$450million from its fund. Modest though this figure may be, it points to the direction in which things are going. A problem for investors and analysts is that the SWFs of the Gulf countries are not known for transparency. This adds a layer of difficulty in understanding the play between commodity prices, share market prices and how and to what extent draw downs by the SWFs are affecting financial markets.

Economic slowdown and sluggish commodity markets have forced a rethink on the strategies followed by the big SWFs. In the period 2011 to 2014, SWF's assets expanded 20% fuelled primarily by high oil prices. Over the last year oil prices have halved and do not look like going anywhere but down in the near future. This has prompted SWFs to change their investment strategies. They are now prepared to take greater risks, looking for investment opportunities in innovative enterprises. They are now focused on sustaining the higher returns they had enjoyed till now. "A surprising appetite for innovative sectors, with a venture capital twist: In 2014, SWFs overcame their conventional reluctance to invest in broadly defined "strategic sectors" by completing 13 deals for a reported deal value of \$2.1 billion in high-tech sectors, often at the early stage."(Sovereign Wealth Annual Report 2014, Baffi Carefin, Bortolotti).

The sale of assets by SWFs forms one of the biggest imponderables in the current scenario. While no one can predict how it will end, if the SWFs sell large chunks of their assets, markets are likely to decline sharply. An indication of just how large their selling has been, comes from a recent estimate that SAMA (Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency) has pulled out between US\$ 50-70 Bn from global markets in the last six months, to cover budget deficits in Saudi Arabia, caused by the deep slump in oil prices. The thing with withdrawing to plug budget holes back home is that one never knows what will be sold first. Would SWFs sell out from loss making investments first and allow their profitable ones to ride? Or will they take profits where they find them, and avoid the pain of booking losses, as a retail investor normally does?

The answer to this question is what to some extent will determine how much of ongoing selling we are likely to see from FIIs in the Indian

market. Our market has held up relatively well, and seems poised for better days ahead. Will that motivate SWFs to ride their Indian investments and exit elsewhere, where prospects are not as bright? We need to hope that this be the case, as the alternative case of taking profits where available will mean that Indian equity markets will bear unintended adverse consequences of travails in the SWF world. Fund flow activity of FIIs in India, however, does not provide much comfort.



Source: SEBI, Bloomberg, Mint

TRIBUTE TO MRS WINNIFRED PINTO



Mrs Winifred (Winnie) Pinto, 84, Wife of Late Major Baptist Pinto, passed away peacefully on Nov 7, 2015 at Apex, North Carolina, USA; laid to rest at Assumption Cemetery, Austin, Texas, USA.

Deeply mourned by her children Adrian/Reeva, Merlyn/Joe David, Aureen/Scott Wagner, Jean/Andrew Saldanha and Kevin/Geeta and her grandchildren Noel, Michelle, Nigel, Catherine,

Ethan, Chiara, Aaron and Lia.

*“Rest in peace,” and though we grieve
Reaching for your hand in vain,
Our faith is such that we believe
That all of us shall meet again.*

*Dear blessed sleep that merely marks
The ending of a holy quest,
Your gentle touch remains upon
The hearts of those who loved you best.*

- Grace E. Easley

NEWS & NOTES

A TRAIL OF VICTORY - MITALI PINTO AND HER TEAM “THE OLD MONKS” WIN 50 KM TRAILWALKER ORGANIZED BY OXFAM-INDIA



In 1951, Oxfam Great Britain launched its first full scale humanitarian response in a developing country when it came to India during the Bihar famine. This year Oxfam is marking its 64th year in India. In 2008, all Oxfams present in the country came together as Oxfam-India and registered as an independent

organisation.

On November 21, 2015 Oxfam-India organised a trail walker event in Mumbai. It was an event where teams of four(4) had to cover 50 kms of a trail through forests, hills and village mud roads in 24 hours to reach Lonavla. This year's 50km trailwalker was won by 4 confident, spirited young women belonging to team 'The Old Monks' - Mitali Pinto and her team Alisha Dantes, Sohini Sen and Divya won the top honours out of 27 participating teams by completing the event in 11 hours and 27 minutes. The event involves raising a minimum fund of Rs. 80,000/- per team through contributions from well-wishers. The winning team, "The Old Monks" raised nearly Rs. 1, 50,000/- .

Our victorious team are ecstatic with their win and feel the challenge was demanding, testing physical and mental fitness and endurance limits. However they are happy to have run for a good cause and feel that their best reward has been their contribution in changing life for the better for the deprived sections of Indian society.

Mitali is the daughter of Dr. Errol and Ratna Pinto of 'Nilaya' Balmatta.

CASK congratulates Mitali Pinto and her team on their achievement and wishes them further success.



DR MANOJ VEIGAS AWARDED FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF EMERGENCY MEDICINE (FRCM), LONDON

Dr Manoj Veigas, MBBS; MRCS(Ed); MRCEM(Ed), has been awarded Fellowship of the Royal College of Emergency Medicine (FRCM), London-UK. Presently, he is working as a Consultant – Department of Accident and Emergency Medicine, Luton and Dunstable University Hospital Foundation Trust. The Hospital is ranked in the top ten in UK.

Dr Manoj was presented the Fellowship on 3rd December 2015 at the Mermaid Theatre in London. Manoj is the son of Dr Norbeet Veigas, leading Veterinary Surgeon of Mangalore and Mrs Joyce Veigas, retired Manager, Vijaya Bank.

CASK offers its congratulations to Dr Manoj Veigas and wishes him a bright future.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF CARMEL SCHOOL - MANGALORE

The golden jubilee of Carmel School-Mangalore was celebrated on December 21, 2016 with J R Lobo MLA, Mayor Jacintha Vijaya Alfred and Dr Sr M Lydia A C from General Council for Education as Chief Guests. Sr M Linette A C, the provincial superior, Apostolic Carmel presided. The function started with a March Past led by the school band followed by an opening song and welcome dance by the students. J R Lobo in his message called the parents and the educational institutions to work hand in hand towards providing a holistic and value-based education to the present generation. The voice message of Sr Susheela the superior general of Apostolic Carmel was played. The retired teachers were felicitated and retired principals were honoured. The souvenir of the school was released by Mayor Jacintha Alfred. A Dance drama on the life of Mother Veronica, the foundress of Apostolic Carmel was enacted by the students. Sr Sarika AC, Principal of the school welcomed and Sr Sonia Rodrigues and Sr Marina A C proposed the Vote of Thanks. The parents and well wishers of the school had gathered in large numbers and made the celebration a grand success.

NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS – COMMEMORATIVE STAMP RELEASED



Left to Rt - Geevarghese Mar Coorilos - The Metropolitan of the Syrian Orthodox Church in Mumbai; The Papal Nuncio - Archbishop Salvatore Pennacchio; Telespore Cardinal Toppo - Archbishop of Ranchi; Baselios Cardinal Cleemis - President of the Catholic Bishops Conference of India, New Delhi

Left to Rt - The Papal Legate - Malcolm Cardinal Ranjit - Archbishop of Colombo; Oswald Cardinal Gracious, - Archbishop of Bombay; George Cardinal Alencherry - Archbishop of Ernakulam, Kochi; Postal Official - Hamid Patel.

विशेष आवरण Special Cover

दूसरों के
पोषण
के लिए
मसीह
द्वारा पोषित

Nourished
by
Christ
to
Nourish
Others

राष्ट्रीय यूखारिस्तीय सम्मेलन
मुंबई
12-15 नवंबर, 2015

NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS
MUMBAI
12-15 NOVEMBER, 2015



राष्ट्रीय यूखारिस्तीय सम्मेलन
NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

MH/32/2015

पूरे देश के विभिन्न गिरजाओं के काथलिकों का यह सम्मेलन बंबई आर्चडिओसिस के सेंट पायस कॉलेज परिसर में भारत के काथलिक बिशपो की सभा द्वारा आयोजित किया गया है। विषय - यूखारिस्त : दूसरों के पोषण के लिए मसीह द्वारा पोषित।

This gathering of Catholics from different dioceses all over the country has been organised by the Catholic Bishops' Conference of India at St. Pius College Complex in the Archdiocese of Bombay. The Theme - The Eucharist: Nourished by Christ to Nourish Others.



डाक विभाग
महाराष्ट्र डाक परिमंडल

Department of Posts
Maharashtra Postal Circle



Obituaries - December 2015 / January 2016

CASK offers its sincere condolences to the families of the following members of our community, who passed away recently:

1. Donald D'Souza(87), Bolar/Kent-UK, husband of Celine nee Louis and father of Dr Rosemarie and John on November 3, 2015.
2. Lucy Saldanha (85), Bondel, sister of late Alice Sequeira, Joachim & Sister Casilda, on November 30, 2015.
3. Felix Monteiro (82), Kulshekar, husband of Eliza Monteiro, father of Pressy/Edward D'Mello, Satish/Smita, Suresh/Joyella, on December 1, 2015.
4. Janet D'Souza (29), Bondel, Ex-Agnesian, daughter of Elias and Veronica D'Souza, wife of Prashanth Fernandes, mother of Evon, on December 7, 2015.
5. Stephen Melwin D'Souza (55) Bejai, husband of Sheela D'Souza, father of Sanchia and Shannan, on December 8, 2015.
6. Nellie Peris (101), Bangalore/Mangalore, wife of late John Peris, Mother of Ranee Noronha & Joseph Prabhu, on December 8, 2015.
7. Dulcine Monteiro (86), Kulshekar, wife of late Lawrence Monteiro, mother of late Victor/Meera, Molly/Denis Miranda, Gretta/Alphonso Rodrigues, Dorothy/Daniel Fernandes, Jaya Mariete/late Rudolph Lobo, on December 10, 2015.
8. Esperensa Monica Peris (94), Milagres, wife of late John Ignatius Peris, mother of Victor Peris & Dorothy D'Souza, on December 10, 2015.
9. Yvonne Miranda(72), Nungambakkam-Chennai, wife of Cyril Miranda and mother of Priya on December 10, 2015.
10. Henry Veigas (80), Milagres, husband of Irin Veigas, father of Nancy /John, Sunitha/Louies & Anil/Juliet, on December 13, 2015.
11. Leena Noronha (60), Bondel, wife of late Stany Lobo, sister of Juliana/Dominic, late Walter/Joyce, Stany/Cecilia, Ronald/Flavy, Robert/Jane & Mary/Cypry, on December 14, 2015.
12. Jerome Patrick Aranha (92), Auckland, New Zealand, Ex Reserve Bank of India, Mumbai, husband of the late Hilda, father of Hyacinth & Sheela, Jovita & Val, Melita & Patson, Reneeta & Donald, on December 14, 2015.
13. Lucien Michael Noronha (96), Chennai, husband of the late Ophelia, brother of Celine Fernandes, father of Christopher/Griselle and Shaila, Jean and Nina and David/Nirmala and Mark on December 18, 2015

14. Salvadore Mendonza – Kilpauk-Chennai, husband of Flossie, father of Agnetta, Ordetta, Loretta, Henrietta, Carmalita and Kevin, on December 19, 2015.
15. Mary D'Souza (93), Kulshekar/Puttur, mother of Ida, late Flossy, Hilda, Leena, late Franky and late Dolphy, on December 24, 2015.
16. Muriel Coutinho (87), Mangalore/Goa, wife of late Joseph Coutinho, mother of Lloyd/Anabell, Maralyn/Ivo, Adrian/Sue, Elaine/Herodot, Bernadine/Norman, Peter/Natasha & Brian, Sister of Michael/Margaret Saldanha, on December 26, 2015.
17. Martin Brice Sydney D'Souza (72), Bejai, husband of Jennet D'Souza, father of Sajan D'Souza, on December 28, 2015.
18. Juliet Veronica Sequeira (84), Mumbai, Wife of late Ignatius, mother of Peter/Sandra, Christopher/Elaine, Glenn/Sangeeta, Neil/Allyson on December 29, 2015.
19. Benedicta Martha D'Souza (75), Derebail, wife of late John Fedric D'Souza, mother of late Manoj and late Saroj D'Souza, daughter of Casmir Saldanha and Helen Saldanha, on January 1, 2016.
20. Sr M Euphrasia BS (93), Originally from Udyavara/Vamanjoor, Congregation of the Sisters of the Little Flower of Bethany, on January 1, 2016.
21. Eveline Pinto (86), Bendur, wife of late Lawrence Pinto, mother of Egbert/Shanti Pinto, late miss Filbert Pinto, late Fr Grebert Pinto (Nagpur Diocese), Maria Bambina/Vincent D'Costa, Ignatious Ivan /Molly Pinto, Sr Janet Pinto (Sisters of Charity Dharwad Province), sister of Fr Maxim Rasquinha SJ, on January 3, 2016.
22. Gertrude Medonca (Gertie) (75), Bendur/Mahim/Mumbai, Ex Salvation School, Dadar, Mangalore, wife of Satu Mendonca, mother of Nirmala/Eustace D'Mello & Niranjan/Wilma, on January 3, 2016.
23. Wilfred LB Sequeira (63), Urwa, husband of Vanita Sequeira, father of Kenneth/Andrea, Larissa/Glen & Vanessa/Jugul, on January 3, 2016.
24. Albert Lobo (66), Kambla, Kelarai, husband of Joan Lobo, father of Ajay and Ajith, brother-in-law of Sr Olivia AC, on January 3, 2016.
25. Fr Alwyn Fernandes (49), Asansol, Calcutta, son of late Bonaventure Fernandes & Josephine Fernandes, on January 4, 2016.
26. David Crasta (76), Bajjodi, husband of Lilly Crasta, father of Apoline, Philomena Mendonca, Lawrence & Joy, on January 5, 2015.